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CATHERINE BOOTH.



F. DE L. BOOTH TUCKER.



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MRS BOOTH 1882.

THE SHORT LIFE

CATHERINE

BOOTH

The Mother of the Salvation Army

F. DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER

(LATE HONORARY CHIEF SECRETARY)

REVISED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION.



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OF
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BY
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(LATE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE)

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1893

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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 know 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 Mrs. 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 hers*.] 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 & Fry, Messrs. Russell & Sons, the London Stereoscopic Company, of London; Messrs. Debenham & Gould, of Bournemouth; Mr. R. H. Preston, of Penzarce; and Mr. A. J. Melhuish, F.R.A.S., London—for certain of the portraits contained herein.

PREFACE TO ABRIDGED EDITION.

THE desire to place the "Life of Mrs. Booth" within the reach of every one has led to the publication of the present volume. Although only an abridgment, my task has not been quite so easy as might at first sight appear. The exclusion of a great deal of interesting matter contained in the original edition, together with the dove-tailing of what was left, and this amid the uninterrupted flow of other duties, has made me realize that the picture here presented is more than ever an imperfect one. I have often wished that I could have entirely repainted the landscape, instead of cutting up the canvas and fitting the fragments into the smaller frame allotted to receive them. But this would have taken time, and would have unduly delayed the appearance of the book.

For the very cordial reception with which the larger edition has met from both the secular and religious press, I am deeply grateful to God, and I am encouraged to hope that in its more popular and abbreviated form it may be the means of still more widespread blessing.

It is my earnest prayer that the heart of each reader, whether within or outside our ranks, may be fired by its perusal with an ambition not only to enjoy the same uttermost salvation, but to live a similar life of devotion to the service of God and man, as the subject of these memoirs.

London, 1893.

F. DE L. B.-T.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD. 1829-1834.

"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 realize, 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 realized, 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.

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.

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.



MRS. MUMFORD.

“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 under-estimate the capacity of children to *retain* impressions made upon them in early days."

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 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 realization 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."

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 footstool 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 discerner 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.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY DAYS. 1834-1843.

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.

"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 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,



BEFRIENDING THE DRUNKARD.

helping him to face the scorn of his day and generation, until unitedly, with character vindicated and name 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 sea-side 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 some friends, 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.

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.

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 hers, as joint-founder with her husband of the largest missionary society in the world.

Catherine was twelve years old when she began to attend 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 ma-

thematical 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.

CHAPTER III.

YOUTH. 1844-1847.

IN 1844 the Mumfords removed from Boston 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.



THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL IN BOSTON.

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.

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.’

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.

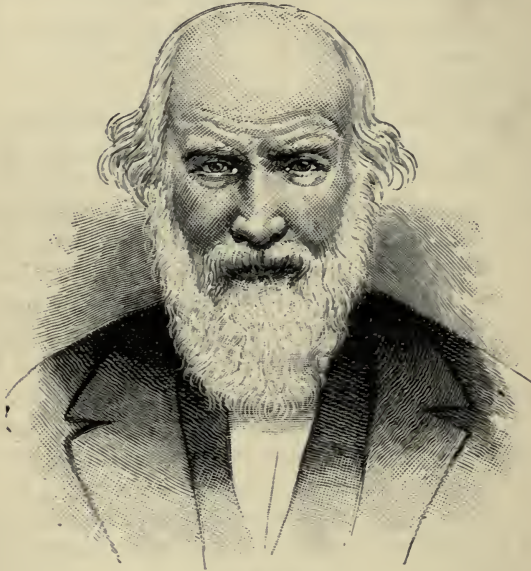
“Till then I had been very backward in speaking even to her upon spiritual matters. I could pray before her, and yet could not open my heart to her about my salvation. It is a terrible disadvantage to people that they are ashamed to speak freely to one another upon so vital a subject. Owing to this,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

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



MR. MUMFORD.

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 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 reproofing 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 her earliest extant autograph letter:—

“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.”

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 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."

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."

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."

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 Carvosso. 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!"

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."

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 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 Reform movement.

The outspoken manner in which she 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. Finding arguments of no avail, her class-leader reluctantly decided to withhold Miss Mumford's ticket of membership.

“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. I believed that through the agitation something would arise which would be better, holier, and more thorough. 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.”

CHAPTER IV.

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.

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



William Booth

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 con-

gregation. 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.

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 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 at 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 overzeal 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.

No sooner, however, had the Reformers heard of this unjustifiable expulsion than they passed a resolution cordially inviting Mr. Booth to join their ranks.

It was some months afterwards that he 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, a prominent member of the Reformers, 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.

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 schoolroom 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.

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. Miss Mumford writes:—

"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 been 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 beweaponed 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.”

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.

The Spalding Wesleyan circuit 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.

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.”

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 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 !"

CHAPTER V.

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, or 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 from her remarks :

"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 congre-

gation, 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.”

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 unfailing, 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."

Speaking on the subject of marriage, Mrs. Booth remarked, in later life, "Who can wonder 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 woman 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 con-

verted 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 VI.

LONDON. 1854.

ALTHOUGH his labours were attended with 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 facsimile 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

* A historical sketch both of the New Connexion and of the Reformers will be found in Vol. I., Chaps. vii. and xiv. of Mrs. Booth's Life.

various branches of that body differ, or to which the palm of superiority may fairly be ascribed.

To amalgamate the Reformers with this branch of the Methodist 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?

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.

It was accordingly settled that 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.

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.

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 baptize 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."

Mr. Booth now 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.

In one of her letters from this place 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."

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 ungullibility—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 well cry out—

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

The gold that perishes can no more satisfy his immortal soul than 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 doomèd soul shall waft
To the fiery lake ! ”

It may be said that the above remarks apply to other cities and districts beside 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.

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.

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,

"Yours 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 ours. 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 chief stronghold of the New Connexion.

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 “footprints 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."

CHAPTER VII

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.

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.

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.

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 unfailing grace, dignity and power.

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 there had been 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.

The wedding over, Mr. and Mrs. Booth went to Ryde for a week's brief honeymoon, after which they proceeded to Guernsey and Jersey, where revival services had been arranged. It is worthy of note that the hall in which the Jersey 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.

After spending a short time together at Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Booth went for a couple of days’ rest and change to Caistor, which had previously been the scene of some remarkable gatherings. 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.”

CHAPTER VIII.

SHEFFIELD. CHATSWORTH. DEWSBURY. LEEDS. 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 :

“ 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*.

"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!

"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 ours 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 'Wellely' four miles, it 'met' be about 'thra' and a half. I thought of poor Liz, filling the pan 'wellely' 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."

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.

The services commenced in Dewsbury on Sunday, the 4th November, and were concluded on Monday, the 3rd December.

"My dear William is rather better," Mrs. Booth writes, "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.”

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."

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.

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.

"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."

"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 building. 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."

“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 *sinner*s felt something besides admiration !”

“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.”

CHAPTER IX.

HALIFAX. MACCLESFIELD. SHEFFIELD. NOTTINGHAM.
CHESTER. 1856-7.

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.

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.

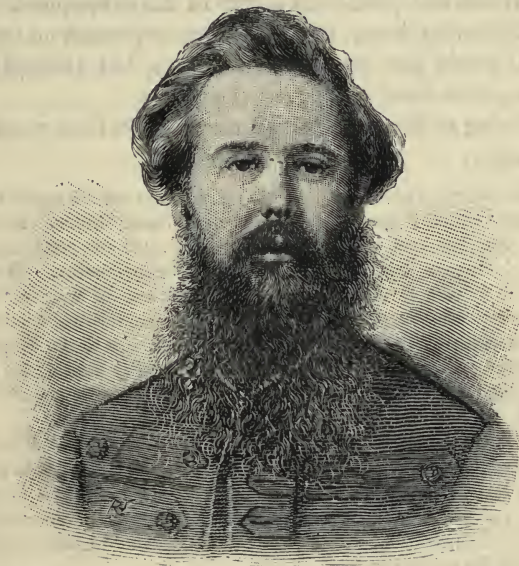
“MY DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER,—It is with feelings of unutterable gratitude and joy that I have to inform you that at half-past eight last night my dearest Kate presented us with a healthy and beautiful son. The baby is a plump, round-faced, dark-complexioned, black-pated little fellow. A real beauty. The 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.”

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



MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

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.

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."

From Macclesfield Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Yarmouth and thence 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 Sheffielders.

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 final meetings to her mother Mrs. Booth writes:

“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 were 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.”

From Sheffield Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded for a six weeks' campaign to Birmingham, and thence to 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 observes 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 !"

From Nottingham Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to London for a fortnight's rest, spending the time with Mr. and Mrs. Mumford.

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.

As soon as the Chester meetings were brought to a conclusion Mr. Booth took train to London, where he rejoined Mrs. Booth and started with her for Bristol.

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. He seems full of faith and power. To God be all the glory!”

“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."

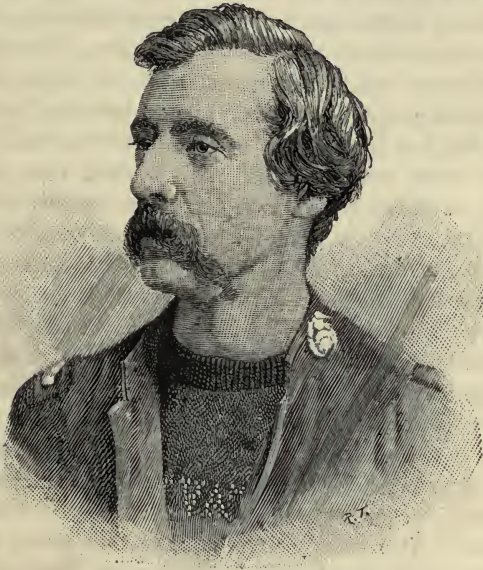
Of those who came forward that night were some promising young men, several of whom afterward became ministers, one of them occupying a very prominent position. From this time the work went forward in a most encouraging manner.

From Truro, Mr. and Mrs. Booth went to Stafford, where they learnt to their surprise that the Conference had decided to appoint them to the pastoral charge of a circuit, promising, however, to allow a renewal of the evangelistic work at the end of a year. This decision they, with some reluctance, accepted, and proceeded to their destination, the town of Brighouse.

CHAPTER X.

BRIGHOUSE. 1857-1858.

THE year spent at this place was, perhaps, the saddest and most discouraging of their whole ministerial career. There was, however, a domestic event which served, perhaps, more



COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

than anything to brighten the dull tedium of the Brighthouse 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 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 appear to forget, moreover, 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.

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 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."

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."

The Conference met in May at Hull. Mr. Booth was unanimously received into what is termed full connexion, his four years of probation having now 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!

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.

CHAPTER XI.

GATESHEAD,—THE CONVERTING SHOP. 1858-9.

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.

“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 every-day 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 suited 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



MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

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.

But however this may be, Bethesda Chapel 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 signalised 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 hers.

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 was inaugurated during the year, 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 weekdays, 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 them being young men, who not only became useful members of the church, but afterwards rose to positions of distinction as mayors, aldermen, magistrates, and ministers.

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.

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 grandmamma 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.’”

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."

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 used 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."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. BOOTH COMMENCES PREACHING. 1859-60.

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."

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.'"

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 world-wide organisation in which there is "neither male nor female, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but Christ is all and in all."

On 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 woman-kind.

It was while she was lying still weak and suffering, her babe in her bosom, that Mrs. Booth received what was with-

out 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 woman 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



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

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, '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 over-reached 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.

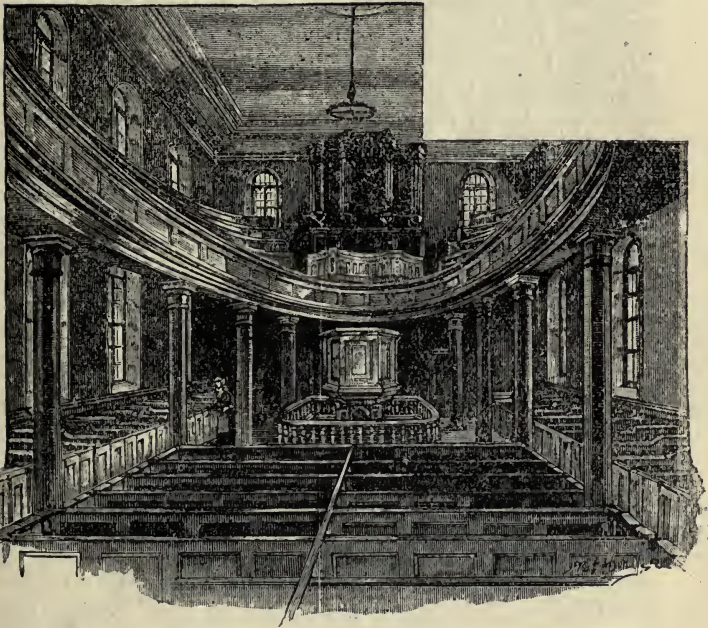
"But oh, how little did I realise how much was then involved! I never imagined the life of publicity and trial that it would lead me to, for I was never allowed to have another quiet Sabbath, when I was well enough to stand and speak. All I did was to take the first step. I could not see in advance. 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 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



BETHESDA CHAPEL, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE,

In which was delivered Mrs. Booth's first public address.

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.

Meanwhile the annual Conference had come and gone. Mr. Booth had not attended it, having consented to stay in Gateshead another year.

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.

"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 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."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOLINESS TEACHINGS. 1831.

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 the possibility of receiving the conscious and immediate assurance of salvation. This was the Christian's 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 removal 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.”

“ 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 wellnigh 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 feel 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 crooks 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."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESIGNATION. 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. 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 Mr. Booth proceeded to prepare a letter to the President, formally broaching the subject, and offering himself for reappointment to the evangelistic sphere.

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.

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 woefully 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 schoolroom 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 realized 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.

"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."

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.”

Referring to this occasion in later years Mrs. Booth says :

“A good deal of the business was of a personal character. 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. 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* is 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.”

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.

After a prolonged and animated debate, Mr. Booth was invited to read the letter which he had addressed to the Annual Committee in the previous March. 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.

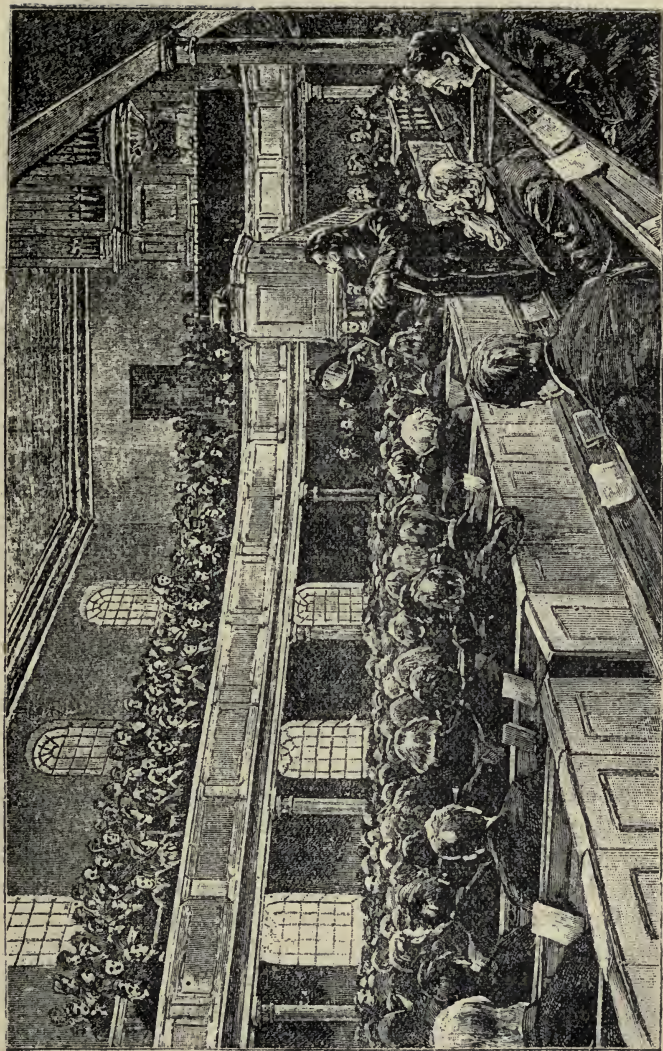
This was more than Mrs. Booth could endure. She had been sitting at a point in the gallery from which she and her husband could interchange glances. It had been with difficulty that she had restrained her feelings hitherto while listening to the debate. But at this stage she was overcome with indignation. She felt that Dr. Cooke had sacrificed their cause in the interests of peace rather than righteousness. 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, 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. 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.



THE RESIGNATION.

CHAPTER XV.

LONDON. 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 overpersuading 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.

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.

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. There were several undenominational missions which would gladly have received him, but Mr. Booth was unwilling to attach himself to these, as he still cherished a 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 sent in his resignation to the President.

The hour had 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 XVI.

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. They were 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.

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."

The services continued to be 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 conversion. 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. "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.

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 overhanging 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.

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.

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.

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!

“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 work in St. Ives soon gave 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, which 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.

The converts included twenty-eight captains of vessels, two members of the Corporation, and three mine agents.

CHAPTER XVII.

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 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.

“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."

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.

"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 schoolroom 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."

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.

On 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 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:

"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.

"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 Cornish *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 over-rules 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.

It was towards the end of July that Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to 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. The Wesleyan Conference had, however, in the meantime met, and had adopted a resolution forbidding the use of their chapels by Mr. and Mrs. Booth. The situation of affairs was thus 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



HERBERT H. BOOTH.

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."

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!"

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 XVIII.

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 of late 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.

The Cardiff visit is therefore signalised 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.

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



MR. JOHN CORY, OF CARDIFF.

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 the evangelists, and with rare consistency and increasing liberality they have continued to support the work for a period of more than 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



MRS. BILLUPS, OF CARDIFF.

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.

From Cardiff Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Newport, where their 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. Nevertheless more than one hundred persons professed conversion.

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 a 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-minded and large-hearted characters, rarely found, and



MR. BILLUPS, OF CARDIFF.

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. 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-trying 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 who were in reality independent of that and every other Church. Mr. Booth's diary contains the following sketch of the meetings :

“ 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. AND 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."

In his pugilist preachers and horse-racing leaders Mr. Booth 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 on another occasion from the chair in the market-place and linking arms with a 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 arms around her weeping servant, pointing her to Christ, the General arm-in-arm with his white-slopped navy, had unconsciously taken a fresh and important step in advance toward the accomplishment of their great life-task.

A few days after the camp-meeting previously described, 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."

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!"

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. 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.

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



MARIAN BOOTH.

family, a house was taken and furnished, Mr. and Mrs. Booth resolving to make that city the temporary centre of their operations.

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, like 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.

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 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. 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.

“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 direct 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 XIX.

FOUNDATION OF THE SALVATION ARMY. 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 past four 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 her 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, for whom 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.

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, Hammer-smith, Mr. Booth brought the children from Leeds, return-

ing 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.

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."

"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 present, 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.

Among the vagabonds and outcasts who swarm the purlieux of East London, General Booth had found at length the very lowest level of the social strata, and had unconsciously driven his 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 veneer, 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!"

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!’ ‘Ay! 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, 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."

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.

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.

Yet 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

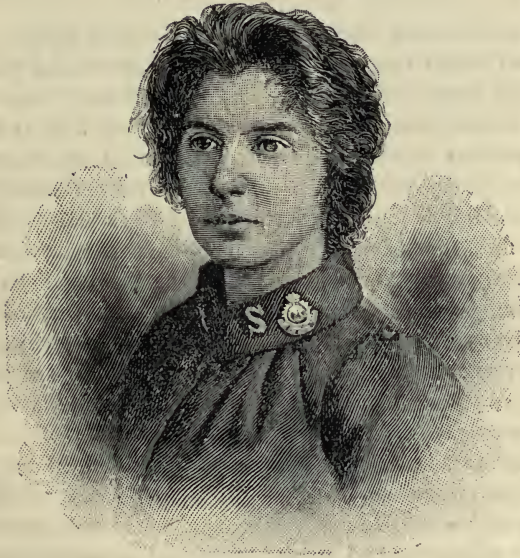
“We had wonderful meetings in that room, and in connection with it I put in many a hard Sunday’s work, regularly giving three and sometimes four open-air addresses, leading three processions and conducting three indoor meetings. The bulk of the speaking in all these services fell on me. But the power 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 crackers through, or fired trains of gunpowder, laid from the door inwards. But our people got used to this, shouting ‘Hallelujah!’ when the fireworks 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.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE EAST LONDON MISSION. 1866.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1865, brought a new and welcome reinforcement to the East End Mission, and an appropriate



Evaline Cory Booth.

token of the Divine favour, in the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's fourth daughter and seventh child, Evaline—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 usually seek but 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 salve 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!”

But to return from this digression. In the middle of February Mrs. Booth commenced a ten weeks' campaign at

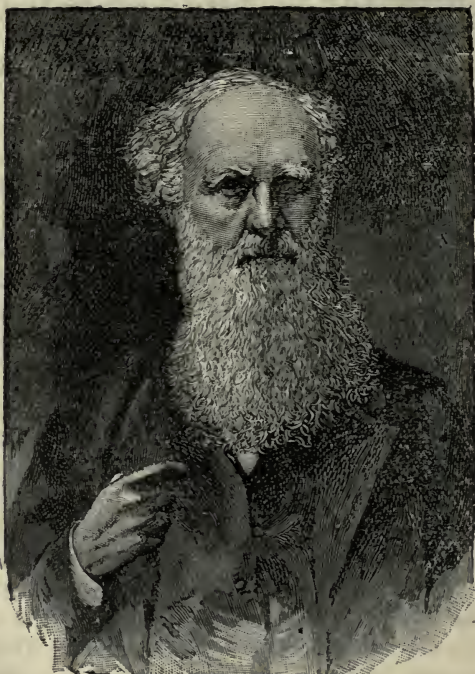
the Rosemary Branch Assembly Rooms in Peckham. The meetings lasted till the end of April, this being the longest sustained effort that Mrs. Booth had yet undertaken single-handed. She much preferred a prolonged series of meetings to the isolated services which towards the close of her labours were alone 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 named Dunorlan, the residence of an amiable 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 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



MR. HENRY REED, OF TASMANIA.

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.

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.

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 appoint-



MRS. BOOTH'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE LODGE VILLAS, HACKNEY.

ment. 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.

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 God, and piercing pain
 But wakes the music sweet,
 Attunes the Cross-inspired refrain
 Which love lays at His 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



LUCY M. BOOTH.

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 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.

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.

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 unfailing 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



EYRE ARMS ASSEMBLY HALL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

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.”

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.

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.

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.

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.”

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 clipped 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 venture was regarded at the onset. The launching of the little papery craft caused as much perturbation and speculation as if it had been a monster ironclad from the printing arsenal. Would it float

at all, or would it go straight to the bottom, as some were not slow to prophesy? But the trim little *East London Evangelist* survived all criticisms, and went forth on its errand of mercy with success.

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!

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.

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 thrust 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 XXI.

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 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 personally. 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.' "

One of the earliest spheres of Mrs. Booth's labours was Croydon, where the public hall was engaged for the services. Although commencing, as usual, alone and unaided, an impression was quickly made, and it was not long before Mrs. Booth secured the sympathy and co-operation of some earnest Christian workers.

The visible results of the Croydon meetings, in the number of penitents seeking mercy, were not such as to satisfy Mrs. Booth. Nevertheless, a powerful and permanent impression was produced, resulting in the formation of a mission station.

It was about this time that a new and important step in advance was taken by the amalgamation of a work in Edinburgh with the East London Mission. Founded, as we have seen, in July, 1865, for the evangelisation of the East of London only, the Mission had in September, 1868, stepped for the first time beyond the bounds of its self-appointed parish in accepting the offer to take charge of the hall in Norwood. And now the capital of Scotland had followed in the wake of the metropolis of the British world by inviting Mr. and Mrs. Booth to extend to it the operations which had been so successfully established in the latter.

It was their first visit to Scotland, and it was with some degree of wonderment and trepidation that they looked forward to the result. They had been told that the Scotch were wedded to their Presbyterianism, with its republican form of government, that they were stiff, hard-headed, and difficult to be moved, and would require a great deal of time and consideration before they would accept methods and teachings so diametrically opposed to those to which they had from their youth been accustomed. But the result of the first meetings soon dissipated the last doubt as to the advisability of the step, and this notwithstanding the unlikely character of the hall in which they were conducted.

Situated in one of the lowest slums, it was a dull, dingy,

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

It became evident from the onset, and was confirmed by the remarkable experiences of later years, that no people in the world were quicker to appreciate and more enthusiastic to admire the close, incisive, unanswerable reasonings of Mrs. Booth. Their prejudice against female ministry, their antipathy to demonstrative religion, their dislike to anything approaching excitement, and their opposition to the doctrine of holiness were all forgotten, as they followed with intense eagerness every point of her argument. The boldness of the preacher, the courage with which she assumed the offensive without giving time to be attacked, her unpretentious modesty, her cogent, resistless force of logic, her perfect insight into human nature, her fearless, Knox-like denunciations of evil, her intimate familiarity with the Scriptures, her alternate appeals to the reason, the emotions, and the conscience, her command of language, her transparent simplicity, and her all-devouring zeal, carried them away.

It was like a resurrection. Here was an old-fashioned outspoken Covenanter in the land of Covenanters. A spiritual Bruce, a woman Wallace, stood before them—a champion who had come to enfranchise from the thralldom of sin and Satan. Her skilful hands swept across their hearts, making them vibrate with spiritual melodies resembling the beautiful national airs that they so loved. They were convinced, they were fascinated, and from the opening service in that rude hall to the last meeting that she ever held in Scotland nowhere was Mrs. Booth followed by more affectionate and appreciative crowds.

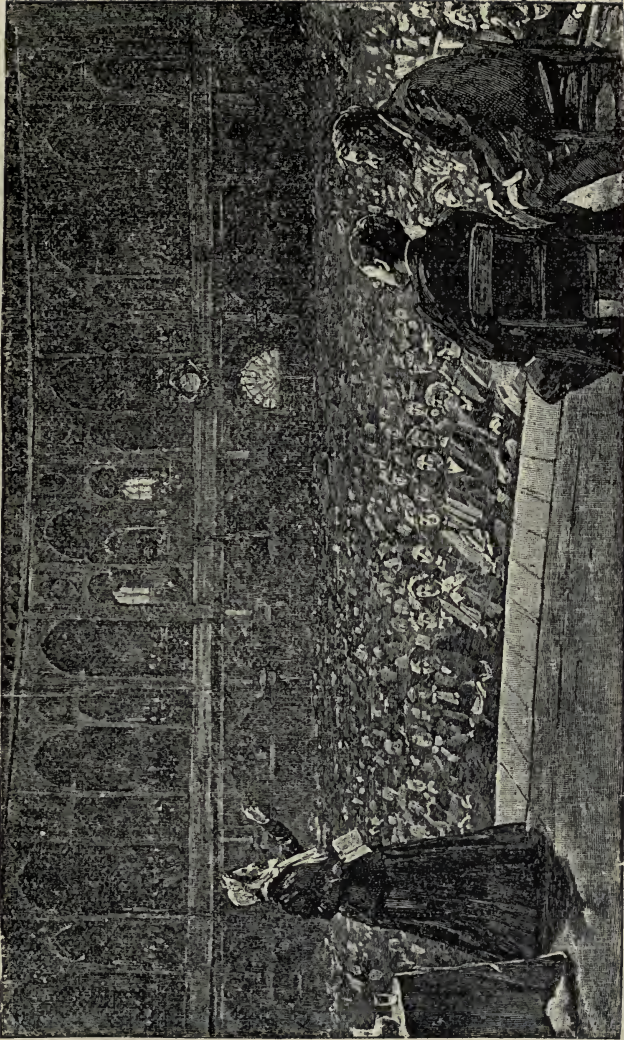
Doubtless the realisation of this helped to act upon her as an inspiration. It must always be so more or less. The best speakers are largely dependent on their audience for their power. It is when the two electric currents come in contact

that the light leaps forth. True, it is the highest art of the preacher to create this contact. There are many, alas, who possess neither the Divine unction nor the human sympathy requisite. But it is none the less true that the character of the listener largely affects the liberty of the speaker, and the presence of a critical, cynical, unresponsive spirit in the one will often mar the best-planned efforts of the other.

The sympathetic feeling of that first Scotch audience was unmistakable. The spirit of conviction worked irresistibly in their hearts. The people fell in every part of the building. In the pews, in the gallery, round the pulpit, in the dingy little vestry with its break-neck approach there were men and women sobbing and crying aloud for salvation. Mrs. Booth was anxious to remain, take some large hall, and conduct a series of meetings in so encouraging a sphere. But circumstances required her presence in London, and she abandoned with regret so promising an opportunity. Her position in this respect was, to the end of life, a bewildering one. So many doors of usefulness opened before her that it was often difficult to decide which had the superior claim, and she could only pray that, if unconsciously a mistake were made, it would in the end be over-ruled for the glory of God in the furtherance of His cause.

But the regrets with which Mrs. Booth left Scotland were soon lost sight of in the important work which immediately afterwards engaged her attention. The success of her seaside campaign of 1867 at Margate had led to a proposal from Mr. Gilbert, the secretary of the Evangelisation Society, for a similar effort at Brighton, which had then, and which we suppose still retains, the reputation of being the most fashionable and popular of the watering-places to which Londoners resort.

It was twenty-two years since Mrs. Booth had as a young girl visited the place in search of health. Very different were the circumstances under which she now visited this 'London by the sea.' A large concert-hall in High Street was engaged for the opening meetings. Subsequently she



MRS. BOOTH AT THE DOME, BRIGHTON.

applied for and obtained the use of the Dome—a far superior building, with accommodation for about three thousand persons; undoubtedly one of the finest public halls in England, and well known to every Brighton visitor as part of the handsome suite of edifices erected by George IV.

“The first sight of it,” says Mrs. Booth, “appalled me. It was indeed a *Dome*! As I looked upwards there appeared space enough to swallow any amount of sound that my poor voice could put into it. To make any considerable number of people hear me seemed impossible. On this point, however, I was greatly encouraged to learn at the conclusion of the first meeting that I had been distinctly heard in every portion of it by the two thousand people who were present.

“I can never forget my feelings as I stood on the platform and looked upon the people, realising that among them all there was no one to help me. When I commenced the prayer-meeting, for which I should think quite nine hundred must have remained, Satan said to me, as I came down from the platform according to my usual custom, ‘You will never ask such people as these to come out and kneel down here. You will only make a fool of yourself if you do!’ I felt stunned for the moment, but I answered, ‘Yes, I shall. I shall not make it any easier for them than for others. If they do not sufficiently realise their sins to be willing to come and kneel here and confess them, they are not likely to be of much use to the Kingdom of God.’ And subsequent experience has confirmed this opinion.

“However, the Lord was better to me than my fears, for ten or twelve came forward, some of them handsomely dressed and evidently belonging to the most fashionable circles. The way was led by two old gentlemen, of seventy or more years of age. One of them said that he had sinned for many years against light and privilege, asking the Lord to save him with all the simplicity of a little child. Others followed, until there was a goodly row of kneeling penitents. This was a great triumph in the midst of so many curious onlookers.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION, 1869-72.

THE new year, 1870, commenced with a new departure full of hope and significance for the future. The East London Mission underwent its first transmigration of name, if not of soul. The grovelling caterpillar stage was exchanged for that of the still dormant but silk-encompassed chrysalis, which was to burst its shell nine years later and flutter forth in its more brilliant and world-captivating garb. "Your people have been particularly happy," said a journalist recently, "in combining freshness with simplicity in their choice of names. The public are fastidious. Only the other day a sound and hopeful commercial enterprise went into bankruptcy for no other reason than that of choosing a name which did not suit the popular fancy. But with yourselves there has been an unusual aptitude in the choice of titles which have caught the public ear."

The remark was a just one, for in the popular estimation a rose by any other name does *not* smell so sweet. At any rate, there is power in a name, and if by itself the talisman ceases to conjure it often lends wings to some great truth, and affords it an impetus which would otherwise be impossible.

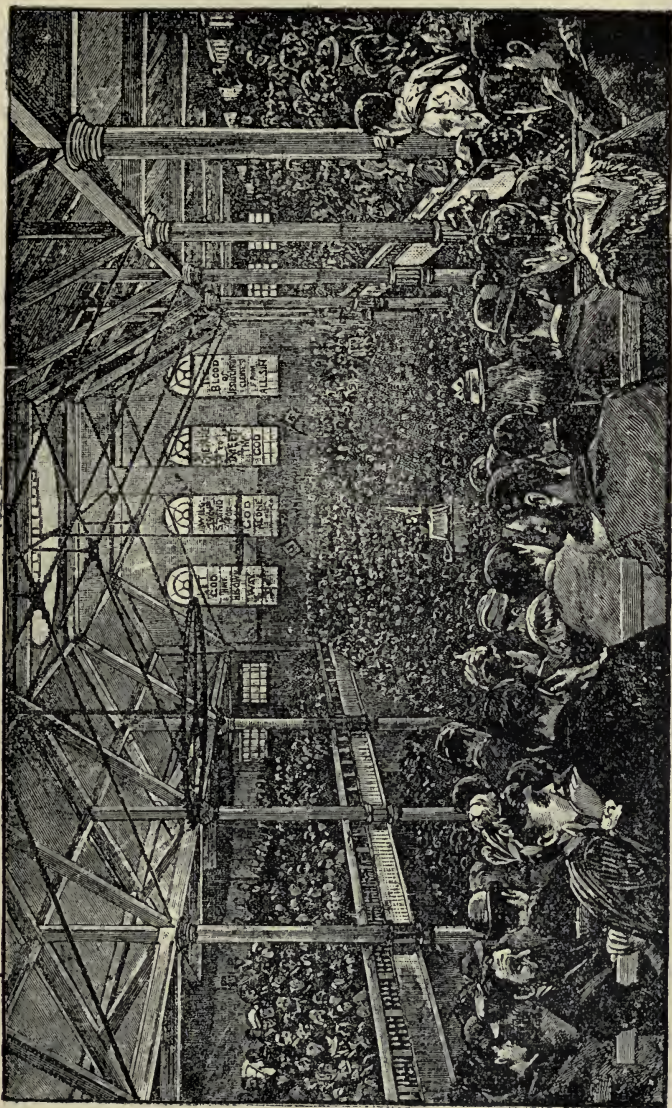
"The Christian Mission" was a felicitous choice, only surpassed by that of "The Salvation Army" in 1878. Without waiting to be nicknamed by their adversaries, the founders of the Mission, with their finger ever resting on the public pulse, sought for and obtained inspiration in what they wisely judged to be an important portion of their task, the couching of their aims and claims in terms so

simple that the merest child could understand, so terse as to carry all the force of an epigram, and yet so original as to convey the oldest truths to the mind with the resistless attraction of the latest novelty. Mr. and Mrs. Booth accepted human nature *as it is*, and herein lay one great secret of their success. Let us have the naked truth, say some; but the garb in which it is dressed will often make a world of difference in regard to its acceptance or rejection. And so it must be while humanity is what it is.

It was in the early part of this year that the lease of the People's Market in Whitechapel Road was purchased. Although it cost considerably less than the sum which had at first been asked, the subsequent alterations that were made greatly exceeded the original estimate. It rendered, however, good service during the next twelve years. Not only was it a useful centre for special demonstrations, but the regular weekly holiness meetings conducted in later years by Mr. Bramwell Booth were seasons of exceptional power and blessing.

Ah, if walls could only speak, those of the first Salvation Army Corps would be eloquent indeed! Many a hardened sinner who entered the porch careless and indifferent, and took his seat among the motley throng he scarce knew why, has remained to kneel in penitence and contrition at the Cross, to abandon his sins and to make his first start for heaven. And numbers such are now to be found in various portions of the world's wide white harvest-field, toiling successfully for the salvation of those who are still what they themselves once were.

The first year of the Christian Mission's existence under its new name was a season of peculiar trial. Early in the year Mr. Booth fell ill, and was for three months completely laid aside. This emergency called forth all the latent energies and capacities for leadership of Mrs. Booth. Hitherto the conduct of the Mission had devolved almost exclusively upon the General. But during the time that this was no longer possible she did not hesitate to accept the



MRS. BOOTH ADDRESSING A MEETING AT THE WHITECHAPEL HALL, NOW A FOOD AND SHELTER DEPÔT OF THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME.

unsought responsibility which Providence had thus forced upon her. To add so Herculean a task to her arduous public labours and domestic toil seemed beyond the range of possibility. Nevertheless she discharged the duties of the hour with unflinching sagacity and unswerving fidelity, enabling the General to take up the work where he had laid it down, with no other deviation from his halting-point than that of advance.

There was an unusual accumulation of sickness during this year in the family. The General's sickness has already been referred to. The next trial of the kind was rheumatic fever, which made its appearance in its most virulent form. Miss Billups, who was living with Mrs. Booth, was the first to be prostrated. Just as she was recovering, Bramwell was seized with the same malady. Previously to this he had been ill with pleurisy, which the doctor considered had been brought on by a blow. On inquiry it appeared that the injury had been received at the City of London School, to which for a short time Mrs. Booth had been induced to send him. Here, according to a brutal custom then prevalent, he had been lashed to a tree, while a gang of young ruffians amused themselves by charging against him, enjoying the pain which they inflicted as a piece of fun! The cruelty was reported but the culprits remained unpunished, the authorities professing their inability to trace and deal with them unless a formal charge were brought.

As this would have made Bramwell's position in the school unendurable Mrs. Booth preferred the alternative of withdrawing him. Already he had been nicknamed "The Righteous," and "Saint Booth," because he would not participate in the lying and cheating so prevalent in a public school. Only too thankful, however, was Mrs. Booth, that if her boy had suffered in body his soul had escaped unscathed.

The history of the year, however, was by no means one of unmingled darkness and discouragement. On the contrary, the Mission maintained steady progress. True, it was still

the day of small things, but foundation work must needs involve much toilsome drudgery, upon which, though unseen, the future safety of the entire edifice depends.

Besides occasional services at Whitechapel, Croydon, Brighton, and elsewhere, Mrs. Booth conducted two prolonged campaigns at Stoke Newington and Hastings. Both were attended with marked success, and resulted in the subsequent formation of Mission stations.

In Hastings Mrs. Booth met at the outset with considerable opposition. A band of Christian workers, who had been labouring there for some years past, were debating among themselves, in view of her anticipated visit, the propriety of a woman preaching, when one of their number, who had heard Mrs. Booth, indignantly exclaimed that if such were their views they ought immediately to ask God to convert her into a man, rather than lose the benefits of her ministry!

But Mrs. Booth was not accustomed to wait for the disappearance of such prejudices before entering upon her labours. She knew by experience that the best plan for vanquishing them was to disregard them, and that, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, her presence would speedily afford a sufficient explanation for her course. The event justified the expectation. The objectors were not unwilling to be convinced. They had heard that Mrs. Booth based her authority upon the Scriptures. They attended her meetings, and it was not long before their scruples had completely vanished.

The Salvation Army literature is contained in many volumes, the number of which increases year by year, quite independently of newspapers and periodicals with their annual circulation of nearly fifty millions. But it is interesting to look back to the "hole of the pit" from whence "Darkest England" has been dug. The first book of the Salvation Army bore the characteristic title, "How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel." It has long since been out of print and its very name almost forgotten. And yet it

deserved a wide circulation. The little sixpenny volume was full of startling facts and figures, and marked a new era in the evangelisation of the poor. Nevertheless, it attracted but little public notice, and beyond eliciting a few passing encomiums and expressions of gratified surprise, failed to call forth the liberal and widespread response for which its authors had hoped. The modest edition of 5,000 was with difficulty pushed into circulation, and the expense of the publication was barely covered by its sale.

But, if the effect upon the public was small, there was at least one apostolic heart that responded to its stirring appeals. An advertisement of the book attracted the notice of a young man then studying for the Wesleyan ministry. He sent for it, devoured every page of it with eager interest, and made up his mind upon the spot that if these Christian Missioners proved in reality anything like what they appeared to be then, and thenceforth their people should be his people, and their God his God. He visited the Mission, attended its gatherings, found that in place of exaggeration "the half had not been told," and proffered his services to its leaders. It was necessary for a time that he should return home to fulfil some business engagements, but at the conclusion of a few months he was welcomed not only into the Mission, but into the inner circle of the General's home and cabinet.

George Scott Railton, for he it was who had thus early recognised the great future that lay before the Christian Mission, can best perhaps be described in a word as a latter-day George Fox. Left to himself, however, his genius would probably have been rather of the destructive than constructive type. A radical of radicals, and an extremist of the most pronounced stamp, he was for exposing, tearing down, and demolishing every form of religious sham and humbug that he encountered. He would have burnt the field of wheat rather than tolerate the chance existence of a tare.

When but a little fellow he had seen his mother come

home, strip the very blankets from the beds, rifle the house of all its best, and go forth laden with the booty to scatter it amongst the poor! That was the sort of religion that he understood and revelled in. Extravagance, enthusiasm, fanaticism—call it what you like—this was the *beau ideal* of this modern John the Baptist, who had been crying in the religious wilderness but could get none to hear him. Some time previously he had learnt Spanish and started off on his own account, unconnected with any society, without money and without a friend, as a missionary to Morocco. But not finding a congenial sphere he had returned.

His brother Launcelot, a Wesleyan minister, recognising his abilities, and desiring to direct them into more regular channels, had persuaded him at length to prepare himself for a ministerial career. But he was far from satisfied. He hated ecclesiasticism with all the strength of his strong nature. "Fix it as your pole star," he would say of it, "and then sail with all your might in the opposite direction!" Its vestments, its ceremonies, its traditions—he would almost have torn the very Gospel to pieces in order to get rid of the superfluities with which it had been overladen. He would have labelled the religious ideals of the day Nehushtan, and have ground them to powder remorselessly.

His faith was only less extravagant than his works. He believed in preaching till you were hoarse, and praying till your knees were petrified. Sleep and food were necessary evils, to be postponed as long as possible. Eat when nobody will stop to listen, and sleep when you can't keep yourself awake. He would have made every train a "flying Dutchman," every steamer an "Atlantic greyhound," every star a moon, and every moon a sun. The stars should have shone all day, and the moon have never waned, nor the sun have ever set. He had nothing to do with human nature as it is. His business was to make it what it ought to be. For organisation, method, system, regularity he did not care a straw. If they suited his purposes he would tolerate their existence. If not, he would away with them. Red tape!

He would make an eternal bonfire of it all, at which the enfranchised world should warm its hands, if it could find time for so sublunary an occupation!

And so, from this time forward, Mr. Railton played an important part in the history of the work. An able and indefatigable penman, he compiled the bulk of its early literature. *Heathen England*, *Captain Ted*, *The Salvation Navy*, *The Salvation War*, and *Twenty-one Years Salvation Army*,



COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

were his chief writings. In addition to these were numberless pamphlets, articles, reports, and defences, all conveying a clear and interesting account of the work in which his sympathies were so deeply engaged. And when able to lay aside his pen there was no one more eagerly ready to take his place at the battle's front. If he had the opportunity of choosing for himself he always went to the poorest corps, the most desperate forlorn-hopes, where the soldiers were the

fewest and the odds against him the greatest. He preferred the open-air work to indoor meetings, and would almost have been pleased to learn that every barracks had been burnt, in order that the members might be forced into the streets.

Not less interesting than the story of public demonstrations and anniversaries is the account of the work that was being simultaneously carried on at this time within the narrow limits of the home circle. The care of the eight children, whose ages ranged from four to fifteen, was becoming more and more an object of solicitude and concern to Mrs. Booth. The early letters she wrote to them and received from them have happily been preserved, and they are so different from the usual insipid letters exchanged between the members of a family, that it requires no apology to quote from them.

To her daughter Catherine, at the age of twelve, when about to pay a visit to a friend, Mrs. Booth writes as follows :

“MY VERY DEAR KATIE :—

“I have only time for a word. You are going to Clifton ; be much in prayer for grace and wisdom to do the Lord’s errand there. Grace has not yet told her father of the change in her heart. Now I suspect that it is fear which prevents her doing so ; she is afraid to profess lest she should not live up to it.

“Now you must explain to her that confession is the only way to keep her blessing. ‘With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.’ She must confess to her father and trust the Lord to help her to live before him according to her profession. You must get her to confess at once, or she will grieve the Spirit and lose her peace. Be very gentle with her, and try, my dear child, to lead her as well as tell her. Watch and pray, and the Lord will guide you.

“Visitors are coming in, so good-bye.

“Your ever loving Mother.”

From this it will be seen that, young as she was, the Maréchale had already commenced to seek the salvation of her little friends. Indeed, she was at this early age accustomed to hold meetings among them. And, when she first received the news of the conversion of the girl friend

mentioned in this letter, Bramwell writes to tell his mother that Katie "had nearly gone mad with joy!"

Writing to her daughter Emma, then eleven years old, when about to join her sister at Clifton, Mrs. Booth says:

"I was very pleased with your letter. You see where your mistake is; now take hold of the help of the Holy Spirit to remedy it. When you are crying to the Lord to give you back your blessing, believe that He does it just then, and afterwards, if Satan says, 'No, you have not got it,' and tempts you to feel naughty, say, 'Oh, yes, I have. I believe God does give it to me, for I am trusting in Him!' If Satan won't leave you, run away again to your chamber, and keep saying, 'Jesus, I do believe in Thee. Thou art all in all to me, and I am Thine, all Thine!' If you will keep doing this Satan must fly. He cannot stand long before faith. I should like you to get this blessing back before going to Clifton. You know many eyes will be on you there, and you will exert a very important influence on those little boys. You must tell them about Jesus and His salvation, and you cannot do this rightly unless you have power to live well. Watch much. You know, my child, how useless it is to try to be a Christian unless we watch over ourselves."

For Ballington Mrs. Booth experienced a special solicitude. Warm-hearted, affectionate, and impulsive, his rapid growth and delicate health rendered constant application to study peculiarly difficult. She realised, therefore, that he needed her help and encouragement the more, and left no effort unmade to assist him, often writing to him far into the night, when already fatigued with the exhausting labours of the day. The following is a brief extract from one of her letters:

"We are very pleased with you. First, for writing so often. Secondly, for taking such pains, and trying to get on. Well, we are all delighted to find that you have made up your mind to improve; nay, what is better still, that you are doing it. That is what I like. *Doing* it. You will be your mother's boy after all, and worthy of the name you bear, I trust. Best of all, you will honour the name of Jesus by accomplishing in His strength what you could not do in your own. Don't neglect prayer. Be watchful; mind that copy about talking. Too much talk ruins heaps of people. It is a fine attainment to be able to hold one's tongue. Wise people are seldom great talkers. Mind this.

"Never forget my advice about not listening to *secrets!* Don't hear anything that needs to be *whispered*; it is SURE TO BE BAD.

“Choose the boys to be your companions who most fear and love God, and pray together when you can, and help each other. They have quite a revival at home. Miss P. has been very much blessed, and Katie and Emma are getting on well. I enclose you six stamps for extra letters. Papa is nearly killed with work ; pray for him. I hope you sleep well at night. You must try not to worry ; do your best in the day and then lay your head on your pillow at night in peace and sleep in the love of Jesus. Katie is a dear good girl ; she loves you very much, and so do they all, and so does

“Your own Mother.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

PORTSMOUTH. HASTINGS. 1873.

IN October, 1872, Mr. Booth was at length sufficiently recovered to return to his post. Although still far from well, his presence afforded a fresh impetus to the work and inspiration to his followers. It was with untold joy that Mrs. Booth welcomed him to his accustomed place. Resolute almost to obstinacy, courageous to a fault, prepared to hold her ground to the last against all the powers of earth and hell, Mrs. Booth's gifts and genius were, nevertheless, of a totally different type to those of the General. She had sorely missed his inventive, organising mind, which was always ready with a fresh plan when existing ones had become obsolete or unsuitable. Her powers of reasoning and her sound judgment enabled her to detect with instinctive keenness any flaws in his proposals. But her own spiritual armoury was critical and analytical, rather than creative. And it was the happy combination of these faculties in each which largely constituted their power.

Mr. Booth's return to London enabled Mrs. Booth to plan and carry out one of the most successful provincial campaigns of her life. Portsmouth, with its population of 120,000 souls, was selected as the next scene of her labours. Its notoriety as a large military and naval centre added to Mrs. Booth's eagerness to make the best of this opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel.

Mrs. Booth commenced her meetings in the Portland Hall, Southsea, on the 2nd March, 1873. But, although accommodating nearly 1,000 persons, this was found to be far too small for the crowds who flocked to it every Sunday night.



A SERVICE IN THE PORTSMOUTH MUSIC HALL.

Hearing that there was a large music-hall about a mile distant she decided to engage it. Her friends objected to the character of the building, in which during the week low entertainments were carried on, attended by soldiers, sailors, their companions, and all the riff-raff of the town. Moreover, the situation of the hall was such that in order to go there it was necessary to pass down streets which were full of drinking dens and brothels. But in the estimation of Mrs. Booth these reports rather added to the attractiveness of the proposal. And if, as was confidently prophesied, her ordinary respectable congregations would not follow her to such a locality, she felt that she could at least have the satisfaction of securing the attention and salvation of some of the worst and most Gospel-needy classes in the town. As for the expectation of rowdyism, her Whitechapel experiences had rendered her fear-proof on that score. Conspicuous posters were accordingly put up and handbills distributed announcing the first service, with the result that on Sunday night the music-hall was crowded to suffocation—pit, dress circle, and gallery. From that day to the conclusion of the series, which extended over a period of seventeen weeks, no further advertisements were necessary; the interest never wavered and the attendance continually increased, large numbers being unable to gain admission.

The morning meetings were some of the most powerful of the series. They were especially devoted to professing Christians, and for twelve consecutive Sundays Mrs. Booth took for her text "Go work today in My vineyard!" Such was the manner in which the subject fastened itself upon her mind that, after speaking for about an hour on each occasion, so far from feeling that it was exhausted, there seemed so much still left unsaid that Mrs. Booth could only turn to her hearers and promise that on the following Sunday she would continue her subject—whether to conclude or not was more than she could tell!

"I should have liked," says a newspaper reporter, in referring to a powerful sermon preached by Mrs. Booth at

one of the evening services, to "have drawn a verbal picture of the prodigal's return, of the anxiety of the father while the son was away, and of his joy when he clasped the sinner in his arms again. It was beautifully natural, and more than one eye could be seen to be dimmed with tears as the preacher asked those of her listeners who have, or ever had, a prodigal in their family, to put themselves in the place of the old man awaiting his son's return."

These stirring appeals told powerfully upon the hearts of the listeners. Sunday after Sunday, as soon as the invitation had been given, penitents came forward with a rush from all parts of the building. During the services some 600 names were taken, and doubtless there were hundreds who sought salvation elsewhere as a result of these meetings. Crowds of those who were already converted were also stirred up to fresh zeal and devotion in the cause of Christ.

In October, 1873, Mrs. Booth commenced a series of meetings at Chatham. Describing the first of these the *Chatham News* says :

"Mrs. Booth possesses remarkable powers as a preacher. With a pleasing voice, distinct in all its tones, now colloquial, now persuasive, she can rise to the height of a great argument with an impassioned force and fervour that thrills her hearers. Quiet in her demeanour, her looks, her words, her action are peculiarly emphatic. She can indeed 'suit the action to the word, the word to the action.' And yet there is no ranting—nothing to offend the most fastidious taste—but much to enchain attention. 'The matter is full, the manner excellent.'

"The lady is engaged in a good work and we wish her God-speed. We may safely prophesy that if she continues her addresses in Chatham the spacious lecture-hall will not contain those who wish to hear her."

This prediction was fulfilled. But on the third Sunday, at the conclusion of the meeting, Mrs. Booth was seized with one of her severe heart attacks, and had to be carried unconscious into the ante-room. Fortunately, her son Bramwell was with her, and after a period of intense suffering Mrs. Booth was at length removed to the house where she was staying, and from thence during the following week to her

home. It was a fortnight, however, before she was sufficiently recovered to resume her services, the General taking her place in the meanwhile. This serious attack was probably due to the hall not being properly ventilated. From the heated, stifling atmosphere of crowded meetings, in buildings where there was neither escape for the noxious gases nor inlet for the fresh air, Mrs. Booth suffered a continual martyrdom. The weakness of her heart's action made pure air such a necessity to her existence that during her last illness, even through the bitterest winter months, she used to keep both windows of her room open day and night, and sometimes have the door ajar as well. She believed that to the bad ventilation of public buildings were attributable the deaths of many, both in pulpit and in pew, who were supposed to have died of apoplexy or some kindred cause.

At the farewell meeting on November 23rd the hall was densely crowded, numbers being unable to gain admission. The service was a powerful one, and twenty-two persons came forward for salvation. The usual desire was expressed and gratified for the formation of a branch of the Mission, and Chatham has since been one of the most encouraging battle-grounds of the Salvation Army.

The meetings had scarcely been concluded when whooping-cough broke out amongst the younger members of the family. Mixing continually with large crowds of the poorest classes, it was a necessary consequence that when any epidemic was prevalent it was almost certain to find its way into the domestic circle. Small-pox, scarlet fever, rheumatic fever, measles, whooping-cough, and almost every other imaginable ailment would take it in turn to demand entrance at the door, which could not shut them out because it could not shut out the cries of the suffering masses for whose welfare the members of that household planned and toiled.

To purchase exemption from such suffering at the cost of separation from the poor was a suggestion not for a moment to be entertained. Time after time were they brought to the very borders of the grave by some fell disease the infection of

which had been taken while they were engaged in their errands of mercy. But while exercising every reasonable precaution to avoid the danger, or to restore health when sickness had set in, no one in that loved and loving circle ever dreamed of shrinking from what they could not but regard as a part of their inevitable cross. It was an article in the family creed that to be a saviour of the poor you must be content to suffer with and for them.

As soon, however, as the whooping-cough had made its appearance Mrs. Booth arranged to remove the children to Hastings, in order to give them the benefit of the change of air. Writing to her friend Mrs. Billups, she says: "The children have had a most severe attack of whooping-cough. Every imaginable remedy has been tried. The doctors are powerless. All they can say is, the thing must run its course. Change of air has, however, been recommended as a palliative, and so apartments have been taken and we have sent them down to Hastings. The thing has taken hold of Eva and Herbert terribly. Eva, especially, spins round when the spasms come on, and is a sight pitiful to behold."

Although the illness was a protracted one the recovery of all was satisfactory. Taking advantage of her stay at Hastings, Mrs. Booth held a meeting in the Royal Circus, a large building, with circle, galleries, boxes, and promenade. Every available space was occupied, until it was estimated that over 2,500 persons had crowded in. All classes were represented. The rough fisher-lads, who combined to upset many an open-air gathering, and who had been assailing the processionists that very afternoon, had mustered in strong force. But from the moment that Mrs. Booth rose to her feet a spell seemed to rest upon them, and they listened with as much eagerness as the most respectable visitor present. It was seldom that they crossed the threshold of a church, and their hearts had grown almost as hard and horny as their hands. But Mrs. Booth had a singular aptitude for discovering the tender point in her hearers' consciences, where others might have supposed that such

a spot had long since ceased to exist, and many a fish-bescented sleeve could be seen brushing away the tear-drops from the cheeks where the salt spray had been for years the only moisture. Ay, and was not the tribute as pleasing in the sight of God as the most fragrant pocket-handkerchiefs so numerous requisitioned by the more favoured portion of the audience? Is it too much to suppose that a poor man's tear weighs as heavy in the Divine scales as that of his well-to-do brother? Mrs. Booth thought so, and it was as great a joy for her to point the one to the Cross as the other.



COLONEL DOWDLE.

As an illustration of the depth and character of the work, we are tempted to introduce the death-scene of a humble East End convert named Barber, who died triumphantly during this year. He had been led to Christ some time previously by one of the oldest Mission evangelists, Mr. Dowdle, and had become one of the most valuable helpers in the Shoreditch branch. It was in the open air that he had first been attracted and convicted of sin. He was finally converted in a theatre. Long after the congregation had left, and the lights had been turned down, Barber was

still on his knees pleading for salvation. So great was his agony of conviction that he dared not go home till he knew that his sins were forgiven. The little knot of Missioners stayed with him to the last, and when the lateness of the hour made it necessary to leave the theatre they took him elsewhere. The light at length dawned in upon his soul, and he had the joyful consciousness that he was saved.

Overtaken by sickness in the prime of his manhood, he faced death with the calmness of the true Christian. "Is Jesus precious to you?" said one who was there. "Yes, bless Him!" replied the dying man. "I've trusted Him in rough weather and in smooth, and I'll trust Him now." Then, true to his life-work, turning to his medical attendant, he said, "Doctor, will you meet me in heaven?" The doctor promised that he would. Barber then prayed for all present, mentioning them by name. "God bless my dear little children! God bless my poor delicate wife! God bless the Christian Mission," and then, as if the new world had opened out its panorama before his eyes, he said, with wonderful power, "It's a *reality!* I see the angels and hear the heavenly music! Jesus is precious! It's better on before! Lord Jesus, come quickly! I've had a battle, but gained the victory! O death, where is thy sting? I shall soon sit down at the marriage feast! My feet are in the river! I shall soon be over! Glory to God! I see a light! Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" His sister said, "I shall soon follow you," to which he replied, "*Don't be in a hurry! Work for the Master!*" And a few minutes afterwards he peacefully fell asleep in the arms of the Saviour whom he had loved and served. Standing by such a death-bed, who could fail to echo the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MISSION ADVANCES. 1874.

THE most prominent event of the year 1874 was the annual Conference of the Mission workers in June. It was not the *first* gathering of the sort. In November, 1870, Mr. Booth had called together a few of the principal evangelists and members to consult with him as to the internal organisation of the Mission, and to assist him in the framing of such regulations as would be best calculated to perpetuate its adherence to the purposes for which it had been created. Working upon the best religious model with which he was acquainted, and which is known as liberal Methodism, this embryonic little parliament was to consist of the evangelists, together with two delegates from each station.

But there were several respects in which the Conference differed from any similar assemblage. In the first place, women were admitted to its deliberations; and this not merely as onlookers, but as representatives, with the same privileges to speak and pray as were extended to their brethren. A second novelty existed in the shape of a timekeeper, whose business it was to break in upon the consultation every hour, when an interval of singing and prayer would follow, ordinarily lasting for about five minutes, but frequently extending over a quarter of an hour. This had the effect of cutting short long speeches, and preserving the spirituality of the meeting from being marred either by acrimonious debates or dull business details. The fact that the sittings usually lasted from ten in the morning till ten at night, and were spread over two or

three successive days, made such intervals the more refreshing.

Perhaps one of the special advantages of this custom was the opportunity it afforded to the more spiritually minded of those present to bring their influence to bear upon the assembly. There was never a gathering of the kind in which there were not some present who were specially remarkable for their Divine unction and power in prayer. While some knotty question was being debated, or business transacted, they had little to say, and there were others who by their superior smartness eclipsed them; but when the "tocsin of the soul" had sounded its first note, then, in a moment, their spiritual supremacy asserted itself.

One of the most remarkable examples of this was Praying John, a lay delegate from Hastings. No other religious conference would have tolerated the presence of the rough, uncouth navvy, whose loud amens and hallelujahs would have shocked their nerves. But none was more heartily welcomed by the Missioners, and when the simple old man rose to speak or pray, the contagion of his rapturous joy seemed to take possession of every heart. His dear old face would beam with happiness, and his eyes shine with tears of gladness, and he would clap his hands with the glee of a little child and shout "*Glory!*" till every one present was electrified and felt like shouting "*Glory!*" too. He gained his sobriquet of "Praying John" from his custom of rising early, before daybreak, to pray, and from his remarkable power in prayer. Preaching one day to a rough crowd in the open air, he stripped off his coat, feeling that he could better reach them in his shirt-sleeves, by enabling them to realise that he was one of themselves—a working-man. He died in 1876, at the conclusion of a meeting during which he had spoken with more than his usual earnestness and all his accustomed power. One of his last messages to his comrades was, "Tell them all's well. John Smith's packed up and ready to go." And as he lay dying in the Croydon Hall he said to the friends who were

ministering to him, "Let me go! I be a child of God! Let me go! I do love God! Let me go, bless ye! *I be happy!*"

The influence of such men, for Praying John was only a specimen of a blessed multitude who are to be found in the ranks of the Salvation Army, can better be imagined than described. "Never mind the gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Morley when he had listened to the burning words which fell from the lips of some of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's uncouth fellow-workers, and when they were suggesting that they should next call upon some one more refined. There were tears in Mr. Morley's eyes as he said that he would prefer to listen to some more of the same sort.

Thirty-seven representatives were present at the Conference of 1874, eight of these being women.

The occasion of the Conference was utilised for the holding of some great demonstrations. On Saturday, June 20th, Mrs. Booth gave a thrilling temperance address to a crowded audience in the Whitechapel Hall. General Neal Dow was also present and spoke. He will be remembered as the author of the first prohibitive legislation against drink in the United States, having introduced the law into the State of Maine, an example which has since been imitated by many others of the American States, and which is likely to form the basis of general legislation at no distant date throughout the world.

"The General was a fine old man," says Mrs. Booth. "His colloquial, unpretentious way of talking could not fail to produce an impression. Why is it that in speaking about religion a stilted and unnatural style should be so commonly in vogue? The stirring tones, the flashing eye, the eager gesture which emphasize conversation regarding every important theme—why should these be banished from the pulpit?"

"If I were asked to put into one word what I consider to be the greatest obstacle to the success of Divine truth, even when uttered by sincere and real people, I should say *stiffness*. Simplicity is indispensable to success; *naturalness* in putting the truth. It seems as if people the moment they come to religion assume a different tone, a different look and manner—in short, become unnatural. We want

SANCTIFIED HUMANITY, not sanctimoniousness. You want to talk to your friends in the same way about religion as you talk about earthly things.

“If a friend is in difficulties, and he comes to you, you do not begin talking in a circumlocutory manner about the general principles on which men can secure prosperity, and the sad mistakes of those who have not secured it; you come straight to the point; and, if you feel for him, you take him by the buttonhole, or put your hand in his, and say, ‘My dear fellow, I am very sorry for you; is there any way in which I can help you?’ If you have a friend afflicted with a fatal malady, and you see it and he does not, you don’t begin to descant on the power of disease and the way people may secure health, but you say, ‘My dear fellow, I am afraid this hacking cough is more serious than you think, and that nasty flush on your cheek is a bad sign. I am afraid you are ill—let me counsel you to seek advice.’ That is the way people talk about earthly things.

“Now just do exactly so about spiritual things. If your friend is a spiritual bankrupt just tell him so. Tell him where he is going, and that the reckoning day is coming. If your friend has a spiritual disease tell him so, and deal just as straight and earnestly with him as you would about his body. Tell him you are praying for him, and the very concern that he reads in *your eyes* will wake him up, and he will begin to think it is time he was concerned about himself. Try to attain this simple, easy, natural way of appealing to people about their souls. I believe if all real Christians would attain this, and act upon it, this country would be shaken from end to end!”

After returning from Hastings with the children Mrs. Booth remained in London till the following August, paying occasional visits to the various stations: Hackney, Poplar, Croydon, Bethnal Green, Kettering, Wellingborough, Barking, Chatham, and Stoke Newington. At Croydon a free tea was given to 300 poor people. In the meeting which followed Mrs. Booth spoke with power, and thirteen sought salvation, among them being three gypsy mothers with babes in their arms.

In Bethnal Green a new hall was opened, now famous as the Railway Arch. It certainly was a unique specimen of a church. It consisted in a prolongation of a railway arch, over which the trains thundered every two or three minutes. Had the noise been less frequent it might have disturbed the meetings, but fortunately “use doth breed a habit in a man!”

The regular attendants became so accustomed to the noise overhead that they ceased to realise it; like persons in a besieged town, who are said to become so habituated to the firing of the cannon that they can sleep through it, but are disturbed by the unnatural quiet when at length the firing ceases! Whether this be so or not, the Railway Arch has certainly proved the birthplace of hundreds of souls, many of whom have in their turn become saviours of others.

On the 23rd August of this year Mrs. Booth commenced a two months' campaign at Ryde. The results did not answer her expectations. However, she persevered, and met with results which would have gratified any one else less difficult to please. Amongst many others was the interesting case of a young lady who was on a visit to the town. She came forward at one of the meetings, received the pardon of her sins, and returned home in all the joy of her new-found salvation. Shortly afterwards she was taken ill, and died triumphantly, leaving behind her a blessed testimony.

Emma and the younger children were with Mrs. Booth, while the elder ones, who had now begun to be useful in the work, remained in London with the General. His letters to Mrs. Booth give some interesting glimpses of their earliest attempts at public speaking:

"Willie, or rather, Bramwell, as I like to call him now, has just left me. He is a good lad—a really precious boy. I manage him a little better than you do, I think. Perhaps it is because I let him have his own way rather more. I have no fault worth calling a fault to find with him. His thoughtfulness for the real interests of the Mission, his responsibility as to business, his manly dealing with men and things, are in my estimation very remarkable. Then he is, I think, really good, open to spiritual influences to any extent. Poor boy! Were he only stronger I should rejoice in contemplating his future, and push him on to aim at far greater things.

"I don't know whether I told you how pleased I was with dear Katie speaking in the streets on Sunday morning. It was very nice and effective. Bless her! I am delighted with all the children more and more. Willie is the greatest help I have ever had in the office.

"I heard Ballington give out a hymn and say a few words at Bethnal Green last night. He did not know that I was there. I was surprised and gratified in the extreme. He has an extraordinary voice, and will be

able to give out a hymn with more effect than many a man could produce with a sermon. The little he did say was spoken with force and feeling. They think very much of the promise he gives for ability at Bethnal Green. He will make a mighty man, with the Divine blessing. But it will be a serious matter. I could not touch him in effective giving out of a hymn in the open-air, and he is only seventeen. Willie's voice and chest are so weak that I don't see how he is going to make a preacher."

The following letter from Bramwell to Railton gives an idea of the early difficulties which led to the subsequent abolition of the Committee system :

" Oct. 6th, 1874.

" MY DEAR RAILTON :

" Yours is to hand. I am convinced that we must stick to our concern, and also that we must keep up its so called extravagances. They and they only will save it from dropping down into a sectarian nothing. I am afraid that we over-rate the worth and sense of the world in general ! It is surely, let us hope, that they have not eyes—not that, having them, they will not see ! All we can do, it seems to me, is to pound on, utterly regardless of all the bosh and humbug around !

" I was much put about on Saturday night at the Shoreditch quarterly meeting. A. and Co. introduced a motion to halve the Sunday night open-air at Hackney by beginning inside at 6.30, the open-air to commence at 6. It was followed by a similar proposal for Tottenham. Of course I fought, and fought hard. I think I spoke as I never spoke in my life—for I *felt*. However, I was beaten: seven votes against seven on one and seven against ten on the other. What vexed me much was that neither P. nor W. took any side at all.

" It seems to me the height of folly. Here we are beginning a new hall at Hackney, and their first step is to spoil and nullify the open-air—because we all know what half an hour means: *a walk round and a 'holler!*' I suppose there is nothing I can do? The meeting is adjourned to next Saturday. Your friend A. is at the bottom of it all.

" We began at Hackney yesterday. I was at Soho last night—good outside and fair congregation in, just our sort of people. I was delighted to find some capital young men ready to fight all hell. We must give them a little more help and the thing will go.

" Love. Yours faithfully,

" W. BRAMWELL BOOTH."

Very interesting are some of Mrs. Booth's letters to her children, as she watched with veteran eye their early exploits on the public field.

To her daughter Catherine she writes as follows :

“ Strive to obey the teachings of God. Follow as a little child, and He will lead you on and on to more and more grace till you get to glory. We learn in the Divine life much as we learn in the temporal, by *experience*. A step at a time. Yield yourself up to obey, and though you sometimes fail and slip do not be discouraged, but yield yourself up again and plead more fervently with God to keep you. Fourteen years ago you were learning to walk, and in the process you got many a tumble. But now you can not only walk yourself but teach others. So, spiritually, if you will only let God lead you He will perfect that which is lacking in you and bring you to the stature of a woman in Christ Jesus. Praise Him that you feel you *are* His child, though but a babe. It is a great thing to be a child of God at all. Don't forget to praise Him for this, because you are still an imperfect scholar; but praise Him and go on to be more diligent to learn and do His will.

“ I did not forget your birthday. I think I gave you afresh to God more fully and determinately than ever before. I laid you on His altar, for Him to glorify Himself in you in any way He sees best. You must say Amen to the contract, and then it will be sealed in heaven.

“ Your loving mother.”

The following is an extract from a letter to her friend Mrs. Billups:—

“ I had such a view of His love and faithfulness on the journey from Wellingborough that I thought I would never doubt again about anything. I had the carriage to myself, and such a precious season with the Lord that the time seemed to fly. As the lightning gleamed around I felt ready to shout, ‘ The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.’ Oh, how precious it is when we *see* as well as believe, but yet more blessed to *believe* and *not see*! Lord, work this determined, obstinate, blind, unquestioning, unanswering faith in me and my beloved friend, and let us two dare to trust Thee in the midst of our peculiar trials. As I looked at the waving fields, the grazing sheep, the flashing sky, a voice said in my soul, ‘ Of what oughtest thou to be afraid? Am I not *God*? Cannot I supply thy little, tiny needs?’ My heart replied, ‘ It is enough, Lord, I will trust Thee. Forgive my unbelief.’

“ My dear friend, you *do* trust a little; oh, be encouraged to trust *altogether*! Sickness in our loved ones, weakness in ourselves, perplexity in our circumstances, even the workhouse in the distance are ‘ light afflictions’ compared with what many of His dear ones have had to bear, and ‘ shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord and shall we not receive evil also?’ ‘ All things work together for good’ while we love Him and do His will. Lord, help us.”

CHAPTER XXV.

TRAINING OF THE CHILDREN. 1875.

DURING the early portion of the year 1875 Mrs. Booth visited the various stations of the Mission. The opening of the newly erected hall at Wellingborough was succeeded by a fortnight's visit to Middlesborough and Stockton, where a powerful work had this year commenced. The Sunday service at the Middlesborough Theatre Royal was attended by some 3,500 persons; and so great was the impression made by the sermon that thirty penitents were willing to mount the stage as seekers of pardon in the presence of the vast audience. At Hackney and Hammersmith also Mrs. Booth preached with signs and wonders following.

If trees are to be judged by their fruit, then assuredly parents may be judged by their children. And yet, if the majority of Christians be measured by this rule, "who should 'scape whipping?" The family altar of those who have been undoubtedly sincere believers is saturated with the blood, not of its enemies, but of its own progeny, until it resembles rather the shrine of Moloch than the holy of holies of Christianity. Worldliness, amusement, money-making absorb the attention; agnosticism and infidelity express the creed; an ignominious death terminates the life; while an unhallowed grave conceals the shame of the descendants of too many of those who have been justly described as pillars and ornaments of the Christian Church.

Perhaps there is no criterion by which to estimate a Christian's life and influence so just, so simple, so unobtainable, as that of the fruits of his faith and of his works in his own family. It is a quality of virtue, as truly as it is of

sin, to reproduce itself! And there is no soil so favourable for the manifestation of a man's graces as that of his home. He is master of the situation. His sway is almost unlimited. He can plant what he will, and very largely destroy what displeases him. To leave the best soil to itself is sufficient to ensure an abundant crop of weeds. But of what use is the gardener unless he uproots and replaces them with flowers? This is his business.

That he can, with care, succeed is aptly illustrated in the family history of Mrs. Booth. She *commanded* her children, and insisted on their obeying God, till obedience to His will developed into a blessed habit. It became early easier to be holy than to be sinful, to do good than to do evil, to sacrifice than to enjoy. The children could not fail to imbibe the lessons learnt from the lips and lives of their parents. There was an atmosphere of holy chivalry which spurred them on to generous and noble deeds.

The Maréchale was but a child when a friend took her to a large bazaar to choose a present for herself. She cared nothing for dolls. But Emma, who was ill at home, was very fond of them. Remembering her sister's partiality, she chose one, saying it would bring her more pleasure than anything else, and carried it home in triumph—preferring to minister to the little invalid's fancy rather than gratify her own desires.

And when Emma herself grew older, and was left in charge of the little ones during the absence of her mother from the home, she would pride herself in being able to report that everything had been done as carefully and systematically as in her presence. "I used to imagine that Mama was in the room all the time, and could see everything that was done, and this was a great help to me," she explained.

It was when she was a girl of thirteen, during Mrs. Booth's first visit to Portsmouth, that an incident occurred which serves to illustrate the intense hatred of cruelty with which they were all from the first inspired. She was out for her usual walk with the governess when a donkey-cart drove

past, and she noticed the boy belabouring the donkey with a stick. She called out to him to desist, but he only laughed and hit the harder. 'Snatching herself away from the governess, Emma ran after the cart, and after a long chase at length overtook it and caught the reins. The boy leaped down and tried to pull the donkey away. But he found his match for once. Snatching the stick from his hand, Emma showered her blows upon his head and shoulders, saying, "There, now! How do *you* like it?" The boy was a strong young fellow, and could no doubt have easily turned the tables upon his assailant. But her tears and pleadings proved more powerful than her blows. He was too surprised and touched, and surrendered unconditionally; promising never to repeat his cruelty, and kneeling, at her request, beside the donkey in the dusty road to ask God to pardon his sin.

As they rose from their knees, the conquered ruffian apologised for having brought her so far out of her way, and offered to drive her back. Seated beside him in the donkey-cart, she rode home in triumph, admiring the little steed, and exhorting the lad to feed it well and treat it with every kindness. In the meantime the governess had returned to complain of Emma's rashness, but the delighted mother listened with undisguised pleasure to the tale and clasped with joy her daughter to her heart, rejoicing most of all at the happy sequel to the brave attempt.

Nourished in such an atmosphere, the spiritual life of Mrs. Booth's children was sturdy and vigorous. The first training-ground was the nursery, where meetings used to be carried on according to the model of the Salvation services conducted by their parents. The children officiated in turns. Pulpit and pews were duly arranged. Dolls and pillows formed the congregation. Singing, addresses, and penitential forms were made to resemble as nearly as possible the originals. There were few children who could more thoroughly enjoy a game or a run. True, they imported their religion into their very play. And yet they were unconventional and

natural almost to a fault. Their recreation was religious, and yet their religion was a recreation. It was difficult to draw the separating line. And disagreements were rare when those who might have won preferred to lose, realising more joy in averting from another the mortification of defeat than in securing for themselves the flush of victory.

Soon after the family had settled in London and the Mission had been formed, one of their first secretaries, a Mr. Rapson, afterwards pastor of a large church in America, started some children's services, which were regularly attended by the little Booths, who soon began to speak and testify and at length to conduct them. Bramwell was only twelve when he led his first service in a small room at Bethnal Green. He was in the middle of his juvenile sermon, when an incident occurred which would have disconcerted many a more practised hand. A large rat came and stood in the doorway, which was behind the audience, and coolly surveyed the scene. Bramwell knew instinctively that if the little urchins present caught sight of the intruder there would be a general scamper and a chivy at once. He therefore went on steadily with his address, gesticulating with all his might in hopes of frightening the visitor. But the rat held its ground without flinching. The speaker waxed warmer and warmer, in his efforts to dislodge the enemy, until at length even the nerves of the East End rat could resist no longer, and it beat a rapid and welcome retreat, leaving young Bramwell in full possession of the field.

When, in 1870, a Mr. Eason's work was incorporated with that of the Mission, Bramwell, though only a lad of fourteen, became one of the most active workers, and the hall being close to Gore Road he regularly attended its meetings, and commenced, both indoors and in the open air, to address for the first time adult congregations. He also chaperoned his sisters in their earliest public efforts, and encouraged them to persevere amid the timidities and disappointments which usually accompany the *début* of a public speaker.

The correspondence between brothers and sisters would serve as a model for many a family—bright, cheerful, destitute of sanctimoniousness, and yet earnest and practical.

“I love you,” writes Bramwell, “and as I cannot see you to say so, I write it. How are you? How is your soul? How is your throat? I am looking forward to your getting well soon, and then we can together have a real, red-hot campaign against the devil this winter. I think I should be in better trim now than ever. If you were not so busy—so hard at your studies—so full of work of every kind that you scarcely have time to eat, much less to talk or write letters, I should have expected a note.”

To her daughters Mrs. Booth wrote letters full of wise advice. The following is specially interesting as conveying her feelings in regard to work among the rich :

“PORTSMOUTH, Feb. 16th, 1876.

“I did not think it necessary to write again, and the rheumatic gout in my hand being so painful I can scarcely hold the pen.

“I note all you say. But, my dear child, when you have seen as much of the upper classes as I have you will turn to the poor, as your Lord did, as by far the most hopeful of the two. ‘How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom.’ When they get right, not one in a hundred keeps so. ‘The deceitfulness of riches’ chokes the good seed. Still, we must do all we can for them, but it is hard work to get rich people saved. I had thousands of them at Brighton, Folkestone, and Hastings, and had a far less proportion of fruit visible than at other places.

“The Lord’s way is best; preach to all alike, and let rich and poor come together. A class and caste religion is just what they are seeking for. The Gospel served up in a lordly dish. But this is not God’s way. The aristocratic Christianity I have seen has been of a sorry sort. ‘Go tell John the poor have the Gospel preached to them,’ was our Lord’s highest credential: let us be content with it.

“I was very glad to hear that you had been blessed by reading Finney. I hope you will read every word of it. That is what I mean by Divine influence. You see also the secret of his having it—that he was so thorough with God on all points. I am persuaded that this is just what makes the difference. Oh, how it would rejoice my heart to hear you say that you see it, and that you are resolved on being so!

“I see what a glorious, blessed, useful life you may live, but I see also your danger, and I pray for you that you may be enabled to cast aside the world in every form, to look down upon its opinions, and to despise its spirit, maxims, and fashions, Oh, that the Divine Spirit may help you!”

In view of their future career as public speakers, Mrs. Booth was constantly urged by friends to send her daughters to some first-class school, where their education could be perfected. In one case, the principal of a lady's college, who had attended Mrs. Booth's meetings and been greatly blessed, offered to receive and educate her daughter gratuitously. The offer was a tempting one. The lady was an earnest Christian, and was anxious for the spiritual welfare of her students. Mrs. Booth visited her home and addressed her pupils. But the first sight of their fashionable attire and evident worldliness convinced her that it would be the height of folly to expose her daughter to such influences, and she declined the offer with thanks.

In January, 1876, Mrs. Booth revisited the scene of her former labours in Portsmouth. At the conclusion of her first meetings a branch of the Mission had been established, and the work had been prosecuted for some time with remarkable success. On one occasion, when Mr. Bramwell Booth and his sister Catherine visited the town, no less than three hundred persons sought salvation in one week.

Upon the conclusion of her meetings in Portsmouth Mrs. Booth had spent two months in Leicester at the earnest invitation of some friends. Many souls were ingathered, and, as usual, when the services had drawn to a close the converts united in forming a Branch of the Mission.

Among Mrs. Booth's letters written at this time we find the following. Writing to her daughter during a season of depression, she says :

“MY VERY DEAR EMMA :

“I hope you are recovering from the fit of dumps into which you had fallen when you wrote me. I note all you say, and am quite willing to admit that most girls of sixteen would feel very much as you did about Katie coming, my being away, etc. But then *my* Emma is *not* one of these ‘*most girls*.’ She has more sense, more dignity of character, and, above all, *more religion*. She only got into the dumps, and for once felt and spoke like ‘one of the foolish women !’

“Well, that is all over now, and I doubt not she is herself again, acting as my representative, taking all manner of responsibility and interest in her brothers and sisters—tired often *with* them but never tired of

them—acting the daughter to her dear precious papa, the mother and sister to Ballington, and the faithful, watchful friend to the whole household. I know that is her character, and I shall not receive any opinion that would contradict it, even from *herself*!

“My dear child, don’t grow weary in well doing, or in enduring; *the reward* is always greater than the sacrifice. Jesus ‘reigns,’ and He will never forget the work of faith and the labour of love which nobody else sees. When a friend does a *secret* kindness, we say, ‘Ah, it was not only a great kindness, but the way in which it was done was so nice, so acceptable, that it made it double the value. There was no *splaud*, no fuss, no telling folks and talking about *sacrifice*. It was all so quiet, so hidden, but so real.’ ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.’

“Jesus feels very much as we do. Only He knows *how* to reward, and He won’t forget! Bless His name, my dear child, and take courage. You will share in the spoils, the eternal spoils, of my victory in this place, for there *will* be spoils such as will be eternally saved. Pray much for me, that the Lord will supply all my needs, physical and spiritual.”

Mr. Bramwell was at this time in a great controversy as to his future path in life. A generous friend, struck with his ability and promise, had offered to give him a university education. But Mrs. Booth, though grateful for the kindness and not blind to the advantages, yearned to see him consecrate himself to the immediate claims of the Lord’s service, and threw all the weight of her influence into this scale.

From Leicester she writes to him upon the subject as follows:

“I am glad to hear that H—— did not get *lost*, at least so far as his wife and children are concerned! I do hope you will not throw a lot of money away in *trying* him, just for want of courage to tell him at once that he will not do, because I am sure that it will be thrown away. It is the *nature* of the man that is at fault, and not his *circumstances*. He is a *drone*, and nothing, no change of place or position, can ever make him into a bee. He never ought to have left his trade; he never *would* have done so if he had thought missioning was harder work!

“Oh, these professing Christians! I wonder it does not make your blood boil to do something to rescue the people! I hope the Lord will make you so miserable everywhere, and at everything else, that you will be *compelled* to preach! Oh, how my heart glows with indignation and throbs with grief at what I see and hear! Let us mind not to be brought into bondage to the rich; this is the rock on which almost everybody

splits. The Lord give us a supreme contempt for all their pride and starch.

“O my boy, the Lord wants such as you—*just such*—to go out amongst the people, seeking nothing but the things that are Jesus Christ’s. You are free to do it; able, by His grace; born to do it, with splendid opportunities. Will you not rise to your destiny? ‘Have courage, and be strong, and I (the I AM) will be with thee.’ ‘Get thee out and I will go with thee.’ Dare you not take hold of the Arm that holds the world and all things up? And, if you do, can you fail? The Lord gird you with His strength and make your brow brass and your tongue as a flame of fire. You *must preach!*”

The latter part of 1876 was marked with severe illnesses, which brought the leaders of the Mission to the very borders of the grave. The stability and permanence of the organisation were indeed tested during this period to the very utmost.

The first to be invalided was Mr. Bramwell Booth. He could ill be spared, but continued trouble from his heart and throat rendered a change necessary to prevent a complete breakdown. At the invitation of a warm friend of the Mission he spent several weeks in Scotland, profiting considerably by the rest, and returning at length to his post with renewed health.

Scarcely, however, had Mr. Bramwell recovered when the General was suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of gastric fever. Had it not been, under God, for Mrs. Booth’s indefatigable nursing he would probably have died. A homœopathic doctor was sent for, Mrs. Booth stipulating, however, beforehand that he should allow the use of the water treatment. Fever packs, liver packs, mustard packs, and the other paraphernalia of hydropathy were called into requisition with the most encouraging results.

“I need not tell you how I feel,” writes Mrs. Booth to Mrs. Billups. “My soul seems dumb before the Lord. A horror of great darkness comes over me at times. But, in the midst of it all, I believe He will do all things well, I am not at all taken by surprise. I have known so long that this breakdown must follow. The doctor says it has been coming on a long time. My beloved says I am to tell you that he is in the furnace, but has perfect peace. Praise the Lord for this.”

But the strain was too great for Mrs. Booth's delicate and overwrought frame, and she again collapsed, just as the General's illness had taken a favourable turn. As soon as it was possible to be moved, both were ordered away, for change of air, to Tunbridge Wells. They had scarcely arrived when the sad news reached them that their daughter Lucy was dangerously ill of small-pox, and that one of the servants had also contracted the disease, having been removed at her own request to the hospital, where, a few days afterwards, she died.

With his usual intrepidity and devotion, Mr. Railton visited her deathbed, and thus, to the grief and deep concern of all, received the infection. Mr. and Mrs. Booth returned immediately to London, sent the children to the country, and, abandoning their home to the patients, located for the time being at the already crowded and ever busy headquarters in Whitechapel. Mrs. Booth has since said that some of the most anxious hours of her life were spent in the little upper room from whence she superintended with persistent care and skill the hydropathic treatment, which she believed to be, under God, the means of their ultimate recovery. In her daughter's case the danger gradually abated, but with Mr. Railton the attack assumed a most virulent form, and for some days his life was despaired of. He had himself, while sickening for the disease, expressed a presentiment that his earthly days were numbered, and that his time had come as he graphically expressed it, for being "promoted from the infantry of earth to the cavalry of the skies."

Determined to make the utmost use of the brief interval of life that he could yet call his own, he surrounded himself with his papers and composed a book of nearly two hundred pages. "Heathen England," as it was happily entitled, described, on the one hand, the terribly godless condition of the masses in this country, and on the other the strenuous and successful efforts put forth by the Christian Mission for their salvation. There was much in the narrative to carry the mind back to the experiences of the apostles.

At the time that Mr. Railton wrote, it is true, the work had not by any means attained its present proportions, but there was more than enough to enable the most unenthusiastic soul to realise that a mighty future was in store for the organisation which had outlived so many storms and thriven among circumstances so apparently adverse to its existence. To plant religion among the very dunghoops of society might have well appeared a hopeless task. But the more the hand of enmity and ridicule sought to smother the seedling with the unsavoury masses of putrefying corruption that surrounded it, the more they unconsciously contributed to its growth and strength. The ploughed fields of the religious world had been well-nigh worn out with the harvest that had been wrung from their overtaxed soil, while the untouched swamps and vice-beridden jungles of society awaited the magic touch of the daring innovator who should substitute joy for sorrow, health for sickness, wealth for poverty, hallelujahs for curses, and psalms of praise for ribald songs.

Unable through sickness to devote herself as usual to public work, Mrs. Booth made use of the comparative leisure for multiplying her letters to her children and friends.

The following letter was addressed to her youngest son during a temporary absence from home :

“ I trust you are enjoying yourself, and also that you are striving to live so as to please God in everything.

“ I have been hoping to hear again from you that you had found that peace and joy which you told me you were so earnestly seeking. I am sure the Lord has no objection to give it to you when He sees that you really want it—for we do not always really want the things that we cry and pray for, strange as it may seem. The Lord judges of how much we want a thing by the price we are willing to pay for it; that is, by the sacrifice of our own will that we are ready to make for it, and the hard or unpleasant things we are ready to do for it.

“ Now David said, ‘ I will patiently wait for the Lord.’ ‘ In His law will I meditate day and night.’ ‘ My soul followeth hard after God.’ ‘ I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.’ ‘ I hate every false way ’; that means every *deceitful* way. Now you see how David sought God; he waited for Him in the way of keeping His commandments and striving to please Him in everything, and God is always

found of such souls. They are allowed to sing, 'So God is become my salvation, of whom shall I be afraid?'

"I have not a doubt that David when a little boy had been industrious and faithful in tending his father's sheep. Many a cold night in the wilderness had he led them into the fold, and many a lonely day had he practised his music out in the fields while caring for them. He must have done; or where did he get the wonderful skill in playing which brought him into the court of the king? (1st Samuel, 17th and 18th chapters.) He was the best player in all Israel. How little he thought when sitting on a stile practising his harp, or his flute, that this very industry would be the means in God's hands of setting him on the throne of Israel! He must have studied grammar, too, for some of his psalms written when he was quite young are amongst the most beautiful compositions in the world. All the learning of all the ages since he wrote has not been able to surpass the beauty of some of his poetry!

"Did God choose him, think you, because He saw that he was a good and faithful boy, and therefore that he would make a good and faithful king? Read 1st Samuel, 16th chapter, and see what God said of him David loved and served God in his boyhood, and God remembered it when He wanted a man to take the place of unfaithful Saul! He passed over all the high and noble sons of the great men of the nation, and chose a young, ruddy lad who kept his father's sheep, for 'He judgeth not according to outward appearance, but by the heart.' Are you copying David's example? Are you practising in all things what the Lord loves? And seeking to please Him day by day? If so, I am sure He will be found of you, and if He does not make you a king He will make you what is a great deal better, a winner of souls and a king and a priest unto Himself. O my dear boy, 'Be not a forgetful hearer of the word, but a doer of the same, and you shall be blessed in your deeds.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SALVATION ARMY. 1877-78.

JANUARY, 1877, will ever be memorable in the history of the Salvation Army, for it was then that the democratic system of government into which, as we have already seen, the Christian Mission had fast been drifting, was finally replaced by a purely military constitution.

From this moment the work commenced to extend itself with unparalleled rapidity. It seemed as if the Mission had taken a new lease of life. Like David, it had thrown aside the cumbersome armour of Saul and had run to meet Goliath with its simple sling and stone. Wherever the evangelists appeared the armies of the Philistines were put to flight. The largest buildings could not contain the crowds who flocked to the meetings. Powerful revivals broke forth in the most unlikely places, through agents whose only qualification seemed their desperate earnestness.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to sketch the character and career of some of the men who composed Mr. Booth's pioneer band of evangelists. Several of them, such as John Allen, the converted navy, have already gone to their reward. Not a few were invalided by the arduous nature of their toil, while others, after serving for a time, either waxed weary in well-doing, or have sought for themselves easier paths than the rugged ones marked out for them within the borders of the Mission. But a goodly number continue to occupy more or less prominent positions in the Salvation Army of to-day. Several of these have been already referred to.

Another whose character and career were destined to

make a considerable mark upon the future was Elijah Cadman. Like his prophetic namesake, he was a product of the deserts—had traversed them in their length and breadth, and familiarised himself with every detail of their barren desolation. But “the howling wilderness” of which this modern Elijah was a denizen was peopled not with phantom ghosts and ghouls, nor even with dragons and fiery serpents, but



COMMISSIONER CADMAN.

with human beings almost as numerous as the sands which constitute the Arabian desert, each particle instinct with life and power for good or ill.

Born and bred among the misery and sin of slumdom, a chimney-sweep by profession, a pugilist for recreation, a good customer at the public-house, a desperate handful for the police, a ringleader in every sort of mischief, Cadman had early gained for himself an unenviable notoriety in his native

town of Rugby. Short, but thick-set, and powerful beyond his size, he was an awkward antagonist in the drunken brawls and sprees with which he was perpetually mixed up. His keen wit and humorous sallies were the delight of the tap-room, where he was a second Falstaff.

His conversion fell like a thunder-clap upon his old associates. It was as complete as it was sudden. He became as out-and-out for God as he had been for evil. He loved his Bible so passionately that he carried it with him wherever he went by day and slept with it under his pillow by night, although he was so unlettered that he could not tell whether he was holding it right side up or wrong! But he soon learned to read on purpose to be able to master its contents, and an admirable memory and fluent tongue helped to make amends for all educational deficiencies. He wrote to Mr. Booth offering his services, was accepted and sent to assist first at Hackney, then at Leicester, and afterwards to take charge of Whitby. This was a new opening. The evangelist walked round the town with a friend, engaged the St. Hilda's music-hall for Sundays, the old town-hall for week-nights, and issued a bill couched in very sensational terms.

In this bill the Christian Mission for the first time advertised itself as a "Hallelujah Army," an approach to the name by which it was soon afterwards to be known. It was by a remarkable concurrence of circumstances that this change finally came about. The General was preparing his annual appeal for Christmas, 1877, and was pacing the room, discussing the various particulars. Seated at the table were his two indefatigable aides-de-camp, Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Railton. "What is the Christian Mission?" was a question propounded by the circular. To this was proposed the reply, "A Volunteer Army." Pausing for a moment, and leaning over the shoulder of his secretary, the General picked up a pen, passed it through the word "Volunteer" and wrote above it "Salvation."

All the trio agreed that the new name was nothing short

of an inspiration. It was at the same time simple, terse, and euphonious, expressing in a nutshell the great fundamental principles upon which the Mission had been based, and the great object which it was seeking to fulfil. The outside public were not slow in confirming the dictum, while within the ranks of the Mission itself, and among the masses for whom it catered, the newly-coined expression gained immediate currency. Nevertheless the official recognition of the title only took place by degrees. At first the notepaper used for correspondence bore the heading, "The Christian Mission, or the Salvation Army." A few months later the order was reversed and the heading became "The Salvation Army, commonly called the Christian Mission." And finally all reference to the Mission was discarded.

The first time the new name appeared upon a public poster was in Plymouth, which had been opened by Captain and Mrs. Dowdle. Soon afterwards Mr. Bramwell Booth caused it to be painted across the Whitechapel Hall at the back of the platform, to the considerable perturbation of some of the older members of the Mission, who thought the change boded no good.

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

The subsequent addition of other military titles was a matter of necessity. It became essential to define the position of the assistant evangelist, and what more convenient term could be found than that of lieutenant? Elders and

class-leaders were no more, but some substitute was necessary. Sergeants and sergeant-majors just met the difficulty. The rapid increase of the work made it advisable to group the stations into districts, under the charge of the most experienced evangelists. A distinguishing title became again a necessity. The clerical catalogue had been abandoned as unsuitable. Hence it appeared advisable once more to have recourse to military phraseology, and the major and colonel were accordingly introduced.

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

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

It is needless to say that innovations so numerous and so

sweeping excited at the time no little opposition, especially on the part of the more respectable friends, who, when they "heard these things, doubted of them whercunto this would grow."

Referring to the change of name, and to the consequent opposition and loss of sympathy on the part of some who had hitherto supported the work, Mrs. Booth writes on the 23rd October, 1878, as follows:

"We have changed the name of the Mission into 'The Salvation Army,' and truly it is fast assuming the force and spirit of an army of the living God. I see no bounds to our extension; if God will own and use such simple men and women (we have over thirty women in the field) as we are sending out now, we can compass the whole country in a very short time. And it is truly wonderful what is being done by the instrumentality of quite young girls. I could not have believed it if I had not seen it. Truly, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He has ordained strength, because of the enemy, and the enemy *feels* it.

"In one small town where we have two girls labouring, a man, quite an outsider, told another that if they went on much longer all the public-houses would have to shut up, for he went to every one in the town the other night and he only found four men in them all! The whole population, he said, had gone to the 'Hallelujah Lasses'! Oh, for more of the fire! Pray for our officers.

"Now, my dearest friend, you have access; go up boldly and in mighty faith for torrents of power to break in on the enemy's territory on every side. Our moorings are fairly cut, and we are 'out on the ocean sailing.' The rich and respectable are giving us up on every hand, as they did our Master when He got nearer the vulgar cross, but we hear Him saying, 'I will show thee greater things than these.' And, money or no money, we must go on."

Writing in November, 1878, Mrs. Booth mentions that it had been finally decided to adopt uniforms, and thus put the finishing touch to the military tactics which had served to infuse into the Mission such a spirit of hopefulness and aggression. Indeed, it was this that constituted the chief value of the recent changes. The mere adoption of titles and uniforms was simply valuable as being the outward and visible sign of a remarkable increase in the aggressive spirit which had always been a distinguishing feature of the Christian Mission.

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

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

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

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

Nor was it intended that the uniform should be unalterable, as in the case of monks and nuns. Should it at any time cease to be in harmony with the popular dress the fullest liberty has been retained to make such alterations as

shall keep the Army in touch with the masses. There is no idea of *finality* in the present choice. Nor has there been thought to be any virtue in disfigurement, the one object being to combine simplicity with the testimony of separation from the world.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. BOOTH'S CHILDREN COMMENCE PUBLIC WORK.

1877-78.

DURING the year 1877 Mrs. Booth realised the peculiar joy of seeing her children one after another commence to occupy prominent posts of usefulness, and, although prevented by sickness from standing with them in the field, she continued from behind the scenes to instruct, advise, and encourage them as occasion offered. While staying at St. Leonards her shy and retiring daughter Emma for the first time stepped upon the public platform. As early as 1873 her brother Bramwell had persuaded her to conduct some children's services in the schoolroom at their Hackney home. But no amount of persuasion would induce her to either speak or pray in public until the occasion referred to by Mrs. Booth in the following letter:

“You will be surprised to hear that Emma spoke in the Hall here on Sabbath last. I could not believe it, but it was so. We have a good little woman evangelist here, who is struggling with a lot of rough poor people, and she had so enlisted Emma's sympathy and won her heart as to get her to promise to help her, though it was more than she had hoped to persuade her to take a service. On Sunday night, however, to her astonishment, Emma went on the platform and took a hymn-book and began as though she had been at it for twelve months. She preached from Isaiah, 10th chapter, 3rd verse, and they all say she did wonderfully. Not a hesitancy or apparent qualm. She tells me that she felt unutterable things, but was enabled to keep calm outside. There were five souls sought salvation—a real triumph for this place. Does it not seem as if the Lord was going to take me at my word and use them all in His work? Bless His name!”

It was about the same time that the Maréchale commenced

a series of meetings in Leicester, a town in which Mrs. Booth felt a special interest, the work having been commenced through her instrumentality. Miss Booth, assisted by her brother Bramwell, soon succeeded in bringing about a powerful revival. Upon receiving the news, Mrs. Booth sent her daughter the following inspiring epistle:

"I am delighted to hear of the break. I thought it must come. Praise the Lord! And now, just divest your mind of any and every other concern for the present and live for God and Leicester! I want you to gather every convicted soul in the place. Next Sunday you will feel more at home and have a better hold of the people. Only pray and believe, and keep near the Lord, and Leicester will be your first great victory for Jesus and eternity.

"Oh, it seems to me that if I were in your place—young—no cares or anxieties—with such a start, such influence, and such a prospect, I should not be able to contain myself for joy. I should indeed aspire to be the 'bride of the Lamb,' and to follow Him in conflict for the salvation of poor, lost and miserable man. I pray the Lord to show it to you, and so to enamour you of Himself that you may see and feel it to be your chief joy to win them for Him. I say I pray for this; yes, I groan for it, with groanings that cannot be uttered, and if ever you tell me it is so I shall be overjoyed.

"I don't want you to make any vows (unless, indeed, the Spirit leads you to do so), but I want you to set your mind and heart on winning souls, and to leave everything else with the Lord. When you do this you will be happy—oh, so happy! Your soul will then find perfect rest. The Lord grant it to you, my dear child.

"Try to get to know how long the cases have been under conviction when you speak to them. It comforts me to hear that my labour has not all been in vain. I am sorry to hear there was such paucity of help. We must *make* workers. There are few know how to deal with souls. *You* must make some, by God's grace and help. You must now take the flag and hold it firmer and steadier, and hoist it higher than ever your mother has done.

"I have been 'careful about many things.' I want you to care only for the *one* thing. I would give my heart's blood this moment to see you in spirit a Nanny Cutler! I would far rather be that woman now than Gabriel. Look onward, my child, into eternity—*on*, and *on*, and *ON*. You are to live *forever*. This is only the infancy of existence—the school-day, the seed-time. Then is the grand, great, glorious, eternal harvest. 'He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' Glory! The battle will soon be over. Oh, shall we not win the field? The Lord help us to resist evil, even unto blood!"

In writing some time later from Stockton-on-Tees, Mrs.

Booth sends an interesting description of the meetings conducted in that town by the General and Miss Booth:

“Pa and Katie had a blessed beginning yesterday. Theatre crowded at night, and fifteen cases. I heard Katie for the first time since we were at Cardiff. I was astonished at the advance she had made. I wish you had been there, I think you would have been as pleased as I was. It was sweet, tender, forcible, and Divine. I could only adore and weep.

“It is the greatest trial we have that we cannot get helpers who are determined to know nothing amongst men but ‘Christ, and Him crucified.’ There are plenty who have no objection to *Christ glorified*, when He can be made to glorify themselves, but when it comes to sacrifice and cross-bearing for the sake of souls, then is the test. When something better for this world presents itself, then those who have not much depth of principle fly off. Well, as some one said the other day, all God’s great reformers have had to *walk alone*, in a path specially their own, and, if need be, we must be content to walk so even to the end. The more I see of the religion of the churches the more I am satisfied that it is in the great majority of instances a great sham, a shell without the kernel. They say, ‘Lord, Lord,’ but they do not the things that He says. We must keep on trying to save a few from the general wreck. The Lord help us!”

Speaking of the sort of preachers who were needed by the Mission, and of the difficulty of securing such, Mrs. Booth says:

“I hope, my dear boy, that, whatever sense of obligation or gratitude you have towards me, you will try to return it by resolutely resisting all temptation to evil, and by fitting yourself to your utmost to be useful to your fellow-men. I ask from you, as I asked from God, no other reward. If I know my own heart, I would rather that you should work for the salvation of souls, making bad hearts good and miserable homes happy, and preparing joy and gladness for men at the judgment bar, if you only get bread and cheese all your life, than that you should fill any other capacity with £10,000 per year. I believe in *eternal* distinction. ‘They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.’

“Not that I would have you do it for the reward, but for the pure love of Him who died for you and them; still, it is not wrong to ‘have respect to the recompense of the reward,’ and now that almost everybody is pulling and striving for this world’s rewards and prizes, it is meet that the real children of the great King should sometimes think of *their* reward. Paul did this, though it was the love of Christ alone which constrained him to labour. ‘There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto me

at that day.' Happy they whose ambition aims not below the skies ; they will never be disappointed !

"I hope you are getting on in your studies and not allowing them to draw you from God. There is no illuminator like the Holy Ghost. He is promised on purpose to lead us into all truth, consequently to guard us from error. Seek His light on all you read, and His help in all you do, and your progress will be real and rapid."

Referring to the same subject in another letter, Mrs. Booth says :

"I was talking with a young minister the other day who has spent much time in studying science ! He knows a great deal, I doubt not, but alas, by his own confession and by the miserable results of his ministry, it is evident he knows not how to win souls. I saw in talking to him more clearly than ever that the main qualification for preaching is not gifts, nor learning, but *spirit*. 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of' might be sounded in the ears of thousands of ministers nowadays. They are of a scientific, a philosophical, a metaphysical, an astronomical, or any other kind of spirit, rather than of Paul's spirit, who determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and Him crucified.

"This is what the world wants : men of one idea—that of getting people saved. There are plenty of men of one idea—*gold* getting. They show that it is their great aim and object in life. They make no secret of it, they make everything bow to it ; they are of a worldly spirit. Now we want men who are just as much set on soul-saving ; who are not ashamed to let everybody know that this is the one object and aim of their life, and that they make everything secondary to this—men of a Christ like spirit. There need be no mistake or mystery about it—'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Paul, and every other man of like spirit, has had his fruit, and *will have* to the end of time. Your father is a man of this spirit ; the Lord make all his children such, and you among the first. It is 'not by might, nor by power, but by *My Spirit*, saith the Lord.' "

Mrs. Booth eagerly took advantage of a measure of returning health to deliver an address to the new converts in Stockton and to speak a few words at the anniversary meeting held in Hartlepool. On the latter occasion a number of her early converts of 1861 were present. "I was greeted," writes Mrs. Booth, "by many smiling faces and sparkling eyes, but could not stop to do any handshaking. How grand will it be to meet our spiritual children up yonder !"

Writing to another of her sons, she urges him to increasing watchfulness and devotion :

“ We must seek *till we find*, and this is just the difference between real seekers and hypocrites ; the former go on till they find, and will not be satisfied with anything less than God ; the latter get tired, and find rest in creature-good of one kind or another. Better go ‘hungering and thirsting after righteousness’ all our days than to take up with the devil’s draughts or eat his husks. But our Lord is not a hard master, and when He sees that we seek *Him*—not *His gifts*, but *Himself*—with all our hearts, then we find Him.

“ The Lord help you not to grow weary, but to strive to enter in at the strait gate. The enjoyment of God, spiritual usefulness on earth, and glory for ever, are worth a struggle, are they not ?

“ Abraham said to Dives, the rich man, ‘ Son, remember ! Thou in thy lifetime hadst thy good things, but Lazarus evil things ; now he is comforted, but thou art tormented.’

“ Perhaps I have not quoted the exact words, but it means, ‘ Thou didst choose thy portion on earth and thou didst get it—a mansion, crops, barns, flocks and herds, horses and carriages, etc., without God and salvation ; whereas Lazarus chose to serve God and do right and save his soul, even though perhaps this very choice led him to the dung-hill (I think very likely it was so). Now, and for all eternity, he is and shall be comforted. ‘ Just and righteous art Thou, O King of saints !’ We know God’s ways ; let us act accordingly.

“ Do not be disheartened because you are tempted. Paul speaks of the ‘ fiery trials ’ of the saints, of the ‘ fiery darts ’ of the devil, and of being ‘ tried as by fire.’ Now these must have been pretty sharp contests for such a brave soldier as Paul to call them ‘ fiery.’ Temptation is the severest of all tests of grace. Many a man could go to the block far easier than fight his own lusts. Jesus knew this ; therefore He warned His disciples against the first beginnings of sin. (Matt. v., 28th and 29th verses.) Looking at and thinking about forbidden objects brings all our woe ! Keep your eyes and your thoughts off, and you are safe. Jesus said, ‘ Watch.’ Satan is so cunning, he says, ‘ You can just indulge a little. You need not go all lengths.’ But he knows that if he can find a lodgment in the thoughts he is sure of everything. Mind him. He is a ‘ liar from the beginning.’ Resolutely resist his first whisper. Don’t listen to one word. Run for your life. He has slain millions through the *first thought* ! ”

In glancing over Mrs. Booth’s letters nothing is perhaps so striking as the extraordinary diversity of subjects with which they deal, and the ability with which each is discussed. While in many of her letters she urges her

children to make the most of such educational advantages as have been thrown in their way, she cautions them in the following letter against the other extreme of "cramming" the mind with quantities of ill-digested knowledge :

"You are under a mistake to suppose that sacrificing your recreation time will help you in the end. It will not. Cramming the mind acts just in the same way as cramming the stomach. It is what you digest well that benefits you, not what you cram in. So many hours spent in study, and then relaxation and walking, will do your mind more good than 'all work and no play.' The mind must have time to recruit as well as the body, and if you do not allow it to do so it will be just so much duller and the more inactive. Now mark this: Do not be looking so much at what you *have* to do as to what you are *doing*. Leave the future (you may spend it in heaven) and go steadily on doing to-day's work, in to-day's hours, with recreation in between to shake the seed in. One step well and firmly taken is better than two with a slip backwards. It is of no use breaking the bow by stretching it too tight. Thousands do this, and are rendered useless for life! Poor human nature seems as though it must go to extremes. Either all or none, too much or too little, idleness or being killed with work! May the Lord show you the happy medium!"

To one who complained that her nature rendered her peculiarly susceptible to temptation, Mrs. Booth replied :

"Supposing that you are in yourself of a restless and discontented nature, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?' Are we bound always to remain what we were at the beginning? If so, why did it please 'the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell?' *What for*, but for our emptiness, and want, and weakness? 'Where sin hath abounded grace doth much more abound.' By watchfulness on our part, and discipline and succour on His, what may we not become? We may even 'adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in *all* things.' It is not of nature's tree the fruits of the Spirit spring. It is from the tree of the Lord's own 'right hand planting.' Here is encouragement for you and for me. The top-stone of our renewed life is to be brought forth shouting, not '*Nature, nature!*' but '*GRACE, GRACE unto it!*' 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.' Watch and trust, and nature will be conquered. The Lord help you!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ARMY AND ITS CRITICS. 1878.

THE last of the Christian Mission Conferences was held in August, 1878, when the funeral ceremonies were finally performed over the old system, and the military programme was adopted unanimously and with acclamation.

Eighteen months had elapsed since the first council of evangelists, in which Mr. Booth had announced his intention to institute a change in the government of the Mission. He had proceeded, however, with his characteristic caution, guiding rather than driving, and awaiting the natural course of events before delivering the last *coup de grace* to the already sentenced methods of the past. Whatever doubts might have existed as to the propriety of the new course had disappeared long before the time for consideration had passed by.

But the interval was occupied in anxious deliberations, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Booth and the confidential council, in which the more important affairs of the Mission were discussed, as to the character of the new constitution which was to be laid down. Consultation followed upon consultation, the lawyers being continually referred to. In these cabinet gatherings Mrs. Booth was a leading spirit. Her almost prophetic far-sightedness, her intimate knowledge of human nature, and her thorough acquaintance with church history were much valued by the General, as helping him to anticipate the difficulties with which the movement was likely to meet, and to devise the best safeguards for preserving its spiritual vitality.

The Salvation Army in its present form is no more the

accidental grouping together of a number of atoms than is the product of engineering skill, such as a steamer, or railway engine. Those who see but its outward developments have little idea of the care, the consideration, and the calculation which, in constant dependence upon the Divine Spirit, are bestowed upon the preparation of each component part. The Deed Poll of 1878 was the final outcome of prolonged and prayerful deliberation. It was purposely simplified to the utmost possible degree. Only those doctrines were included which appeared to be necessary to salvation. Only those regulations were introduced which should serve as a skeleton for whatever addition differences of time and nationality might demand. Only those fundamental objects were enacted which were to be the eternal and unchangeable pursuit of the Salvation Army so long as a single sinner remained to be saved.

At a subsequent date the new name of the Christian Mission (the Salvation Army), which had not been hitherto officially recognised, was endorsed upon the Deed, provision for such an alteration having been reserved.

The Conference, or War Congress, as it had been rebaptised, was of the most enthusiastic character. Indeed, there was little room for anything but unqualified gratitude to God concerning the remarkable progress which Mr. Booth was enabled to report. During the previous year the stations had increased from 29 to 50; the evangelists from 31 to 88; the regular speakers from 625 to 1,086, of whom 355 were women; the weekly indoor services from 161 to 313; the weekly open-air services from 224 to 355; the average Sunday night congregations from 11,675 to 27,280; and the number of persons professing salvation (the chief criterion by which the results of so much effort were to be judged) from 4,632 to 10,762. During the month that followed the Conference 14 more towns were opened, and the number of evangelists increased from 88 to 102. In the succeeding month an equal number of new openings took place, and although in some cases, as might be expected, rebuffs and

disappointments were experienced, the Army advanced, on the whole, with a rapidity which far surpassed anything in its previous history. At the conclusion of the year (1878) the Army was able to report 81 corps, 127 officers (of whom 101 had been converted at its own meetings), and 1,987 public speakers. Besides the above, 141 of the Army's converts and 83 of its regular members had become ministers, missionaries, evangelists, Bible-women, and colporteurs in the service of other religious organisations.

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

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

Anybody and everybody felt they might have a fling. It was quite safe to do so. They knew they would not be struck

back. Here were people who when smitten on the one cheek were actually willing to turn the other to the smiter also, and who when robbed by a brutal mob of their coat were willing to offer to an unsympathising bench the cloak of their liberty and rights as British subjects. It was "sport" to crush the fly, because it was not a wasp, and could not sting! The "noble field" had caught sight of the religious stag and was soon in full chase. The journalist blew the horn, and great was the company of hunters and huntresses, and countless the packs of ready hounds that joined in the pursuit. Who was not there? Every shade of society had its representative.

Not that it was anything so very new, after all. What century and what generation and what nationality has not had its similar stag, which it has hounded to death, "from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias, whom they slew between the temple and the altar," and onward to the present day, through a truly apostolic succession of saints and martyrs?

Looking back, at the moment of writing these memoirs, upon the history of the past thirteen years, it seems nothing short of miraculous that the Salvation Army should have survived the whirlwind of criticism to which from its very infancy it has been exposed. Well was it that Providence had placed at its helm two hearts unflinching, two wills unwavering, who clung to their post with the desperate tenacity of a faith which increased as storm after storm was weathered. Thus wave upon wave that threatened to engulf the vessel but carried it more swiftly toward its destination, compelling the very "wrath of man to praise" its Divine Controller.

For the time being, however, all seemed with one consent to make common cause in levelling a lance at the obnoxious intruder upon the religious quietude of the world. Earls, countesses, justices, mayors, aldermen, professors, literati, scientists, sermonists, novelists, cartoonists, satirists, reporters, journalists, showered upon its devoted head anathemas sufficient to have relegated it summarily to a purgatorial

limbo from which it should never have returned. Remarks cynical, whimsical, hypocritical, nonsensical, inquisitorial, dictatorial, dogmatical and, generally speaking, wiseacreical were belched forth upon it like showers of bullets from a mitrailleuse.

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

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

"Jesuitry," cried another self-constituted "defender of the faith" to those who did not even know what Jesuitry meant; who had never studied its history, nor copied its devices, and whose pure and holy lives bore witness to the falseness of the charge. But how could one judge who had never been to a meeting in her life, and who closed her door upon those who would have sought her out to explain what she might have misunderstood, or to learn from her the higher altitudes upon which she would have had them construct their morality? But this titled upholder of orthodox Protestantism, this daughter of freedom-boasting Switzerland, could incite maddened mobs and jealous priests

and unfriendly governments to tear in pieces, shoot, imprison, stab, stone, and shed the blood of those with whom she would not even pray! Had a Chinese mandarin or Mahommedan dervish done the same Great Britain would probably have declared war, and outraged Christendom have united to demand an apology.

Others of the critics were of a less rabid character. The Salvation Army they loftily pronounced to be a "rope of sand." It did not possess in their estimation the elements of durability. It would soon die a natural death. It had long ago attained the zenith of its success. And now it was on the wane. It was a notorious fact that it was not what it had been, nor could it ever be so again. But, alas, for their prophetic spirits! The papery mausoleum which they had prepared with infinite trouble to receive its last remains continued empty. The swan-like requiems were left unsung. The Salvation Army was a long time waning, and never reached the point at which it could be correctly said to be "quite dead."

Many a time the journalistic gibbet was erected, and the editorial executioner prepared to bandage the eyes and give the culprit his last swing into space. But at the critical moment, when all eyes were fixed, some royal messenger came dashing round the corner with the unwelcome reprieve, and not unfrequently the modern Haman, after leading Mordecai through the streets amid the applause of an admiring city, in royal apparel, upon the King's own charger, found himself swinging upon the gallows fifty cubits high that he had erected. Verily, history repeats itself! What closer parallel to the Jewish story could well be found than in the funeral honours heaped on Mrs. Booth and the magnificent ovation subsequently offered to the General in the Antipodes, together with his unprecedented welcome home to England?

But it would be vain to attempt to exhaust the endless stream of idle tales and groundless slanders which have more or less flowed on from that hour forward. "Take no

notice of them! March straight on!" were the General's orders to his soldiers, when surrounded with a howling East End mob. And the same directions were not only given to but acted on by the rank and file in regard to the abuse and vituperation showered upon them from all quarters. "Answer them not a word," as Hezekiah said to his people upon the wall, when Rabshakeh sought to shake their fidelity.

It was, however, Mrs. Booth's special lot to handle these assailants, and for the sake of well-meaning but puzzled friends and supporters to reply to their calumnies. She did so, as is well known, with her usual trenchancy, and indeed her remarkable personality and obvious single-mindedness did almost more to dispel doubt and restore confidence than did even the unanswerable arguments with which she met her opponents. She reminded the critics that not a few of them lived in glass houses, and that the stones which they were flinging at the Army were calculated to inflict far greater damage if thrown back upon themselves.

She was willing that the Army should be judged by any human standard, Scriptural or otherwise, but she insisted that it should be on condition that the same standard should be applied to themselves. She would not consent to an angelic or Adamic ideal being set up for the one and not for the other. If the Army were to be judged by such lofty conceptions of morality, then by all means let the churches and the world be measured by the same, and let them be their own judges as to who came nearest to the model. To such considerations there was but one reply possible on the part of any who were honestly willing to be convinced.

It is not a little difficult to understand the philosophy of the criticism and other forms of opposition through which the Salvation Army has found it necessary to fight its way to its present position of acknowledged usefulness and success. Here was an organisation that existed for the benefit of its fellow-men. With the purest and most philanthropic motives were coupled the most disinterested and self-denying lives.

It could not have been the mere peculiarity of the measures that provoked enmity. For others had been similarly assailed in bygone days who had relied upon no such methods for attracting attention. This may have been the excuse, but it was no more than an excuse, and a flimsy one at best. Had these methods not existed, or had they been widely different, some other ground for objection would doubtless have been invented.

Perhaps one reason for this, as we have heard Mrs. Booth remark, is the spirit of selfishness, which seems so inveterate in the human race. Few are sufficiently noble to ask themselves, in facing the appearance of a new phenomenon, "What good will it do?" The first question is, "How will it affect ME?" The whole world is surveyed from this narrow standpoint. Its great problems are solved in the light of this farthing dip! The horizon of modern society is bounded by the length and breadth of individual petty interests. Selfishness pervades the atmosphere.

The Salvation Army bursts in upon the scene. The publican says, "What will become of my customers?" The debauchee says, "The victims of my lust will slip through my fingers!" The politician says, "I shall lose my votes." The lover of ease says, "They will disturb my neighbourhood." The man of business says, "What can I make out of them?" The minister over the way says, "Will my people run away to them?" The journalist says, "Which will increase my circulation best: to praise or blame—to approve or to condemn?" And as in the estimation of each, rightly or wrongly, the answer comes back, so the sails are trimmed and the helm turned!

But, whatever be the cause, it is a sorry spectacle, and calculated to make the hearts of the true followers of God bleed, to see the world fling its sword into the scale against those who would be its benefactors. Who can tell how often the "Woe to the vanquished!" of these Goths and Vandals of modern society has sealed the doom of some nascent effort to bless and cheer mankind, and how many a

possible Rome it has consigned to the flames before its day! These Herods seek for the "Babe," it is true, as diligently as did the wise men of the East themselves, but it is too often to slay rather than to worship Him. Strange that, when the conflagration of sin and misery is at its height, those who profess to hold in their hands the hose should turn it, not upon the fire, but on the heads of those whose sole desire it is to give their life's blood in contributing to quench the flames. But what we may not understand we can at least patiently endure, and, in the stirring words of Mrs. Booth in a letter to a friend:

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

HALLELUJAH LASSES. 1877-78.

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

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

does the ding-dong of the belfry or the roar of Niagara the salvo of saluting cannon.

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

After being repressed and buried for centuries beneath a couple of misquoted Pauline texts, woman, like Lazarus of old, had heard the voice of her Saviour bidding her "come forth," and to Mrs. Booth was reserved the special privilege of fulfilling the Master's bidding in loosing her fellow-sisters from the grave-clothes of prejudice and letting them go forth upon their errand of mercy—the salvation of the world. The Lord had given the word, and great had been the company of women warriors—Hallelujah Lasses, as they were popularly styled—who went forth, and who helped in 1878 to turn the ebbing tide into the onward flow of victory.

* Shock after shock had the Christian Mission experienced in its early days from the Judases who had betrayed its cause, seeking to snatch for themselves, in the very hour of victory, the credit and results that belonged to God and humanity. But the standard which they had ignobly surrendered was seized by a bright brave troop of modern Deborahs and Jaels, the record of whose acts reads more like a religious romance than the sober happenings of history.

Sometimes the Salvation Army is blamed for ignoring the achievements of others. As a matter of fact, neither time nor space has yet been found to relate our own. There is no need to fill our columns with ancient history, or to roam the world and ransack the churches in order to discover stirring examples of devotion and self-sacrifice. We cannot pause to canonise the dead of centuries gone by, while a living host

* See for full particulars the Library Edition.

of saints and martyrs take their place and carry on the work. It is scarcely too much to say that there are more luminaries in a square yard of Salvation Army sky than in the entire span of many a century-old organisation. Thrilling incidents and biographies await the pen of the future historian. But for the present, unless they are chronicled in heaven, they are scarcely chronicled at all.

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

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

For ten years she continued her faithful and successful

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

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

The very opposite of the Kate Shepherd class was the notorious "Happy Eliza." She was an excellent specimen of the ready-for-anything spirit which has from the first characterized the Salvation Army. When stationed with Mrs. Reynolds at Nottingham, the usual advertisements having failed to draw the crowd, she marched through the town with streamers floating from her hair and jacket and a placard across her back, "I am Happy Eliza!"

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

When a herd of wild elephants have been captured in the East, it is customary to send some tamed ones into their midst to fraternize with them and induce them to submit to their new and strange surroundings. Acting upon this

principle the Christian Mission preferred to select for their agents those who had been born and bred in the dark depths of civilisation's jungledom. Happy Eliza was one of these. Fear was not to be found in her vocabulary. She knew and cared as little about the rules and regulations of conventionality as did the human outlaws of society who were the objects of her attention. The game she was pursuing fought shy of the ways and words of civilised society. The religious trap set to catch them was no doubt very excellent, but unfortunately they had grown wary and would not walk inside. But this woman-Nimrod, this "mighty hunter before the Lord," instead of waiting for the prey to come to her, had followed it to its remotest hiding-place. And not in vain. The hall was filled. Scores of the most desperate characters were saved, and Happy Eliza was soon marching backward down the streets, waving her fiddlestick and leading on a procession of converted ruffians, and encouraging them to

"Shout aloud Salvation, boys! We'll have another song!
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;
Sing it as our fathers sang it many a million strong,
As they went marching to glory!"

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

And when a little later she was transferred to Marylebone, where an old theatre was to be opened, the same spirit of daring don't-careism secured the same glorious results. There were neither soldiers nor bands to advertise her. But she was equal to the occasion. A four-wheeler was hired. With

brass instruments inside and a drum on the box, Happy Eliza took up her position on the luggage-railed roof, and drove through the streets, alternately playing her fiddle and distributing thousands of handbills which announced the coming meetings. The story of the work that followed would fill an interesting volume of its own. How could such desperate go-aheadism fail to secure the results at which it aimed?

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

Another character of the indomitable sort was Chinese Smith. Clogged and trampled on by a rough Lancashire mob, her bonnet torn from her head and her shoes from her feet, she marched in her stockings through the streets, her hair streaming down her back, took her place on the platform, and went on with the service as if nothing had happened. Of course the hall was packed to suffocation, and before the meeting closed souls were seeking salvation.

The beat of the much-abused Army drum, almost the first time its now familiar echoes were ever heard in the streets, drew from the tap-room of a provincial town a bevy of wild young girls, bent upon a mischievous frolic at the expense of the processionists. It was a miserable drizzling evening, but the Captain halted for the usual open-air meeting, and was soon surrounded by a fine crowd—the *élite* of the adjacent slummeries; people who took little notice of the weather, and who felt more at home with the slush under foot and the rain pattering down from above than, I was going to say, in the finest cathedral in the land. But the comparison would

be a mockery. There were few in that crowd who ever crossed the threshold of church or chapel. How could they go? They carried their scanty wardrobes on their backs, and whenever the long-deferred washing-day came round it was spent in bed, or rather in an apology for such, while the clothes were drying. What verger would have admitted, what congregation would have tolerated, the presence of such a tatterdermalion throng?

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

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

What could be more unlikely than that "Nick," of all others, should be converted, join the Salvation Army, and become one of its most successful officers? She had not an

ounce of religion about her. Neither church nor Sunday school had exercised any leavening influences. Her rich contralto voice had made her a welcome visitor at the public-houses and music-halls of her native town. Her mischiev-loving propensities and her born capacity for command had made her ringleader of a band of girls, in captaining whom she gained some of the experience that was to prove so useful in after days.

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

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

It was a long time before "Nick" could be persuaded by her leaders that she possessed the gifts necessary to make her a successful officer. But at length she placed herself in God's hands and theirs, and was one of the first cadets to enter the Women's Training Home. Here she was for the first time introduced to the mysteries of pot-hooks and hangers and other literary elements. She set to work with a will, determined to master everything that was likely to increase her future usefulness. But it was hard work at first, as may be guessed from the story of one of her early experiences: "The Captain came, and looking at my copybook said, 'The A's is very good, but the B's is awful bad!' Well, I saluted her—I knew how to do that as well as anybody—and looking up to her I says, 'Please, mum, which is 'em?'" But it was not long before Nick discovered the difference between her A's and B's, together with much other useful information. To describe her nine years' successful career as an officer within these limits is impossible. She has been the means of leading hundreds, if not thousands, of souls to Christ, and has been placed in charge of one of the London Training Garrisons—a doctor of salvation theology who has graduated in the practical school of success, and is now preparing others for the same great work.

It would be easy to go on multiplying similar instances of the sort of women who, inspired by Mrs. Booth's example, have risen up in thousands and tens of thousands all over the world, and have followed in her footsteps, exchanging lives of useless drudgery or idleness for superhuman efforts on behalf of the perishing.

But "what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of" these latter-day prophetesses, who have "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness been made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE NEWCASTLE COUNCIL OF WAR. 1879.

EVENTS of importance now followed each other with bewildering rapidity. Returning health was always the signal for renewed activity, and the rapid opening of district after district, with the glorious revival outbursts that accompanied each new advance, opened for Mrs. Booth vaster spheres of usefulness than she had ever supposed to be possible. The General was not one to throw away so unique an opportunity. He realized it to the full, and utilized the occasion with a skill which rivalled even the patience with which he had waited for it. War Councils were organised at the chief cities in which the work was being carried on. Officers and soldiers were gathered together, and special efforts were made to deepen the character of the impression already made, as well as to issue such instructions as would ensure further advance. Enormous mass-meetings were held both in the open air and in the largest buildings obtainable.

“I leave here for the Rhondda Valley on Tuesday,” writes Mrs. Booth, “taking the journey by easy stages. I am to present colours at an immense out-door demonstration. It is estimated there will be fifteen thousand people present. Pray for me.”

Some weeks later, when visiting some of the scenes of her earliest labours in the North, she makes the following touching allusion :

“To-morrow, Saturday, morning I am to be at East Hartlepool, where I am announced to give an address at

the anniversary. This is the place where I held my first consecration services eighteen years ago. There were two hundred and seventy cases in ten days, and grand ones, too. I keep hearing of some of the fruits having gone gloriously home to heaven."

In another letter Mrs. Booth says :

"Our movement has evidently crossed over the bar, and is extending at an unparalleled rate. We see now that God has been shaping it to become a great power in the country, perhaps *in the world*."

Referring to the Maréchale's work in Whitby, Mrs. Booth writes :

"It is one of the most mighty moves I ever knew of. The proprietor of the hall is converted and has stopped some actors who were coming there, sending them word that it would be useless for them to come, as all Whitby is astir about religion! The hall was packed to suffocation on Sunday night (it seats 3,000), and numbers were unable to get in. People all over the town are seeking God, and going to their ministers to ask what they must do to be saved. One man, an awful character, remained crying a whole day and night, groaning aloud, unable to eat or sleep. Some who have been saved have already died triumphantly."

Writing from Over-Darwen Mrs. Booth says :

"I wish you could have seen my congregation yesterday—1,300—about 300 of them Lancashire roughs, and they *are* rough. The sort that will throw a little woman down the steps and kick her with their clogs! Awful! Hundreds were unable to get in—almost a riot at the doors, and no police allowed to come inside; and though one was promised outside he did not come. Oh, the blindness of our rulers!

"(Station)—I am landed here and have to wait an hour. Shall be late for meeting.

"Well, to return to my subject. The man where I stayed said as we went home, 'I am fairly astonished at the behaviour of the roughs, seeing that most of them had been Sunday scholars.' So much for teaching the *letter without the spirit*! This is the hardest county we have touched yet. As I looked upon their hard and careworn faces I thought I discovered the reason. Set to work at the cotton mills as soon as they can well walk, and often kept at it fourteen hours a day by wicked, inhuman parents and employers! Poor things! God will judge them according to their *disadvantages*. Oh, if they only realized what a new life we would bring to them, and what joys and hopes to illumine their sunless horizon! But, alas! as of old, 'they know not

what they do.' Pray, dear, for Lancashire. Your prayers now shall avail much."

Among other places, a glorious work had broken out in the twin cities of Newcastle and Gateshead. It will be remembered under what peculiarly painful circumstances Mr. and Mrs. Booth had left this neighbourhood after the Conference of 1861. Little did they dream that their return at the end of eighteen years would be such an exceptionally triumphal one. The six girl officers who had been sent to captain these towns had swept all before them in one glorious Salvation avalanche. The largest public halls could not contain the crowds who flocked to listen to them. The poor heard the Gospel preached to them with a simplicity and an unction that carried conviction to every heart. The mouth of gainsayers was for once effectually stopped. To make the best of the opportunity Mr. Booth proclaimed a great Council of War which was to last for three days. Mrs. Booth accompanied him to their old field of labour. To say that their reception was without a parallel in the religious history of the great northern metropolis but faintly describes the enthusiasm of the occasion. True, it was very largely confined to the poor—the poorest of the poor. But it was none the less phenomenal.

Writing to her daughter Emma to join her in witnessing the mighty work, she says :

"Yes, I want you to come. Try and get the children into a good state of soul before you leave them. The Mayor was at the meeting the other night. When shaking hands with me he said, 'This is a most wonderful movement!' Next Sunday we shall have, at the lowest calculation, 9,000 people at our places in these two towns alone! *Hundreds* of the greatest roughs have been converted. And all through the instrumentality of six young women, humble, simple souls, full of love and zeal. Truly, God hath chosen the weak things!

"Oh, my dear child, it makes me long to see you *all* at it in some way or other! Tell Eva and Lucy to get on and to get ready, but above all to keep their souls right. It is not to the clever, or talented, or educated that these things are given, but to the *whole-hearted and spiritual*. It was so in Christ's day and it is so now. You must get to work to train us some women. But you know, Emma, you must be

fully one with us. I feel as though I had been wrong in criticising some of our folks and measures to you. I see that we cannot have a great movement among such a class of people without a lot of defects and weaknesses. But then God knows it all. And we are as weak in His sight in some things as they are in others. He has to make the best of us, and we must do the same in regard to others. You will see it better when you get more among the people. Your soul is too big not to enter into the opportunities of such a work with all your might. And I want you to get the children as much into sympathy with it as you can. I see what a power they may all be."

The reference to criticisms of men and measures on the part of Mrs. Booth and her daughter casts an interesting light upon the gradual evolution of the Salvation Army principles and practices. Some of the new developments came upon Mrs. Booth's previous tastes in the nature of a disagreeable surprise. They clashed with her feelings and prejudices. But where this was the case Mrs. Booth, in facing the un-gainsayable results, gladly subordinated the dictates of her personal predilections to those of her judgment. She thrust herself into the actual position which others occupied, and was quick to realize and ready to acknowledge the need for measures which at first grated on her sensibilities.

Another interesting illustration of this occurs in a letter to her son Ballington, when she expostulates with him on his advertising himself as "Ballington Booth and his fiddle." She concludes her criticism by saying that he must judge for himself as to the necessity for such a course, and that she was more than willing for him to follow his conscientious convictions in the matter. It was this willingness to learn from anybody about anything, coupled with her immense tenacity of purpose when once her opinion had been formed, that enabled Mrs. Booth to adapt herself to the varied progressive stages through which the Army has passed.

But to return to the meetings at Gateshead and Newcastle. In another letter Mrs. Booth says:

"I am having glorious times here. All our places were packed to suffocation on Sunday; I have only seen such a jam as I had at the Town Hall a few times in my life. I am to preach next Sunday in the Circus; holds nearly 4,000! It is thought that many of our old friends

among the higher classes will come to hear me who would not go to the other places. Pray for me. Oh, what a grand opportunity of influencing men for eternity! Pray that God may so fill me with His Spirit and power that they may forget the poor little instrument in the great and awful message. God helping me, I will sound an alarm to them in their sins and iniquities. My subject will be 'A True and a False Faith.' "

On Saturday afternoon, 17th May, Mrs. Booth presented flags in the Newcastle Circus to nine of the newly-formed corps in the presence of about 4,000 people, who had gathered to witness the novel ceremony.

After a stirring address from Mrs. Booth the flags were handed to the respective officers, who accepted them in the name of the corps, promising fidelity to God and the Army in the great soul-saving work in which they were engaged.

On the next day, Sunday, an immense concourse of people, numbering some twenty thousand, assembled for the morning open-air demonstration, while at night twelve thousand persons were packed into the various buildings in which the great Salvation meetings were carried on.

The Council was continued morning, afternoon, and evening on Monday, closing with an all-night of prayer. To those who are the advocates of short sermons and brief services, limited to the conventional clock-marked minutes, such prolonged efforts, which have become increasingly frequent in the Salvation Army, must indeed appear surprising, especially when the character of the audience is considered. The speakers were not educated ministers, turned out of theological seminaries. The discourses were not library-manufactured, but mostly delivered on the spur of the moment. The listeners were not the educated classes, accustomed to bridle their natural feelings, and to go through the meetings as a sort of spiritual penance. And yet there they sat, hour after hour, spellbound, fascinated, glued to their seats, spiritually hypnotised for the time being.

Nor was it a mere transient effervescence; the wave of a political enthusiasm such as might greet the oration of a politician, without much practical result. Here were men

and women whose ideas, actions, homes, and lives had been suddenly revolutionized. A change had taken place which could only be ascribed to Divine influences. Drunkards, wife-beaters, prize-fighters, horse-racers, pigeon-flyers, cock-fighters, harlots, and, in short, the very dregs of society, had been taken hold of, and, in an incredibly short space of time transformed into good, law-abiding men and women, who were not merely converted themselves but in many instances were equally in earnest about the salvation of others!

At one of the concluding meetings of the Council Mrs. Booth said:

“Some of our friends ask whether the Mission is going to last. I tell them it has lasted thirteen and a half years. It has grown on of its own aggressive and expansive force, through hurricanes of contempt, sarcasm, open and violent opposition, secret treachery, malignity, and slander. But it has grown on, like its Master, from the manger, and it is still growing in glory and in favour with God and all holy intelligences.”

From her public work we turn aside to glance at the file of Mrs. Booth's domestic correspondence, carried on, as usual, amid the pressure of never-ceasing public duties.

Referring to a rumour that a prominent minister was intending to make an attack upon the Army, Mrs. Booth writes:

“These things cut us to the heart, but they do not and shall not move us from our purpose. I wrote him a letter of twenty pages. You shall see a copy of it some day, or at least a partial one. I told him that we could not help it, and that whoever denounced this work ‘God would judge him,’ for, if ever a work was of God, this is. I also said that if they compelled us to do so we should be able to defend our position, and by God's help we would do so. He is using our instrumentality to save the people, and He will justify His own ways. But we shall have to fight a great battle with traditionalism and conventionality. Pray for us.”

In encouraging one of her sons to faith and perseverance in public effort at a time of trial and conflict, Mrs. Booth says:

“I have only a minute or two, but lest you should think I don't sympathise with you I send a line. You ask, did I ever feel so? Yes.

I think just as bad as any mortal *could* feel—empty, inside and out; as though I had nothing human or Divine to aid me, as if all hell were let loose upon me! But I have generally felt *the worst before the best results*, which proves it was Satanic opposition. And it has been the same with many of God's most honoured instruments. — used to write me that it was awful—that he felt as hard and dark as hell. I had a difficult task to keep him going. I thought at one time he would, in spite of everything, give up. But you see now what a calamity it would have been if he had! I believe nearly all who are truly called of God to special usefulness pass through this buffeting.

“It stands to sense, if there is a devil, that he should desperately withstand those who he sees are going to be used of God. Supposing *you* were the devil, and had set your heart on circumventing God, how would you do it but by opposing those who were bent on building up His kingdom? He tries the wilderness experience on every true son of the Father, depend on it. He hopes to drive us from the field by blood and fire and vapour of smoke. But our Captain fought and won the battle for us, and we have only to hold on long enough and victory is sure.

“Yes, the trial of faith is precious, more precious than angel can conceive, when borne with patience and perseverance which will not yield. It is hard, and sometimes bloody, but it brings present and eternal glory. ‘Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.’

“God cannot make heroes except by conflict, any more than man can. Who ever heard of a hero who never fought? The raw recruits run away. It is the well-trained veteran, inured to danger and bloodshed, who stands the rudest shocks of the enemy and holds on to death. ‘Courage!’ your Captain cries. ‘Only be thou strong, and of a good courage, and I will be with thee and teach thee what thou shalt say.’ ‘He hath chosen the weak things.’ He has not *made shift with them*—taken them because there were no others. No! He hath *chosen* them. Will He ever forsake them, and thus make Himself a laughing-stock for hell? Never! Will He ever let the devil say ‘Ah, ah! He chose this weak one and then let him fail?’ No, no, no!”

Among other difficulties which pressed sorely on Mrs. Booth's mind at this time was that of the support of her numerous and growing family. It was one thing to be brave in public, but it was another thing when the offended friends endeavoured to reduce her and her husband to submission by withdrawing the support on which they knew them to be depending. How keenly Mrs. Booth felt this may be judged from the following letter. Speaking of difficulties of a personal character, she says :

“I hope it is not pride, if it is I am afraid it is incurable! If it were possible to alter our mode of living I would be willing to go into a white-washed cottage, and live on potatoes and cabbage, in order to be at ease and independent, but that seems impracticable, at least, all but the potatoes and cabbage, and we have come almost to that! My precious husband is careworn and overwrought with his great work; the tug to get money for that is bad enough, but to have to think of self is worse than all.

“I started to write a letter yesterday, explaining our present position to a friend who might help and never feel it, but I could not get through it, and heartsick and weary I threw down the pen and yielded to grief. You will say, Where is your faith? I fear it is very low. Yet I do hold on to the promises given me in days gone by. I believe in some way the Lord will deliver us, but it seems long in coming. Perhaps He requires me to use these means which are so distasteful to me. Oh, that I knew just what He would have me do in the matter! I think I am willing to do it. I suppose Paul was, and yet he said it was ‘better’ for him to die (he must have meant *easier*) than to be thus humbled before men. Well, I must wait on, and possess my soul in patience.”

Referring to the same subject in another letter she says:

“It seems very strange that the greatest abundance seems to go where they know least how to use it. I often think there was more truth in Satan’s assertion to our Lord than we think: ‘To whom I will I give it.’ Ah, well, they are welcome to it; we don’t want any of his presents. Poverty with a good conscience and the smile of God is heaven, compared to riches with a guilty conscience—with the frown of God.”

But this phase of Mrs. Booth’s trials was soon afterwards relieved by the generosity of a friend, who remitted to Mrs. Booth, in trust for herself and for her family, the sum of five thousand pounds, to be invested in certain securities. The interest of this money, as may be easily imagined, has not been a large sum but coupled with the small profits which began about this time to accrue from the sale of Mrs. Booth’s and the General’s books it was sufficient to render the family independent of the support of those outside friends whose help they had so gratefully acknowledged.

And yet on the wings of this simple circumstance have been floated all sorts of calumnies, too groundless to need further refutation. We question whether there is a public

man in England who, while possessing no independent means of support, has so persistently and nobly pushed from him the opportunity to enrich him and his family by means that all honourable and Christian men would unite in approving as perfectly justifiable. Surely there are not many instances to be found of such systematic and genuine disinterestedness.

In the early days of his struggle with poverty Mr. Booth struck upon the idea of composing his own hymn-book and living upon the profits of its sale. Nearly every independent evangelist did the same. Nobody could possibly object. So thought Mr. and Mrs. Booth. At first the little venture was a disappointment. They bore the loss. And when it suddenly became, with the rapid expansion of the work, a great success, and would in itself have ensured a splendid income for themselves and their children, they at once handed over the profits to the Salvation Army. Similarly in the case of the books and pamphlets published by the General and Mrs. Booth, while the sale was small and the margin allowed for profit merely nominal, they accepted a proportion of the proceeds. But when the phenomenal sale of "Darkest England" took the world by surprise, instead of appropriating the profits General Booth handed them over as his contribution to the scheme.

In 1880 the *War Cry* was launched, and another opportunity occurred by which Mr. and Mrs. Booth might have stepped into a position of affluence, thereby freeing themselves from every temporal anxiety, and acquiring at the same time the power to contribute handsomely to the Army funds. But they again "cut off their right hand" rather than avail themselves of the advantage for personal purposes, assigning to the Army at one stroke what they might lawfully have kept for themselves. Some of their oldest friends, who had consistently manifested a keen interest in their welfare, urged them to follow an opposite course. And there is no doubt they might have done so without affording anybody just cause for complaint.

But they desired not riches, and resolutely pushed away from their own and their children's grasp the prize that might legitimately have been theirs.

Eager to preserve the movement from the deadly evil of mercenary motives, they realized the inestimable privilege of themselves setting an example of self-abnegation. Renouncing their own share in the profits, they could call upon each officer and soldier to do the same, and to push the battle's interests as actively and enthusiastically for the sake of God and humanity as though they were personally benefiting by the transaction.

It has been noble acts of this character which have created along the highway of history monuments of the spirit of Christ and protests against the spirit of Mammon. Here are the finger-posts and stepping-stones which have served to distinguish the narrow way of self-denial from the broad path of self-indulgence, and to convince an unbelieving world of the realities of religion.

But to return once more to Mrs. Booth's desk: we glance over her shoulder as she writes. Here is a tender letter to her daughter Emma, in which she dwells upon the advantages of largeness of heart:

"Yes, I know all about it, more than you think I do, but this is only the infancy of our being, and it is better to possess these capacities of loving, even if they are never filled in this world, because there is a grand realisation for them in the next. 'That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.' 'I will also that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory!' This is the consummation for the Br. de, the Lamb's wife. And what can be a greater fulness of bliss than for a bride to behold her bridegroom's glory? She only finds her own in his, therefore here is fulness of joy forever. We are made for larger ends than *earth* can compass. Oh, let us be true to our exalted destiny, and hold every earthly love and joy as secondary to our heavenly! The Lord bless you, and give you as much of earth as He sees will prepare you for Himself!

"Do I love you as much as ever? What a superfluous question! I cannot measure my love for you by degrees. It is of the sort that knows nothing of decrease or increase. It is *always* full. I repose in you the most sacred trust, and this is the highest proof of love and confidence.

I only hope the Lord may find you one to take my place who will love you with half as strong and unselfish a love. I believe He will."

Writing to her friend Mrs. Billups about Emma, Mrs. Booth says:

"Emma was nineteen yesterday. We had a nice time together. If 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues,' I often wonder what God intends to do with her. He must have some grand destiny for her, either here or yonder. But oh, the capacity to *love* is also the capacity to *suffer*!"

While no one was more emphatic than Mrs. Booth in teaching that "faith without works is dead," on the other hand none could be clearer in teaching that justification was to be attained, not by works, but by faith. In writing to a friend upon this subject she remarks:

"While we are to 'labour to please God,' we are to remember that this is not the ground of our acceptance, which is alone the precious blood. Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy He saves us. It is a snare with us to look too much at ourselves, while with the Plymouth Brethren school it is the other extreme. Remember, you are ever accepted in the Beloved, not for your own sake. At the same time, 'let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit,' because we are His. Faith in Him as your keeper will do more in five minutes than years of conflict without it. Rest in Him.

"You say you are discouraged on account of your failings, you see so many, etc. Now it is well to see them, for how can we take hold of Jesus to mend what we don't see? It is a bad sign when people think themselves 'rich, and increased in goods, and needing nothing,' when they are 'poor, and blind, and naked.' It is best to know ourselves just as we are. But then we Salvationists are in danger of erring on the other side. We look too much at ourselves, apart from Him Who is, or would be, our 'righteousness, sanctification and redemption.'

"Now learn to hold on by faith for just what you need, and the deeper the need the faster hold on! Oh, if I had only done so more persistently through life, instead of letting the sense of my own weakness dishearten my faith, what a different experience mine would have been! Ah, there is no teaching like experience. You try and learn wisdom by mine. Be a bold believer, and the more you feel your own need the closer cling to Him as your all and in all, able to magnify His grace where sin hath abounded, and His strength where there is no might.

"Remember, it is *the blood* that cleanses the soul. Works meet for

repentance is one thing, the faith that heals is another; both are indispensable. The little child or the vilest sinner who dares trust for a full salvation gets it, while the most careful, principled, and determined disciple who *doubts* misses it. God cannot help it. He is bound to give or withhold according to our faith. It is not arbitrary on His part. In the very nature of the case, it is the only line on which He can meet us. I believe if He *could* have saved us in an easier way He would, but there was no other way.

“Unbelief is fatal to all the interests most dear to God and most valuable to the universe. It would destroy the felicity of heaven in an hour and turn it into hell. It made the devil what he is. It constitutes the essence of all iniquity. It must be destroyed in any soul before we can enter heaven. Faith is God’s antidote. ‘Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the salvation of God?’ ‘He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.’ This is a precious word. It has kept my soul alive many a time when Satan has almost overthrown me. ‘If *thou* canst believe, all things are possible to thee. Never mind whether anybody else can or cannot. If others are too strong to let Me carry them, if thou art weak enough to throw up all self-effort and trust Me with thy whole weight, I will carry thee and thou shalt glorify Me.’ I know this is the way. Hence the babes go in with the simple and the great sinners; while the reasoners, and the strong, and the proud, and the fearful are shut out of this inner temple.

“Yes, the greatest of all enemies is unbelief. *Faith* is the omnipotent lever which exalts the valleys and levels the mountains—such mountains as those you refer to. Faith opens the gates for the King of glory to come in, and when He is in, it takes hold of His strength to pull the pillars of hell down. Oh, let nothing frighten you, or lure you from *trust*! *This* is the difference between a conqueror and a coward.”

Warning a young man regarding the danger of frivolity, she says:

“Be watchful against levity. C—— is a good, devoted fellow, but naturally an incorrigible joker. It may not hurt him much, because it is his nature. But it will hurt you if you give way to it. It hurts nearly everybody. Watch! Don’t descend to buffoonery. While you become all things to win some, don’t forfeit your natural self-respect and the dignity of your position as a minister of Christ.”

In writing to her daughter on the subject of the courtship and marriage of the officers, Mrs. Booth says:

“It is not well in dealing with the lasses to talk to them as though we wished them never to marry. We should rather inspire them to give the prime of their lives to the work, waiting till God sends His choice

for them, not jumping at the first or second offer as if that must needs be the one. So many of them are tempted to make such a light thing of giving themselves up."

In writing to one of her sons on the same subject she says:

"The devil sets such innocent-looking traps—*spiritual traps*—to catch young people! Ah, he is a serpent still! Beware of his devices, and always cry to God for wisdom and strength of will to put down all foolish tampering. You are born for greater things. God may want you to be a leader in Russia or some vast Continent, and you will want a companion and a counsellor—a 'help-meet.' The original word means '*a help corresponding to his dignity.*' This is the meaning given by the best expositors. Oh, what wisdom there is even in the *words* which God has chosen to express His ideas! 'Corresponding to his dignity!' Yes, and no man ever takes one below this mark who does not suffer for it, and, worse still, generations yet unborn have to suffer also! Mind what God says, and keep yourself till that one comes!

"A wrong step on this point and you are undone! Oh, the misery of an unsuitable match! It is beyond description. I could tell you tales of woe that are now being enacted. But I must wait till we meet.

"I have seen too much of life and know too much of human nature to have much confidence in promises given under such circumstances. For my own part, I made up my mind when I was but sixteen that I would not have a man, though a Christian, who should offer to become even an abstainer for my sake. I felt that such a promise would not afford me ground for confidence afterwards. And do we not see enough all round us to show that unless people adopt things on principle, because they see it to be right, they soon change? Look at the folks who promise to give up tobacco and dress for the sake of getting into berths, how soon it evaporates! No, my lad, wait a bit! 'Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour?' Jesus lived a single life for your sake all the way through. Can you not live so till He finds you one after His own heart? I feel sure He will. Pray about it in faith. I am doing so, and God will answer. But oh, don't run before Him! Wait on the Lord.

"A little longer and you will be saying, 'Oh, how glad I am I waited! I have now found a treasure indeed!' When God's time and person are come He will bring you together. How delighted and satisfied Isaac must have felt when the servant told him all the way that God had led him (Genesis xxiv.). . 'All things come to those who wait.'"

In another letter Mrs. Booth says, with reference to the use of notes in preaching:

"Get out of them! They don't fit our work. When you get on you

don't want them, and when you don't they are no good. At first, if your memory won't serve you, just jot on a small bit of paper the size of a ticket your main divisions in large writing, but no more. Like this :

- “ Day of wrath is come.
“ 1. God's wrath,
“ 2. Just wrath.
“ 3. Uttermost wrath.
“ 4. Eternal wrath.”

Referring in another letter to the solemnity of death Mrs. Booth writes :

“ I came on here to see if I could comfort my poor old uncle, who is dying. Some days since the doctor said he could not survive the night, but he is here yet, though almost gone. I saw him four days ago, and he said he was quite ready, and although he is now speechless he knows me, and made a desperate effort to say ‘ Amen ’ after I had prayed. It calls up my precious mother's departure so much ; what a joyful meeting it will be when she sees him in heaven ! She was always so anxious about his soul. It is a fearful work, is this dying. What must the death of the cross have been ! Blessed Saviour, be Thou with us in the cold, dark river ! ”

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ARMY'S FRIENDS. 1879

THE worship of wealth has always been a popular cult. But modern society seems to have out-mammoned Mammon and to have delivered itself up to the direction of a plutocratic clique who hold absolute sway both in the political and religious world. On the one hand statesmen complain that the destinies of empires have largely passed out of their control into that of an irresponsible and covetous handful of millionaires, who grasp the purse-strings of the nation, and administer its resources with a view rather to their own personal aggrandisement than the common weal.

On the other hand, the religious element, which should afford a counterpoise to this tendency, is itself largely tainted with the all-pervading influence. There are probably few religious organisations which are not avowedly or tacitly ruled by their rich and respectable members. It has been said that every man has his price, and it might be added with equal force that every organisation has its price also.

True, noble exceptions are to be found, but from the time that Satan said to Jesus Christ, "All this will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," the temptation has been the commonest and most successful weapon with which he has assailed poor frail humanity. And few have had the courage to treat the proffer with the Divine "Get thee behind Me" response. The bribes have varied from an apple to an empire, and not unfrequently has the spiritual birthright been sacrificed for a contemptible "mess of pot-

tage!" Had we but eyes to see it, how often should we behold religious organisations and churches manacled and shackled, like Cræsus, with their own gold! Their eyes are so hoodwinked with gold that they have lost their piercing prophetic vision. Their ears are so stopped that they can neither hear the heavenly voices as of old nor the cry of a perishing world. Their mouths are gagged with gold. They dare not speak the burning truths that are alone capable of affecting the hearts of their hearers. The Shekinah of holiness has been exchanged for the lustre of tinsel. The Ichabod of departed glory is written across their gates. And why? Because they have allowed themselves to be dominated by a moneyed clique, who have made their gifts conditional, as is so commonly the case, on a sacrifice of principles, a diminution of devotion, or an abandonment of plans which the Holy Ghost has dictated and has favoured with His smile.

And so this modern Delilah has too often shorn the locks of her Samson and handed him over to the tender mercies of the Philistines—who have put out his eyes and set him to grind their political mills!

Dare we place the helm of a steamer in the hands of a millionaire, and expose the passengers to the whims, caprices, and fears of a man whose only qualification for the post consists of his balance in the banker's till? What wonder is it, then, that spiritual shipwreck should result from the adoption of a similar course in the navigation of our religious craft? The love of money, we are told, is the root of all evil. The petrifying, heart-hardening effects are inevitable. And yet how often have the reins of the church been placed, by a too complaisant ministry, in the hands of those who have no higher qualification than their wealth!

The common danger of all has been, and must continue to be, the danger of the Salvation Army. More than once in the course of this narrative we shall have reason to remark how Dives has endeavoured to dismount its leaders, often, no doubt, with the best of intentions. And perhaps one of

the secrets of its continued success has been the determination of Mr. and Mrs. Booth to lose the favour of every moneyed friend they possessed rather than sacrifice a single God-directed principle.

The financial burden has always been a heavy one, and of later years almost appalling in its magnitude. More than once has liberal help been offered on conditions that would have been prejudicial to progress, and as often has it been refused. "I would rather die in the workhouse," exclaimed Mrs. Booth at a gathering of wealthy friends, "than sacrifice one iota of my liberty in Christ to adopt such measures as I deem best suited for reaching the masses!" And to this principle they adhered with unfaltering fixity of purpose in many a season of conflict and temptation.

It is one of these crises in their history that we now approach. The work carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Booth had assumed such proportions as to attract the attention of the secular and religious press. Their claims to the sympathy and co-operation of all who were interested in the cause of Christ began to be recognised.

But difficulties arose. There were some who imagined they saw danger to themselves in the rising tide of popularity which was carrying the new movement so rapidly forward upon its crested waves. Whilst viewing it from the ground of their own superiority they could afford to patronise, and even admire, what was too distant to endanger their own position, and too insignificant to arouse a qualm of fear. But when the onward sweep of the waters crossed the "thus far and no farther" which they had drawn upon the sands, they began to take alarm.

There were others who sincerely desired to wake up the churchless masses to a sense of their danger and their need. But when success had been achieved, and these lawless multitudes came pouring into the sanctuary, upsetting the formalities (as has always been, and must ever be, the case), and introducing vulgarities of speech and taste, they were shocked at the spectacle, and would almost have bidden

them return whence they came. Peter must remain outside the priestly gates till his garments smelt less of fish and garlic, and he had got rid of his Galilean brogue! The Saviour of the world must surround Himself with polished graduates, robed in broadcloth and linen, and sacrifice the vulgar company of the plebeian crowd.

But there was another class of questioners, with whom the General and Mrs. Booth could not fail to sympathise. Sincerely desirous to see the salvation of souls, and recognising the special adaptation of the movement to the masses, there were nevertheless certain features of the work for which, from their standpoint, they could see no necessity.

A good deal of the controversy necessarily centred itself round Mr. Morley, owing to his long connection and avowed sympathy with the movement. "Tell your wife," he said one day to the General, "that I love and esteem her, but that she has got me into a deal of trouble!" And who that has ever ventured in the most indirect way to assist the Salvation Army or manifest sympathy towards it has not been compelled, in some measure, however unwillingly, to share its cross?

But Mr. Morley had the courage of his convictions. If he could not answer the objectors himself he was convinced that Mr. and Mrs. Booth had full and satisfactory explanations to offer, and he was resolved that they should have an opportunity for vindicating themselves. He wanted to bring the Army leaders and their critics face to face. For this purpose he proposed to arrange at his city offices a parlour meeting, where leading Christians interested in the Army should be invited to hear from Mr. and Mrs. Booth an account of the work, together with an explanation of its particular modes and measures. Mr. Booth having called at his office, Mr. Morley mentioned his proposal, which was readily accepted.

On his way home Mr. Booth met Sir Arthur Blackwood, then known as Mr. Stevenson Blackwood. Hitherto Sir Arthur had been most friendly to the Mission, having been

one of its earliest referees. True, he had not seen much of its practical working, but being interested in any effort to reach the poor and bring them to a knowledge of salvation he had used his influence and means to help the cause. The recent departures had, however, somewhat alarmed him. And no wonder. Himself formerly a Captain attached to the Guards, having served with distinction in the Crimea, it was natural that he should view with disfavour the assumption of unauthorised rank and title on the part of men and women some of whom had been raised up from the dregs of society.

And yet, if rank and position were to be measured out in proportion to the sufferings endured by their recipients, surely the Salvation Army officers would not have been far behind the most deserving of those who have fought in earthly battles. Here were men and women who had jeopardised their lives in the high places of the field, in conflict with the common foes of humanity. Not a few of them had received scars which they must bear for life. Some of them had sacrificed home, friends, and country, with considerable earthly prospects, for a mere pittance, and were engaged in waging a war which could never cease and from which rest could only be gained when the troopship *Death* should take them to their heavenly parade-ground to receive the rewards of the King whom they had so faithfully served below.

To the objections which Sir Arthur brought forward the General listened patiently, and then, with his usual adroitness, suggested that before Sir Arthur withdrew in any measure his valued sympathy and support he should see for himself something of the work. He was going to Coventry on the Saturday to hold some meetings during the Coventry Fair, and if Sir Arthur would accompany him he could judge on the spot regarding the character of the movement and its methods. To this Sir Arthur cordially agreed.

* * * *

“Sergeant ——!”

“Captain Blackwood!”

The last time they had met was in the trenches at Sebastopol, now it was beneath the flag of the Salvation Army. Formerly the Sergeant had been one of the greatest blackguards in the Queen's army. Now he was a saint of the Most High, and colour-sergeant of the Coventry Corps, standing with flag in hand and a loud "hallelujah" on his lips to welcome the General as he stepped out of the station, and ready to help him besiege the modern Sebastopol of vice and crime in his native town. It was a strange rencontre, but there was not time for more than a passing word.

The General's chariot was in attendance. It consisted of a greengrocer's waggonette, the greengrocer himself being the charioteer! He, likewise, had been a notorious character, and had enjoyed a reputation for being the greatest scoundrel within fifty miles, and it was commonly reported that he had committed every crime except murder. The General took his seat beside him.

They were followed by some forty or fifty officers, and then came the soldiers, all over the road, like a flock of sheep. In every respect it was a striking contrast to the well-ordered processions of later days, and the General, as he looked back upon the motley multitude, could not but fear lest the sight might provoke in Mr. Blackwood's heart a sentiment of the ridiculous, and perhaps still further prejudice him against the work. He noticed him, however, following the procession along the sidewalk and listening at the open-air stand with apparent interest. On reaching the officers' quarters, the first words of Mr. Blackwood were, "Dear me, Mr. Booth! That was a very remarkable procession!"

The General was a good deal surprised, and curious to know what had caused so favourable an impression, when, among other things, Mr. Blackwood related the incident of the colour-sergeant.

At the in-door meetings which followed Sir Arthur was not only an interested listener, but gave his personal testimony, and helped to deal with the penitents who came for-

ward for salvation. The soldiers were all on fire, and made a great noise in the prayer-meeting. The General asked afterwards whether this had not disturbed him in his work. Sir Arthur assured him that he was so taken up in speaking to the anxious seekers that he had not really noticed the noise.

The visit to Coventry was on the 14th and 15th June, and on the 17th Mr. Morley's proposed meeting took place. Mr. Morley took the chair, and was followed immediately by Sir Arthur Blackwood,* who gave a vivid account of what he had so recently seen. His words evidently produced a profound impression. What followed is described in a letter written by Mrs. Booth to her friend Mrs. Billups :

“ We have had two meetings at Samuel Morley's. At the first there were some twenty present, mostly wealthy. With one exception, all were comparatively mild in their objections. He not only attacked our measures, but reflected on us and our doctrines. We heard all they had to say, and then I spoke on the general principles, and the meeting was adjourned till Thursday (19th) at two.

“ On this occasion, my dearest husband opened, and answered the objections previously raised, one by one, triumphantly. He made it clear that, while he sympathised with the wish of our friends not to bring sacred things into less regard on the part of either saints or sinners, and was willing to discontinue any practice that had no connection with the efficiency of the movement, yet poor as we are—and God only knows what a struggle we have financially—he would not give up one jot or tittle of anything essential—no, not for all the wealth of the West End! Some others spoke for and against, but kindly, and very little against. Then I followed, and the Lord helped me. Mr. Morley assured me, with the tears in his eyes, that I had ‘carried them every one,’ and that they agreed with every word I had said. I finished by telling them that we had fought thirteen years for this principle of adaptation to the needs of the people—and this with everybody against us—and that, whether they helped us or no, we should not abandon it! We *dared* not! And we should not, if we ended in the workhouse.

“ Every one seemed deeply moved. Mr. Morley assured us that they only wanted us to prevent our agents from running to any great

* Sir Arthur Blackwood disagreed with some of the subsequent developments of the Army, and hence withdrew from it his active support, while continuing to sympathise with its aims and to rejoice in the good that was being accomplished through its agency.

extremes, and the meeting ended beautifully. Mr. Denny spoke like a brave and truehearted man. And I doubt not they will help us. But Mr. Booth had to rush off to Lancashire, and has not seen Mr. Morley since. He has, however, received the £200 that he previously promised for the work, and has already used it and a great deal more. Pray for us!

“The excitement made me worse than I have been for two years. My heart was really alarming, and for two days I could hardly bear any clothes to touch me. This has disheartened me again as to my condition. But God reigns, and He will keep me alive as long as He needs me. Truly we are all largely at the mercy of circumstances! What a world it is! My soul cries out, ‘How long, O Lord? How long?’”

But not by two meetings, nor by many, was the voice of slander or the whisper of envy to be silenced. Jealousy makes a target of the highest and the best. Its shafts are ever aimed upwards, at whatever happens to be superior to itself. Unable to rise above the waters of the quagmire in which it lies, it seeks to bring all others down to its own low level of accomplishment, or mars what it cannot make and pulls down what it cannot rebuild. It first caricatures a good cause and then burns its effigy.

It must be so, while such passions continue to exist. The tears and heart-break and blood of others are their necessary meat. They could not deny themselves, except by ceasing to exist. There is a needs-be for it all. And it only remains for those whose wounded spirits have rankled beneath such cruel thrusts to take courage in the consciousness of the integrity of their hearts, and to learn that the ultimate triumph of right is assured to those who will but persevere. “It seems strange,” Mrs. Booth remarks in one of her early letters, “that the more one tries to do right the more one is fated to be misunderstood. But it is a comfort to remember that righteousness brings its own reward.”

Among the most interested and sympathetic of those present at the gatherings in Mr. Morley's parlour was one who perhaps ranks but second to Mr. Morley himself as the consistent and munificent supporter of all good work, whether it might be farthing dinners for wastrel children or missions for the conversion of the heathen.

It was in a somewhat singular manner that some twelve months previously Mr. T. A. Denny had become acquainted with the Salvation Army. The General was walking down Cheapside, holding a heated argument with a friend as to the advisability of the new measures recently adopted. He announced his intention of calling on Mr. Denny, of whose generosity he had heard, with a view to acquainting him



MR. T. A. DENNY, OF LONDON.

with the work and inviting his assistance. "It would be utterly useless," was the discouraging reply. "Mr. Denny will never approve of such extravagances."

Mr. Booth was determined, however, that he would make the attempt. He called upon Mr. Denny, and before he had been speaking ten minutes, the tears were in Mr. Denny's eyes and he had summoned his brother, Mr. Edward Denny, from the adjoining room, to come and listen with him to the

account of so marvellous a work. They explained, however, that it was a rule with them not to help any cause which they had not personally examined. With this Mr. Booth was more than satisfied, adding that if they would attend the meetings they should hear the converts give their own account of the wondrous change God had wrought in their hearts and lives.

The bargain was struck, and Mr. Denny early visited some of the provincial centres where the work was then in progress. Speaking on one of these occasions, he said that he had been looking carefully to find some holes in the Salvation Army coat, but, not having succeeded, he supposed it must be because there were none to find.

At Mr. Morley's lunch he had spoken warmly and generously concerning what he had seen of the work. The defence of the measures then put forward by Mr. and Mrs. Booth thoroughly convinced and satisfied him, and he became thenceforth one of the most liberal supporters of the movement.

Indeed, his heart has seldom been appealed to on behalf of any new effort or advance without calling forth a practical response. And yet few have been more careful to ascertain previously the merits of any such proposal, or more rigorous in requiring a good percentage of results for their pecuniary outlay. Perhaps upon none of the consistent supporters of the Salvation Army have Mrs. Booth's reasoning powers been more steadily expended than upon Mr. Denny.

One reason for this may have been that, as soon as his name was intimately connected with the Army, he became the butt of every fiery shaft, whether from the religious or the outside world, which was forged and directed against the movement. It seemed impossible for an objection to be invented which did not speedily discover his address and find its way to his eye or ear. They were mostly so well-worn and oft-repeated that the fire or the waste-paper basket afforded the majority of them a last resting-place. But if anything seeming to require an explanation happened

to arrive, Mr. Denny dealt with it in the straightforward manner in which every Christian should dispose of slander — by forwarding it to those who were in the best position to reply, and thus affording them an opportunity of vindicating themselves.

Not that Mr. Denny was, or is, by any means a Salvationist. On the contrary, he differed strongly from Mr. and Mrs. Booth in some of their views, and never hesitated frankly to tell them so, returning to the charge on some points with a pertinacity that rendered him, perhaps, one of the most exacting of their contributors. He has seldom given a donation without accompanying it with some sage counsel, and has often complained, with the caustic humour which makes his speeches so welcome at the Army gatherings, that the General "appropriates the money without following the advice!"

As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Denny was well aware that his opinions carried weight with the leaders of the Army. And even when his opinions were not immediately acted upon he hoped in the end to convert them to his views. Perhaps at other times (not often, certainly not always) he has allowed them to convert him. And doubtless he has perceived that if the Salvation Army had been altered to suit the ideas of those who have been its various patrons it would have been an unrecognisable patchwork of its original self, and would finally have been disowned and disinherited by those who have wished it best.

Nevertheless, there have been times when the onward rush of the movement, with its consequent novel departures and seeming extravagances, has puzzled Mr. Denny, and tempted him to question the wisdom of its leaders. Nor, indeed, can we wonder at this. Even with the best of intentions, to review the battle from the quiet heights of contemplation must have been so different from the experience of those who, though perhaps desperate to a fault, were constantly face to face, and in hand-to-hand conflict, with the monsters of evil.

Rightly or wrongly, however, he has thought it to be his especial mission, not to oil the wheels, with a view to making them go faster, so much as to clog them in order to prevent their going too fast. The Army coach was going down-hill at a dangerous speed. The General and Mrs. Booth sat upon the box with almost provoking complacency; they cracked their whips and blew their horns, heedless of the danger and regardless of the expostulations of those who besought them to moderate their speed in their headlong rush to Glory. Mr. Denny was for fixing on the brake. Better come to an absolute standstill than risk an overturn. Mr. Booth, on the contrary, was for risking everything rather than standing still. He was an advocate of perpetual motion—fast, faster, fastest! He thought he knew his business. He believed he understood his Master's will. And he preferred a catastrophe with results to inactivity without them. And in this he was heartily seconded by Mrs. Booth.

But notwithstanding these minor differences Mr. Denny has been for many years a warm friend and an avowed admirer of Mr. and Mrs. Booth and their family. There has been one rare trait in his character which has served specially to win their appreciation and affection. If in the hour of prosperity and success Mr. Denny, has been, or has appeared to be, a little over-critical, and too much given to—what shall we call it?—*hydropathy*, as a safeguard against elation—if he has not fully acquired the art of “rejoicing with those who do rejoice,” and has rather inclined to see defeat in every victory and danger in every deliverance—he, on the other hand, knows, as few others have known, how to “weep with those who weep,” and to offer at the appropriate moment the tribute of sympathy, which has been the more acceptable because so well-timed and, above all, so *heartfelt*. In an age when tears are banished from our social intercourse, and when feelings must be buried beneath the tombstone of conventionality, it is indeed refreshing to meet with one who is ready to mingle his tears with the

tears of those whom he loves in the Lord, and whose gifts and graces he has the ability to appreciate and the humility to admit.

At the time of which we are speaking he was specially active in arranging meetings for Mrs. Booth in the West End, with a view to affording her the double opportunity of spiritually influencing the upper classes and of explaining and defending the measures of the Salvation Army. Writing to Mr. Booth he says: "Your blessed wife will affect the West of London and do more good to the cause than any other machinery that I know of. God is with her of a truth!"

During the year 1879 Mrs. Booth's activities were numberless. She visited no less than fifty-nine towns, addressing vast and interested audiences, and everywhere impressing her powerful personality upon the crowds who flocked to hear her and upon the rapidly-advancing organisation. Most of her addresses were delivered in buildings, the open air being usually too great a tax upon her delicate health. But there was a notable exception to this during her visit to Coventry, when she spoke to a large gathering in Pool Meadow, taking for her subject "Face the facts!" Those who were present on the occasion testify to the marvellous nature of the impression made.

The meetings of the year varied in character. A considerable number consisted of presentations of colours to the various corps, similar to the occasion already described in the visit to Newcastle. A great many of the meetings were defences of the Army operations and explanations of its work. Addresses to the soldiers and officers, and to professing Christians, on the kind of life and warfare God expected of them completed the arduous list. In each department Mrs. Booth's comprehensive mind seemed equally at home, and she handled her various subjects with an ease, a thoroughness, and a power which were marvellous to witness.

One of the last meetings of the year was held at Darlington, where the Hallelujah Lasses, under Captain Rose

Clapham, had achieved a great triumph, hundreds of the worst characters having been converted and the attention both of the religious and secular portion of the community attracted towards the good accomplished. The occasion of the Darlington Council was especially interesting as resulting in the formation of a lifelong friendship between Mrs. Booth and the editor of the *Northern Echo*, afterwards so



MR. W. T. STEAD, OF LONDON.

well known as the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. W. T. Stead is one of the few journalists who have systematically defended the Salvation Army. He has not scrupled to proclaim upon the housetops his sympathy with its work and confidence in its leaders.

At a first glance there would appear to be but little in common between that calm, dignified, determined lady, with the far-off look in her eyes, which gave the impression that she had just come from heaven, or its immediate purlieux—

who measured out her sentences with arithmetical precision, and who could say in a single word more than many could stock into a sermon—and the eager, restless, quixotic, sensational journalist, whose brain was a sort of kaleidoscope of the world, an encyclopedia of its history, ancient and modern, scientific and social, political and religious. The one seemed a facsimile of the sky, and the other of the earth; the one the ambassador of God, the other the spokesman of humanity; the one all faith, the other all question.

And yet, while there was so much in which they differed, there were some things in which they heartily agreed. Mr. Stead was, after all, very much to modern journalism what the Salvation Army has been to the churches. He was the Gordon of the press. Regardless of the proprieties and conventionalities of orthodox journalism, he walked about the battlements of his literary Khartoum, heedless of the bullets and cannon-balls that were flying round him, or of the Koranic anathemas and calls to surrender of his Mahdi-like assailants. They might rave as loudly as they desired. He was impervious alike to their praise or blame. He believed in the Gospel of Saint Paper-and-ink as much as they did. If it was not actually the cure-all of mankind, it was at least and without doubt the vessel that contained it. It was the channel, the medium, the apostle by means of which he looked forward to seeing all the sins and sorrows of the world removed. The pulpit of the present age was the press, and he was one of its divinely-appointed ministers.

Himself a Christian, descended from an earnest nonconformist family, his father and brother ministers, Mr. Stead thoroughly believed in the renovating power of religion. He saw, too, the immense value of the press as an agent for disseminating the good news. It had been prostituted to carnal purposes. Mr. Stead thought he could lead it into higher and more useful paths, and to this directed his every effort.

It was doubtless a noble ambition. Save the world by the world—by the devil himself, if you can—but save it,

was a sort of epitome of his creed. Put all the irons in the fire, and make them all hot, and strike away at them all at the same time. The more the merrier. Have religion, by all means—the more the better. But supplement it with politics, socialism, journalism, and any other ism that you can get hold of. Wash down your religion with a little whiskey, if needs be—but get it down. Make your bolus palatable with a sugar-plum, a magic lantern, a good feast, anything, but see that it is swallowed. He believed all that Mrs. Booth did, only he believed a good deal more—too much, she thought.

And yet she could not but be drawn towards the ardent enthusiast. Her views were very different from his. She believed in God and salvation—pure, simple, unadulterated with any of the nostrums of the world—as the only remedy for the evils that afflicted man. She distrusted any reformation that did not commence at the heart, despaired of any remedy, save the blood of Christ, to effectually reach the heart, and disowned any agency save that of men and women inspired by the Holy Ghost. Reformations based on any other foundation she believed to be deceptive, futile, and evanescent. It was God's plan. Man might busy himself with the exterior; God began with the interior. When that was right all the rest would follow. Without it, whatever was done would have to be undone. It was like beginning to build a house from the roof downwards instead of from the foundation upwards.

Mr. Stead was a sort of Brahmo-Somajist. There was good as well as evil in everything and everybody. Some were better and others best. All that was needed was to sift the good from the bad, leave out the latter, and unite the former in one harmonious whole. So thought Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the great Hindoo divine, when he attempted to throw Hindooism, Mahommedanism, Buddhism, and Christianity into one refining-pot, and by a species of religious alchemy reject the dross and produce from them a new, coherent, and consistent religion which should suit the

needs of all the world. So have thought other philosophers. And not a few have tried their hand. But, able as have been the experimentalists, where is the effort that can as yet be said to have succeeded? Alas, how many, in the most favourable position to gain their end, have had to say in bitterness, with Cardinal Wolsey, at the end of a long life of toil, "Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me now!"

Many a passage of arms on these and kindred subjects did Mr. Stead have with Mrs. Booth. "I am but a Philistine," he would sometimes laughingly conclude, "but I shall do my best to help your Salvation Army Israel!" He felt it his mission to act the part of the upper millstone, whilst it was that of the Salvation Army to be the nether. Between them he hoped that it would yet be possible to grind to powder the evils that afflicted the world. He would work from above they from below; and somewhere in the middle, some day, here or hereafter, on earth or in heaven, both would meet, and receive the "Well done!" of their common Master.

Mr. Stead's name has been so often mentioned in conjunction with that of the Salvation Army that we have sketched at some extra length the rise and nature of the relationship. He has never embarked in our boat, though he has often inspected it, and perhaps believes it to be the best afloat—ought we to say?—with the sole exception of his own. Sometimes he has wondered whether he was not called to be an officer aboard her. But this he has regarded as a temptation of the devil, while we have looked upon it as an urging of the Spirit. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that he has ever stepped beyond the region of an outsider; earnest, able, useful, sympathetic, seizing with eagerness any opportunity that has arisen for defending its rights and furthering its cause, but, alas, an outsider still!

He would have liked Mr. and Mrs. Booth to have somewhat altered their course—not much, for he was never a caviller, nor a fault-finder. But the path that seemed to him unnecessarily narrow he would have broadened, views that

were needlessly extreme he would have modified, judgments that were unwontedly severe he would have softened. He has not converted them, nor they him. Like Mr. Denny—nay, rather, like human nature in general—he thinks that he knows best what would be our highest wisdom. But with a generous heart and noble impulse he has not waited for us to adopt his views, but has stretched out the hand of genuine friendship, and has earned the prayers and good wishes of those to whom, in the name of the Master, he has ever been ready to offer any cup of cold water that stood within his reach and that they might seem to require.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AMERICA. AUSTRALIA. 1880.

THE present possibilities of religion are not by any means to be judged by the past, nor the future by the present. Ground which has hitherto been covered in centuries can now be covered in decades, and will ere long be coverable in as many years or months. The revolution that has been worked in the realm of science cannot but affect the realm of religion. Indeed, the former is the handmaid to the latter, and will sooner or later be compelled to assume its true position of servitude. Like Onesimus, it may have run away from its Philemon for a time, but the capturing power of a St. Paul shall yet restore it to its owner, Man, not as his dictator, but his servant, and in place of its boasted independence or agnosticism it shall be the bearer of the epistle that announces its conversion to his highest interests. As it has already ministered to him in things temporal so hereafter it shall minister in things spiritual.

Let science multiply its telegraphs, its steamers, its railways, and effect the increasing shrinkage of the world. Every new device shall make more swiftly possible the salvation of the nations, and shall bring them more immediately within reach of the heavenly influences that radiate from Calvary. The modern apostle of the Cross can afford to rejoice in each fresh discovery, and can turn to consider how best it can be utilised for the one great purpose to which he has consecrated his life. Avarice, ambition, selfishness, have too long constituted the mainspring of scientific motion in the past. When for these shall have been substituted the

Divine mainspring of benevolence, who shall place limits to its possibilities?

Commerce, money-making, politics, have hitherto monopolised this domain, and have sought to well-nigh expel religion entirely from their coasts. But all unintentionally, in the very teeth of their desires, while preparing a highway for themselves, they have broken down the barriers and paved the paths for the circulation of the spiritual merchandise of which the world stands in such bitter need. The very wires with which they have linked together the remotest towns, and even villages, have bound the world with an electric network across which every pulsation of its heart may be felt, and which will one day prove the medium for transmitting religious currents the mighty results of which shall astound the universe. When once the communications are complete, some touch, like the pressure of a button, may yet convulse the globe in the throes of a revival that shall simultaneously affect mankind.

Already the world may be said to have received throughout its entire system some galvanic shocks of a social and political character which have threatened its entire equilibrium. Why should not a religious shock of similar dimensions be equally possible? If man has a soul, as well as a mind and body, it is sound philosophy to assume that such a *dénouement* is not only possible but probable, and this at no distant date. All the requisite materials and agencies exist. With God at one end of the telephone and man at the other, messages may soon be flashed, whose echoes shall resound simultaneously through every land.

That it has not yet been so is no proof that it shall not be. All seems to be preparing the way for some such climax. A stone cast into a pond produces eddies which widen and spread until they reach its margin. A volcanic eruption at one end of the world produces a tidal wave which can be felt at the other. Japan rocks, and the Berlin observatory possesses apparatus which times the shock.

The soul of man has ever possessed its parallel in the

phenomena of nature. It must be so. The Hand that made the one has made the other, and as truly as the needle points to the North, so truly do the soul and nature point to the pole-star of the universe, their Creator.

But if the soul and nature run in parallel grooves, infinitely closer is the relationship between soul and soul. The oneness of humanity has but to be proclaimed by the same Voice that decreed its separation on the plains of Babel, to be, and be forever, an accomplished fact. There is nothing intrinsic in the soul of any *one* man, be his nationality what it may, to prevent the soul of *every* man being bound together in one harmonious federation, so perfect that humanity shall possess the unity of a single body, through which the veins and arteries distribute the blood that centres round a single heart. Thus any organisation that is able continuously to possess and impart God may become the life-centre of a religious system that shall permeate and unify the world.

In 1880 the Salvation Army recognised for the first time its international character. It was no longer possible for Mr. and Mrs. Booth to close their ears against the calls which they had begun to receive from "the regions beyond." The proverbial "man of Macedonia" loomed before them, not in vague, dreamy visions of the night, but in written appeals, the authenticity and genuineness of which they could not doubt. He was not even a stranger, whose veracity might have been questioned, or who could be told to wait till he knew something more of the Army's operations and could better judge of its suitability for other lands.

The modern Macedonian was not only a substantial embodiment of flesh and blood, and therefore more visible and to an incredulous age more satisfactory, than his Pauline ancestor, but, what was more to the point, he was usually one of themselves. He not only knew the needs of the country of his adoption, but he was familiar with the Army plans, and able to judge of the suitability of the one to meet the needs of the other. Furthermore, he was endued with the aggressive Army spirit. He had partaken in the recent

Pentecost. It was as useless to command him to hold his peace as to command the prophets and psalmists of old. While he was musing the fire burned. The things which he had seen and heard and handled in the old country he must needs talk about in the new. As a natural consequence the same results followed, and the inevitable discovery ensued that God's power and man's heart were everywhere alike.

The first effort to establish a branch of the Christian Mission in the United States occurred as far back as 1872. Mr. Booth could not however see his way to carry on the work commenced by an emigrant family, and hence, after a few months, it fell through. It was seven years later when the work was renewed by a family of emigrants from England. Amos Shirley and his wife had been for some time soldiers in the Coventry corps, and had taken part in the revival which had so powerfully influenced the town. Their daughter Eliza had served for some months as an officer, and they had all gained some practical experience of the Salvation Army work. About the middle of 1879 they sailed for America, settling in Philadelphia, where Mr. Shirley obtained work as foreman of a silk factory.

The birthplace of the Salvation Army in England had been a tent in a burial-ground. That of the Salvation Army in America was neither as Oriental nor quite as funereal. And yet it partook of the same Bethlehemite character. The reporter of the *Philadelphia News*, who was the first to chronicle their doings, discovered them in an abandoned chair-factory, "eighty feet long by forty broad, whose rough-boarded and whitewashed walls, and overhanging beams and rafters savoured more of a stable than a place of worship."

There was evidently "no room" for the poor man's Saviour in the "inns" of Philadelphian respectability. And, after all, it mattered little, for if the place failed to sanctify the people the people served to sanctify the place. The beacon star of the Army—the salvation of souls—was not long in appearing. Those shepherds of the slums, the outcasts of society, gathered as of old round the manger—not always

to "worship," it is true. And yet many who came to mock, remained to pray.

The saloon-keeper, that Herod of the drink traffic, whose scourge society has too long tolerated, was soon upon the scenes, inquiring after his ex-subjects, who had so suddenly transferred their allegiance to another power. But the Shirleys were veterans, and had learned to rejoice in the



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

midst of such disturbances. Instead of sitting down, like Rachel, to weep over what they could not help, they felt more like summoning all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, from London to Philadelphia, to join them in making war against the American Sisera and his host.

The General could no longer resist the appeal. So important did the opportunity appear, that he resolved to despatch Mr. Railton, with a party of seven of the now famous Halle-

lujah Lasses, to take up the work which the Shirleys had commenced. The proposal was received with enthusiasm by all concerned, and was promptly carried into effect. The first account of the meetings held by the Shirleys was published in the *War Cry* on the 31st January, 1880, and on the 12th of the following month the detachment farewelled at the Whitechapel Hall, sailing on the 14th in the steamer *Australia*.

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

"You look young," she said, turning to the sisters who composed the party, one of whom had been for some years her servant, and is still an officer in the ranks. "To some people you may appear insignificant—but so do we all. So did those women who stood grouped round the cross of Christ to the proud Pharisees who walked, mocking, past. But their names have been handed down to us, while those of the Pharisees have been forgotten.

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

The meeting was an impressive one. Amongst those present were Lady Cairns, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Mr. Denny, and other friends of the Army. Mr. Railton, with the members of his little party, addressed the meeting, attired in a new military style of uniform, with broad red bands upon their hats, on which "The Salvation Army" was worked in conspicuous letters. A profound impression was created by the meeting, which was still further increased when, two days later, the party were conducted in procession

from Whitechapel to Fenchurch Street Station, Mrs. Booth following in a hansom. Describing their departure in a letter to a friend, she says :

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

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

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

A year later Mr. Railton was recalled to the International Headquarters in London, where his services were increasingly needed. But the work of which the foundations were then laid has since been carried on with signal success. Little did Mrs. Booth think, when witnessing Mr. Railton’s departure, that her second son (Commander Ballington Booth) was destined to follow in his footsteps, and, in company with his able and devoted wife, to accomplish so extensive and successful a work.

Later in the year the General’s hands were similarly forced in regard to Australia. A convert of the Army, John Gore, a milkman, had emigrated to Adelaide, where he met a builder from Bradford, named Saunders, who had been saved through the same agency. Without waiting for officers to arrive they formed themselves into a corps, appointed a treasurer and secretary, placed themselves under the temporary leadership of Gore, and commenced open-air

and indoor meetings. When writing to the General to send out officers, they were able to report that already the work had fairly taken root, souls were being saved, and an invitation had been received to extend their operations to Sydney. "We need you as quick as fire and steam can bring you,"



COMMISSIONER HOWARD.

wrote Gore. "There is no mistake about it. You must come immediately."

The appeal was irresistible. Captain and Mrs. Sutherland were forthwith set apart to pioneer the work, or, rather, to join and lead the original pioneers. Early in January, 1881, they set sail on board the steamship *Aconcagua*, going forth on their journey of twelve thousand miles with the same cool confidence with which they would have started to take charge of a corps in England. Without money, without influence, and with but a handful of humble friends, these solitary Salvationists went forth on their errand of mercy,

carrying with them the beloved banner, which was destined to pass from hand to hand till it had been planted in every nook and corner of Australian soil.

Perhaps no country has welcomed the Salvation Army with greater heartiness, and offered for its operations a more congenial sphere, than has Australia, that happy hunting-ground of the sturdy British yeoman and artisan who constitute the backbone of England's national power. Unburdened with an aristocracy of birth and wealth, the sturdy John Bullism of the middle classes has had an opportunity of developing its best characteristics. The same material which, when forced into the unhealthy atmosphere and hopeless squalor of slumdom, has given birth to the most exaggerated specimens of vice, has blossomed in those brighter and roomier climes with a rapidity and luxuriance which make recognition almost impossible, and which may well inspire with hope the heart of every social reformer.

Ability and common sense, especially when combined with virtue, have enjoyed a supremacy in Australia which has too often been denied to them in other lands, at least until their possessors are either tottering on the borders of the grave, or have already left the scene of toil and care. Then society suddenly discovers their hitherto neglected worth, and renders them its tardy but useless acknowledgments. Not so Australia. Merit and piety have a chance of gaining swift recognition and timely recompense. Frank, simple, sincere, free-handed and open-hearted, no better specimen of the average Britisher can be found than in the Antipodes. It is no small tribute to the value of Salvation Army methods that he should so readily have accepted and endorsed them, giving them so enthusiastic a welcome to his heart and home.

It was always a matter of deep regret to Mrs. Booth that failing health and the manifold needs of the English work prevented her from visiting these foreign lands, especially America and Australia; a regret which has been shared, doubtless, by thousands who have read her books, and who would fain have listened to the author's voice. We can

readily imagine with what enthusiasm she would there have been received, and can only wonder and bow in mute submission to the mysterious Providence that willed it otherwise.

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

The natural aversion and suspicion with which an alien is regarded in America—indeed, in every land; perhaps less in America than in many other countries—was taken advantage of by an officer who was entrusted for a time with the command of the work, and proved himself unworthy of the confidence. The public mind was poisoned against what was alleged to be a British concern. A rival army was organized, which was to be purely American in its constitution. Property which had been entrusted to his charge was shamelessly appropriated for the purposes of the new organization, and a shock was given to public confidence which hindered for years the advance of the movement.

But it was not likely that an attempt made in such a manner, and under such dishonourable circumstances, should prove in the end more successful than some of the lesser efforts to which we have already had occasion to allude. The committee who were to take the place of General Booth in controlling the operations of the American Salvation Army soon found reason to be dissatisfied with the doings of their self-appointed commander-in-chief, and he in his turn discovered that their authority was no less disagreeable than that from which he had recently broken loose. Inevitable disputes arose, which resulted in another separation. Thus the divided camp soon dwindled into insignificance, while the original movement gradually recovered its lost ground until it attained its present proportions and prosperity.

That this should have been so is in itself not a little singular, and bears out the remarks with which this chap-

ter commences. If the despotic military system of the Salvation Army government can take root in the democratic soil of the American Republic it can surely acclimatise itself to any imaginable circumstances. In the land where every unit is a star, and every star, in theory at least, possesses equal radiance, where big stars and little stars are unknown, and imperial suns and moons are not permitted to rival the brilliant equality of the sky, it might naturally be supposed that no place would have been found for this new constellation, with all its gradations of smallness and greatness, inferiority and superiority, obedience and command, with suns, moons, planets, fixed stars, shooting stars, milky ways, long-tailed comets, and all the other complex paraphernalia of a Salvation Army firmament!

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

The units of which the Republic consisted, whether as states or individuals, were *united* units, in the unity of which each lover of his country did not fail to rejoice and boast. True, all the emphasis of which the American language is capable has been placed upon the independent unit. But the same banner which, had there been room, would have had a separate star for every citizen, carries wherever it floats the symbols of the eternal bonds that link each unit into a national whole with as definite an existence as each of its component parts.

The man who lands in America supposing he will find himself a member of a lawless, orderless mob, in which he will be absolutely free to do evil as well as good, will soon find himself very much mistaken. And so will the one who seeks to disregard or snap the national bonds that bind all in one. It may be compared to a vast panorama in which each

individual is represented by a tiny, almost invisible, dot. Armed with an enormous magnifying glass, he is absorbed in the admiring recognition of his unitship. But there is one thing which he values even more; namely, his position in the panorama. You have but to attempt to dissolve the view, or to remove him from his place, and you will soon find out that, though he is an individual, he is also an American, linked to his sixty-five million fellow—what shall we call them?—*subjects*? Are there, then, such creatures possible in a Republic? Yes, *subjects*; if not of a Queen and Parliament, yet *subjects one of another*, and therefore *subjects none the less*. And what more than this could the Salvation Army itself desire? Indeed, it presents to America as good a republic, in some senses, as America can itself display.

And thus the Republic has recognised in the Salvation Army the freedom of virtue, and the Salvation Army has recognised in the Republic the despotism of law. With nothing to be ashamed of in its life and works, the Salvation Army stands beneath the blazing light of the statue of Liberty and invites the utmost scrutiny of all. It asks but for liberty to do good. And its request has not been denied. Recognising in the new movement worthy motives and pure lives, the great Republic has welcomed to its shores those who must so strikingly have reminded it of the Pilgrim Fathers, who laid the foundations of its own greatness.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WEST END CAMPAIGN. 1880.

THE Salvation Army in the West End? How unnecessary! How unsuitable! Here were no slums to revolutionise—no ruffians to reform—no vortex of filth and misery to purify. No staggering drunkard made the night air hideous with his ribald songs and blasphemous oaths. No flaming gin-palace disgraced the neighbourhood. All was quiet and respectable. If there were misery, it was alleviated by luxury; if there were profligacy, it was carefully concealed; if there were sin, it was called by a softer name. And yet—and yet—and yet—when did money, with all the comforts it can purchase, ever succeed in healing the sorrows of a single soul? It may mitigate them for a moment, but it can no more banish them for good than it can purchase for its possessor immunity from sickness and the grave. Ah, yes! There are broken hearts in the mansions of the rich as truly as in the hovels of the poor. And there is a balm in Gilead that can heal them. But the balm is not to be extracted from any possessions that they own, though equal to those of a Rothschild or a Duke of Westminster.

And in what respect does covered vice or sin under an alias, after all, differ from the unvarnished article? In the sight of God a blackguard in broadcloth is in no sense superior to a blackguard in rags and tatters—a sinner in a feather-bed no better than a sinner on the Thames Embankment. The latter has at least some claims to pity. If he have sinned, he has also reaped, in some measure, the punishment of his misdeeds. The former has “received his consolation.” There is no covering for evil but that of par-

don. Forgetfulness and concealment are but poor substitutes—narcotics, from the effects of which the miserable victim must, sooner or later, awaken to discover that his last state is indeed worse than his first. The sinner requires not a change of name but change of character.

Simple facts, these—obvious, self-evident, the very A B C of Christianity; and yet perhaps, after all, less familiar to the inhabitants of the West End than to those of the East. The ignorance of foundation Gospel truths among the higher classes is simply appalling. Their children have not even the advantage of the Sunday-school. *Heathenism!* There is many a high-caste Hindoo who could catechise the high-caste heathen of our land, and many a Mohammedan zenana where more is known about the saving power of Christ than in the drawing-room zenanas of our rich.

And no wonder; for, from their childhood upwards, who dares to speak to them in faithful love either about their sins or their responsibilities? They go to church, it is true, but it is generally to hear the saints describe themselves as "miserable sinners," and the sinners sing about "Jerusalem," their "happy home," with all the assurance of saints. They used to think that it was necessary to "do works meet for repentance." But they have learnt of recent years that they need *only believe* that they are Christians and that they are so—whether they are or not! And the doctrine harmonises so well with their inclinations and with the teachings of their patron saints, the newspapers, that they are willing to accept it, without further question, as the best news that they have ever heard, the very sort of Gospel they have desired. To believe a history, to accept as true a certain creed, to live as you like, and yet to go to heaven when you die, is a sort of religion that even the devil himself has no reason whatever to reject! To pray is advisable, but it must be in private. To do good is praiseworthy, but it can be done by proxy. They can pray by proxy, preach by proxy, and go to the heathen, abroad or at home, by proxy! Nobody need be inconvenienced! No

risks need be encountered, no sacrifices made! The crumbs that fall from the table are sufficient to satisfy an easy-going Christ!

Needless to say that such a Gospel was very different to the one which Mrs. Booth proclaimed during her West End campaign of 1880. Whether speaking to the rich or to the poor, her trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. The allusions to her West End meetings in her correspondence are fortunately numerous, and from them we quote :

“The Lord has very graciously stood by me and given me much precious fruit. Last Sunday we had the Hall crowded, and a large proportion of gentlemen. The Lord was there in power, and twenty-one came forward; some for salvation, and some for purity. Several were most blessed cases of full surrender. We did not get away till nearly six, and we began at three. Everybody is amazed at this for the West End! The audience is very select, we never having published a bill; only advertised it in the *Christian* and daily papers. Pray much, dear friend, that God may do a deep and permanent work in this Babylon. It seems as though He gave me words of fire for them, and they sit spell-bound.

“Nearly all I say is extemporaneous, and new. I feel it is the Spirit, for it is just the sort of truth for want of which the world is dying. I am told on all sides that it is creating a great stir! Amen! Lord, increase it!

“The audience was splendid, and, though I was positively ill, the Lord held me up for an hour and a half at full swing! We got £43 collection, and about £50 since. We paid £20 for the hall.”

To one of her sons she writes :

“I am going to a meeting of lords and ladies, etc., at the Honourable Mr. Somebody's in the West End, where Princess—and Prince Louis Napoleon are to be present! I am to tell of the effects of our work on drunkards, etc. Pray for me. You may perhaps be wanted to stand amongst princes to do battle for the Lord. Surely you will get ready, and not sell your birthright. The Lord help you! Take hold of David's God, hold your head up, keep your shoulders back, and go forward.”

In a letter to an intimate friend she says :

“Here I am, literally swamped with work. Oh, the letters! I am almost written to death, but I must send you a line to assure you of my unceasing sympathy and prayer. I have a drawing-room at—. If you know any one of position whom you would like to be there, send me name and address, and I will have a card sent them. I would not mind

who, but these people don't like tradespeople, or others not of their own standing, to be invited! Oh, when we get *Home*, with the whole household of faith, what will some of them do?

"The General returned last night, having travelled eight hundred miles, and having addressed (besides open-air meetings) forty thousand people in eight days! And oh, the stories of grace and salvation! Indescribable! Heaven must be kept in an uproar of jubilee, if it is true that there is joy there over every one! And yet Mr.—and others who might help us are quibbling about the colour of a coat! Pa says the meeting at Bristol exceeded Exeter Hall. Colston Hall was crowded to excess an hour before time, and hundreds outside. Manchester, Liverpool, etc., to match."

Writing to her daughter Emma, Mrs. Booth says:

"We had a grand crush last night, and I trust something was done for eternity; but, oh dear! there are plenty of discouragements everywhere. The devil must be stronger and wiser on his lines than we give him credit for. I got some comfort this morning from Rev. 10th chap. 7th ver. If God calls His plan with the earth and the church 'the Mystery,' how vain is it for us to try to understand it; but what a comfort to realise that the time is coming when it will be '*finished!*' What a joy to see it, if we are on the right side. We must roll the responsibility on Him, and go on in faith that the result will be worth the cost.

"Your 'Training Home girls' look well and happy. I allowed myself to be drawn in an open perambulator at the head of the procession last night, a gazing-stock to the town! I felt a little of the meaning of Paul's glorying in the cross! Oh, what poor little shamefaced soldiers we are, after all!

"I note the discouraging circumstances you name. True, there is much to deplore everywhere, but we cannot help it. We have to do the best we can with the material we have, as the poor Lord has to do with us all. What an undertaking He must have on His hands! I was never so able to understand the sufferings of Christ in enduring the contradiction of sinners as I am now. The whole work of saving men is a *work of suffering*, from the beginning to the end. But then, *saviours must not draw back*. The Lord help us."

Perhaps the most important meetings held by Mrs. Booth during the year outside London were those conducted in Scotland.

Writing from Edinburgh, she says:

"I had a wonderful meeting here on Sunday night. One of the most beautiful halls in the kingdom crowded. I lecture in it to-morrow night. Pray for me. The obtuseness, indifference, and heartlessness of professed Christians is the greatest trial of my life. The poor, with all

their faults, have larger hearts than the rich. I go to Glasgow for Monday and Tuesday; am to be in the newest and finest hall in Scotland; seats three thousand. Pray for me."

Just on the eve of the Glasgow meetings Mrs. Booth was again prostrated by illness. The intense physical suffering often entailed upon her by her public services may be judged by the following account :

"Mr. Booth had left me on Saturday, and I was in strange lodgings. I had to ring them up at three in the morning and get hot foment, etc., but nothing relieved the pain. All day Monday and all night it continued, so that I never closed my eyes; the knee swelled like a bag of water all round the cap, and bear the bed-clothes I could not. On Tuesday morning I felt it would be impossible to take the meeting, and great efforts and expectations had been called forth. One of the chief magistrates was to take the chair, and several leading men had promised to be on the platform. Four thousand tickets were issued. You may guess how I felt. I telegraphed to Dundee to tell my dearest he must come and take the meeting, and my leg, though a little easier, continued too bad for me to think of going.

"Mr. Booth arrived at 6.30, and the meeting commenced at 7.30. He begged me to try and go, if I only showed myself. He prayed, and I got ready as best I could, and, half carried to the cab, I ventured. The hall was full, and half carried, in great pain, I went on the platform. I rose to speak in the strength of the Lord, and from the moment I opened my mouth until I ceased I never felt my knee, except once or twice when I moved it. The Lord stood by me, and I spoke for an hour and a quarter, with three reporters sitting in a row just under me. The pain came on again before I got home, and I was up all night, for I could not lie in bed. Hot meal poultices and mustard lotions were continually applied. But the pain affected the whole leg from the hip to the heel. It was like a screw in both joints. At three o'clock in the morning I had another attack of the heart, so bad that I fainted in the chair, and my dearest dared not lift me because of my leg. He said he never felt so utterly at a loss in his life; but he cried to the Lord, and He came to our help. The people where I lodged were most kind, the lady herself staying up, as well as the servant. She told me the next morning that she was awfully frightened; she thought I was dying. I should not tell you all this only to show you how wonderfully the Lord brings us through. My dearest says He works miracles for us every day. Certainly, if it was the devil who attacked my leg, he was beaten for once!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TRAINING HOMES. 1880.

THEMSELVES trained during the past twenty-six years in the severe school of adversity, the General and Mrs. Booth were not slow to discover in the very rapidity of their recent advances a dangerous element of weakness which needed to be remedied.

In the early stages of the work, when the evangelists were few in number, and the stations clustered closely together, it had been possible for the leaders of the movement to exercise such a personal supervision of the workers that their raw and untrained character had given but little cause for anxiety. But now that the Salvation Army had extended its operations to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and even to Australia and America, the circumstances of the case had entirely altered.

To "lay hands suddenly" upon the newly made converts, and to send them forth to take charge of difficult and distant posts, was a dangerous proceeding, which could be justified only by the extreme importance of the emergency. Considering the arduous nature of the work, and the temptations to which these hastily raised levies were exposed, it is remarkable that there were not more numerous breakdowns. But the few that had occurred were sufficient to warn the leaders of the Salvation Army that the time had arrived for giving some sort of training to its future officers.

Not that the General desired to adopt the ordinary college system. On the contrary, he was more than ever convinced that the usual methods adopted in preparing young men for the ministry were entirely unsuited to the peculiar require-

ments of the Salvation Army. At the same time he by no means undervalued knowledge, whether of a practical or a doctrinal character; his great desire being to teach what was absolutely essential for the exigencies of the war without burdening the mind with that which, however desirable in itself, had no direct bearing upon the work.

By way of an experiment a Training Home for women was opened in May, 1880, and placed under the charge of their second daughter, Miss Emma Booth. It was quickly filled with some thirty candidates for the work, and as soon as any of these were sent out others were ready to take their place. The advantages of this institution soon began to make themselves sensibly felt, and before the end of the year a similar Home was opened for the male cadets and placed under Mr. Ballington Booth, it being felt that the brother and sister would be able to work into each other's hands, and that the one department would help and supplement the other, while both would be kept under the immediate eye of the leaders. The arrangement answered admirably, and a few years later Mrs. Booth was able thus to describe the nature of the preparation through which the officers passed:

"Perhaps no question is more frequently proposed to us than this: 'What sort of training do you give your cadets?' This I will try to answer as concisely as possible.

"In the first place, the great aim of all our training is to fit our officers for the work they have to do. We abjure all mere learning for its own sake. Moreover, we believe that a great deal of it is calculated rather to unfit than to aid its recipients for actual warfare. Just as, in temporal things, the apprenticeship is intended to teach the apprentice the particular trade to which he is destined, so we think training for the work of God should be adapted to qualify its recipients for that work; and that it would be just as sensible to spend the time and exhaust the energies of the apprentice intended to build houses in studying the problems of astronomy, as to teach men and women destined for spiritual warfare dead languages, and a great deal of other useless lumber commonly imposed upon students for the ministry. We say, teach the builder how to build houses, the shoemaker how to make shoes, and a soul-winner HOW TO WIN SOULS."

One of the first questions that the new cadets were asked upon arriving at the Home was whether they had a Bible of

their own. Well-thumbed and carefully marked were the treasures that were produced, proving how unfounded were the accusations that Salvation Army soldiers did not study the Scriptures. Many a one, who could not decipher so much as the alphabet previous to his or her conversion, had learned to read on purpose to be able to study the Book of books.

The course of training was a brief one, extending from four to six months, and even during this short interval the cadets, instead of being pent up within four walls and crammed intellectually till their zeal and spirituality had been largely crushed, were pushed into active service. The lessons and lectures of the morning were followed by slum visitation and *War Cry* selling in the afternoon, and this again by salvation or holiness meetings every night. The new solo, that had just been mastered, was sung in the open-air or indoor meeting the same evening, either to be thrown aside, as unsuited to the public taste, or sung and sung again till its echoes had reached "from shore to shore." If a song did not "go," that is, if it did not move the hearts of the people, tending either towards converting or sanctifying them or infusing them with the war spirit, it was at once rejected, however pretty the tune or words might be. Mere sentimentalism of any kind was treated with contempt. Something must happen, or something was wrong.

"Oh, friends!" says Mrs. Booth, in addressing one of her audiences, "give up the sentimental hypocrisy of singing

" 'Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,'

in the drawing-room, to the accompaniment of the piano, without ever dreaming of going outside to do it; such idle words will prove only a mockery and a sham in the great day of account. Such songs will come booming back on the ears of the soul with more awful forebodings than the echoes of the archangel's trumpet itself! Sentimentalism will have no resurrection; it will rot with the grave-clothes."

One of the most important advances made during the year was, however, the issue of the now world-famous *War Cry*,

the first number of which was published at Christmas, 1879. Concerning this effort the General was able to report at the end of the year :

“The establishment of a weekly newspaper had long been felt to be a necessity. To inspire, and educate, and bind together our people all over the world in the spirit of this holy warfare, it was felt that we must have a *weekly* organ. Difficulties great and innumerable were in the way, but, the attempt once resolved upon, they were surmounted, and the undertaking has proved perhaps the greatest success ever achieved in the way of a religious newspaper. We began with a sale of some 20,000, and in twelve months, without spending £10 in advertisements, have reached a circulation of 110,000.

“When it is remembered that the paper is intensely religious, advocating the highest possible forms of devotion and holiness, rejecting all the varied kinds of fiction so prevalent and pernicious, that its readers consist of those who have been heretofore accustomed to read nothing at all, or only the lowest and most debasing literature; that it has, to our positive knowledge, been the means of the conversion of many souls, and the awakening of slumbering churches, this success will be considered as gratifying as it is marvellous. The remarkable incidents contained in it, couched, as they often are, in language which to some may appear eccentric and extravagant, are the very means by which we attract the attention of those who would be otherwise indisposed to read the solemn, instructive, and warning truths of the Gospel.”

In the course of the year forty-seven new towns were opened, and at most of these powerful revivals occurred. The most remarkable of these was at Bristol, where a circus was engaged capable of holding some 2,500 people. Night after night it was packed, and hundreds turned away. Indeed so great was the excitement that at the early prayer-meeting, at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, as many as 2,000 people were present, and this Sunday after Sunday, in spite of bitterly cold weather. The number of officers had increased to 320, and the local contributions raised by the corps during the year had risen to no less than £16,000.

By no means the least interesting occurrence of the year was the celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's silver wedding at the Whitechapel Hall. Many friends united with the officers and soldiers of the various London corps to celebrate the happy occasion in the hearty, demonstrative fashion so

dear to Salvationists. The General gave an interesting sketch of the history of the Mission during the past fifteen years. Mrs Booth followed with a touching address. But the most heart-appelling feature of the meeting was when the family rose to their feet and sang together :

“ We all belong to Jesus !
Bless the Lord ! Bless the Lord ! ”

As the clear young voices rang through the Hall a practical lesson in full consecration was taught, which was more eloquent than any of the burning addresses given. A little army in itself, it revealed the secret of the success with which the movement had met. The General and Mrs. Booth had commenced within the narrow circle of their own home the work which had broadened out until it had included within its embrace the entire world. The Salvation Army was but an application of the same principles to a wider sphere. The military idea was interwoven with that of the family. The one was the warp, and the other was the woof. The two combined to give unity and cohesion to each other.

The skeleton of the organization, its bonework, so to speak, was composed of military rules and regulations which of themselves would have been stiff, repulsive, valueless. But the warm filling up of family flesh and blood covered and beautified that which was, in its turn, indispensable to lend symmetry and strength to what would otherwise have been, after all, but a shapeless, heterogeneous, and comparatively useless mass. “ Order is Heaven’s first law,” and will be so to the end. But there must be something to order, or order itself will be of little avail. On the other hand, there are those who are so impressed with the importance of the particles of flesh and blood that they would dispense with the bone, annihilating law and order in favour of so-called freedom, and producing as a result a sort of spiritual jelly-fish, which floats about on the top of the waters at the mercy of every wind and wave, with apparently little capacity for anything save that of stinging all it touches.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SALVOPHOBIsm.

THE rapid and unprecedented progress of the Salvation Army, described in the last few chapters, gave rise in certain quarters to what, for want of a better name, we may term *Salvophobia*. Politicians, socialists, and professing Christians had long been lamenting the terrible condition into which the masses had lapsed. Every possible sort of expedient had been suggested for combating the evil, but in vain. All seemed at their wit's end. And yet, when an organization had at length arisen which was capable of dealing successfully with the problem, those who had themselves failed to solve it were as unwilling to learn as they had been unable to institute a more excellent way.

The faint-hearted and sluggish have ever been prone to discover "a lion in the way" of every good work. New arrivals in India have often been known to lie quaking in their beds because they have mistaken the howl of the harmless jackal for the roar of the tiger, or the impress of the pariah dog for the paw-mark of the leopard. And so it has been with these alarmists, who have professed to discover in the Salvation Army elements of danger which exist nowhere save in their imaginations. In their anxiety to anticipate the evils which the future might bring forth, they have overlooked the evils that exist.

And yet at their very feet stretches a seething mass of iniquity. Millions of our fellow-men are sinking beneath its surface. The means for their salvation are confessedly inadequate. It is no time to carp or haggle with those who would leap into this sea of woe, and who, at the peril of

their lives, draw from its waves trophy after trophy of redeeming grace. Here are men and women who, not satisfied with flinging a life-buoy to the perishing, leap over the bulwarks of their comfortable homes and plunge into the depths of slums to do battle with the worse than sharks that teem in those dark waters and prey upon humanity.

But oh, surprising fact—that those who profess to be actuated by like motives, and dedicated to a like mission, should rise up to question and criticise rather than to bless, or, Gamaliel-like, coldly choose to let alone what it is their God-given privilege to help!

It was in the autumn of 1880 when an occasion of this kind occurred. The Army had recently commenced operations in Carlisle with marvellous success. Many of the worst characters were converted, and the town was greatly moved, when, strange to say, the Bishop preached a sermon in the Cathedral strongly condemning the Salvation Army. Mrs. Booth happened to be in the neighbourhood at the time, and was urged to reply. Thinking she might advantageously use the occasion in answering the objections of similar critics, she consented. Thus, in an old but crowded theatre, she dealt with the statements made by the Bishop in the Cathedral. From her address we quote the following:

“The great problem of how to reach the masses of this country with the Gospel has been the absorbing question, for many years gone by, in the mind of every intelligent and thoughtful philanthropist, as well as of every sincere Christian. There has not been a congress or synod held by any denomination, from the Established Church downwards, but, in some form or other, this problem has come up for solution. I remember, some nine years ago, in London, a great placard, announcing one of the most influential congresses ever gathered in the metropolis, comprising the clergy and laity of the Established Church, to consider how to bring the Gospel to bear on the masses of England. I said when I read it, ‘What an awful admission! In the end of the nineteenth century it is necessary, in so-called Christian England, for a synod of the Established Church to meet to consider how to bring the Gospel to bear on the masses.’ And yet, alas! we know there was only too great a necessity for it.

“This problem has since kept coming up in the congresses of all denominations. Some have given one solution, and some another; but

I am bold to say—and at my back stand some of the most thoughtful Christians of this generation—that, until the Salvation Army arose, every effort to grapple with the question on anything like an adequate scale proved a comparative failure. Statistics were taken from which it was ascertained that ninety per cent. of the working classes—I am not speaking of cadging classes, tramps, etc., but of the *bona fide* working classes, who, you say, are the backbone of England—never crossed the threshold of church, chapel, or Christian hall. Think of that, and then ask yourselves if it is not time something should be done. Ah, everybody agrees something should be done. The great difficulty is, what should that something be?

“I have been in sixty-two towns in eleven months. In these towns I have seen hundreds of thousands gathered together in our halls. Ah, there is nothing like *seeing* to realise. All the accounts I had ever heard or read had failed to convey to my mind anything like a true conception of the state of positive heathenism and ruffianism in which these masses live. Hundreds of these very men I should be afraid to meet at night—short-cropped, bullet-headed, gaol-bird looking men, of the bull-dog type—the terrible traces of debauchery and crime deep marked upon their faces, and dressed in such habiliments as showed where their money went on a Saturday night. Hundreds of these men are earning fairly respectable wages, and their wretched condition arises from their vicious habits.

“The rapid growth of infidelity and atheism among them is enough to make us weep, had we but a just conception of it, and to make the respectable classes pause before they put a staying hand on any organization, however rough it may appear, which ventures among them and creates in them a fear of God, appealing to their consciences, and arousing them to something like the duties of men—I say nothing of Christians.”

Another class of opposition, of an entirely different character from that which has been previously described, had now commenced to manifest itself, and since it has occasioned much misunderstanding, the attitude of the Salvation Army in regard to the matter requires to be explained. In the majority of instances the magistrates and police were only too glad to be delivered from the troublesome characters who flocked to the meetings, many of whom had become truly and permanently reformed. They were gratified to notice the sensible diminution of crime which usually accompanied the appearance of the Salvation Army in any town or district.

But there were some who, being interested in the liquor traffic, were less pleased with a reformation which meant a serious diminution of their income. Not a few of these, in various parts of the country, occupied the magisterial bench, or other positions of local dignity. And even where this was not the case their electioneering or family interest was so powerful that they were able to bring to bear upon others an influence which was irresistible.

Clerical interdicts and papery anathemas were hard enough to bear, but the position of the Salvation Army became still more difficult when these Arcadian Jupiters began to hurl at its devoted head the thunderbolts of the law. What was to be done? Was the Army to meekly bow its head and say, "Thy will be done!" to these local divinities? To do so in one place would be to do so in many. To do so in many would involve not only a serious sacrifice of their rights as citizens, but would halve their power for doing good. There was only one course open to them—and that was to go forward, submitting cheerfully to whatever penalty their action might incur, and trusting to an awakened public opinion to ultimately right their wrong.

True, this species of opposition was carried on under the cover of "the law." The law! What tyrant has ever failed to conceal his identity behind that convenient phrase? What great-souled saint has ever succeeded in slipping through its meshes? The small fry of mediocrity or the spawn of insignificance can float in and out at will. Their turn is not yet come. Perhaps it never will. Their dwarfish souls may never be capable of increasing sufficiently to realise any bigger need or greater sorrow than their own. But who, with an eye to see and a heart to feel the claims of God and man, has ever accomplished his object without seeming, sooner or later, to come in contact with the letter of the law? "Aye, there's the rub!" Verily "the letter killeth" the purest, the noblest, the most unselfish characters that ever visited God's earth, and watered its soil with their unvalued blood! What a world of difference exists between the letter and

the spirit! The former can be made to say anything you like—yes, absolutely *anything*. We have only to refer to the well-known cases of Nebuchadnezzar *versus* the three Hebrews, Darius *versus* Daniel, Moses *versus* Stephen, and, most wonderful of all, Moses *versus* Jesus Christ! Who, oh, who would have ever dreamt that Moses was to be the executioner of the sinless Prophet of Nazareth? What legal vagary can henceforth cause an atom of surprise? None—absolutely none! The letter of the law has always been, perhaps will always be, the tyrant's scapegoat, upon which he may lay his hands, and which he may turn into the wilderness as the apology for his caprices, the sacrifice for his mistakes, the atonement for his sins. The Pilates of every age will find in it the basin of water in which they can wash their hands, the "accusation" which they can nail above the victim's head!

The divorce of the letter from the spirit of the law cannot fail to produce results as disastrous as that of the body from the soul! It is strange that this is not better understood. True, you cannot have the spirit without the letter, but you must have the spirit none the less. The letter of the law is as subject to disease and death as the human frame. Hence the perpetual alterations and modifications through which it has had to pass. The letter of the law may contradict itself, the spirit never. The letter of the law may grant simultaneously two opposing rights, which only the spirit of the law can reconcile. Stand upon the letter of the law and you must cut the baby right in twain to satisfy the rival claimants. But here the spirit of the law steps in, and demands what Lord Coleridge has justly described as "a reasonable policy of give and take."

The letter of the law allows to the ten thousand inhabitants of a locality the simultaneous right of passing over the same portion of the same highway at the same moment in different directions. The spirit of the law recognises the physical impossibility of such a course, and insists that one right shall yield to another in such manner as to involve the

least sacrifice of each individual right. The letter of the law allows all the ten thousand, or any portion of them, to march together across the highway in one direction, in the same company, if the object with which they do so is inoffensive or laudable, and provided that the obstruction does not extend over an unreasonable period. And yet the letter of the law insists, at the same time, on the perhaps impossible provision that not a single person or vehicle shall even for a moment be obstructed. The spirit of the law reconciles the two opposing rights, and insists that the lesser shall yield to the greater. If an individual has had twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes to pass along a road in any way he likes, the law declares, and surely it is reasonable, that he shall not object to being slightly inconvenienced for five minutes by a passing procession. In one sense the processionists have broken the law. In another sense they have kept it.

Similarly with the right of open-air meetings. There are some rights which cannot be enjoyed without inflicting on somebody a certain degree of wrong. But the spirit of the law justly insists on sanctioning the right and refusing to recognise the wrong, when the latter is so temporary or insignificant as to be unworthy of its notice. Rights have to be weighed against rights and, similarly, wrongs against wrongs. Justice is expected to hold the scales and strike the balance with blindfolded eyes.

To their everlasting credit, be it said, the supreme courts of this Empire have usually recognised these principles, and upheld the sacred liberties of the British subject with unswerving fidelity. But justices' justice is proverbial! In spite of decision after decision of the leading judges of the land, some rustic ruler has ever been ready to rake up an antiquated statute, or create a convenient by-law, to repress the out-of-door operations of the Salvation Army. Now it has been aimed at the music, now at the march, and now at the open-air. But the principle has always been the same. And, strange as it may seem, these sticklers for the law

have not hesitated, when they have had the opportunity, to disregard alike the mandates of the Home Secretary, and of the supreme courts; or even the expressed wishes of the Parliament! These knights-errant of the public-house do not themselves fail, when it suits their convenience, to drive a coach and four through obsolete, but unrepealed, enactments, and to disregard the spirit of the law in a manner which proves how little they really care for its letter.

Obstruction is the common plea! Obstruction, forsooth! What greater obstruction to the moral, religious, and social welfare of the nation can there be than the gin-palaces, which they are so ready to license for the corruption of the poor, but which they will not tolerate within reasonable distance of their own mansions?

In the name of common sense and justice, which is the real obstructionist—the man who spends one hour a day by the roadside singing and speaking about righteousness to the outcasts of society, or the man who lines every crowded thoroughfare with buildings which are the notorious centres of nine-tenths of the vice and crime that pollute our land? How ridiculous the comparison! The publican complains that he is obstructed by the operations of these singing evangelists. Obstructed in what? Obstructed in passing along a broad highroad, half or more of which is totally unoccupied! So he says! But who can believe it? Obstructed really in “putting the bottle to his neighbour’s mouth,” because for once religion appears in a more attractive form than even his tap-room seductions! Obstructed by the doing of what every circus proprietor and military pageant has an undisputed right to do!

And what about his own roadside obstructions? Do not the moralist, the preacher, the politician, the philanthropist, the judge find their benevolent designs and their excellent counsels obstructed by these licensed plague-spots of society? Who obstructs that careworn wife from receiving the hard-earned wages of the workman? Who snatches the food out of the children’s mouths, and tears the clothes off

their backs and the shoes from their feet, that all may be emptied into his capacious till? Who obstructs the honest tradesman from receiving his fair quota of the weekly earnings? Who strips youth of its beauty, manhood of its prime, childhood of its spotless innocence, and flings the miserable wrecks of humanity into the national workhouse or the jail? Who, if not the publican and those concerned in the accursed trade? Obstructor? Where is there a greater obstructor of progress, purity and peace? No-where! Not one!

Yet it has been he who, in nine cases out of ten, has turned upon the humble Salvationist, and charged him with obstruction. Well might we reply, "Physician, heal thyself!" But opposition coming from such a source is indeed a flattering testimony to the value of our work.

It is impossible to detail the various prosecutions and imprisonments which have from time to time occurred, interesting as would be the record. A few of the early cases must, however, be referred to.

One of the first to be imprisoned was the General's son, Mr. Ballington Booth. He had been sent to Manchester, and placed in charge of a large hall, capable of holding some twelve hundred people. As usual, it was crowded, and many of the worst characters were saved. Writing with reference to his prosecution and imprisonment, he says:

"Since my last report I have spent twenty-four hours in Belle Vue jail, for upholding my Master's name to the perishing multitudes in the streets of Manchester. I was placed with the common felons, lived on a few ounces of bread and a little *skilly*, scrubbed my cell, and slept on a plank. But in all my life I never felt more blessed and encouraged than whilst there! The prison a 'palace-proved,' and while Jesus dwelt with me I could feel, and sing, and realise—

" ' Anywhere with Jesus,
I'll follow anywhere.' "

Another case occurred at Leamington, where, after three consecutive prosecutions, resulting in acquittals, the captain was finally convicted on the evidence of a policeman and

two publicans. For an obstruction that lasted three minutes he was fined forty shillings and costs, or a month with hard labour in Warwick jail! Refusing to pay the fine, the captain was sent to prison, and remained there until the rough treatment caused his health to break completely down, when his fine was paid by friends.

At Pentre a publican applied to the magistrate for a summons against the women officers for standing near his house, but was put to shame and advised to return home again. A police sergeant was the next applicant! Immense was the excitement among the entire population of the district when they learned that Captain Louisa Lock and four of the soldiers had been fined for obstruction, and, having refused to pay, were about to be removed to prison. Some five thousand people gathered to witness their departure, and when they were released, after serving their term, they were met by an immense crowd, estimated at twenty thousand people. Indignation meetings were held at all the churches in the neighbourhood, and thus the persecution in that district was happily brought to a speedy and decisive termination.

During this period London was by no means free from similar difficulties. Of late years but little active interference has been necessary, the rapid progress of both the spiritual and social work in the metropolis having formed a bond of union between the Salvation Army and the people. Referring, however, to one of these old-time battles, Mrs. Booth says :

“We have been much harassed by the recent rioting at White-chapel. We have several people seriously injured, one dear woman lying delirious, and others much hurt. The police are against us, and the publicans and their friends are in Co. The General has had to go about seeing lawyers and M.P.’s, etc. We have got up a presentation of the case. It has had to be prepared on the top of all the other work. We have now got things into line, however, for going to the Home Secretary, and, if that is not sufficient, to the Prime Minister. We shall win, but it is all an increase of work and wear.”

10 One of the most cruel and prolonged persecutions, how-

ever, took place in 1881 at the little town of Basingstoke, the mayor of which was a brewer. Alarmed at the rapid decline of their trade, the publicans hired the roughs with unlimited supplies of liquor to attack the Salvation Army, the mayor professing to be unable to afford them the protection of the law. Time after time the brave little band of men and women, headed by their two girl officers, faced the drink-bemaddened mob, from whom they received the most cruel treatment. But at length the reprimands of the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, produced their effect, and quiet was restored.

At Weston-super-Mare the captain was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but the conviction was speedily reversed by the Court of Queen's Bench.

But, satisfactory as was this victory, the battle for freedom was not yet fought out, and there remained many occasions on which it was found necessary to "resist unto blood" the unjust decrees of local magnates, and to insist upon the exercise of the common-law rights of British citizens.

The fact that the Salvation Army has hitherto, sooner or later, in every case prevailed, obtaining to its proceedings the sanction, not only of the highest courts but even of the Legislature, is in itself sufficient proof that it has been justified in not submitting to the despotic demands of local tribunals. But, above all, the most triumphant vindication and boundless apology for this branch of the work consists in the tens of thousands of depraved characters who have, by means of open-air effort, been reached, and saved, and changed into honest and God-fearing citizens.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FRANCE. 1881.

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

The farewell meeting in St. James's Hall was one of the most enthusiastic and affecting demonstrations that had as yet been held in the history of the Salvation Army. How deeply Mrs. Booth's mother-heart yearned over her daughter may be judged from the following letter to a friend :

"I am so glad you enjoyed the meeting. On my journey yesterday I realised as never before dear Katie's going, and felt unutterable things. The papers I read on the state of society in Paris make me shudder, and I see all the dangers to which our darling will be exposed! But oh, the joy and honour of giving her to be a saviour to those dark, sin-stricken masses, Heaven will reveal! Pray for her."

The presentation of the Army flag by Mrs. Booth to her daughter, on the eve of such an enterprise, was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. The General presided, and was able to give a thrilling account of the recent progress of the work. Among the friends present were Mr. T. A. Denny and his brother, Mr. E. M. Denny, each of whom contributed £100 towards the £1,000 required to commence operations in France. Mr. Denny made a few appropriate remarks.

Among other things, he said sometimes the General called him into consultation, and fairly took his breath away with the daring character of his schemes. Hardly was the ink dry upon the paper which set afloat one scheme when he conceived another. Nevertheless he believed that he was influenced by the Divine Spirit, and that God was with him of a truth.

The colours were presented by Mrs. Booth to her daughter, and the brave little band of girl warriors who accompanied her, with the following words :

“MY DEAR CHILD AND MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I consider it an honour, in the name of our Divine Commander-in-Chief, and in the name of the General of this Army, to present you with this flag, as an emblem of the office and position you sustain, and I pray that He may give you grace to uphold the truths which this banner represents, and establish on a permanent and solid basis the Salvation Army in France. Oh, that He may give you grace to carry it into the slums and alleys, wherever there are lost and perishing souls, and to preach under its shadow the everlasting Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that through your instrumentality thousands may be won from darkness, infidelity, and vice, to Him, their Lord and their God. And in all hours of darkness and trial, oh, may He encompass you in His arms of grace and strength, and fill your soul with His love and peace ; and may you begin such a work as shall roll on to generations to come, and ultimately sweep hundreds of thousands into the Kingdom of God. Amen.”

After a few touching words from the Maréchale, in which, amid a thrill of silence and sympathy, she re-dedicated herself to the claims of the country which she had already made her own, the meeting terminated.

It was another landmark in the onward march of the Salvation Army. English-speaking nations were the first to claim a share in its attention, and the success achieved had encouraged the General and Mrs. Booth to extend their efforts to other lands, irrespective of languages and governments. In doing so they realised that in certain respects further adaptations of their measures would be required. But for this they were prepared. The being “all things to all men” could mean nothing less. The “thus far and no farther” of such changes they felt must be decided in each

country under the ever-varying light of experience and circumstances. But the main principles they believed to be such as were suitable to the whole human race. And in this they were not disappointed.

Writing to a friend immediately after her daughter's departure for Paris, Mrs. Booth says :

“Just a line to let you know our precious one has gone. She went off as bravely as could be expected, but it was a hard task—the parting. What I feel the Lord only knows; but He *does* know all, and the why and the wherefore. Satan says it will kill her, or—worse—she will come back a helpless invalid for life. Dr. — told me this on Thursday, and Satan has repeated it night and day ever since. I can only say, ‘Lord, I have given her to Thee; and if Thou so willest, Thy will be done!’ My soul shall not draw back; though He slay me, and her too, yet will I trust Him. Pray for me; the conflict is fierce. It is not so much the parting as the toil and burden which I know must come; and she is so frail!

“Pray for France. I have given my child for France, and now God must give me of the travail of my soul in thousands of conversions.”

Since that time Miss Booth has become known throughout the Army as “La Maréchale.” She left England in the very zenith of her success. Wherever she went powerful revivals broke out and hundreds of the worst sinners were converted. There was a pathos and a power about her appeals which made them irresistible. The very simplicity of the language in which they were uttered served but to accentuate the Divine influence with which they were accompanied. It has been impossible to more than touch upon the record of her early life in these pages, but enough has been said to show the nature of the sacrifice involved in her departure, not only from a personal point of view, but in the interests of the rapidly extending English work.

While the General and Mrs. Booth were not slow to recognise the increasing opportunities abroad, they were equally alive to the necessity of strengthening their position at home. London in particular engaged their deepest and most prayerful attention. In whatever light it might be regarded, it appeared impossible to over-estimate the importance of this vast city. Here was a nation in a nutshell; a

population compressed into the area of a few square miles which exceeded that of the enormous area of either Australia or Canada. Every facility existed for the cheap and rapid transit of any number of the spiritual legions that were being raised up. They could be concentrated or divided at the shortest possible notice. At no spot in the world were the



MRS. BOOTH'S RESIDENCE, 1881, AT CLAPTON COMMON.

extremes of wealth and poverty brought into such close juxtaposition. This, too, was in favour of the operations of the Salvation Army, since it provided the better opportunity of obtaining the sinews of war without forsaking the classes for whose salvation the organization was so specially set apart.

Here, in fact, was the political, commercial, numerical and religious capital of the British Empire, and perhaps the most

important vantage-ground from which to influence the entire world. Here was the pivot round which an immense portion of the activities of the civilized world revolved; the hinge upon which the door swung through which the Salvation Army could most conveniently and rapidly march upon the world; the strategical key of the entire situation. It was easier to influence even Continental nations from London than from any other city, and for almost every other country it might be said to be the not merely nominal but real heart, through which the life-blood coursed which made its pulsations felt at the very finger-tips of the world. If the circulation could be improved here it would be improved everywhere. No mere local or provincial remedies could exercise so universal an influence.

Hitherto, however, it was in the provinces that the chief successes of the Army had been gained. London had been confessedly used chiefly as a training-ground for the provincial recruits. While a good and solid footing had been secured in the metropolis, the work was not to be compared to that which had been established in many of the country towns and districts. It was a common saying, when strangers came to view the work, "You must not judge the Salvation Army by what you see in London. Go to Bristol, or Hull, or the Rhondda Valley, and you will find what it is capable of accomplishing." It was not merely that London in itself was a more difficult field, but that it required a much larger force to make a sensible impression upon it, and that the only available buildings were so enormously expensive.

But the time had now come for this reproach to be wiped away. The West End meetings of Mrs. Booth had undoubtedly furnished the thin edge of the wedge for the solution of the problem. Some of the most fashionable and expensive halls had been engaged for a series of lectures; the offerings made had more than equalled the expenditure.

Encouraged by the experiment, and realising that no sensible advance would be possible until suitable buildings had been secured, the General engaged a large rink close to

Oxford and Regent Circus at a rental of £1,000. The money required for fitting it up was quickly obtained, and a corps was established which has been from a spiritual standpoint exceptionally successful—sending out during the first ten years of its history hundreds of officers to the field, some of whom may be found in almost every portion of the world.

Meanwhile the Headquarters of the Salvation Army at 272, Whitechapel Road, had become far too small, and it had been necessary to secure fresh premises. They were found in Queen Victoria Street. But the rent again seemed prohibitive. It was not like taking a hall where collections could be made. The central administration of affairs, however necessary in itself, was totally unremunerative. Cautious friends urged that a building in some quiet neighbourhood would be much cheaper and just as suitable. Why did they not act upon the same advice themselves, pondered the General? There must be some reason why business men, with all their shrewdness and experience of the world, placed such importance on securing a prominent position for their premises. Similarly with statesmen. They evidently find it pays, or they would scarcely be so willing to part with the much-prized money.

And why, after all, should Jesus Christ be banished to the back streets? If He was born in a manger, that is no reason why He should be kept there all His life. It was high time that some one should bring Him to the front. Surely in such rich waters there must be some fishes to be caught, in whose mouths might be found the silver pieces necessary to pay the dues.

Moreover, every religious organization which had ever made a mark upon the world had found it necessary, sooner or later, to assume those positions which would enable it most to impress and reach the masses of mankind. The Army would at least be in good company, with a cathedral on one side, the Bible Society on the other, and the headquarters of nearly every Church within five minutes' walk. And again the forward step was taken, and the Salvation Army emerged

from the obscurity of its East End Bethlehem and occupied its position alongside the other philanthropies and institutions of the city and the world!

Eleven years have since elapsed. The vastly extended operations of the Army have necessitated the occupation of several of the adjoining premises, so that Nos. 99, 101, and 103 are now entirely devoted to the staff for the management of international affairs. Nor have these sufficed.

At some little distance from Queen Victoria Street are situated the Trade Headquarters in Clerkenwell Road, where the publications, uniforms, and musical instruments of the Salvation Army engage the time and attention of a numerous staff. In Thames Street again is the Labour Bureau, and in Hackney the Headquarters of the Rescue Work. These are only the directing centres for the supervision of operations at home and abroad.

London has since been occupied to an extent and with a force of which outsiders have but little idea. The ramifications of the work are almost numberless, and to review them with any thoroughness in person would occupy a visitor at least three or four days.

It constitutes a separate "division," with which are incorporated numerous training garrisons, under the charge of one of our most experienced commissioners. Dotted all over the metropolis and its suburbs are corps, each of which is a centre of love and effort on behalf of the people. In addition to the above there is the Social Branch, including Shelters, Food Depots, Slum Posts, Rescue Homes, Prison Gate Homes, and other agencies. The fact that the classes for whom they are intended avail themselves to the utmost extent of the accommodation thus provided proves that they appreciate the boon. Indeed, it is impossible to multiply these institutions fast enough to keep pace with the need.

Philanthropists cannot do better than examine for themselves in minutest detail the various ramifications of the Social Scheme. If the paper sketch of it was interesting, it follows that the plan reduced to practice is infinitely more

worthy of the most complete study of all sincere well-wishers of their fellow-men. The vastness of the plan has ever been its leading obstacle, but the feasibility of putting it into operation is now proved to demonstration, and it remains only for those who seek to uplift the submerged to render possible the further extension which the pressing need demands.

To return, however, to the history of the year. Another building was offered to the Army, which seemed to involve a still greater pecuniary risk. A large orphanage which had been abandoned for some years, and which had cost originally £60,000, was offered for £15,000, being little more than the value of the land and the materials. Some £8,000 or £9,000 were required for alterations, which would enable the central quadrangle to be converted into a fine amphitheatre capable of seating five thousand people, while the orphanage offered accommodation for some four hundred cadets. The opportunity was too good to be allowed to slip past. Even Mr. Booth's cautious friends could not fail to catch some of his enthusiasm. Mr. Denny headed the subscription list with one thousand guineas. Others contributed with like generosity. It seemed as though all were interested in the project. Sympathy and money poured in. The opening meetings were without parallel for crowds, enthusiasm and power, and some £3,000 were collected on a single occasion, the balance required being thus raised within an incredibly short space of time.

But the soldiers and friends of the Salvation Army had scarcely recovered from this effort when they and the public alike were startled to learn, a few weeks later, that the General had purchased the lease of the notorious Eagle public-house and Grecian theatre and dancing-grounds, in City Road, for the sum of £16,000. Many religious and philanthropic persons hailed with joy the news that what had hitherto been the worst plague-spot for the youth of London should be thus rescued and transformed into a centre for doing good. It was generally felt that this was the

greatest blow which had been struck to drink and vice for years.

Many a prodigal had been manufactured in its licentious haunts. Its pestiferous breath had blighted numberless homes. The once "far land" had been brought near, within the very shadow of the paternal mansion. The father had but to look from his window to see his son spending his inheritance in "riotous living." But he preferred to draw down his blinds, to license sin with a latch-key, and remain oblivious to the scene till some sudden thunderbolt from a blue sky made longer oblivion impossible.

Alas, that in a Christian country the existence of such hotbeds of vice should be possible! That the pride of England's youth, the bloom of her daughters, should be marred and sullied with impunity by those whom a Christless Christianity tolerates in their nefarious task, and whose power for evil is only limited by the one question—as to whether it will pay! If it pay to blast innocence, then blasted it shall be. If it pay to trade on folly, then it shall be traded on to the last degree. Who cares? The good are too busy in saving their own souls. The bad are tarred with the same brush.

It is easy to sing "Rescue the perishing" when no personal sacrifice is involved. But where are the modern Davids who are willing to face the Liquor Lion and the Lust Bear as they unite to carry off not one but hundreds of the purest lambs from London's fold? Who will wrench the victim from their jaws? Who will risk his own life and limb? Who in England? Who in the world? Is there not among these weeping mothers a Deborah? And has the boasted manhood all departed from the wronged fathers' hearts, that not a Barak can be found who will rise up and lead a charge upon these dens of infamy?

Ah, if in one long row there could be made to stand before those who build, license, and cater for these headquarters of iniquity, these *oubliettes* of hell, the miserable list of victims, how ghastly the sight! What a revelation! All ranks

in society would be represented, from the peerage to the pit! How they would strive to conceal their identity! What disgrace would be poured upon many a family that at present carries its head as high as any in the land! The sons and daughters of peers, ay, of prelates too, would mingle with those of the humblest citizens. What a holocaust of homes and hopes! What a slaughter-house of beauty! What a butchery of talents! What a cruel carnage of all that is best and loveliest in God Almighty's workmanship!

Oh that we, Christians of England, philanthropists, humanitarians, or any others who possess an ounce of compassion for their fellow-men, could picture to ourselves these battlefields of vice, their pillaged purity and outraged worth, their heaps of slaughtered souls, since first these walls of sin were reared. Would that the walls could tell the tale of the scenes they have frowned upon! Perhaps they will—some day! But are we to wait for the Judgment before such evil haunts are doomed? Is our statute-book to remain the laughing-stock of sin? Are we to pounce down upon the finished product and to tolerate these manufactories of evil?

Time was when our coasts were lined with wreckers, who with false beacons lured ships to their doom and lived upon the plunder. Now their very existence is forgotten. Once pirates roved the seas, so that merchant vessels sailed in fleets and fully armed. Society resolved to sweep them off, and they are gone. Now the smallest trading-boat can sail the seas without a gun, so perfect is the security to life and property. Where are the robbers and the wolves that once devastated our own land? Gone? *No!* They are still here; but they have changed their name and dress. They have suited themselves to their altered circumstances and still ply their trade—with the sanction of the law. Wreckers, pirates, robbers, wolves, no longer find it necessary to hide in dens and caves. They prey openly upon the vitals of society and make their living by plundering its morals.

They have only changed their tactics, and the world is as yet too blind to recognise them in their new disguise. But they are essentially the same, and fleece both rich and poor. Sooner or later society will yet again wake from its slumbers, and say to them once more, "Begone!"

It was with feelings of intense satisfaction that General and Mrs. Booth hailed this opportunity for occupying such a fortress of evil. Indeed, it has not been the least remarkable work of the Salvation Army that it has transformed numerous similar resorts into centres of virtue and benevolence. Thus the devil has been ousted from his supreme domain, and his followers captured for Christ and righteousness.

There was, however, one difficulty in the present case. According to the original lease the Eagle was to be kept up by any future lessee as "an inn, tavern, or public-house." The lawyers who were consulted on the question gave it as their opinion that it would sufficiently answer the purpose of this covenant if the license for selling drink on the premises were renewed from year to year, whether intoxicating liquor were actually sold or not. There was nothing to prevent, they thought, the building from being used as a Temperance Hotel, an institution which had been needed for some time past, and which appeared likely to be both useful and profitable, for the accommodation of friends and officers.

They considered, moreover, and it seemed quite consonant with common-sense, that such a view would be in accordance with the use of the three different words. Scarcely, however, had the premises been opened upon the new lines when an action was commenced by the original lessor for the recovery of both the Eagle and the Grecian, on the ground that the above covenant had been broken. After many tedious legal proceedings, through the labyrinths of which it is no part of our present task to thread our way, it was finally decided that the covenant made it necessary for whoever owned the Eagle Tavern to sell liquor, whether they wished to do so or not; that the mere renewal of the license

was not sufficient, and that as the sale of intoxicating drinks was contrary to the principles of the Salvation Army, the Eagle Tavern should be given up, while the remainder of the premises, including the Grecian Theatre and its dancing-grounds, should be retained, the future rent being proportionately reduced.

The terms imposed by the Court of Appeal were justly characterised by the Master of the Rolls as being severe, but they were a considerable improvement on those of the lower court, which would have handed over everything to the landlord! It was again a case of the letter *versus* the spirit, with the usual result.

Mrs. Booth followed the legal proceedings with the intensest interest, and when she learned the final decision of the Appellate Court, exclaimed, with her characteristic vehemence, "Well, whatever they may say, I shall always hold that 'or' means 'or.'"

The opening of the Grecian was a time of unparalleled excitement. The streets in the neighbourhood were blocked with an immense concourse of roughs, estimated to number some thirty thousand. It was with the greatest difficulty that the General and Mrs. Booth, and those who were to take part in the proceedings, were enabled to effect an entrance, even with the aid of a large body of police. Nevertheless the meetings were of a most enthusiastic character, and the tumultuous roar of voices that could be heard from without but served to emphasize the nature of the victory that had been gained in thus establishing a camp in this, the veriest stronghold of the enemy.

It is, moreover, satisfactory to know that through the work since carried on in the Grecian the entire character of the neighbourhood has been changed. The inhabitants of this brotheldom have deserted the neighbourhood by hundreds—alas, that there were so many other districts of a similar character to which they could transfer their services! And the Bacchanalian orgies, which rivalled the worst features of heathendom, have been succeeded by songs and

prayers. The tears of penitents have replaced those of broken-hearted mothers, and many prodigal sons and daughters have once more sought their Father's home.

One of the new departures of the year 1881 consisted in the inauguration of meetings at Exeter Hall. It seemed a daring experiment to hope to fill this vast building, especially on a popular holiday, Easter Monday, the occasion selected for the first attempt. To announce an all-day holiness convention, and this at a season when London invariably emptied itself into the country, excursions, seemed nothing short of folly. It would be difficult enough at any time to get 4,000 people together to spend the entire day in praising God. To do so on a great national festival appeared doubly hopeless.

It was truly a difficult task to revive among Christians the old Jewish idea of making a holiday a holy day. The heathenish saturnalia, and the copious libations of beer, gin, and whiskey with which such occasions were celebrated, or *enjoyed*, as it was half in satire termed, had come to be a part and parcel of the nation's life. Bold was the man who would venture to suggest to the pleasure-hunting multitudes that they could enjoy themselves better in a place of worship than at a public-house, in singing hymns than in singing comic songs, in prayers than in blasphemies, in breaking their hearts before God than in breaking each other's heads! And yet it was Easter—a Christian festival in a Christian land—and the public holiday was supposed to be in honour of a risen Saviour! Verily, it would be difficult to find a stranger contradiction.

However, General and Mrs. Booth were not mistaken in their anticipations, though they were little prepared for the enthusiasm with which the project was taken up. Writing four days previous to the meetings, Mrs. Booth says:

“We have now over four thousand tickets out, and they are being sent for from Scotland, Ireland, Spain, and France! We shall have an overflow meeting in the small hall, and are hoping for a wonderful day. Satan has done his best to upset us by every possible means, but we shall win, because God is with us.

"The authorities charge us £50 for the day. The devil thought we should be frightened at that, but he was mistaken. Think of it! We shall have four thousand people to a holiness-meeting in Exeter Hall! That speaks for itself. Pray for much of the Holy Ghost."

The meetings were beyond description. Both the General and Mrs. Booth delivered powerful and heart-searching addresses, and hundreds rose to their feet to consecrate themselves afresh to God. In referring to this occasion in one of her letters, Mrs. Booth alludes to the impression produced by a single epithet in her address, when she had characterised much of the Christianity of the present day as being of a "mongrel" type:

"The sentence in my speech at Exeter Hall about mongrel Christianity has created quite a panic! And although I did not say what the *Chronicle* imputed to me, as our report in the *Cry* shows, what I did say has done us a lot of good with outsiders. Everybody knows it is true, and to find any one who dare speak the truth in these days is striking to the infidels! As soon as I am able I will write a leader on what I meant by 'mongrel Christianity.' You will have heard that even the *Telegraph* is coming round, and there were two good pieces in the *Times* yesterday! Wait a bit and we will astonish the world, in the strength of the God of Israel. Pray for us. Our poor weak bodies are the great drawback!"

The success of this experiment led to its frequent repetition in the future. It might have been supposed that the interest would in course of time decay. But such has not been the case. On the contrary, Exeter Hall has become far too small for the needs of the Salvation Army, and the vast area of the Crystal Palace itself has scarcely held the crowds which have been gathered together for recent anniversaries.

Until her last illness, it is hardly necessary to remark that Mrs. Booth was owned of God in an especial manner at the Exeter Hall gatherings. Some of the most powerful and impassioned appeals of her life were delivered from its platform. And there are doubtless thousands the tenor of whose whole Christian life has been transformed and fired by her Spirit-accompanied words.

In addition to this effort Mrs. Booth continued her West

End lectures, alternately occupying St. James's, St. Andrew's, St. George's, and sometimes Steinway Hall. A large number of these addresses have been epitomised and published in book form, although, as those who have listened to her burning words will testify, stenographers have found it no easy task to do justice to the subject. It was such a temptation,



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

on these occasions, for those who are usually mere automata to listen for themselves rather than to write for others. And what memory could afterwards serve to transcribe the words? Mrs. Booth herself could not recall to mind the inspirations of the hour, so that it was impossible at best to do more than improve the imperfect record of utterances, the impetuous eloquence of which resembled at the moment the rush of a torrent, or the sweep of a whirlwind.

In visiting the provinces this year Mrs. Booth held meetings

in various towns. In the following letter she describes her visit to Hull, which had recently been opened by the Army, and where the usual signs and wonders had taken place :

“The work here surpasses Bristol. The morning procession has just gone by; six hundred at least in the ranks, comprising many of those who have been the biggest blackguards in the town. Oh, it cheers one to hear the wonderful stories everywhere! Wonderful! *Wonderful!* I have three very heavy meetings before me. This afternoon the Drill Hall, an immense place with a bad echo, and Tuesday night the Circus, seating three thousand. Ask the Lord to give me more Holy Ghost power. Oh, the glorious opportunity! It almost overwhelms me!”

In a subsequent letter Mrs. Booth says :

“There are fourteen public-houses to let, for which they give us the credit, and one publican openly says he is losing £80 per week through us! Another was at the penitent-form the other night, and has shut up his house! A town-councillor said to me after the lecture that we had influenced the entire population and stirred up every church in it! Oh, it is glory!

In the meantime there had arisen difficulties with the police authorities in Paris. It was hardly to be wondered at that, in dealing with the Socialist communistic classes, disturbances should have occurred. The police became alarmed, and for a time closed the hall.

In writing to a friend concerning the action of the police, Mrs. Booth says :

“With regard to France, Mr. Weldon, the Editor of the *Rock* (a personal friend of the Minister of the Interior), and also one of the chief deputies have gone to Paris on purpose to influence the authorities in our favour. They are armed with a document signed by the Lord Mayor, Lord Cairns, the City Chamberlain, and Colonel Henderson! We lunched with the Lord Mayor on Saturday when we were there getting the signature.”

This appeal was successful, and resulted in the re-opening of the hall and the revival of the work.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SHEFFIELD RIOT. 1882.

“Man’s inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn.”

THE year 1882 commenced with one of the most serious riots which even the Salvation Army has witnessed. A great Council of War had been arranged to take place at Sheffield. The Albert Hall, accommodating some three thousand five hundred persons, had been taken for the occasion. It was gorged for the Sunday meetings, the open-air demonstrations attracting immense crowds. The General led the meetings, assisted by Mrs. Booth. It was one of their old battle-fields. More than twenty-five years previously they had seen hundreds of souls seek salvation at their meetings. But it was no longer the church and chapel-goers whom they were content to reach. A very different class now claimed their attention.

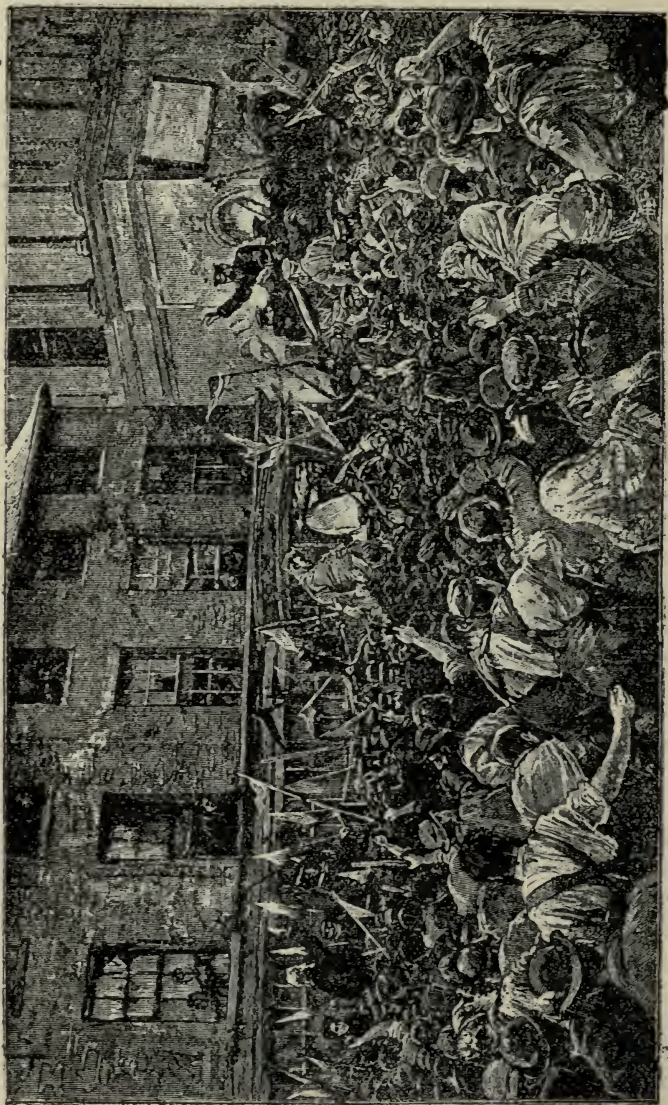
The extremes of good and evil, of piety and blasphemy, of virtue and vice, like those of wealth and poverty, are often found to meet. The powers of sin seem to take a peculiar pleasure in establishing their strongholds within a bow-shot of the gates of heaven, as if to drive away those who desire to enter. For a time their existence is unsuspected, but at length their batteries are unmasked, and woe to those who come within the range of their remorseless shot and shell!

It was so in Sheffield. Famous for its revivals, it was no less famous for its rowdyism. The Sheffield “Blades,” as the roughs were facetiously entitled, resembled their relatives, the Nottingham “Lambs,” only that they were more appropriately named. There certainly was not much to choose between the cutlery for which their town was famed and the

moral steel of which their hearts appeared to be composed. So long ago as the days of Charles Wesley he had found reason to complain that they were the most perfect specimens of brutality that even in his experiences he had anywhere seen, and that, as there was "no king in Israel," so there appeared to be no magistrate in Sheffield, every man doing what seemed good in his own eyes. Since then a hundred years had passed. Divine visitations had come and gone, but the Sheffield "Blades" had taken comparatively little notice of them, and the idea of crossing the threshold of church or chapel had long since died out.

Hitherto even the belligerent forces of the Salvation Army had been prevented by the want of suitable buildings from making such an impression upon them as had been the case elsewhere. On the present occasion, however, the "Blades" were fairly upon their mettle. A counter-attraction had burst upon the scene, which left gin-palace and street-brawl pigeon-flying and cock-fighting, together with the other recreations of the race, far in the lurch. The Salvationists had gathered in force from the surrounding country-side. Their existence could not be ignored.

On this particular Sunday, wherever you might go, the pavements were covered with announcements of the meetings, which had been chalked out upon them in the early morning, when most people were still asleep. The hall was crowded and the streets lined through the day, but beyond a little preliminary horse-play, which the processionists took good-humouredly, nothing went amiss. The "Blades," however, were not slow to remark that there were but few police, and they knew enough of the Salvation Army to be aware that they themselves would not show fight, whatever might occur. They were annoyed, moreover, at finding that the majority of those who marched in the ranks were deserters from themselves. The marshal of the procession was Major Cadman, whose character we have already sketched. Then, conspicuous in a scarlet coat and dark blue helmet, there was the massive figure of Lieutenant Davidson, the champion



THE SHEFFIELD RIOT.

Northumberland wrestler, in the very uniform which he had previously worn at the Stevenson Centenary.

The "Blades" were more familiar with the doings of champion wrestlers and pugilists than with those of archbishops and prime ministers. They were hero-worshippers, and these were their heroes. Samson was their tutelary god! Dick Turpin their high priest! Bradlaugh their prophet! Infidelity their creed! Anarchy their millennium! The devil their crowned and accepted king! They at least believed in his existence. Did they not often see him for themselves when the "horrors" were upon them? Hell was their heaven! Bone, muscle, and brute force were to them what refinement, skill, and knowledge are to the "upper ten." Courage was the only virtue they recognised, might their only right.

Such, not merely in Sheffield, but in scores of towns outwardly decent and respectable, is a picture of the lion's den of modern society, into which some of our latter-day Dariuses would thrust the Salvation Army Daniels, there leaving them to perish! And how many of the lookers-on, if they do not actually approve such proceedings, say or fancy that it serves them right! Why must Daniel worship in the street, or with his windows open towards Jerusalem? There are some who would imitate the Persian house of lords in getting a special Act of Parliament to suppress the right! Why cannot the Salvation Army confine itself to its buildings, like others do? they ask. And first, we answer, Because others don't. We are by no means the only organisation to recognise the value of the open-air. If an act be passed against us, let it at least include the Church, the Non-conformists, the Temperance societies, the politicians, the circuses, the race-course, and all else. If evil agencies could be thus included with the good in the suppression, it might not, we confess, be an unqualified loss. But if it is not to be contemplated in the one case let us have done with suggesting it in the other. Let mayors and magistrates who venture to trifle with national liberties understand that they

will have to reckon with an uncompromising legislature, and with an executive who will know how to use the powers entrusted to their care!

It is commonly supposed that by our open-air work we provoke disturbances which would otherwise not occur. As a matter of fact, we only anticipate evils which are rapidly gaining headway, and which, unless they are anticipated by somebody, will overwhelm society with confusion, and this at no distant date. As pointed out by Mrs. Booth in the address already quoted, we have not created these slumeries! We are in no way responsible for their existence—at least only so far as our individual power will allow us to alleviate their miseries. They are there, whether we go to them or stop at home.

The outlet of emigration, which has hitherto in some measure relieved this abscess of society, is being closed. Country after country is barring its doors against the heterogeneous mass of corruption which we have hitherto been able to pour upon its shores. Australia, America, and other nations say, "We will not receive your criminals and paupers"; (and who does not know that criminals are paupers, and paupers too often criminals?) "Only those who can bring with them the wherewithal to start in life will be permitted to land. The rest we shall send back!" And as a consequence our starving poor can no longer go forth. They must stay where they are, and breed and rot, and rot and breed, till they learn their power and turn upon the society that has sinned against itself and its children in leaving these outcasts to their fate.

How long will it be possible to abandon them to themselves? How long will they be content to be buried alive while the mansions of the rich lie within such easy reach? How long will it be before insurrection takes the place of burglary? How are they to be restrained? Who is to say them Nay? What power is to prevent it? Science has placed within the reach of the poor and the oppressed instruments of destruction too horrible to contemplate. How

much "dynamite" or "terrorite" would it require to reduce the West of London to a heap of unrecognisable ruins?

How long can we rely on constables and soldiers, recruited from these very ranks, not to turn their loaded weapons upon those who close their ears to the cry of their fellow-creatures in distress? Who does not know that tens of thousands of these slummers are trained soldiers, who understand how to handle weapons as well as any of their comrades in the field. Inured to hardship and accustomed to obey the word of command, they require but to combine, to work their will. Their numbers, their power, their votes are increasing day by day. Once voiceless, they are making themselves heard. They are organising. They are developing leaders of their own. The balance of power is changing hands before our very eyes. They will soon be in a position to take, without a "thank you," what is now withheld.

What shall we do with them? Shall we continue to pursue the suicidal Pharaoh-policy? Shall we set over them more constables "to afflict them"? Will they always go on building for us "treasure cities"? Do we not find that the more they are afflicted "the more they multiply and grow"? Has it paid to make them "serve with rigour," and to "make their lives bitter with hard bondage" in picking oakum and in breaking stones? What now remains, save to perfect the parallel by consigning their new-born babes to the waters of the Thames—nay, have not our workhouses and jails been as the Nile, into which we have sought to fling our pauper population, leaving them to sink or swim as best they might?

And when a modern Moses arises, with a Scheme for leading these miserable millions into a second Canaan, instead of welcoming the deliverance, many of us oppose it with well-nigh as hard a heart as Pharaoh of old, unconvinced even by miracles. Will nothing short of the blood of our first-born persuade us, Christians as we call ourselves, to "let the people go" that they may serve God in some of

the waste wildernesses of the world? Must the critic chariots and horses of society sally forth to oppose the march of the ransomed slaves? Will nothing but the overwhelming waters of some national calamity silence them?

Blücher is by no means the only man to whom the idea has ever occurred that London would be a fine city for plunder! If we will not let them have a religious Moses to lead them out in peace, let us beware lest they choose for themselves a Robespierre, a Danton, a Marat, or a Napoleon. For, as surely as we live, the day will come when, if we withhold from them the Gospel, we shall feel their sword; and if we reject the opportunity of a revolution of peace we shall meet with a revolution of blood.

What culpable folly it is, then, to shut our eyes to these elements of danger, to "pass on," like the proverbial simpleton, until we are "punished"! What recklessness to hold back and discourage those who, at the risk of life and limb, have flung themselves into these cesspools of iniquity!

But to return. Monday had been fixed for a monster procession through the town. The Sheffield slums belched forth their contents in a manner which had never before been witnessed by its inhabitants. The few members of the police force present were totally inadequate to deal with the crowds. And, although from the first it was evident that there was mischief in the air, no further help was sent. The "Blades" understood and made the best of their opportunity. Davidson, on his charger, was literally plastered with mud till the colour of his coat and face was almost unrecognisable. Stones and brickbats fell in showers. At length a short, heavy stick came flying through the air and struck him on the back of his head. He would have fallen from the horse, but was supported on either side till the hall was reached. Although in the greatest pain, he was heard to say, "I hope they'll get saved." He was removed to the hospital in an insensible condition; but one of the first messages that he whispered, when returning to consciousness, was, "I am saved! And had the work to be done again, I would do it

to-morrow!" For some time his life was despaired of, and it was weeks before he was able to leave his bed.

The brass band, which occupied the waggonette in front of the General's carriage, was another target for the rioters. Nor did the General and Mrs. Booth escape a share of their attention, although miraculously preserved from the flying missiles. Mrs. Booth's concern for the General, for Davidson, for the brass band, and for the devoted soldiers in the march, rendered her oblivious to her own danger. The General, standing in the carriage during the entire length of the march, gave his directions with a presence of mind and collectedness which might have been envied by many a commander on the field of battle. And when at length the hall was reached, and a group of mud-bespattered, bruised and bleeding officers welcomed him at the door, with a twinkle in his eye and admiration on his face he said, "Now is the time to get your photographs taken!"

In spite of the dreadful tumult through which they had just passed, the meeting in the hall was one of unbounded enthusiasm. The sight upon the platform was unique. Bruised and bandaged heads, faces gashed with stones, clothes daubed with blood and mud, fronted the crowded building. And yet there was not an angry look or word. The joy that beamed from every countenance contrasted strangely with the scars and stains. The prayers and praises that rang through the hall seemed the more heavenly and inspired because of the oaths and blasphemies which still rent the air outside.

There is no power to affect the human heart like the power of suffering. Calvary is the supreme illustration of this. And thus a profound impression was made that day, not only upon the city of Sheffield, but upon the country at large. We owe it to the authorities and to the people to acknowledge that there has never been a repetition of the riot. On the other hand, many of the roughest characters have been converted, and a prosperous and sustained work has been established in the town.

The riot attracted at the time much public attention, the newspapers being almost unanimous in concurring that mob-law was undesirable. From many unexpected sources sympathetic letters were received. The following tribute of sympathy from Mr. John Bright, M.P., will be read with interest:

“HOUSE OF COMMONS, *May 3rd, 1882.*

“DEAR MADAM,—I gave your letter to Sir W. Harcourt. He had already given his opinion in the House of Commons, which will be, to some extent, satisfactory to you.

“I hope the language of Lord Coleridge and the Home Secretary will have some effect on the foolish and unjust magistrates, to whom, in some districts, the administration of the law is, unfortunately, committed.

“I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill-treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail.

“I am, with great respect and sympathy,

“Yours sincerely,

“JOHN BRIGHT.”

The attention of the House of Lords having been called by the Earl of Fortescue to the various disturbances connected with the open-air work, the late Archbishop Tait said:

“He felt that he ought not to allow this subject to pass without remark. Some difficulty had, doubtless, arisen in reference to it in consequence of the members of the Salvation Army acting in a way which was not customary among religious bodies, and some were shocked by what they regarded as a want of reverence on their part. But it had been well remarked that perhaps their peculiar mode of proceeding was such as would have considerable influence over uncultivated minds, and, looking at the fact that there was in this country a vast mass of persons who could not be reached by the more regular administration of the Church, it was not unlikely that much good might eventually result from the more irregular action of the Salvationists. He had been informed that the leaders of the movement were persons of unimpeachable character, and that they were most desirous of checking the extravagances of many of their followers, and that there had been much misrepresentation spread abroad with regard to them. [Hear, hear.]

“He trusted, therefore, that any movement of this kind, provided it were carried on with decency and propriety, would be encouraged, and that it would be able usefully to supplement the efforts of the regular

clergy in affording spiritual aid to the great mass of the population." [Hear, hear.]

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, speaking on the same occasion, made the following remarks :

"He spoke in that House under considerable restraint, because it might be his duty to sit elsewhere in judgment, and he would be sorry to say a word which might prejudice a case before him hereafter.

"He took it, that every Englishman had an absolute and unqualified right to go about his business and perform legal acts with the protection of the law; and he apprehended that walking through the streets in order and procession, even if accompanied by music and the singing of hymns, was absolutely lawful, in the doing of which every subject had the right to be protected."

Speaking on another occasion, in an appeal to the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Coleridge said :

"To inflict the ignominious punishment of hard labour on men simply because they are religious enthusiasts is a thing not to be tolerated."

Nevertheless, at Bath, Guildford, Arbroath, Forfar, and other places, disturbances occurred. During the twelve months no less than six hundred and sixty-nine members of the Salvation Army were, to our knowledge, knocked down, kicked, or otherwise brutally assaulted. Of these two hundred and fifty-one were women, and twenty-three children under fifteen years of age! No less than fifty-six of the buildings used by the Salvation Army were attacked, the windows broken, and in some cases serious injury inflicted, not only upon the halls, but upon the private property of the individuals known to be in sympathy with the cause.

But surely the roughs are scarcely to be blamed for their Salvation-baiting propensities when they were encouraged in their course by the imprisonment of no less than eighty-six members of the Army, fifteen of them being women! And yet the Mayor of Bath, in writing to the Home Secretary regarding the disturbances, admitted that the attacks made on the Salvationists in that town were utterly unprovoked :

"The reports received by the magistrates from the police indicate that the 'Salvationists' keep themselves strictly within the law. We

find that even when struck, assailed with foul and abusive language, and their property broken and destroyed, the 'Salvationists' do not retaliate!"

In referring to these imprisonments, in the course of an enthusiastic address at the opening of the Clapton Congress Hall, Mrs. Booth gives an interesting account of a passage of arms between herself and a magistrate :

"I said to a magistrate, a little while ago, who asked whether we could not give up the processions—'Oh dear, no! I would go to jail, and die there, before I would give them up. We catch our grandest fish by the processions.'

"'But,' said he, 'we would give you a field to go in.'

"'Oh! thank you,' I said, 'but the men are not in the field. We are after *the people*, and we must go where the people are.'

"'Well,' he said, 'what are you going to do, supposing all the magistrates proclaim the towns?'

"'Do?' I said; 'go on, to be sure.'

"'Suppose they put all your officers in prison?'

"'Oh!' I said, 'we have plenty ready to come after them to fill their places. You try it; and when the prisons are full then the English people will rise and ask why they are compelled to keep the people in gaol, and pay taxes for their support, for preaching the Gospel.'

"'But,' he asked, 'what will you say to the magistrates who condemn you?'

"'The old answer will do: "Whether it be right to obey men rather than God, judge ye." Didn't the magistrates come down on Paul and Silas, and did they not forbid them to speak any more in that Name? and what notice did Paul and Silas take of it? And so it must be with the Salvation Army.'

In referring at this time to the Army's aggressive efforts Archbishop Tait, who had sent a subscription towards the purchase of the Eagle and the Grecian, remarked that the one impossible, intolerable thing would be to sit still and do nothing in presence of the great call for increased activity.

Speaking on the same subject, the late Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, said :

"Shall we be satisfied with going on as hitherto, picking up one here and one there, gathering together a more or less select congregation, forgetful meanwhile of the Master's command, 'Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in'? The Salvation Army has

taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled us to this lost ideal of the work of the Church—the *universal compulsion of the souls of men!*”

Amongst the handful of British statesmen who were the first to recognise the great future that lay in store for the Salvation Army was the late Earl Cairns.

A man of genuine piety, a Christian first and then a statesman, he was, nevertheless, by no means an enthusiast. A first glance at his massive, thoughtful countenance was enough to show that here was not a character that would be carried away by mere feelings. A stranger might almost be tempted to have doubted whether he had an emotional side; whether reason, judgment, calculation, had not entirely extinguished the softer side of his nature; whether the granite of which his powerful and intellectual mien appeared to be composed was not bereft of the deep subsoil and rich verdure of the affections. He was the *beau ideal* of a prudent statesman. Cool-headed, far-seeing, sagacious, strong-willed, cautious to timidity, weighty as a sledge-hammer in his utterances.

In many respects he seemed the very antithesis of the hot-blooded, fiery Salvationist. It might have been supposed that his preference for the quiet and undemonstrative in religion would have made him shrink from the noisy and fervent zeal of the latter. But, while his characteristic Scotch caution forbade his being an enthusiast, it was leavened with a touch of genuine Irish warm-heartedness, which enabled him to recognise in the Salvation Army the fundamentals of Christianity, without permitting the minor points of difference to intervene as barriers against the overflowings of a large and sympathetic soul. And he had the courage to express his convictions.

Lady Cairns, an active Christian worker, attended many of Mrs. Booth's West End meetings, besides arranging several drawing-room gatherings. For Mrs. Booth and the *Maré-chale* she entertained a particularly warm affection, but, while sympathising deeply with the work of the Army,

there were some of its features to which she could not reconcile herself.

The following is the substance of an address delivered by Lord Cairns at a meeting of sympathisers and friends of the Salvation Army :

“I have long looked with great interest upon this great movement, and have regretted very much many of the statements that have been made about it. I feel, myself, that all the reports which have been made with a view of casting discredit on the Salvation Army have been either mistaken or much exaggerated, and now that you have heard General Booth's statements you will be able to go and tell others, who have been misled by such reports, what actually did take place. There is one thing that always strikes me in thinking about this movement : that is, the great and indisputable fact that the Salvation Army work has, under God's blessing, carried the knowledge of the Salvation from which it derives its name to a vast stratum, to hundreds and thousands of the population of the country, who have never been reached by the Gospel before.

“Many of us have seen nothing of this teeming and seething stratum of our population ; I, myself, perhaps, have seen but little of it. Now, it would be a great mistake for us who have been accustomed to deal with a different class of society, with persons of education, of regular and orderly lives and habits, to apply our ideas of things to the stratum of society among which the Army works. I think if we were to bring our ideas to bear upon the working of the Army, and introduce our traditional, well-regulated, cut-and-dried system, and say, This is the way, or, That is the way, that the Salvation Army ought to proceed, I feel sure that the Salvation Army would simply fail. They might give up their work, and the masses of population I have referred to would never be got at at all.

“I can only say that as soon as I can find another organisation moving amongst this same class of people, bringing the Gospel to bear upon them, and producing such results as this Army is producing, and doing this work in a way more free from the possibility of criticism, I may, perhaps, prefer that organisation. But at present there is no such organisation, and we are in this position—that we must either take the agency of the Salvation Army and make the best of it, or else we must give up all those masses of people as hopeless and abandoned for ever. We cannot, most of us, go and work in the places where the forces of the Salvation Army work. We cannot do it in person ; but it is surely a great privilege for us, if we cannot do the work ourselves, to be able to help forward those who can and will do it.

“What I would impress upon you and those listening to the reports which either from mistake, or ignorance, or prejudice, are circulated

about the proceedings of the Salvation Army, is, Don't believe them. Go and see for yourself, or enquire in any case, and ask for explanation, and I feel sure you will get it. Let us, then, having got this great agency to do the work that is so much needed to be done, not merely go and say, 'Yes, it is all very interesting, and no doubt much good is being done,' but let us join to lend a helping hand to this great movement. Let us, if we think it is doing God's work, be firm, and help it forward, and let us honestly and consistently give it such assistance as we have it in our power to give.'

This outspoken utterance was the more remarkable as it was delivered after listening to an unprovoked and bitter attack upon the Army work from the most extreme Plymouth Brother point of view. At the conclusion of his remarks the speaker took his hat and walked out of the room, without waiting to listen to the reply to his objections which Mrs. Booth was instantly upon her feet to make. During this unexpected onslaught Earl Cairns' countenance retained the placidity of a marble statue, and the warm words with which he closed the meeting were the more emphatic from having been delivered at the conclusion of such an episode.

And thus, amidst storm and sunshine, amidst blame and praise, neither cowed by the one nor unduly elated by the other, but God-inspired and God-guarded, the Salvation Army continued to advance. Town after town was opened. At Shipley 148 souls professed conversion during the first week, at Tamworth 120 names were taken the first night, and 322 by the week-end. The notorious Grecian Theatre witnessed 1,800 seekers for salvation within the first three months. The 251 corps with which the year commenced had increased to 442, the 533 officers to 1,067, including 164 cadets in training at the Clapton Training Home. The income locally collected and expended by the corps had increased from £57,000 to £88,870, besides a sum of £36,000 which had been given for the purchase of buildings. Truly, there was ample cause for raising a new Ebenezer as a memorial of the victories of the past and as a stimulus to fresh faith for the future.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

INDIA. SWEDEN. CANADA. 1882.

IT was a strange chain of circumstances that induced the General and Mrs. Booth to contemplate India as a field for work. But what development of the Salvation Army has not been strange? Surely its name, like that of its Divine Master, might well be called "Wonderful." And when have not the manifestations of God to man been wonderful? As soon as they cease to possess this character they cease in proportion to display His power. "Wonderful" has been the tribute of mankind inscribed across each successive billow of Divine influence which has swept over the world's heart, flinging back, for a time at least, the all-usurping powers of evil. "Wonderful" must always be the works of the Holy Ghost, through whomsoever they are wrought. Contemporaries may be too blind to perceive it, but posterity must needs write across the apostolic pages of such deeds its epitaph of "Wonderful."

And thus, no matter what the future of the Salvation Army may be, *the past is what it is*, and, thank God, cannot be blotted out. If the movement were to perish to-morrow, the day is nevertheless bound to come when all will recognise not only the grand unchangeable *has-been*, but the inherent possibilities of the *what-might-have-been*, and will be constrained to award the just meed of praise. Its heroes and heroines will yet take their stand beside the saints and martyrs of the past. Its betrayers and persecutors will reap the curses of the Judases and Herods of mankind. Its timid apologists will rank with weak-kneed Gamaliel, or trembling Nicodemus. And the children of those who have slain the

prophets will entomb the sufferers with their costly offerings.

But India! That Babel of languages! That wilderness of religions! That unfathomed ocean of possibilities! Was it strange, after all, that God should have some purposes of tenderness and mercy toward its myriad inhabitants—that He should put His finger on a baby boy, cradle him in the country, snatch him from the clutch of mutineers, send him across the seas to be educated in the learning of the European Egyptians, and then back to India to be educated in the woes of the suffering natives, fling him into the heart of the Salvation Army, and then cause this modern whale of the religious deep to vomit him back on the shores of this Eastern Nineveh? It was surely no harder for the Lord than that so many of England's slum saviours should have been recruited from the public-house.

The need was truly appalling. There were missionaries, it is true, but what were they among so many? Roughly speaking, they would represent a minister for every 400,000 souls. And then the deadly climate had prostrated a large percentage even of these.

And worse than this. The revivals which had from time to time burst forth, and cheered the toilers with the hopes of speedily conquering India for Christ, had of late mysteriously died out. It would hardly be too much to say that there was at the time of which we write a spiritual famine in the land. The Obadiah's of the day were scanning the horizon for clouds, but none could be seen so big even as a man's hand. Here is the unrefutable testimony of the Editor of the *Indian Witness*, the most influential religious paper then published in India, on this point. He was a spiritually-enlightened man—an American:

“Some of our readers wish us to publish fuller and more frequent accounts of revival work in India, or, as it is more properly called by some, soul-saving work. We are more than willing to print any such news, if it is sent to us, but we fear the sorrowful truth must be confessed that just at present there is not much going on in India to which the

word 'revival' can be very correctly prefixed. There is a lull all along the line.

"Hopeful indications and tokens for good are reported in many places, but a genuine revival, a powerful work of awakening and conversion, does not seem to prevail at any one point in the Empire.

"This is a state of things which calls for very deep heart-searching and much earnest waiting upon God in prayer. When we consider the extent of the field and the number of workers engaged, the noble opportunities set before us, and the Master's command to go forward, it certainly ought to provoke very serious thought on the part of all Christians in India to learn that there is not a single revival of any note in progress in any part of India.

"How long shall this lamentation be made?"

But, need or no need, the European newspapers in India could scarcely have been more alarmed at the prospect, had they been anticipating the descent of a Russian fleet, than they were at the news of the arrival of the Salvation Army. There was little short of a press panic, in which all officialdom appeared to share. Some proposed that the four very harmless-looking officers who composed the invading force should be prevented from disembarking, and deported by the next steamer to their native land. Others suggested repression of various degrees.

A secret circular was issued asking for advice as to the best sections of the Indian Penal Code for dealing summarily with the dangerous element. Police, mounted and on foot, European and native, were detailed to watch every movement of the new arrivals. Constant telegrams were exchanged between the Governor of Bombay and the Commissioner of Police, who had strict orders to allow nothing to be done "outside the ordinary line of missionary enterprise." A few days later it was decided to forbid all open-air demonstrations, on the ground that they were calculated to lead to a breach of the peace. And yet, at this very time, the streets of Bombay were filled with rival Hindoo and Mahommedan processionists, numbering at least some tens of thousands, and blocking for several days almost every thoroughfare in the town. Prosecution followed prosecution. The writer of this memoir was imprisoned for a month, others for lesser terms. But the work advanced.

Singular to say, the natives, on whose behalf the Europeans had raised the agitation, refused to join in the hue and cry. At Calcutta they organised an enormous mass-meeting in the Town Hall, under the leadership of the famous Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, protesting with the most perfect unanimity against the treatment of the Salvation Army, and petitioning the Viceroy to interfere on their behalf. The native organs spoke strongly to the same effect. Indeed, nothing was more remarkable than the contrast between the attitude of the Europeans and the natives. It was obvious that the hostility of the former was purely due to national pique. European officials complained that their dignity would be lowered by such compliance with native dress and customs. Some of them spoke contemptuously of the Salvation Army as a "mixture of Jagannath and Jumbo." One young magistrate proposed to deal with them under the Vagrancy Law, which empowers officials to extradite destitute Europeans from the country. Indeed, he went so far as to issue a warrant of arrest, but only brought upon himself a serious reprimand from his superior, who happened to be an earnest Christian and thoroughly in sympathy with the Salvation Army.

The following sensible utterance of the *Indian Mirror*, an influential Hindoo paper, will show how far were the natives from countenancing the action of their European rulers at this time :

"If the Salvation Army can prove that Christianity is really the religion of the poor; that it can doff lavender-coloured breeches and Christy's patent helmets to put on the mendicant's ochre garb; that it can dance, shout, and march with the ordinary proletarian poor human nature from the mill, mine, and workshop; if the Salvation Army can prove that, it will have done enough service towards the future evangelisation of India.

"It is, after all, the sympathy between man and man that is of the utmost value !

"A popular movement like the Salvation Army is calculated to evoke that sympathy; and hence we do not wish to see it discouraged. We have had enough, more than enough, of the cold nationalising civilisation of England. Let us by all means now see a little of the fire of

English popular religious agitation. We repeat, we have nothing to say, one way or another, of its success. So we feel no hesitation to welcome the advent of the Salvation Army in India. If Bombay will not give it a hearing, we can assure our readers Calcutta will."

The Brahmo Somaj (Hindoo) organ, the *Liberal*, offered a welcome to the Salvation Army so extraordinary in the warmth of its cordiality as to deserve special record :

"GREETINGS TO THE SALVATION ARMY!

"Welcome, valiant General! Welcome, Salvation Army! Welcome, mighty band of Christ's commissioned officers! Thrice welcome! Our most cordial greeting we offer you upon your arrival in India. We speak to you, heart to heart, with all frankness and enthusiasm. In our utterance is no guile, no flattery. For of what profit is sycophancy? Ye want no praise, we seek no patronage. We profess a different faith. In matters of doctrine we are not of one accord. Ye are Christians of the old school, we are Theists. You have come to India to convert our people to Christianity; we are apostles of the New Dispensation. Yet we honour you and welcome you, for we believe you have been raised by Providence for the benefit of Christendom, and your advent here in India is, we believe providential. Nay, we give you even greater credit than most of your fellow-Christians seem disposed to accord.

"We do most solemnly believe that your able General, William Booth, is an inspired apostle of God, whom He has entrusted with Divine messages and endowed with heavenly power and resources to give effect to these messages. General Booth is no ordinary man; he is a man of God, fully inspired for the great work He has given him to do on earth. As such we revere and love him. And we regard the entire organisation of the Salvation Army as the work of the Holy God."

But, alas! space and time once more fail us to adequately report the history of the most remarkable missionary effort and success of later days.

At the time of writing the present narrative, upwards of fifteen thousand souls professed conversion during the previous year, and of these nine in every ten were heathen; thus proving how little the Salvation Army trenches upon others' ground. During the recent visit of the General, no fewer than one hundred and twenty Hindoos sought salvation in a single meeting, whilst the enthusiasm with which the natives on all hands welcomed him was unparalleled in the history of Christian enterprise. Subsequent to his return to

England a powerful revival broke out in a portion of the country which he had visited, no less than three thousand three hundred Hindoos professing conversion in the course of a fortnight. Later still, in March, 1893, upwards of fourteen thousand heathen sought salvation in a single month.

The close of the year 1882 was signalised by a great demonstration in Exeter Hall, at which no less than one



FREDERICK DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER.

hundred and one officers were set apart for service at home and abroad. Detachments were specially commissioned for service in India, America, New Zealand, Sweden, and the Cape of Good Hope. Flags were presented to the Indian, African, and New Zealand officers by Mrs. Booth, to the Americans by Miss Emma Booth, and to the Swedish contingent of six by Mr. Bramwell Booth.

The history of the Swedish expedition is particularly interesting. It was just four years since Mr. Bramwell

Booth had visited the country, in company with some Army friends, to recruit his shattered health. His presence had soon become whispered abroad, and it had been impossible to resist the invitations to hold private meetings which were pressed upon him. English is very much spoken in Sweden, and even where it is not generally understood translators are plentiful.



COMMISSIONER OUCHTERLONY.

Singularly simple-hearted and receptive of the truth, the Swedes are among the best listeners in the world. A powerful impression was made, and a number of souls were saved and sanctified. Among them was a Miss Ouchterlony, who was so inspired with the conviction that the Salvation Army would accomplish a mighty work in her country that, finding letters ineffectual, she visited England for the purpose of

personally representing its claims. The General, however, did not see his way clear to send officers.

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

The work in Canada was also commenced this year by a party of officers sent from New York. The fire spread with such rapidity that it soon became necessary to separate the Dominion from the States, forming it into another Commissionership. Wonderful advances were made under the able leadership of Commissioner Coombs, who, after several years' service in that country, was transferred to the command of the Australian work. From the Government downward the Salvation Army has received in Canada a hearty recognition scarcely to be equalled in any other country.

Although bordering so closely on each other, nothing could be more striking than the difference between the Canadian and American nationalities. And yet it is perhaps only the contrast between an agrarian and urban population in a somewhat marked degree. You enter the States, and feel as if you were in a veritable blizzard of activity. Before you know where you are, the irrepressible reporter swoops down upon you like the eagle of the Republic on its lawful prey. And a reporter in America *is* a reporter—none of your gaping, yawning, staring, sleeping, tired-before-they-begin and do-

anything-but-write gentlemen-of-ease, such as saunter into our Army meetings in some portions of the globe, with their anything-good-enough-for-the-public and silly-enough-to-put-into-your-mouth sort of expression.

Whatever there is of the American is all there—every inch; especially his eyes and ears! You feel he is measuring you up, from the tip of your longest hair to the way you tie



COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

your bootlace. He is making a mental note of everything—the colour of your eyes, the number of your gray hairs, the shape and fit of the very clothes you wear. His lynx eye leaves out nothing. He riddles you with questions that would do credit to any cross-examining counsel. His pencil flies over the paper. He reads you your own replies, to make sure he has put them down correctly.

There is no escape from his clutches. Perhaps you jump into a cab. He jumps in after you, and leaves you only when he has extracted from you all the information you happen to

contain. The same evening you can read it all in type, with striking head-lines, and perhaps a portrait. You wonder that you could have said so many foolish things, or that anybody could have had the patience to either chronicle or read them.

The ubiquitous reporter is a type of the American; a quintessence of energy, a magazine of explosives, a ceaseless whirl of never-ending rush. You wonder whether he finds time to sleep, or eat, or even breathe. You feel as if he dare scarcely stop to take a breath, he is in such a hurry to get it out again, and before it is well out the next must be drawn in. The very atmosphere seems laden with the electricity of haste.

But you pass the borders into Canada, and all is changed. Perhaps you choose Niagara for your crossing-point. The American side is lined with factories, bent on utilising the water-power for business purposes. The Canadian bank is laid out as a park, with everything that can bewitch the eye and cheer the heart, and refreshment-rooms, whose Christian proprietor delights to capture and regale at his own expense the chance Salvationist who may happen to be visiting the spot.

What a relief there is in the change! From the hurricane of business speed you pass into the sunshine of domestic felicity; after an Atlantic of perpetual toss you enter a harbour of comparative quiet. You exchange the hurly-burly of war for the calm of peace.

If America teaches a lesson in the value of time and opportunity, Canada reminds us that strength proceeds from the hearth and home. The one illustrates the possibilities that lie within the reach of active, persevering toil, the other the graces of believing faith.

The curse of modern civilisation all over the world is its ever-increasing speed, its mad race with time. The magnificent gifts with which a beneficent Creator has endowed humanity—health, peace, love, family, friends, and life itself—are flung away in the pursuit, not of His glory, but of some

selfish, shadowy good, which, if it be ever won, is usually postponed until the power for its enjoyment has passed away. Soul and body are alike sacrificed for intellect; while intellect itself is prostituted for the lust of pelf. And what a chaos is the consequence! No wonder that society, taken as a whole, is "without form and void," and "darkness is upon the face" of the great moral deep,—a darkness which the combined light of science and intellect can no more dispel than a rushlight can illumine the sky. The Spirit of God is as necessary now to move upon the waters with creative power as in days of old; infinitely more necessary, if that be possible, for the regeneration of the sin-blasted human heart than for the original creation of the universe, in America, Canada, Sweden, India, England—everywhere!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ABROAD AND AT HOME. 1882.

ENGLAND has no monopoly in ruffianism. In this respect the Continent may claim to carry the palm, although, alas, we are making progress in the art of crime, and are not far behind. Anything more demoniacal, however, than the crowd that Mrs. Booth faced in Paris at the opening of the new hall in Rue Oberkampff would be difficult to conceive. It was in April, 1882, and she was paying France her first visit, with a view to cheering and assisting her daughter. Mrs. Booth surveyed the scene with intense compassion, as the following letter to a friend will serve to show :

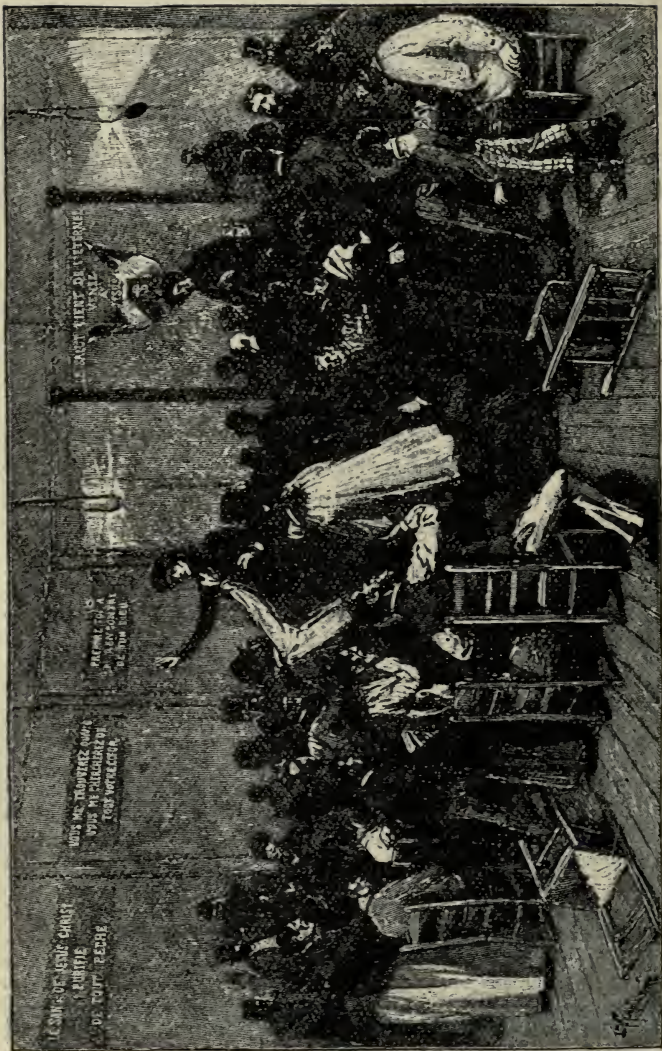
“I would have given a trifle for you to have been with us yesterday : first, at the drawing-room meeting, where I tried to scrape together all my patience to meet and answer the old, time-worn objections to our measures, which one is so sick of hearing, to a respectable audience of Christians ; and then, at night, in the midst of an excited audience, who grinned and groaned, and hooted so that anybody but Salvation Army soldiers would have given in and been beaten.

“We had a splendid congregation, however, of *just our sort*, mostly men, many of them young, full of the ‘ blood-and-fire ’ of hell.

“Many were disposed to listen, but about half were of the revolutionary type, and would not be calmed. The uproar was terrible, but, just at the worst, the Maréchale advanced into the middle of the hall, and, standing right in the midst of them, she mounted a form and pleaded like an apostle.

“Oh, it was a sublime sight, worth coming from England to see ! There were a few desperadoes, ringleaders, who said awful things. One, with a face full of the devil, hissed in rage inconceivable ; baring his arm and holding it aloft, he shrieked : ‘ We will hear you if you will talk to us about anything else but Jesus, but we hate HIM ; WE WILL NOT HAVE HIM ; He is the cause of all our sorrows ! I wish I had Him here ! I would pour a pail of cabbage-water over His head ! ’

“They shouted, ‘ *Vive la Liberté !* ’ And when the Maréchale an-



MUS. BOOTH AND "THE MARECHALE" AT PARIS.

swered, 'Amen!' they said, 'Ah, we will have liberty, but no Amens! No religion! We have had enough of that, we have had enough of Jesus — Jesuits!'

"When we put our French converts up, they shouted 'Ah, paid to figure there!' Poor things, they have been so deceived and duped that they cannot believe anybody is real. Nevertheless, we got some truth into them between the outbursts, and sang it into them, too.

"After our songs they sang the Marseillaise to their own words of blood and death. The Maréchale and Colonel Clibborn stood and prayed in the midst of them. It was a veritable meeting of the hosts of hell and heaven, and I feel sure that some rays of light entered many a poor darkened soul from out of the cloud of Divine glory which overshadowed us. I consider that we won the victory with the majority of our audience, and shall get scores of them for Salvation Army soldiers yet!

"There was quite an eager scramble for *En Avant* at the close, and much good-humour in answer to the Colonel's kindly salute to them individually. As the meeting dispersed, however, some few spiteful ones handled him very roughly, giving him two or three blows in the face, and some severe kicks on the legs.

"Also two or three of our French soldiers—Emile, Carlo, Hodler, and a railway porter—were badly wounded. One dear fellow had to retire behind the scenes to staunch the blood from his temples. But the Colonel says he is proud of his men; not one of them flinched or ran, and it was a trying ordeal for French blood not to strike back. So you see it is only a question of patience and perseverance as to whether these French shall 'have Jesus' or not in His living reality. We shall see.

"I thought how I would have liked those Christians who were at the afternoon meeting to have been there, especially one good pastor who had been talking to us about reading more Bible in our meetings! I should have liked to see him try! They would have torn his Bible to ribbons, and perhaps him, too. So little do these good people understand the things they talk about. May the Lord open their eyes to see the superiority of such living epistles as our soldiers presented last night to their shouting, blaspheming countrymen over a dead-and-alive reading of the letter without any *Holy Ghost in it!*

"We go again to-night, though I fear for the consequences on Katie. It is such a strain on her nerves. Pray for us. I never saw so deeply into the enmity of the human heart against God as last night; but I trust I felt a little of the infinite pity of Jesus when He cried, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'"

The principal event of the year was the marriage of the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, which was celebrated at the Congress Hall amid great rejoicings.

The bride, Miss Florence Soper, was among the most intrepid of the little band that rallied round Miss Booth during the early days of rowdyism and opposition in Paris. The daughter of a physician in Wales, she had been sent to complete her education in London, where she had attended some of Mrs. Booth's West End meetings. After remaining for some weeks under conviction she made a definite and complete surrender of herself to God, renouncing at a stroke her worldly prospects and associations, and offering herself in the ardour of her first love for the French work.

Side by side with the *Maréchale* she visited the cafés, sold *War Crys* on the crowded Boulevards, or faced howling mobs with a courage that was the more surprising considering the luxurious and *zenana*-like surroundings from which she had so suddenly stepped forth. Thus, having graduated with honours in the college of affliction, she was unconsciously prepared for her future career.

It was a choice thoroughly in keeping with the rules and expectation of the Salvation Army. The officers and soldiers, in whose hearts the Chief, by his long, disinterested and able service, had won a unique position of affection and confidence, eagerly seized this opportunity of manifesting their sympathy. It was the first marriage in the General's family, the first wedding in the Congress Hall, and the first time that the marriage ritual of the Salvation Army was introduced. All served to intensify the interest of the occasion, and it was celebrated with becoming joy.

The hall was crowded to excess, and it was estimated that no less than six thousand people were present, although it was a week-day morning. The General conducted the service, the bride being given away by her father, Dr. Soper. The vivacity and brightness of an Army wedding, so free from all the fooleries and extravagances common to such an occasion, need to be witnessed in order to be understood. It was a sermon, better than any words could preach, of what a holy, happy institution marriage might become, if only entered upon in the God-intended way. The union

having taken place beneath the Army flag, the Maréchale paid a warm tribute to the devotion and courage of the bride.

Mrs. Booth followed in her usual terse and touching manner. Among other things, she said:

“The highest happiness I can wish to my beloved children is that they may realise as thorough a union in heart and mind, and as much



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

blessing in their married life, as the Lord has vouchsafed to us in ours. If He will do this for them I will be content, so far as they are individually concerned. But I covet for them that, where I have been the mother of hundreds of spiritual children, she may be the mother of thousands, and I covet for my son that, whereas the Lord has blessed his father to the salvation of thousands, He may bless him to tens of thousands! I gave him to God for this when he was born. If you want to know how to get your children saved, and to make the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob the God of your families, I can only recommend to you the way which has succeeded with mine.

“Yes, I believe I did give my son fully to the Lord, and I covenanted

that I would, as far as my light and ability went, train him for God alone; that I would ignore this world's prizes and praises, and that he should be, as far as I could make him, A MAN OF GOD. And, what is very remarkable, I consecrated him to God for a HOLINESS preacher. We called him William Bramwell, after the most distinguished man of holiness we knew, and I set him in my heart before the Lord to be a leader of His forces in respect to this glorious doctrine and experience. And you see how God has honoured my choice. I could not have made him this; I could only give him to God for it, and do my best to train him for it, and you see how God has honoured my consecration.

"The very first principle of successful training is that you acknowledge God's entire ownership of your children. You cannot take a forward step till you do that. While you want them to be this, that, or the other for *this* world, or in this world's estimation, God knows it, and He won't bless your teaching. He looks at your heart, and if He sees you seek for them this world's prizes, and this world's positions, desiring Him to come in at the end to make them Christians, He is not likely to give you His blessing. 'No!' He says. 'You must put Me first, and leave Me to choose their earthly destiny. Choose My kingdom first. Give them wholly and solely to Me, and train them for Me and leave Me to choose their inheritance and fix the bounds of their habitations. And then I will take them, and I will co-work with you and bless your testimony and your teaching, and I will give you the power of My Spirit, and you shall have "every hoof of them."' I have given every hoof of mine, for God and this glorious work, and I am going to have them in eternity. *I set my heart on it, and I said, I will have it, at all costs!*

But we must retrace our footsteps to the occasion which perhaps more than any other emphasized the rapid progress of the Army cause—the first great anniversary celebration at the Alexandra Palace. The grounds were engaged for the entire day (July 3rd), when between twenty and thirty thousand people passed the gates. London had never witnessed such a scene. It was a repetition of the Dunorlan festival of fourteen years previously, only on a vastly larger scale. The whole day was spent in prayer and praise. The soldiers were distributed all over the grounds, some holding meetings in the open-air, and others assisting in the Palace. The General was addressing a crowd in one part, Mrs. Booth in another. But the crowning feature was the march-past, when the General, Mrs. Booth, and other leading officers and friends, took their position on the Grand Stand,

while thousands of soldiers filed past along the racecourse, until the open space in front was a seething mass of brilliant colours, waving bannerettes, jingling timbrels and sounding brass. The effect was powerful in the extreme, and the record of the Army's previous history was once more eclipsed.

Among the cheering incidents of the day was the reading of the following letter from Her Majesty the Queen to Mrs. Booth:

“WINDSOR CASTLE, 30th JUNE, 1882.

“MADAM:—

“I am commanded by the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst., and to assure you that Her Majesty learns with much satisfaction that you have, with the other members of your society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue, and religion. I regret, however, to have to inform you that Her Majesty cannot contribute to the fund you are now endeavouring to raise for the purchase of the Grecian Theatre.

“I have the honour to be, madam, your obedient servant,

“HENRY F. PONSONBY.”

Sir Henry Ponsonby's answer had been written in reply to the following letter from Mrs. Booth:

“TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN:

“Knowing your Majesty's benevolent concern for the well-being of the masses of your people, and having worked largely amongst them for twenty-three years, I venture to call your Majesty's attention to an effort now being made to transform one of the most terrible centres of demoralization for the young in the East of London into a centre of operations and influences for their reformation and salvation.

“The Eagle Tavern, the Grecian Theatre and Dancing Grounds, in the City Road, have become so notorious that probably your Majesty may have gathered something of the disastrous consequences of the scenes which have been enacted there for so many years past.

“On behalf of the Salvation Army we are negotiating for the purchase of the lease of the whole property, and for £16,750 hope to be put in possession in three weeks' time, when, by the blessing of God, we shall be able to gather 10,000 people at one time to hear the Gospel.

“His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury having kindly consented to head our subscription list, we have ventured to hope that it might not be impossible that your Majesty might graciously signify your approval of and sympathy with an effort which must surely commend itself to all whose hearts bleed for the ruined and friendless of this City,

irrespective of their views as to our *modus operandi*. It will, I feel sure, interest your Majesty to know that many thousands of the lower and dangerous classes have already been won to temperance, virtue, and religion by the methods and spirit of this Army, to which fact many of your Majesty's officers of justice in different parts of the kingdom would gladly bear witness.

"The misfortune of our only having three weeks to raise (for us) so large a sum as £16,750, for the purchase of the lease, must be my excuse for intruding this matter upon your Majesty's notice.

"I herewith send a more particular description of this effort, and of our teaching and methods, in the hope that your Majesty may not find it altogether uninteresting, or irrelevant to your Majesty's highest desires for the welfare of your people.

"Praying fervently that the God of grace may supply all your Majesty's spiritual need,

"I have the happiness to be,

"Your Majesty's devoted servant in Jesus,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

It might have been supposed that the extremes of noise and silence in religion would hardly meet, and that the jubilant boisterousness of a Salvationist would shock the quiet notions of the Quaker. But if there were some points of difference there were more of sympathy. For were not the Quakers the Salvationists of two hundred years ago? Had they not filled the prisons? Had not their novel exercises aroused the violence of mobs and their vulgar psalm-chanting irritated even the benevolence of the saintly Baxter? Were they not the first to open the door for women's ministry? Had they not incurred the contempt of the world by their unfashionable dress? Had they not refused to bow the knee before the golden idol of the age, even though it might mean a sevenfold-heated furnace? Had they not taught the people to look from ceremonials to a living Christ? And were they not ridiculed as the peacemakers of the world, the sworn enemies of war? The doctrines were identical, and such outward differences as existed were more between the respectable descendants of George Fox and the Salvation Army than between the latter and the original leather-breeched, world-despising, sin-condemning founder of the sect.

Their attention having been attracted about this time towards the operations of the Army, and several prominent members of the Society having become interested in the movement, Mrs. Booth received a cordial invitation to address their annual meeting. This took place at Devonshire House, a large hall and group of buildings, including a temperance hotel, which at the present constitutes their headquarters in London. The occasion was a somewhat important one, the gatherings being attended by representatives from all over the world.

If the Army had many things in common with the Friends this was in an especial sense true of Mrs. Booth. The severe simplicity of her dress had caused her in the early days of her public work to be taken again and again for a Quakeress. Her modest demeanour as a speaker served to harmonise with the spirit and custom of the Friends.

Mrs. Booth quickly placed herself *en rapport* with her congregation. Speaker and listener seemed mutually to inspire each other. The manifest sympathy imprinted upon the faces of the audience, the memory of the brilliant history of the Society, the consciousness that in so many respects the experiences of the Salvation Army resembled those of the palmiest days of Quakerism, the eager desire to fan into a flame the flickering embers of their old-time burning zeal for souls, served to lend force and feeling to her words. With alternate smiles and tears they listened, till it seemed that heart spoke to heart and that every heart responded. It was a memorable occasion, and many a testimony was received in after years as to the lasting blessing then bestowed.

As usual, there was no diminution in the stream of letters that poured in during the year, no limit to their diversity, no lessening in the force and originality with which Mrs. Booth handled each subject. Mrs. Josephine Butler, whose name is so intimately connected with the purity agitation of a later year, has from the first proved a consistent and unswerving friend of the work, and by her early champion-

ship of the Maréchale in the days of her persecution has specially endeared herself to Salvationists. Writing to Mrs. Booth, she refers in the following letter to a remarkable vision which she had seen some years before :

“ I ought not, perhaps, to give you the trouble here of reading a letter from me in the midst of your arduous and blessed work ; but I cannot any longer refrain from writing you a line to express—first, my joy in the advances being made by the Salvation Army ; and secondly, my sympathy with you in the numberless criticisms and strictures passed upon you, your teaching and your practice. I am sure your burden is already heavy enough without any one’s adding to it by fault-finding. The attacks of enemies are comparatively easy to bear, but the fault-findings and misunderstandings of Christian people, these are what grieve and hurt. I do so feel for, and with, you that I cannot refrain from expressing myself to you. I can truly say there is not a day, scarcely an hour, in which I do not think of you and your fellow-workers, and rejoice in the tide of blessing which our eyes are privileged to see. My own duties, domestic and public, keep me from being among you as often as I would, but I doubt if there is any one living who is more with you in spirit.

“ About twenty-five years ago I had a kind of vision. I was in weak health, and lying on my bed. For some years I had been praying, thirsting, longing, for a great revival to come to the world, for showers of blessing, for a fresh Pentecost, in which I and mine would have a part, and which would prove such an awakening as the world has not seen since the first Apostles’ times. I was like one dying of thirst, in drought, and in a wilderness.

“ One evening I fell into a half sleep. I seemed to be transported to some dark and gloomy mountains, with my face to the east, and behind me the great wilderness of the world lying in deep darkness. Then a streak of light appeared in the east, a sweet heavenly light, and voices sounded, and music, and there was a noise as of gathering forces, and it seemed God said to me, ‘ Behold ! the answer to all your prayers. A glorious day of grace is coming ; fix your eyes on it ; gaze in that direction. For though it tarry it will come ; it will not tarry.’ There was nothing remarkable in my dream except that it made such an impression on me as I have never lost. It was twenty-five years ago. I see now the fulfilment (or the beginning of the fulfilment) of that vision. I think there are many others who have thirsted as I have, and who now rejoice as I rejoice. I am sure you are sustained under the fire of criticisms.

“ I remain, dear Mr. and Mrs. Booth,

“ Yours in the love of Jesus,

“ JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.”

To a lady in America, who had written to ask her counsel on the question of holiness, Mrs. Booth replies :

“ I have been very unwell the last few days, and your letter with many others has been waiting an opportunity for reply.

“ I truly sympathise with you in your very trying circumstances, but I feel sure the Lord will speedily reveal Himself to your soul, and then all persecutions and sufferings for His sake will seem small and easy to bear. The three steps necessary for you to take in order to get the experience you desire are : 1st. Renounce everything for which the Spirit reproves you. 2nd. Embrace every duty He lays upon you, whether it be praying in the chapel or anything else. Say, ‘ Lord, I will do it if I die in the attempt.’ Confess in your prayers that you are seeking holiness and God will use this to stir up others. 3rd. Believe for it; that is, trust Jesus to do it for you. Say, ‘ Lord, I cannot cleanse or keep myself, but Thou canst do it for me. I will, I do, trust Thee just now. I am Thine and Thou art mine, altogether and for ever!’ Remember it is He who saves. Trust Him with all the work. The Lord help you!

“ The Army will be sure to come near you before long. It will go everywhere, because God’s Spirit is in the wheels and no power can stop them. Pray and expect, and in the meantime do all you can at your own place. Show them the example of an early Methodist by plain dressing and holy living and straightforward testimony. May God save your husband and children! Be determined to have the children for God. You can do it by His grace. Be firm, and train them only for Him.

“ Yours, in arms for the King,

“ CATHERINE BOOTH.”

CHAPTER XL.

THE ARMY IN SWITZERLAND. 1883.

REPUBLICS are ordinarily associated with the idea of liberty. But history has proved that they can at times be capable of a savagery that would make a Nero blush. The tyranny of an individual is limited, that of a mob knows no bounds. With the one you can reason, with the other you can only suffer. If the despot has crushed out the tender feelings of his nature, you have a chance with his self-interest, if you fail with his conscience or his common sense. But an excited crowd has neither heart nor head. The former has some sense of responsibility, the latter none. The one is a tangible somebody, the other an undiscoverable nobody.

The worst crimes are committed in company. All will do a little where nobody will do all. And the little of many is far greater than the all of one. Politicians are puzzled and nonplussed. A nation groans, and royalty is deaf. A nation rises—and royalty is no more. Royalty may or may not have deserved its fate. The evils may have been beyond its reach to cure. Perhaps it used no remedies at all, or it used any and every remedy except the right one. However, it is gone. But *the evil*—only in a new shape—remains behind. Like the hydra of ancient fable, one head has been cut off only to be replaced by millions more; so many, that to fight with them becomes a hopeless task.

Man has yet to learn that a government of whatever description without God is a government of sin, and that a government of sin is a government of misery. A reformation that omits the heart is a reformation but in name. To remove a nation's woe you must remove a nation's sin. No

mere change in circumstances will avail. This is the universal rule with individuals and it applies equally to a nation. In vain do politicians patch and trim and toil, like the old woman with bucket and broom, to thus bale out the ocean and to sweep away the sand. The ship of state is lightened of its load. Concession after concession to the populace is cast into the seas. Upon the surface of the troubled waters is poured the revolutionary oil of change. But the lull, if lull there be, is only for a time. One danger is escaped for a worse to be incurred. The vessel is no longer water-logged, but, the ballast gone, each wave threatens to capsize it and engulf the lightened hulk. Again we say, reformation, to be sound, must heal the heart.

Can it be otherwise? What else will effectually remove the evils that affect society? Riches? No! If many of the miseries of the world are due to the democracy of poverty, is it not because it is a revulsion from the despotism of wealth? Were all rich, would that make property the more secure? If one nation lusts for the hunger-stricken acres of its neighbours now, would not its avarice be whetted by the sight of unlimited wealth? What individual, what nation, has learnt to say "It is enough"? Poverty places some natural bounds upon the cruel armaments and warlike preparations of the world which riches would remove. If all could be made rich to-morrow it would not avail, unless all could be made good.

This ought to be the A B C of politics: a moral evil needs a moral change. This must at least be the reformer's aim. God's partnership with man renders it attainable. Dissolve that partnership and you are indeed undone. Man by himself becomes the laughing-stock of hell. Napoleon recognised this. He aspired to universal sovereignty. But he would have cemented it with religious mortar, without which he foresaw that the stones and bricks of the stateliest edifice would soon fall to pieces, unable to resist the force of time and storm.

But political quackery shuts its eyes to this truth, and

rests content with manufacturing patch-work quilts that cover without curing the evils of society. And as the sick patient in his agony tears a fresh rent another patch is made.

Others, with more heroic remedies, amputate the limb to save the life. Nihilism and imperial power carry on a duel in which the last shot has yet to be fired. Anarchy, worst of all, would cut off the head of society, or thrust a dagger in its heart, to cure its aches.

And the sum total of these remedies is less than naught, because one and all begin at the wrong end and will not recognise that man is man—a being with a soul and moral entity. If man were a mere horse, the snaffle of the law would be enough. But, because he is something more, those who dispense with or let go the moral curb will find him take the bit into his own mouth and will be carried over the edge of some vast social precipice—when, if the people suffer most, the rider shares the fall.

If this be true, how suicidal is the act of governments which oppose those whom a benignant Providence appoints from age to age as the social scavengers of society! The remedy is always there, not far from the disease. If it happens to be irregular, or out of the common rut, what does this matter—if it can cure? It is strange that the ruling powers of the world have hitherto been so slow to recognise and utilise the Salvation Army, in spite of its notorious success in purging and purifying and transforming the outcasts of society. Here is a natural shield, ready-made, which they might thrust between themselves and these elements of mischief which repressive measures may for a time restrain but cannot change. And yet they fling it from them and bare their breasts to shafts which, after practising their aim upon the target of the Salvation Army, will next be aimed with double force and precision upon those who have thrown down the one existing barrier between themselves and their fate. Great and unparalleled as is the Army's record of past achievement, what might it not have been had the movement received the endorsement it has deserved?

In no country has the Army encountered more bitter and persistent opposition than in the freedom-boasting republic, or rather federation of republics, of Switzerland. If one corner of the world might have been expected to offer more liberal scope for its operations than another, it might well have been supposed to have been here. The articles of the Swiss Constitution, the Magna Charta of their national rights, guarantee liberty of conscience to every citizen. The special treaty of 1855 grants to British subjects the same privileges as to the Swiss citizen. Political refugees, and even anarchists, can meet, unhindered, to plot the downfall of friendly foreign powers.

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

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

illegal orders, both to the Federal authorities and the British Government. But in vain.

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

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

and was confined for twelve days in the Neuchatel prison pending the trial.

The news of her daughter's imprisonment, as may be readily imagined, deeply affected Mrs. Booth. Knowing how unequal she was both to the nervous shock and to the inevitable hardships of prison life, her mother could not but anticipate the worst consequences. And yet there was no sign of faltering in the following letter, written on the first receipt of news of the arrest, while her daughter was on bail, previous to her imprisonment :

“MY PRECIOUS KATE :—It would be vain to tell you what sort of a day I passed on Saturday. I suppose you could not send us any news earlier than you did. Thanks be unto God that you are at liberty. My only fear is your health. Oh, if it were only I who could go to prison (poorly as I am) I feel I could bear it better than you. Besides, it would not matter so much about the results of my case. I am almost worn out, but you have life before you, and who knows how much is involved to this poor lost world ?

“Well, I know you won't fret and make a trouble of it, even if you are put in, because you will bear it for His sake whom we all serve, and you will see that it will be for the very best interests of our cause in Switzerland. But what I fear is the treatment you may receive, and that you will not stand up to the prison officials about keeping your warm clothes and having suitable food and bedding. Remember, your life is probably at stake, and your work ! I don't think they dare deprive you of these necessaries. The General wrote again to Earl Granville on Saturday night and I wrote to Mr. Gladstone, appealing to him as your mother.

“I am delighted that dear Mrs. Butler is with you (though I dare say the Swiss authorities hate her as much as they do us). Still, her influence is very valuable, and will doubtless accomplish something. At any rate, I thank and bless her for her kindness and sympathy and bravery. Her letter in the *Standard* must do a lot of good. There is a long article in the *Daily News* this morning, very fair. Mind and keep it prominent in all your letters that you dispute the lawfulness of your expulsion by *Swiss law* ! I think you have done very wisely to insist on the Colonel keeping free. He cannot be spared to lie in prison !

“The attitude of some of the professing Christians here, and their journals, is simply shameful. If it had been any infidel or Turk that had been treated in the same manner they would all have been up in arms ; but it is only the Nazarene ! As one of the native papers of India said, ‘ You Christians won't try to save your Christ ! ’

“My darling child, hold on to God, the living God, and don't doubt for one moment but that if He permits the worst to happen He will

cause it to work for the spread of salvation to the ends of the earth. There is much prayer being made for you. Fear not; be strong and very courageous, for He is with you."

To Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter :

"To the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone.

"SIR:—Allow me to intrude on your valuable time for a moment in order to call your attention to the perils of my daughter, Miss Booth, and her companions in Switzerland, which may not have been fully presented to you. Six months ago, after this illegal and groundless persecution commenced, Earl Granville promised my husband that he would interfere, but, although we have made two or three applications to his Lordship through Parliamentary friends since then, so far as we can see, nothing has been *done* !

"Now the authorities of Neuchatel are trying Miss Booth on a mere pretext, and we have reason to fear an entire miscarriage of justice. Miss Booth's imprisonment would probably help our cause more than anything else, and but for the very delicate state of her health, consequent on the very trying events of the last few months, I would not intrude on your much needed privacy; but fearing that even a short imprisonment would cause a serious illness, or even fatal consequences, and thus terminate her Christlike labours, I beg, with a mother's importunity, your timely interference.

"You have probably seen Mrs. J. E. Butler's letter on this subject in this day's *Standard*. Allow me also to introduce to your notice the small book sent herewith, which I would hope may convey to you a *true* idea of the genius and aim of the Salvation Army, which is simply a popular mode of attracting the attention of the masses to the claims of God and of goodness, so long forgotten by tens of thousands. Our measures *have succeeded* in reaching multitudes of the worst classes, and the grace of God has reclaimed thousands of them from lives of open debauchery to temperance, industry, and religion.

"With deepest respect and unfeigned gratitude for all your hard service for humanity,

"I am, honoured sir,

"Yours, on behalf of the lost,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this letter Mrs. Booth received the following reply :

"10, DOWNING ST., WHITEHALL,

"22nd Sept., 1833.

MADAM:—I have shown both your letters to Mr. Gladstone on his return to London. He much regrets the circumstances, as stated, respect-

ing your daughter, but he fears that he has no power to promote your wishes. In a matter of this kind interference can only be limited to official representation through the Foreign Minister, which Mr. Gladstone has reason to know has already been made, and in which he himself heartily concurs.

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ E. N. HAMILTON.”

On the first day of her imprisonment Miss Booth wrote as follows to her mother :

“ NEUCHÂTEL PRISON,

“ Sept. 17, 1883.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER:—I hurry to write a line to put you at ease. All my anxiety yesterday was about *you*. As to the work and myself, all is well. I have a mattress, a blanket, and a shawl. The food is very decent and the bread is not hard. I shall not hurt. Do be easy about me and trust me with the Lord, who is working through your child a wonderful deliverance for Switzerland. This is all right. God is in it. If you could see our soldiers, and how the town is awakened, with the whole of this country, you would rejoice with me. God has His purpose in this.

“ I have learned much lately which throws light on this persecution. It is wicked men who are resisting the light and truth because it touches their own interests. Oh, there is an awful state of things here among the rulers! They hate Christ come in the flesh. But He *is* come, and oh, if you could have seen our meeting Sunday afternoon in the wood! The tears, the prayers, the shouts. There is mighty work begun that all the devils in hell cannot stop. My trial will probably come off in seven days. I hoped it would be sooner. I shall have a chance of speaking before them all; pray that I may say the right thing. I think they will expel me, but they can't keep salvation out. The fire has begun and it will go on! They have hundreds of their own people (as the *Journal* in Geneva stated yesterday) to deal with now. What are they going to do?

“ Their position is truly awful, as I shall tell them. They are fighting against God; they don't want their people delivered and saved. But the business of the Army is to *make* the nations submit to Jesus. We must go on, come what may.

“ What I want to tell you is that my own soul has been so wonderfully blessed the last few days. I am sure all is well, and will turn out for the glory of God and the salvation of Switzerland.

“ This is a nice quiet time in which I can write. I have much on my heart. Kate Patrick is with me; such a comfort! as she can write, and I long to put down on paper what has been burning in my bones for months.

"My own mother, don't worry at all. My soul is prospering; I have time to communicate with Heaven. I have no fear; God is with us and He has opened my eyes. He has revealed quite clearly His will; now I must not be disobedient to the heavenly vision.

"Your own child, living only for the Kingdom,

"CATHERINE."

While in prison Miss Booth composed the following lines :

Best beloved of my soul,
I am here alone with Thee,
And my prison is a heaven
Since Thou sharest it with me.

All my life is at thy service,
All my choice to share Thy cross;
I am Thine, to do or suffer;
All things else I count but dross.

At His voice my gloom disperses;
Heavenly sunshine takes its place.
Bars and bolts cannot withhold Him—
Hide from me His lovely face.

Love almighty, love unchanging,
More than mother's love is mine.
Can my heart be ever lonely
Comforted with love like Thine?

Calm amid the raging tempest,
We can well afford to wait;
Truth and justice soon shall triumph;
Christ our cause will vindicate.

The imprisonment of the Maréchale caused a profound sensation throughout Switzerland. Indeed the news was telegraphed to the various Continental capitals and was the subject of considerable comment. Especially did it attract attention in Paris, where she was already well known, and where many, of all classes, flocked to hear and see her after her return.

Meanwhile the interest centered in the court-house at Boudry, where the trial took place. As the question was largely one of law, the Army was represented by two able advocates, members of the bar at Neuchatel.

The Public Prosecutor in opening his case fulminated

against religious fanaticism as the worst of all mental diseases, and one which contributed a third of the patients to the lunatic asylums. If the Army were tolerated it would be necessary to enlarge their asylums.

As for himself, he was against all religious associations. Voltaire, Rousseau, and other prophets of the eighteenth century had come to correct these delusions. But even Jesus Christ, who was perhaps the most religious man that ever lived, had commanded His followers to invoke the Deity in private! He went on to show that the authorities were only carrying out the wishes of the people, and even of the religious classes, in suppressing the Salvation Army. With the question of the legality of the decree he declared that the Court had nothing to do. "What do we find before us?" he cried. "People who show the slightest signs of repentance? No, no! But a handful of people who come here, with a coolness and an 'at ease' simply superb, to tell us that they have done nothing wrong; who presume to talk to us about law, and to declare they are in their rights and mean to stick to them!"

But the Public Prosecutor was not a little disconcerted when, in the middle of his peroration, a window suddenly flew open and a gust of wind scattered his papers in all directions. "It was from heaven," a voice was heard to say, and so it seemed.

The lawyers of the defence having addressed the Court on the legal bearing of the case, the prisoners were asked if they had anything to say. Captain Becquet replied that, as the prosecutor had read extracts from a pamphlet against the Salvation Army, he would like to read from the Bible a justification of their methods. And the Court listened while he read the 150th Psalm.

As the Maréchale rose, calm, confident, and self-possessed, to address the judge and jury, a scene of historic interest presented itself worthy of a painter's skill. The Caiaphas of the occasion, a State Councillor, who instigated the prosecution, took up his position immediately opposite the girl-

defendant, with a sardonic leer upon his countenance, hoping, no doubt, to browbeat or confuse her. But the speaker had been trained to confront something worse than looks. And when do innocence and purity shine forth with greater brilliance than when the powers of darkness draw near and force the dullest minds to realise the contrast? Goodness can bear the light which evil fears, and yet shines most brightly in the darkest night. Wickedness defeats its own ends, and in seeking to quench the light but sets it on a candlestick. Sin unwittingly serves righteousness a good turn, and when it has triumphed most and nailed a Saviour to a cross, the cross but lifts the Saviour to an eminence where all can see, and those who come to mock remain to pray. The Boudry trial, instead of extinguishing the last hopes of the Salvation Army, was to raise it higher than ever out of the region of obscurity and place it on a new pinnacle before the world.

The defence produced a profound impression on the Court. A woman who was present, and who had been heard to say before that she would like to kill Miss Booth with a pitchfork, was observed with the tears rolling down her cheeks at the conclusion of the address.

A Swiss gentleman of position, M. Convert, who was tried at the same time, said that, although not himself a Salvationist, he considered it an honour to identify himself with them in the struggle for liberty.

When Madame Boillot, another of the accused, was asked by the Judge whether she was a Salvationist, she replied: "I have the honour to be so." In her capacity as sergeant she had helped to call the soldiers to the gathering. And when the two other sergeants who had been placed on trial were called upon to plead they nobly said that they had only one request to make: if the English officers were punished they begged that the same sentence might be passed upon themselves.

The jury then retired to consider their verdict. Among the Salvationists who filled the Court word was passed to

occupy the interval in prayer. And yet the reminder was scarcely necessary. During the three days that the trial had lasted the court-house had been filled with prayer and praise. Irrepressible "Amens" had at times expressed the pent-up feelings of the soldiers. And the happy faces and bright uniforms had given the dull precincts of the law the cheerful appearance of an Army Barracks at an all-day festival. Never for centuries amid such surroundings had there been so much plain speaking about God and heaven and hell.

At length, amidst breathless silence, the Judge resumed his seat, and the foreman of the jury, supported by his six colleagues, advanced to the table, and read in a firm clear voice the verdict on the three points presented for their decision:

1. Did the accused take part in a meeting?—Yes.
2. Was this meeting in violation of the decree?—Yes.
3. Have they acted with culpable intention?—No.

The Judge in consequence pronounced the acquittal of the accused, who left the Court with hearts full of praise for this deliverance.

"To jail with them!" exclaimed a young fellow who had been sitting, perched upon a ledge, watching the proceedings. But the words were scarcely out of his lips when his pedestal gave way and he fell headlong on an officer of the Court, and was marched off to the lock up in the place of those for whom he had desired a similar fate.

As the Salvationists left the Court they were roughly handled by the mob, police protection having been purposely withdrawn. But they were as impervious to cuffs and kicks and stones as they had been to the perverted terrors of the law, and the acquittal of their beloved Maréchale filled them with such unbounded joy that they felt as if they could cheerfully have borne the worst that their persecutors' malice could inflict.

In celebration of the acquittal a great thanksgiving meeting was held in Exeter Hall. Miss Booth was present, and

gave a thrilling account of her imprisonment and of the scene in Court. It was at this meeting that Mrs. Booth delivered one of her most powerful and impassioned appeals, with a logic none could controvert, that the heart-change at which the Army aimed was the only sure and permanent hope of deliverance of mankind from the degraded and dangerous condition into which they had lapsed.

Nearly nine years have elapsed since the Boudry trial. In spite of persecution the work has continued to extend. Soldiers and officers have been fined and imprisoned on the most trivial pretexts. Captain Stirling, a young lady of fortune and position, was confined in the notorious Chillon Castle for a hundred days on a trumped-up charge.

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

CHAPTER XLI.

BOOKS AND LETTERS.

IN the spring of 1883 Mrs. Booth delivered at the Cannon Street Hotel an important series of lectures on the relations of the Salvation Army to Church and State. She proved clearly that, so far from being antagonistic to either the one or other, the work of the Salvation Army was an important auxiliary to both. To the Church it had taught, in the words of the late Dr. Lightfoot, "the universal compulsion of souls." To the State it was a valuable ally, instilling ideas of law and order into minds that were at present influenced by brute force alone. The enterprising spirit which characterised business men might also be found reflected in the Salvation Army, for which Mrs. Booth claimed with unanswerable force the sympathy of each and all.

The addresses have since been published in book form, and to them we would refer our readers for a concise and powerful demonstration of the value and need of the agency of the Salvation Army in dealing with the social problems of the day. While philanthropists are waiting for something to arise more in harmony with their own preferences, or are labouring at great expense to devise better plans, which, however excellent on paper, for some cause fail, or yield results altogether out of proportion to the effort, it would be well for them to pause and study Mrs. Booth's weighty words.

The practical experience gained by the General and herself in actual contact with the masses cannot wisely be ignored by those who are themselves, from the nature of the position, only distant spectators, at the best. Samson would

doubtless have preferred a better weapon for dealing with the Philistines than the contemptible "jawbone of an ass." But there was no time for hesitation on the battlefield. He snatched up that which came first to hand, and with it slew thousands of the enemy. Had he waited for a sword he would probably have been killed. His rough weapon answered the purpose, and that was all he cared about. David in his encounter with Goliath might have been better off. Saul's own sword and armour were placed at his service, and he could doubtless have had the choice of any others in the camp. But he preferred his shepherd's sling and a few pebbles from the brook. His apparent insanity was justified by his success. The unconventional, vulgar method won a victory which the ordinary methods were able to follow up and complete.

Another series of lectures by Mrs. Booth was published during this year, entitled "Life and Death." These were specially addressed to sinners, and pointed out with unrivalled clearness the conditions upon which alone salvation could be obtained, and the character of the change that God desired to work in the heart and life of man.

This year was one of constant and successful toil for Mrs. Booth, who visited many of the country corps and assisted the General in nearly all the fifty great demonstrations held in London during this time. Expeditions were despatched to New Zealand and South Africa, besides reinforcements being sent to other countries. By the conclusion of the year it was found that the corps had increased from 427 to 657, and the officers from 1026 to 1657.

The year had, however, a sorrowful termination for Mrs. Booth in the death of her valued and faithful friend Mrs. Billups, with whom, for a period of over twenty years, she had kept up a correspondence from which we have been able so frequently to quote. The last illness had been a lingering and painful one. But it had been cheered by regular visits from the Army officers, meetings being constantly held in the sick-chamber, and the General and Mrs. Booth themselves

spending some time with the sufferer. The soldiers of the Cardiff Corps would gather in her garden to sing the songs she so loved, while Mrs. Billups was able through the open window to convey to them her dying messages urging them to faithfulness and utmost consecration to the service of God.

Hearing that a change for the worse had taken place Mrs. Booth hurried to her friend's bedside, desiring to be with her at the last. "I wish I could stop to the end," Mrs. Booth writes. "She so clings to me for comfort, and the Lord is very good in enabling me to lift her spiritually. She rejoiced aloud this morning in the midst of extreme suffering. Her loss will never be made up to me."

But Mrs. Billups rallied again, and yet again, lingering for some weeks, so that Mrs. Booth was obliged to leave her. The end came suddenly at last. "Faithful unto death," she left behind her the memory of a life crowded with benevolences. Though naturally of a fearing and doubting disposition she was enabled, in spite of the severest pain, to triumph, and triumph gloriously, in the assurance of the Saviour's presence and of an abundant entrance into her eternal home. According to her last wish, Mrs. Billups received an Army funeral. The service was conducted by the General, and in spite of the inclement weather thousands of people lined the road and crowded to the cemetery, the public hall being filled at night for the special memorial meeting. It was a deeply affecting season, and yet there was a calm depth of joy intermingling with the grief which forced many to say: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

The new year (1884) commenced with a surprise for both the Army and the world, or, rather, that portion of it which knew anything of the inner workings of the Salvation Army. Few who heard the news could believe that Commissioner Railton had at length found time to get married! It was eleven years since he had entered the ranks. And during this time he had toiled night and day, more like an embodied spirit than a genuine piece of flesh and blood.

But, after all, marriage was thoroughly in keeping with the Army creed. True, celibacy, under certain circumstances, and to meet unusual exigencies, is considered both lawful and commendable. Nevertheless, in this, as in other steps of a personal nature, the individual conscience is allowed the fullest exercise, the rules and regulations only dealing with the character of the alliance and the manner in which it is entered upon.

As might be expected, Mr. Railton chose for a partner in life a thorough Salvationist. The bride, Miss Deborah Parkyn, daughter of a Nonconformist minister, was a sergeant of the Torquay Corps. She had been conspicuous as the leader of a timbrel band, as a persistent *War Cry* seller, and for her dauntless courage in the open-air work.

The wedding ceremony took place at Exeter Hall, and was conducted by the General and Mrs. Booth. The General, in terms of the highest appreciation and affection, bore testimony to Commissioner Railton's unity of purpose with himself, his unwavering devotion to the cause, and his indefatigable toil on behalf of souls during the past eleven years of service.

The occasion was then seized for pointing the assembled crowds to holiness and consecration. Mr. Railton used the "I will" of his marriage vows as the text for urging each one present to say a fresh "I will" to God, and to give themselves away in uttermost surrender for the salvation of a dying world.

The work in Australasia was now assuming such dimensions that it became necessary to set someone apart to visit the colonies, with a view to the supervision and consolidation of the work. It was impossible for the General or Mrs. Booth to leave England, where events of pressing importance required their continual supervision. It was decided, accordingly, that Mr. Ballington Booth should be appointed for this important post.

He had been for four years in charge of the men's wing of the Training Home, a position which he had filled with

admirable tact and vigour. Young as he was, the lads looked up to him as their father, and would do anything for him. His sister, Miss Emma Booth, was in charge of the women's wing of the Training Home. The two had worked in happy harmony and had sent into the fields hundreds of devoted and soul-winning officers. It seemed a thousand pities to disturb so admirable an arrangement. But it was evident that something must be sacrificed somewhere, in the interests of the foreign field, and certainly it would have been difficult to find one more admirably suited for the task. It so happened, too, that his brother Herbert was now old enough to step into the vacant place, and had developed abilities which showed him to be well fitted for the trust—so that the advantage of brother and sister working together would be still retained.

After a brief visit to the Continent, Mr. Ballington Booth started for Australia, accompanied by Major (afterwards Commissioner) Howard, who was appointed to the command of the Australian forces on the return of Mr. Booth to England the following year. Upon their arrival they were gratified to find that the reports which had previously reached them were by no means exaggerated and that the recent progress had been marvellous, in spite of riotous opposition on the part of "larrikins," the Australian counterpart of the English rough.

Commander Ballington Booth was received by the Australians in the warm-hearted, generous fashion so peculiarly their own. They had longed for a glimpse of the General and Mrs. Booth, and welcomed eagerly one of their children as their representative. And when they had seen and heard him for themselves, his large sympathies, quick wit, and ready tact enabled him to sweep away objections and prejudice, and to establish a still firmer footing for the Army in their hearts. Soon after his arrival he writes as follows to his mother :

"MY DARLING MOTHER :—Do not for the world think I forget you, and I should grieve if I thought you felt I neglected you. There is no one I

am more reminded of in gatherings, whether large or small, in barracks or drawing-rooms, than of you, *my mother*. Your books, *Crys* containing your addresses, some tidings or other of you, have found their way into the mansions and cottages alike. People love you, talk of you, pray for you, and I have often to weep tears of gratitude when I hear them speak of the good they have received from your works. Sometimes they say to me, 'Do you think we shall ever see her?' Then I perhaps reply, 'I cannot say; the Lord in His good time may strengthen her sufficiently to make the voyage.' And some of them are overjoyed at the prospect.

"'Forget you?' No! Not an hour. I needn't go to my case to turn to your dear photo (which, by-the-bye, is a good one, and which I have no small pride in showing people, while in ecstasy I watch the glisten in their eyes). No! No! each part of your sainted face is too strongly photographed upon my heart to allow of my forgetting you. But oh, I wish—how I wish you were here, or I were there, with you in that sacred room of yours! I would pour out my story, or a succession of stories, to you, just as a son every now and again wants to do and is all the better for doing. You cannot tell how I miss you. My love for you seems so to have increased that I love my Bible more because of the thought that it is your book, Christ more because He is your Saviour, and I feel God is better honoured and served because He is your God. I miss you! Miss your room, and the morning call in on the way down to breakfast. I always reckoned myself your lad, you know, and always felt I loved you as I was incapable of expressing to you!"

In replying to this letter Mrs. Booth says :

"MY PRECIOUS BOY :—Yours to me of October 22nd from Melbourne is to hand, and I was delighted to receive it. I am more than glad to hear of your thoughts of me and love for me, though I feel very unworthy of some of the things you say. Nevertheless, I have loved you with a true mother's, and I trust with a true soldier's love, and it is an unspeakable joy to me that you are being true to God and being used of Him in pushing forward this great war. By what you say, you make me feel that I have some loving children and soldiers out there. Give my motherly and salvation love to all who love the Army, and tell them that they are remembered daily in our prayers, and that, being Salvationists, we cannot be strangers. We meet in the one great centre of all true union, our living Head.

"Emma says she misses you more than she thought she should. She has developed wonderfully as a speaker, and captivates the people everywhere. If she would only give a little attention to the cultivation of her powers she would become a wonderful woman. But she is absorbed for ever and ever in the work of that Training Home—and Eva too. However, we must leave the future with the Lord, and go on doing what we can as best we can.

"Bless you, my dear lad! The Lord keep you in all your ways! It rejoices my heart to hear that your soul prospers, and that you think of and pray for us all. Our hearts are sore for the loss of you. But we feel it is for the Kingdom's sake."

It was in the autumn of 1884 that Mrs. Booth delivered, in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, perhaps the most powerful and heart-searching series of lectures which she had hitherto addressed to any audience. The apathy of professing Christians had for some time deeply stirred her soul. Their needs were burnt in upon her heart. Their sins and shortcomings had caused her bitterest tears. Choosing for her subject "Popular Christianity," she proceeded to deal blow upon blow to the religious idols of the day, and to pour out in burning and impassioned language her sense of God's abhorrence for the nerveless, sinewless, powerless representation of the religion of Christ which so largely prevailed.

A deep and lasting impression was produced upon many hearts by these services, but it was not till some years later that Mrs. Booth consented to the addresses being printed. "I feared," she explains in her preface, "that in cold type they might produce an impression of censoriousness which was not possible when, as I believe, assisted by the Spirit of God, I dealt with my hearers on these burning topics face to face. During my last illness, however, I became deeply convinced that it was my duty to let these utterances, such as they are, go forth, irrespective of consequences, in the hope of reaching a greater number of persons similarly circumstanced with those to whom they were originally spoken, many of whom professed to have received great personal blessing, with increased light and power for usefulness."

The book was more favourably received than Mrs. Booth anticipated, and has already passed through three editions. We have had occasion to quote more than once from its pages, and would urge our readers to turn to them for the explosion of many of the popular religious fallacies of the day.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE PURITY AGITATION. 1885.

VICE is without doubt the most hideous thing in the universe. The Cain's brand on its forehead is its ugliness. If it could see itself it would surely commit suicide. But it dare not face a mirror. Its very existence depends upon its being masked. Like the white ant, it is obliged to work under cover or it could not live. So intolerable is it to the human eye that there is not a nation under the sun which does not repress its outward manifestations, and compel it more or less to conceal its identity. The heathen are even ahead of Christians in this respect, and would be shocked to tolerate some things that Christendom allows. Everywhere alike vice is compelled to "hide its diminished head." The slum and prison for the poor, the mansion for the rich, must conceal from the sight and memory of humanity that which, if dragged before our eyes, the universal conscience must condemn.

And no wonder. For the dividing line between vice and crime is thin—their connection intimate. Vice could not exist without crime, and crime without vice would dry up like a sourceless river. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten vice is crime, and crime in its worst form is but the natural development of vice. Crime is the fruit of which vice is the prolific root. Vice is the spawn from which crime breeds and germinates. We cultivate the spawn, while we seek to destroy its natural result! We cast the fruit into the flames and provide a hothouse for the plant—or allow others to do so, which is almost the same. Vice is free to carry on its trade, but it must dispense with its chloroform, its

bullies, and its keys. It must select for its victims the voiceless, influenceless poor. It must not force, but it may spread its dazzling enticements in the path of foolish youth. Its cobweb may be spun throughout the land. There must be equal liberty to catch and to be caught. Law must be made to deal with crime and not with vice, or if with vice it must be on the mole-killers' principle,

"Who catch enough to earn the farmer's pay,
And leave enough to come another day!"

The meshes of the law must be made narrow enough to enclose the criminal, and wide enough to let the vicious through. And when the net is cast it must be in the well-dragged pools of poverty. The waters of wealth must be free from the encroachments and poachments of the law.

But hidden vice is far from being virtue, though society too often appears willing to accept the brazen fraud. To cover a disease is not to cure it. The toadstool will remain a toadstool still. All the manuring in the world will not convert it into a mushroom, however closely it may be made to resemble one. There is as much poison in the one as there is food in the other.

There is only one safe way to deal with vice, and that is to extirpate it—root and branch. The covering-up policy has been attempted long enough. Society must attach to vice penalties that will make the weight of its displeasure felt. The Continental governments are beginning to awake to this. They are finding out that it is no small evil to deliver the youth and beauty of the land to this wretched vampire that sucks the very life-blood from the nation, and fans it into deadly sleep till the last drop is drawn.

From the time when Mrs. Booth had interested herself in the work of the Midnight movement her heart had been particularly drawn out on behalf of the fallen outcasts of society, who, often more sinned against than sinning, appealed peculiarly to her large and tender sympathies. More than once she had found opportunity for extending help to individual cases of misfortune and distress, obtain-

ing homes for some of the children, and assisting the mothers to win their way back to the paths of virtue.

It was not, however, till 1884 that a systematic effort was organised on their behalf. Touched by the helpless and pitiable position of some girls who had sought salvation at her corps, and who were sincerely desirous to reform, the wife of an Army soldier threw her home open for their reception. It was soon crowded to its utmost capacity and still others were clamouring for admission. Recognising in this the finger of God calling them to enter upon this particular field of enterprise, the leaders of the Army forthwith engaged a larger house and opened it, the first Rescue Home, placing it under the personal supervision of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. And thus, upon the foundation of this single Salvationist's love and faith and toil, was reared a work which has since extended to all quarters of the globe and been the means of restoring thousands of wanderers to the paths of virtue.

Through the women who sought refuge in this Home heartrending tales of diabolical villany and cruelty were poured into the ear of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. Such was the effect that these exercised upon her mind that for some months she found it all but impossible to go about her ordinary business. Her days were darkened with a great horror, and her nights filled with agony of soul because of the slaughter of the innocents. It was vain that her husband sought to comfort her with the assurance that the stories could not be true; that the class with whom she was dealing were proverbial liars, and that at least they had grossly exaggerated the character of their troubles. At length, more with the idea of comforting her than of anything else, Mr. Bramwell Booth undertook to look personally into some of the cases. He met them and heard what they had to say. Still incredulous, he made careful enquiries into the circumstantial details which they had given. Not only were their statements verified, but further discoveries of a still more atrocious character were incidentally made.

A somewhat startling incident occurred at this time which helped to confirm him in his determination not to rest till some effectual redress had been obtained. He had gone as usual to the Headquarters one morning, when he was informed that, at the hour of opening the doors, a young girl had been found waiting for admission who told a piteous tale. Deeply interested as he was in the subject, Mr. Bramwell Booth sent for her at once to his office. Her youth, her innocence and distress appealed to him.

She was only seventeen. A simple country girl, she had been brought up by her grandparents, who were poor, but thoroughly respectable people. Thinking it was time for her to enter service, they had sent her up to London in answer to an advertisement. Received with the utmost kindness by the lady of the house, it was not for some days that she discovered that she had been entrapped into a brothel. Escape was well-nigh impossible, so jealously were her movements watched. Nor did she know where to go. Without a single friend in the city, her position was indeed a dreadful one. She hoped, moreover, that it might be possible for her to work as a servant without pursuing the dreadful calling in which the other inmates of the house were engaged.

During the previous night, to escape the attentions of a "gentleman" visitor at the house, she had barricaded herself in the kitchen. Reduced to the uttermost despair, she had suddenly remembered that in her box was a Salvation Army hymn-book with the address of the Headquarters upon it. She was sure Mr. Booth was a good man, and believed that if she could only get to him he would help her. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that the last of the visitors had departed and all had settled for sleep. Armed with her hymn-book she then slipped out, opened a back window, climbed down, and made her escape, still arrayed in the fancy dress which had been given to her by her mistress. It was a long trudge from Pimlico to Queen Victoria Street. But, inquiring her way from policemen,

the girl at length arrived, and waited for the opening of the doors.

Mr. Booth was deeply moved by so affecting a narrative. The girl was immediately admitted to the Rescue Home, while enquiries were made which fully proved the truth of all that she had said.

Mrs. Booth shared to the full the indignation with which her son and daughter viewed the existing condition of things, and urged them on to take such steps as would best be calculated to meet the evil. Friends who had been for some time familiar with the subject were consulted. Foremost among these, Mrs. Booth turned to Mrs. Josephine Butler, whose past devotion and labour in this painful branch of Christian effort were beyond all praise. Having written to her upon the subject she received the following heart-stirring reply :

“MY DEAR FRIEND :—It was very kind of you to write to me. With regard to your suggestion that we should hold more popular meetings, I must explain to you a little the past history of our cause.

* * *

“You thought I looked depressed. No, I am never depressed now. I never feel anything but confidence concerning this cause, for it is God’s. But, dear friend, my earlier life was full of sorrow—indeed, of tragedy. I have gone through seas of trouble and strange suffering. I am happier as I get older. The joy which God gives me overwhelms even the awful memories of the past. I sometimes regret that I have not that countenance of joy which is so powerful an argument for the Christian’s faith and so attractive to the young. But you know how early sorrow leaves its mark indelibly on the features, although the peace and joy are evident to those who live with one. Some day I want to write to you of some of that opening of the jaws of hell which God called me to witness.

“You said in your address that but for the grace of God you would have felt desperate anger at those unjust and wicked men. I had to endure all that before the grace of God was in my heart, and even after—while it was not strong enough to overcome the fire of wrath within me. For months and years I longed to bathe my hands in blood. I was on the point of becoming an assassin of assassins. Vengeance, horror and hatred devoured my soul. God seemed blotted out. What I knew and saw shook my hold upon Him. Demons seemed to govern this world. My dreams at night were of murder and violence. I hated with a hatred which broke my heart and drove me from God. I was a murderess in my heart, through vengeance. But at last God so thorough-

ly broke my heart with despair that I gave up, and left the matter with Him. What we see and read of in England does not half come up to what I have seen abroad. One instance will be enough to show you what I mean. Some time I will give you it; and then multiply that by ten thousand and think if it is surprising that I should look depressed."

Only too well satisfied in her own mind of the existence and extent of the evil, Mrs. Booth nevertheless saw the importance of having such facts at her disposal as would corroborate her statements when pressing the matter home upon others. Further investigations were accordingly commenced under the immediate supervision of Mr. Bramwell Booth, who at the cost of nerve and strength, and with infinite toil and patience, followed up some of the clues which had been obtained. A mass of information on the subject was thus accumulated, sufficient to abundantly confirm the previous statements.

The idea of bringing public sentiment to bear upon the question naturally presented itself. But this was a course which was viewed with reluctance. The character of the evil was such that publicity was for many reasons to be deprecated. Moreover, there was in the journalistic world a widespread conspiracy of silence, and it was doubtful whether any newspaper of sufficient weight could be found which would be willing to ventilate the subject, or plead the cause in the hearty manner necessary to ensure success.

There was, however, one exception; there might have been others, but one at least had proved that he could speak—and speak with the assurance of a sympathetic echo. The former editor of the *Northern Echo*, Mr. W. T. Stead, to whom we have already at some length referred, was at the time in London as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The chivalrous spirit by which the Army leaders knew him to be animated induced them to place their information at his disposal, and to invite him to enquire for himself into the truth of the evils which were alleged to exist.

At first Mr. Stead was as incredulous as others had been, and disposed to treat the reports as having been exaggerated.

Mr. Bramwell Booth invited him to meet Mr. Benjamin Scott, the City Chamberlain, who was specially familiar with the details of one branch of this iniquity—the Continental traffic. Mr. Stead consented. After discussing the matter for some little time, and fully confirming, from facts that were in his possession, the statements made by Mr. Booth, Mr. Scott was obliged to leave. Conviction forced itself slowly upon Mr. Stead's mind. It was with difficulty that he could restrain his emotions. The two men, both in the prime of life—not too old to be enthusiastic, not so young as to be rashly led away by their feelings—were left alone in the room. There was a momentary pause. Mr. Booth waited to see what his friend would say. The silence was painful. At length, raising his clenched hand in the air, Mr. Stead brought it down upon the table with a force that made the inkpots dance, while he gave vent to his emotions in a cry of pain. The one word, "DAMN!" rang through the room. Then the two men grasped each other's hands, and vowed upon their knees before God that they would not rest until something had been done to expose and remedy the evil.

Not satisfied with the evidence already gained, Mr. Stead formed at once a secret commission of enquiry, an amateur detective force, which should familiarise itself with every detail of the traffic, and, trusting nothing to hearsay, should learn from the very lips of those engaged in the business the extent and nature of their operations. The manner in which Mr. Stead carried out his investigations it is not our province to describe. The noble spirit which animated him posterity will recognize, and his name will doubtless be handed down as ranking high among the true benefactors of mankind. He had everything to lose, nothing to gain, by the course that he pursued. In the first place, it required no little courage to stir up such a hornet's nest. The men who did so must be prepared to carry their lives in their hands and risk the vengeance of those with whose gains and pleasures they dared to interfere. Money was no object to the inhuman patrons of the trade, one of whom made it his

boast that he had been the means of casting two thousand innocent girls upon the streets, whilst another had given a standing order to a single agency for seventy new victims every year.

The devices by which they were entrapped, the bribes and subterfuges for the evasion of the existing law, the sickening details of the cruelties practised, it is impossible here to repeat. Suffice it to say that the dismal horrors then discovered were of such a character as to baffle description.

But the law. Was there no remedy for dealing with these atrocities? Nay, here was the loophole of the criminals. The law recognised the right of young girls above the age of thirteen to dispose of themselves, however ignorant they might be of the consequences. The ranks of vice were largely recruited by means of guileless girls, who, lured by promises of money, clothes, or situations, and ignorant of what they were doing, were enticed to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. It was obviously necessary to raise the age of consent.

Three times the House of Lords, to its eternal credit be it said, had passed a bill for the amendment of the criminal law upon the subject, and as often the House of Commons, to its eternal shame, had blocked the scheme. Every effort had been made to rouse these legislators from their apathy. Not that there was any reasonable ground to doubt the facts. The Lords Committee, which sat for ten months in order to enquire into this dreadful slavery, through Lord Dalhousie stated, that it "surpassed in arrant villany and rascality any other trade in human beings in any part of the world, in ancient or modern times." Lord Shaftesbury, who was one of the Committee, affirmed "that anything more horrible, or anything approaching the wickedness and cruelty perpetrated in these dens of infamy in Brussels, it was impossible to imagine." Lord Dalhousie further stated that "upwards of twenty procurers had been at work in England, to the knowledge of the police, since 1875." And yet a majority in the House of Commons,

for reasons best known to themselves, stubbornly refused for five long years to act upon the information they had received!

For Mrs. Booth to know of the existence of an evil was to seek to remedy it. While the enquiries above described were being prosecuted, it occurred to her, among other plans, that the occasion was a fitting opportunity for presenting a direct appeal to Her Majesty the Queen. Knowing the personal interest manifested by Her Majesty in the welfare of her subjects, and assured that the woes and sufferings of these, her weak and injured daughters, could not fail to excite her deepest sympathy, Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter to the Queen :

“ May it please your Majesty :

“ My heart has been so filled with distress and apprehension on account of the rejection by the House of Commons of the Bill for the Protection of Young Girls from the consequences of male profligacy, that, on behalf of tens of thousands of the most pitiable and helpless of your Majesty’s subjects, I venture to address you.

“ First, I would pray that your Majesty will cause the Bill to be re-introduced during the present session of Parliament ; and,

“ Secondly, I would pray that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to insist on the limit of age being fixed at sixteen.

“ I feel sure that if your Majesty could only be made acquainted with the awful sacrifice of infant purity, health, and happiness, to the vices of evil-minded men who oppose the raising of the age, your mother’s heart would bleed with pity.

“ The investigation, in connection with our operations throughout the kingdom, of cases continually transpiring brings to our knowledge appalling evidence of the enormity of the crimes daily perpetrated ; crimes such as must, ere long, if something is not done, undermine our whole social fabric and bring down the judgment of God upon our nation.

“ If I could only convey to your Majesty an idea of the tenth part of the demoralisation, shame and suffering entailed on thousands of the children of the poor by the present state of the law on this subject I feel sure that your womanly feelings would be roused to indignation, and that your Majesty would make the remaining years of your glorious reign (which I fervently pray will be many) even more illustrious than those that are past, by going off merely conventional lines in order to save the female children of your people from a fate worse than that of slaves or savages.

" May He who is the Avenger of the oppressed incline the heart of your Majesty to come to His help in this matter, prays

" Yours, on behalf of the innocents,

" CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this Her Majesty sent the following reply :

"The Dowager Duchess Roxburgh presents her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and is desired by the Queen to acknowledge Mrs. Booth's letter of the 3rd instant, and to say that Her Majesty, fully sympathising with Mrs. Booth on the painful subject to which it refers, has already had communication thereon with a lady closely connected with the Government, to whom Mrs. Booth's letter will be immediately forwarded."

Hopeful, however, as were this and other replies which Mrs. Booth received to her letters, the adoption of any definite remedial measures continued to be delayed. The House of Commons was too much absorbed with matters relating to property and taxes to find time to concern itself about the beauty of England's womanhood, who lay in slaughtered thousands upon the high places of the field. It became evident that little or nothing would be accomplished unless the final stimulus which springs from public opinion were applied. The iron which when cold, or even warm, would not yield to the most skilful hammer's thrice-repeated blows, when plunged into the flames and tempered to white heat would readily accept the moulding will. There was one card left to play : the trump card of publicity. It had been kept back in the lingering hope that the Government would not require this last impetus. But at length, with a dramatic effect only increased by the delay, it was flung down, and it had barely touched the table when it was evident to all that the battle was won.

And now followed one of those mighty moral upheavals which require to be witnessed to be understood. For once, the national conscience was aroused. More than aroused ; it was lashed to fury at the discovery of atrocities perpetrated with impunity beneath the very shadow of the law. Vice, caught unawares and stripped of all its pageantry, was

dragged remorselessly from its dark hiding-place and pilloried before the public gaze. What the servants of the law were paid to do but would not do, or dared not do, the Christian enterprise of those who were ready, in the cause of humanity, to risk their own life and reputation was destined to accomplish. Well might the world go nearly mad at the hideous revelations contained in the "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," which, coming from the able pen of Mr. Stead, stirred so profoundly public sentiment.

A drop of the polluted waters—only a drop—was thrown through virtue's lantern upon the sheet before the public gaze. Child-slavery, arch-villany, refined cruelty, and superlative brutality were thrust into the journalistic pillory, and held up for the universal execration of mankind.

Realising the magnitude of the opportunity, and determined to make the utmost use of the rising tide of public opinion, the General organised mass-meetings in London and throughout the provinces, where Mrs. Booth poured forth her pent-up indignation on immense and enthusiastic audiences. Powerful with her pen, Mrs. Booth was well-nigh irresistible upon the platform, especially on a subject which had so deeply stirred her inmost soul. Some interesting references to these gatherings are made in the following letters to her daughter Emma, who was then in Switzerland.

"Oh, how wicked the world is! Bramwell and Stead have been engaged on some investigations about the child prostitution of London, and their discoveries are awful. I wrote the Queen on Thursday about it, and received a most gracious reply. I have never known anything take such hold of Bramwell for years. I told him I never felt so proud of him in my life. But all this on the top of our other work is killing. However, I have felt better the last few days."

Writing again on the day previous to the publication of the "Maiden Tribute," Mrs. Booth says:

"The first article is coming out in the *Pall Mall* to-morrow. It will cause a shaking! And time it did! These fiends perpetrating such hellish crimes as these! It is a wonder that the people do not lynch

them and burn their houses about their ears! It has made me feel awful sometimes while the investigations have been going on. We have got some of the children in our keeping! Pray that we may be able to burst up this machinery of hell."

It was at this crisis that Mrs. Booth addressed a second letter to Her Majesty the Queen :

"Your Majesty will be aware that since your last communication to me some heart-rending disclosures have been made with respect to the painful subject on which I ventured to address you. It seems probable that some effective legislation will be the result, for which the multitudes of your Majesty's subjects in the Salvation Army will be deeply grateful.

"Nevertheless, legislation will not effect what requires to be done. Nothing but the most desperate, systematic, and determined effort, moral and spiritual, can meet the case, and it would be a great encouragement to thousands of those engaged in this struggle if your Majesty would at this juncture graciously send us a word of sympathy and encouragement to be read at our mass meetings in different parts of the kingdom, the first of which takes place on Thursday evening next at Exeter Hall.

"Allow me to add that it would cheer your Majesty to hear the responses of immense audiences in different parts of the land when it has been intimated that the heart of your Majesty beats in sympathy with this effort to protect and rescue the juvenile daughters of your people.

"Praying for your Majesty's peace and prosperity,

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Majesty's loyal and devoted servant,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this letter Her Majesty sent the following reply :

"The Dowager Marchioness of Ely presents her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and begs leave to assure her that her letter, addressed to the Queen, has received Her Majesty's careful consideration. Lady Ely need scarcely tell Mrs. Booth that the Queen feels very deeply on the subject to which her letter refers, but Her Majesty has been advised that it would not be desirable for the Queen to express any opinion upon a matter which forms at present the object of a measure before Parliament."

But perhaps the crowning effort of the campaign was the organising by the General of a monster petition to the House of Commons. So overwhelming was the response to his appeal that within the short space of seventeen days no less

than 343,000 signatures were obtained. Coiled up in an immense roll, measuring in length two miles, bound together and draped with the Army colours, the petition was placed upon a large open wagon and escorted in the direction of Westminster to the point beyond which public demonstrations are not allowed to proceed. It was then driven to the entrance of the Houses of Parliament, where it was carried by eight stalwart uniformed Salvationists and deposited upon the floor of the House of Commons. It was a unique and impressive spectacle, the members rising to their feet spontaneously to view the unwonted scene.

Thus within the very precincts of the Nation's legislature, as well as through the length and breadth of the land, the wail of trampled innocence and womanhood was voiced. An angry nation thundered at the gates and demanded instantaneous vindication of the law. The spectacle was sublime. Righteous indignation, that grandest echo of the God in man—when humanity rises in self-forgetfulness to its stature's utmost height, every nerve, every sinew of its being stretched in simultaneous action—grand in an individual, never looked more nationally grand. With sparkling eyes and beating heart, and cheeks crimsoned with honest shame, all that was true and noble in England's life and homes stood forth to demand justice, deliverance, and protection for the girlhood of the land.

It was in vain that some in power whined and whimpered that there was "no law"; that while property was guarded by a bayonet-fence, unprotected maidenhood could sell the priceless birthright of her virtue to the first villain who was clever enough to deceive her artless innocence and base enough to fling his ruined victim on the streets. If such was law, then law must be mended; and mended it was, with a celerity unequalled in the history of England's law-making. The Criminal Law Amendment Act, raising the age of consent to 16, was carried through Parliament in a way which showed what could be done if those who ought to do it would.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GREAT DUST TRICK. 1885.

BUT the battle with the harpies and their Minotaur allies had not ended yet. The last scene in the drama had still to be played. More strange, more incredible, more audaciously impossible than could have been imagined, was the solemn farce that was to be enacted on the public stage. It was an outrage alike on virtue and on common sense, and posterity will cover the actors in the discreditable cause with shame, and will wonder that men of honour could be found who would be willing to sacrifice the dignity of the law in going through the great transparent legal pantomime.

A Balaclava charge, a cloud of dust, dust in the Parliament, dust in the law courts, dust, especially—a veritable shower of it—in the newspapers, dust in the office, dust in the counting-house, dust in the brothel, dust in the club, dust here, dust there, dust everywhere—and the great unparalleled dust trick was performed. It was an expensive affair—must have cost £10,000 if it cost a shilling; but that was the best part of the hoax, for the public themselves had to pay! And the conjurers—well, they were all honourable men! And their immense sacrifices, unequalled energy, brilliant detective skill, and legal acumen in discovering and punishing the real criminals, was it not worthy of the paltry sum? Should not their names be emblazoned in the temple of fame, and heralded throughout the world, as the faithful defenders of wickedness in high places, as the noble champions of vice, as the slaughterers of “the two witnesses” who had dared to prophesy, “clothed in sackcloth,” against the abominations of the day? Had not the time come when

all the belibelled inhabitants of brotheldom might "rejoice and make merry, and send gifts one to another," because "the two prophets" who had "tormented them" had been slain?

But the trick! The dust had slowly cleared. The bewildered public was half stupefied. There was dust in its eyes, dust in its nostrils, dust in its ears, dust half-way down its throat. It coughed, choked, sneezed, rubbed its eyes red and cleared its spectacles to gaze upon a scene which no Shakespeare would have had the audacity to conceive. And yet there was a striking parallel after all. The actors in this novel play might have been studying the "Merchant of Venice." For the proverbial Jew; no, not a Jew—be it not breathed!—an *Englishman*, was there, demanding persistently his "pound of flesh." Armed with the "Maiden Tribute," standing upon the letter of the law, he faced an English jury, requiring what? Justice! Yes, justice, for the brothel-keeper, for the slave-traders, for the Minotaurs, for the harpies, whose peaceful orgies had been thus suddenly disturbed!

The dust had cleared. The pillory was there—not one but half a dozen pillories! And the infamous monsters, where were they? Not far distant, to be sure! Tittering beneath the ermine of nobility, yelping behind the editorial chair, and, alas! worst of all, grimacing triumphantly from the cover of the sheltering ægis of the law.

But the pillories! They were not empty? Oh, no! The "good Samaritans" were there—pilloried for creating an obstruction in the road of vice! The criminals who had been accustomed to pass from Jerusalem to Jericho, with a free permit to rob, to worse than rob, every maiden over thirteen, had certainly been obstructed—permanently so! The road had been narrowed by three yards. It was wide enough still, Heaven knew! But it had been narrowed, none the less. Intolerable! Poor vice! The victim of insatiable virtue! But now the day of vengeance had arrived! The "good Samaritans" were pilloried, and injured girlhood left to

perish in the road. The Barabbas of the brothels was released, and the old cry was raised, "Down with the Nazarene!"

And yet it was a glorious spectacle. For just as vice needs but to be seen in order to be scorned, so virtue never looks more beautiful than beneath the blaze of a veritable sunlight of publicity. Turn it which way you will, it always shines. Like a diamond with a thousand facets, it will bear looking at from every point of view.

The enemies of righteousness had thought to turn the guns of purity against itself. Through the lantern of misrepresentation, calumny, ridicule, satire, and what not, they would depict upon the sheet before the public eye the blemishes of virtue, and prove her to be, after all, but one degree removed from vice in turpitude. The governmental, legal, journalistic mountains quaked and rocked in the throes of a veritable earthquake of bombast. The nation looked, but not so much as the proverbial mouselet could it descry! Two beautiful, pure, self-sacrificing characters shone out upon the sheet, like guardian angels of humanity; two men who were not deaf to the cries of tens of thousands of injured innocents because their own babes happened to be safe; upon whose hearts the tears of the widow and the orphan and the oppressed fell like molten lead. It was a spectacle worth looking at and seldom seen: two men who were willing in these days to shoulder a real cross, and fight a real battle on mankind's behalf. Had they been the only two it would have been something, but one at least represented thousands more who were ready at a signal to make like sacrifices in the service of their fellow-men.

"The Armstrong case will crush the Salvation Army," pronounced a titled celebrity, who was favoured with a seat upon the Bow Street bench, and who thought he might at last safely venture upon a prophecy which could not fail to come to pass. Indeed, those who were supposed to know unhesitatingly declared that the proceedings were aimed as much at the Salvation Army as at the neo-journalism with

which Mr. Stead's name was identified. But the would-be prophet was doomed to be disappointed once more. The Armstrong case did not crush the Salvation Army. How could it? Instead of doing so it advertised it far and wide as the champion of the oppressed, a terror to evildoers, and a national bulwark against the encroachments of vice and crime.

Villains, rich or poor, were to learn that not one, but a hundred thousand men and women linked as one, would in future bar their way and interpose their own bodies between them and the miserable victims of their lust. Even Rebecca Jarrett, the one repentant Magdalene, out of whom not seven but legions of impure devils had been cast, bore with fortitude, as the righteous meed of her former crimes, the unjust punishment of her one great effort to redeem the atrocious past. Surely the Pharisees would have blushed to pass a sentence of six months on Mary Magdalene, as she left the presence of Jesus Christ after she had renounced a life of sin for one of virtue. But the male Magdalenes of that day, who knew Mary so well, and who in the sight of Heaven were no better than their despised victim, had not yet reached that point of nineteenth-century hardihood! Were there no unrepentant Jarretts that the law could lay its hands upon, that it must wreak its vengeance on the solitary one who dared to turn Queen's evidence in exposing the depths of this vile traffic to the world? It was indeed a rude trial of the genuineness of her penitence. But she stood the test, proving the reality of the change, and will one day doubtless meet her accusers at the bar of God, where pardoned Magdalenes will have a better chance.

In touching contrast to the action of the Government and Judge in regard to Jarrett was the offer of a girl captain in the Salvation Army to take her place and bear her punishment! And there could be no doubt that not one, but hundreds, of her comrades would have volunteered to do the same.

A tale is told by Macaulay of a rich Brahmin who was

shown a drop of sacred Ganges water through a microscope. Horrified at the sight of its impurities, the Brahmin asked the price of the unlucky instrument, paid for it, and dashed it to atoms on the spot. Christianity smiles. The Brahmin's folly neither purified the drop nor the stream from which it was taken. Whether or not he chose to recognize the fact, the animalculæ were there. The question was what to do with them.

But here the Brahmin was a Christian Government, the microscope the "Maiden Tribute," its operator a Christian journalist, the drop of water taken from the national pool. The sight was truly sickening. The man who could behold it unmoved must be heartless indeed. And yet this enlightened Christian Government proceeds to imitate precisely the action of the Brahmin priest. Instead of setting earnestly to work to cleanse the impure stream, it seizes the unpaid-for microscope and hurls it to the ground, and then leaps upon its owner, drags him to the bar, proclaims a solemn fast, and sets up "men of Belial" to prove that "Naboth hath blasphemed God and the king"—no, God and brotheldom—and hurls him for the offence into a felon's cell! Could the annals of hypocrisy present a stranger scene? How will such actions read in the light of history—nay, of the Great White Throne? Surely Pharisees are out-Phariseed, and Jezebel herself out-Jezebeled for once!

To say that Mrs. Booth was indignant is but feebly to describe the horror and amazement with which she regarded this foul stratagem! She mourned most because it was calculated to draw a false scent across the track, and to turn public attention from the evil to those who were striving, however imperfectly, to deal with it.

The Criminal Law Amendment Act having been passed she had left London with the General for the provinces, eager to use the widespread interest of the hour in awakening universal attention to the one great theme: the salvation of the world. The General, in particular, was anxious to remind his followers that the subject which had lately en-

grossed the public mind was but a single manifestation of the all-prevailing sin which, in a thousand different forms, was the source of the miseries of mankind. Nothing has perhaps more emphatically contributed to the success of the Army than the persistency with which its leaders have ever kept the one main object in view.

Great was their astonishment, however, when late one night they received a telegram urging their immediate return to London, and informing them that the Government had decided to prosecute, not the authors of the recently revealed atrocities, but those who had been the means of calling public attention to the existence of the evil. Mr Stead, Mr. Bramwell Booth, Mrs. Combe, and Rebecca Jarrett, the reclaimed brothel-keeper, had been arraigned and brought to the bar.

And here it is necessary to explain. Mr. Stead had stated, among other things, that it was possible, for the sum of £5, or even less, to purchase in the London slave market, at a few days' notice, a young girl, to entrap her under false pretences, to remove her to a brothel, to drug her, and to commit her to a life of shame, under the very eye of the law. Scores of instances were given. Among others, a girl named Armstrong was obtained with the assistance of a converted ex-brothel-keeper, Rebecca Jarrett. Care was of course taken that the girl should be in no way harmed, and then every other step of the alleged road to ruin was trodden without the slightest hitch or difficulty being encountered in the way; the girl being finally handed over to the care and safe-keeping of the Salvation Army, by whom she was removed to the Continent.

Here, then, was the flaw in Mr. Stead's armour. It is said that when Achilles was dipped into the Styx he was rendered invulnerable at every point save his heel, by which he happened to be held. And here was the "Maiden Tribute's" Achilles' heel at which the legal shafts were forthwith aimed. Mr. Stead was a law-breaker! He was a criminal self-confessed! "What need have we of further

witness?" Motives were neither here nor there. The law had been broken. The law must be vindicated. "The engineer" must be "hoist with his own petard." His accomplices, Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Combe, a Swiss lady, must be punished for the "crime" of receiving and sheltering the girl whom they believed, rightly or wrongly, to have been sold for evil purposes. The ex-brothel-keeper must, of course, be added to the list, with two other participators in the transaction. A real malefactor must be mixed up with the make-believes to manifest the judicial impartiality of the law!

Protests were of little avail. Government was inexorable. Having proved its sincerity in recognising the evil by passing the Act, it was next going to stultify itself and Parliament by proving that there was no need for the Act! Here was an incredible piece of inconsistency! First to legislate for brotheldom, and then to whitewash brotheldom by proving that, after all, it was not so bad as some supposed. Why did they not prosecute the Committee of the House of Lords, and include Lord Dalhousie or Lord Shaftesbury in their impeachment of Messrs. Stead and Bramwell Booth?

Sir Richard Cross had himself made the following remarks in the House of Commons at the second reading of the Bill:

"He desired to say a word as to the position of the Government with reference to the measure. The matter had been before the country now for a considerable time. In 1881 and 1882 the House of Lords Committee investigated it at some length and made a most valuable report. Those who had read that report and the evidence given before the Committee could have no doubt that a bill of this kind was absolutely necessary. The bill contained practically no new principle, being merely an extension of the existing law in different ways. . . . A bill on this subject was introduced into the House of Lords in 1883, and another in 1884, and the bill of the late Government had been introduced and passed in the House of Lords this year. So that no one could say that this question had been approached in a hurried manner. The country had had full opportunity for considering it. . . . The late Government were convinced that the question was thoroughly ripe for discussion."

The Attorney-general had spoken even more strongly on the subject:

“It seemed to him to be conceded that there was a very substantial evil, and one which it was the bounden duty of every man who had regard for humanity and morality to grapple with if he could. . . . There had been going on for some time a positive trade by some disreputable persons in young girls, not only with the view of keeping them at home, but with the view of inducing them to go abroad. . . . Almost everybody who had spoken agreed that there was a great and crying evil to be remedied, and the main difference of opinion was as to whether the bill would do much good. At any rate, so far as regarded the clauses directed against the disgusting trade referred to, it could do no harm. There was ample reason to justify Her Majesty’s Government, and all who wished to legislate in the cause of humanity and morality, in endeavouring to pass the bill.”

But the travesty of justice must go on. The Bow Street magistrate, Mr. Vaughan, before whom the preliminary investigations are made, has great doubts whether he ought to commit Mr. Bramwell Booth or Mrs. Combe. But he commits them all the same. The prosecutor, not the prisoner, must have the benefit of the doubt. And then the Old Bailey trial before Mr. Justice Lopes drags its weary length along for twelve days, ending in the triumphant acquittal of Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Combe, and in the conviction and imprisonment of Mr. Stead, Jarrett, and the three other accused.

Before the trial was concluded Mrs. Booth sent to Her Majesty the Queen the following telegram:

“TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN:—May it please your Majesty to allow me to state that I know W. T. Stead, whose prosecution has been instigated by the hate and revenge of bad men, to be one of the bravest and most righteous men in your Majesty’s dominions, and if to-morrow he should be sentenced to imprisonment it will shock and arouse millions of your best and most loyal subjects to the highest indignation. I pray by all the love I bear your Majesty, and by all the pity I feel for your outraged infant subjects, that you will, if possible, interfere to avert such a national calamity. May God endue your Majesty with wisdom and strength to ignore all evil counsellors, and to exert your royal prerogative for the deliverance of those who are persecuted only for righteousness’ sake, prays your loyal and devoted servant in Jesus,

“CATHERINE BOOTH.”

To this Mrs. Booth received from Her Majesty the following telegram in reply :

“ The Queen has received your telegram. It is well understood that Her Majesty cannot interfere in the proceedings of any trial while it is going on. If necessary, an appeal through the Secretary of State can be made to the Queen for a remission of sentence.”

Acting upon Her Majesty's reply, as soon as the case had been decided Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter to Sir Richard Cross :

“ SIR :—Having appealed to Her Majesty the Queen on behalf of Mr. Stead and Rebecca Jarrett, prior to the passing of their sentences, Her Majesty graciously wired me in reply, stating that she could not interfere while the trial was going on, but instructing me to appeal through the Secretary of State for a remission of sentence if desired ; accordingly, I pray, on behalf of the Salvation Army, and also of thousands of the most virtuous, loyal, and religious of Her Majesty's subjects, that you will present our most humble and earnest appeal to Her Majesty for the immediate release of these prisoners, who, although they may have been guilty of a technical breach of the law, have been actuated by the highest and most patriotic motives, and have by their action procured an unspeakable and lasting boon to the most helpless and pitiable of the subjects of this realm, in the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ CATHERINE BOOTH.”

There can be little doubt that Her Majesty would have gladly granted the countless petitions which poured in upon her from all parts of the country for Mr. Stead's, if not for Jarrett's, release by exercising her prerogative. But, in regard to this, precedent and the Constitution left her powerless to follow out her own convictions without the dismissal of her Ministers. This it was hardly to be expected that Her Majesty would contemplate. And hence upon the Ministers must rest the blame of the shameful prosecution from first to last.

Writing to one of her children at the conclusion of the trial, Mrs. Booth says :

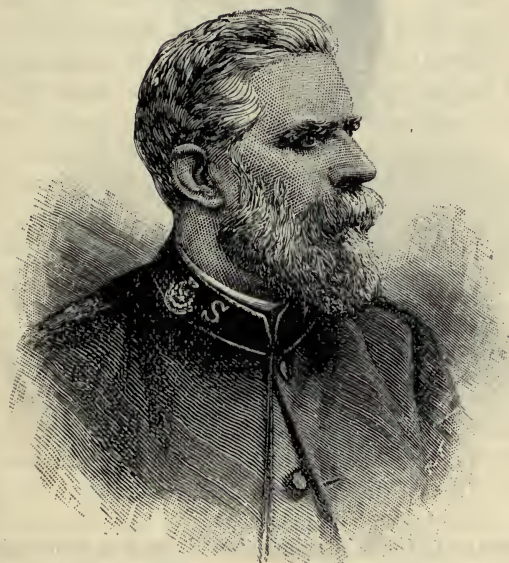
“ Well, thank God ! the iniquitous farce of the trial is over and Bramwell is acquitted ; no case against him, after all the suspense, anxiety, and loss of time inflicted on us ; it has put five years on to his life. Stead is imprisoned for three months. Infamous ! And there is going to be a great upheaval over it, or I am mistaken. Ah, this has revealed some rottenness behind the scenes ; truly we are far sunk as a nation. But touching this evil is like bearding hell itself.”

And thus ended the great legal comedy. Nay, it did not end. It was adjourned to the final Assizes of the Universe, when the position of the actors will be reversed and the accusers take the place of the accused.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LIFE AND LETTERS. 1885.

As has been already remarked, the spiritual work of the Salvation Army was not allowed to be interrupted during



COMMISSIONER HIGGINS.

the year. Indeed it was a time of special progress. The foreign corps had increased from 273 to 520, being an addition of 247. Those in Great Britain had risen from 637 to 802, making an increase of 165. The total number of corps had thus multiplied from 910 to 1,322, an increase of

412. There had been proportionate progress in regard to officers. The year 1884 had closed with a grand total of 2,161. At Christmas, 1885, there were no less than 3,076, being an increase of close upon 1,000 for the year.

Among other remarkable conversions of the year was that of a Nihilist in Switzerland, where the persecutions continued to be so severe that on more than one occasion the officers were fired upon with revolvers by the roughs. His



COMMISSIONER CARLETON.

story runs as follows. Commissioned by his companions to blow up the Government Palace at Berne, he had in his possession at the time of his conversion three bombs of dynamite. Armed with a dagger and revolver he attended one of the meetings, intent on mischief. God's strong hand was, however, upon him; the shaft of conviction entered his soul before the day ended, and the radiance of his face soon gave evidence of the change which had taken place. Having

sworn never to surrender his deadly weapons save into the hands of those from whom he had received them, he took them back to the desperate band, telling them bravely what had happened. They pointed a revolver at him, threatening to shoot him, when he calmly answered, "Do it. I am ready to meet my God."

A new departure that was initiated during the year consisted in the establishment of what were called "cavalry forts." These were large vans, capable of accommodating a dozen cadets, intended for the spread of the work among the villages. The first of these was named the Victory, and was publicly dedicated by Mrs. Booth. Others quickly followed in its track, and much good was thus accomplished in places which it would have been difficult otherwise to reach.

The publication of "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers," the General's book of instructions for the officers of the Salvation Army, marked another important advance in the direction of consolidation. We question whether any religious organisation possesses a code of regulations at the same time so minute and yet so comprehensive, so practical and yet so spiritual.

The first number of the monthly missionary magazine of the Army, *All the World*, was now issued. The foreign work of the Salvation Army had attained such proportions that it required representation to an extent that was not possible in the British *War Cry*. Moreover, there was a continually increasing circle of influential friends to whom the popular, rough-and-ready style of the *War Cry* was not suited, and yet who desired to be kept in touch with the progress of the work. It so happened that at the very moment of the need an American lady of literary capacity and experience had offered herself for Army work. This happy concurrence of circumstances led to the establishment of *All the World*, which, under the skilful editorship of Miss Swift (ably assisted by Miss Douglas), has now attained a world-wide circulation, and has the character of being the most spirited missionary magazine of modern times.

The intense excitement of the Purity movement and its subsequent developments had carried Mrs. Booth for a time entirely beyond her strength. This was followed by a proportionate relapse, when her over-taxed strength once more gave way, and for several months she was confined to home and unable to take part in public meetings. But, Paul-like, Mrs. Booth was enabled to utilize the enforced leisure by contributing to the *War Cry* a series of letters on a great variety of subjects, embodying her answers to correspondents



MAJOR SWIFT FROM AMERICA.

who wrote, seeking her counsel, from all parts of the world.

From Midsummer, 1886, to Christmas, 1887, Mrs. Booth was enabled to resume and continue her public work, almost without intermission. During the former year, besides holding meetings in most of the large Salvation Army halls in London, she delivered several addresses at Exeter Hall. She also visited Cambridge, Derby, Leamington, Portsmouth, Castleford, Norwich, and Tunbridge Wells, where large and enthusiastic audiences greeted her. In 1887 her activities were interrupted by the serious illness of her daughters,

Miss Emma and Miss Eva Booth. Nevertheless, besides her numerous London engagements, she visited Birmingham, Coventry, Rugby, Leicester, Peterborough, Luton, Doncaster, Bridlington, Scarborough, Kettering, Eastbourne, and Worthing.

Mrs. Booth was at this time in the very zenith of her success and popularity as a preacher. The prophetic severity of her denunciations of evil in no way diminished the crowds who everywhere flocked to her meetings. Realising increasingly, as life advanced, the necessity of speaking plainly in regard to sin and the conditions of salvation, she allowed no false sentiment to induce her to "do the work of the Lord deceitfully," or to earn the "curse" of "keeping back her sword from blood."

The respective figures for 1886 and 1887 showed no decline in the rate of onward progress. At the end of the latter year the corps had increased from 1,786 to 2,262, and the officers from 4,192 to 5,684, while in the United Kingdom alone no less than 148,905 persons had sought salvation during the year. Amongst other things, the Training operations had been so much extended that 848 cadets had been sent into the field during the year, while as many as 2,776 of the rank and file were candidates for the post of officers.

The Rescue Work had been greatly extended both at home and abroad. Through the twelve British Homes 839 girls had passed during the year. Of these only 115 were reported as unsatisfactory, the remainder having given evidence of a change of heart, and being either in situations or sent home to their friends.

In 1886 the General visited Canada and the United States, travelling 15,000 miles and holding 200 meetings during the three months he was absent from England. In the following year he visited the Continent, devoting special time and attention to Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The reception with which he everywhere met proved that the Salvation Army was striking its roots deeply into the foreign

soil, while the General's keen eye enabled him to detect the peculiarities of the various nationalities, and the nature and degree of adaptation necessary for the overcoming of existing difficulties.

In the autumn of 1886 was held the first great International Council, when representatives from all parts of the world were summoned to take part in a week of united demonstrations. Some 2,000 British officers were also gathered to meet the foreign contingents. It need hardly be said that no single building would have sufficed to accommodate the crowds who desired to attend these gatherings. Nor was it thought advisable, as on a previous occasion, to engage the Alexandra Palace, as for a series of meetings covering several days it would have been too great an expense, and there was the serious drawback that it was out of the reach of the poor people.

The only way of overcoming the difficulty was to arrange for simultaneous meetings in the largest London halls, so dividing the forces as to ensure the greatest possible amount of good from so unique an opportunity. Exeter Hall was engaged for five days, and at the same time meetings were arranged to be carried on in the Congress Hall, Clapton, the Great Western Hall, Marylebone, and the Grecian, City Road; the four halls accommodating some fifteen or sixteen thousand people.

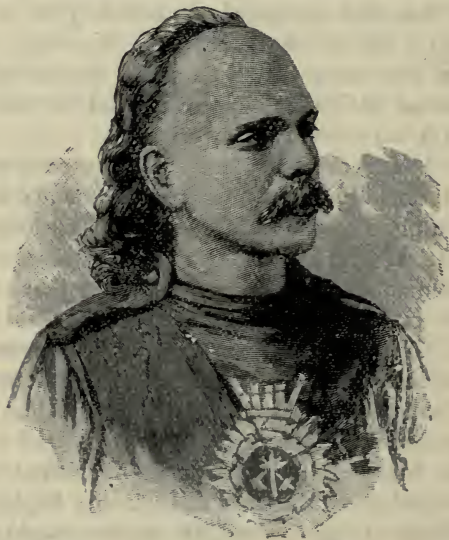
The highest expectations cherished with regard to these meetings were more than realised. No less than 1,700 billets were gratuitously offered by London friends for the incoming officers. This in itself marked not only the general interest felt in the occasion, but the extent of the Army's hold upon the metropolis. Sixteen nationalities were represented, including America, Canada, Sweden, Norway, France, Switzerland, and India. Never was the cosmopolitan character of the movement more clearly demonstrated. The love, the harmony, the enthusiasm, savoured of heaven rather than earth. National differences were forgotten while officers and soldiers met each other under the one universal flag, and

vowed themselves freshly away to God and the Army for the salvation of their countrymen. The thirty public meetings held, with their total audiences of 120,000 people, offered a marvellous opportunity for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and doubtless an ineffaceable landmark was created in the spiritual experience of multitudes.

It was suggested, by some of the provincial friends who had come to London for the occasion, that similar meetings should be held in other towns. The General was pleased with the idea, and arranged immediately for a tour, in company with fifty of the foreigners. Not only were the expenses of this party entirely covered by the collections, but upwards of £2,700 profits were realised for the prosecution of the Army's missionary work.

It was during this tour that the idea occurred to the General of sending out strong reinforcements to foreign countries in place of the dribblets which had hitherto been despatched. If with so little effort such glorious results had already been accomplished it seemed likely that a campaign on a larger scale would be accompanied by some sweeping advances. The plan was therefore put into operation, and before the new year had commenced 186 officers were on their way to foreign lands—probably the greatest effort any single missionary body has ever made in so brief a space of time. The largest of the detachments numbered forty, and was sent to reinforce the work in India and Ceylon. Within a few weeks of their arrival 200 natives sought salvation, and an impetus was given to the work which proved a turning-point in its history. In the following year an unexpected donation of £5,000, from a warm friend of the Army in China, enabled the General to despatch to India another party of fifty officers. As a result of these reinforcements a large staff of native officers was quickly organised, who have developed such ability and devotion that they give promise of soon being able to step into the places of their European comrades, and thus render the solution of climatic and linguistic difficulties comparatively easy. Indeed, for

some time the entire command of the Indian work was vested, during the absence of the writer of these memoirs, in a native officer, Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya. The unparalleled spectacle was afforded of a native bishop in charge not only of native ministers but of European missionaries! And yet there was not a murmur. With ready alacrity the European received his orders from his native leader. And when the Colonel was prematurely removed to heaven by an attack of



THE LATE COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA.

cholera the passionate grief of his European subordinates exceeded even that of his fellow-countrymen.

Great, however, as was the success of the International Council of 1886, and although the necessary outlay had been more than covered by the offerings, it was not deemed advisable to repeat it annually, owing to the fact that it necessitated the absence of the foreign commanders from their various posts. The anniversary of 1887 was therefore con-

fined to Great Britain, the Alexandra Palace being engaged for the day. Although, with the exception of a few Continental representatives, the foreigners were not present on this occasion, more than fifty thousand passed the turnstiles, and the hearty enthusiasm of the occasion showed how groundless were the fears entertained by some that it would not maintain the interest of the previous seasons. Almost unsought, Providence has placed within our leaders' reach the means of not only preserving but increasing, from year to year, the early attractiveness and enthusiasm of the movement.

Although these popular demonstrations are entirely distinct from the regular efforts of the various corps we are aware that not a few Christians object to them. In this we cannot but think that they are seriously mistaken.

In the first place, such demonstrations are in thorough harmony with the teaching and practice of the Bible. Under the old dispensation it was an absolute law that every Israelite should at least three times a year repair to Jerusalem to worship. This must have entailed enormous expense and inconvenience, but who can doubt that the compensating gain amply repaid the outlay? Similarly we find our Lord Himself gathering vast crowds, leading them into the wilderness, away from all their family associations, and conducting meetings among them which frequently lasted for several days. The Apostles also attracted multitudes wherever they went, their power for working miracles being evidently granted to them for this purpose. Moreover, every prophecy of heaven presents pictures of countless myriads.

But, leaving out of consideration for the moment the Scriptural aspect of the question, it is evident to any student of human nature that wherever man exists there man will congregate, if not for a good purpose then for an evil, or at least a useless one. The racecourse, the circus, athletic sports, and military reviews, are all so many object-lessons to the Christian, as to the possibility and desirability of dealing with the masses in a mass by substituting counter-

attractions of such a character as will remove the temptation to frequent the pleasure-haunts of worldliness and sin.

As for the cost of these demonstrations, the funds contributed for spiritual objects have rarely been trenched upon by such gatherings. On the contrary, they have usually been a considerable source of income. The people gladly pay, as they would have done had they been going to the Derby or Ascot instead of to the anniversary of the Salvation Army.

Mistaken, indeed, is the penny-wisdom and pound-folly of those who would deny to man these supreme spasms of Divine influence and who would spend their time in reckoning how many shillings it has cost.

There is a class of critics whom we might almost imagine charging the architects of the New Jerusalem with extravagance for having used such costly materials in the construction of its pearly gates and golden streets. "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?"

Man's influence on man none but fools would ignore, and not even fools can abrogate. It is an element which must of necessity be included in the calculations of all thoughtful persons who desire to counteract the agencies of evil in this world. If man were only a rational being it would be sufficient to appeal to his reason alone. But he is emotional as well. God has made him so. Some of the most exquisite touches of the Creator's hand are seen in the capacity to smile and weep. And those capacities are never so powerfully wrought upon as when man is brought into contact with his fellow-man. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." There is a divine philosophy in this. Reason unassisted carries the soul up to the barriers which divide it from its God; the emotions sweep it across, and leave it—heaving, panting, quivering, throbbing, and confessing—at the mercy-seat. A tearless repentance is no repentance at all, and a joyless salvation is scarcely worthy of the name. Stripped of the

emotions reason is a cold statue, without life. Robed with them, its every argument becomes a living power.

And even as solitude—needful, no doubt, at times—gives reason scope for reflection—so upon the emotions the effect of numbers is magical. True, solitude has its influence upon the emotions too, but where the one strikes a single note the other unites a harmony of swelling sound. It is as the ripple of a fountain compared to the roar of Niagara—the beauty of a dewdrop compared to the grandeur of an ocean. When the Divine Spirit sweeps over a single soul, and brings the tear of penitence to a single eye, it is doubtless beautiful. How much more so when He sweeps over a forest of hearts, and the simultaneous tear springs to a thousand eyes, and all are bowed in one harmonious whole before the Eternal Throne like a field of ripened corn before the wind!

The individuality of an individual soul is wonderful, but it cannot equal the individuality of a multitude whose souls for the moment are knit in one, whether it be the union of penitence or peace—of prayer or praise—when it seems for the moment as though the whole congregation were transported from their surroundings and could hear unspeakable things; things of which it is not possible for human tongue to find expression.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FOUR WEDDINGS. 1886-90.

FOUR weddings! Not all on the same day, or even in the same year, it is true. But, as in each of them bride or bridegroom was a daughter or son of General and Mrs. Booth, they may be telescoped into a single chapter. The same capacious hall—our largest in London, yet never large enough for such occasions—contained in each instance the same enthusiastic crowds, who flocked to witness the ceremony and to shower their felicitations upon their beloved leaders. Each union seemed to compete with the other in possessing the elements of true happiness, and in manifesting to the Army and to the world what God had meant the marriage tie to be.

There was not a stitch of finery about the bridal attire—no veil, no wreath, no jewellery. Countess Von Moltke's Continental society for plain dressing would surely have been charmed, and taken heart of hope, at the severe simplicity which trampled fashion's laws beneath its feet at the one moment of life when her sway is usually the most complete.

To a Salvationist the uniform is truly a blessing. It settles everything in this direction. There is no need to take a mental photograph of all the gay butterflies or solemn-coated beetles that fashion chooses to let loose upon the world. None require to spend hours of precious time in gazing into windows, coveting what they cannot have, or leading themselves into the temptation of buying what they really do not want, thus wasting what might so much better be given to the poor. The birds can sing their songs of gratitude, de-

livered from their lady-slaughterers. Fathers and husbands can sleep peacefully without being disturbed by nightmares of milliners' and jewellers' bills. They can fling purse and cheque-book into the mother's lap, and know beforehand that if there should be an extravagance it will be for them and not for herself, and that the little pile will have been eked out on necessaries, not on luxuries. Like the virtuous woman in the Book of Proverbs, "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Strange as it may seem to outsiders, the women of the Salvation Army lose all desire for the gewgaws of the world. They will not accept them even as a gift, since their conscience would not permit them to wear what would contradict their professions. Whilst society is criticising the measures of the Salvation Army, the latter are despising the practices of society. True, in the first instance it may have cost something to forsake what modern Christianity has taught to be "no harm." To cross the Rubicon, to fling into its waters the mandates of fashion, to leave on the other side considerations of appearance and the opinions of friends—has not been done without a struggle. But the joy that comes from victory, that noblest form of victory, the victory over self; the intoxication of world-conquest, the realisation of the plaudits of the skies, the smile of God—these have been ample compensation to the hearts of our women warriors for any sacrifices they have made.

And yet even in this world the loss has met with compensating gain. How many young men now prefer a life of bachelorhood, or even of sin, to a holy, happy marriage, because they "cannot afford" to marry! The very extravagances with which the women of the world have thought to lure them have frightened them. The simplicity of the Salvationist has removed this unnatural dread, and has rendered it possible for those who have small means to marry without risk of running into debt.

On the other hand, it has banished the temptation to put money in the place of love, or of those other considerations without which a happy union is impossible. When will the world realise that the links that bind two hearts need to be made of finer material than position, title, bricks and mortar, "oof," or a few square yards or miles of mingled mud and grass? What a mercy that the best of God's gifts cannot be monopolised! The joy, the peace, the mirror of heaven's felicity, which were intended to flow from the union of two kindred souls, are, after all, oftener found in the cottage than the palace, and are the universal inheritance of poor as well as rich!

One of the most important missions of the Salvation Army has doubtless been to lead man back from art, with its many hollow superficialities and trivialities, to nature and to nature's God. Art is a good servant, but a cruel master to humanity. In the present age, instead of art obeying man, man obeys art. The Consul of the Republic has become its Emperor. The usurper sits upon the throne, and complacent parents bow to his authority and deliver up their children to his will; selling them into semi-slavery, lashing their bodies into fantastic shapes, sacrificing health for appearances, the substance for the shadow, and, as a matter of course, usually losing both. But quietly and unostentatiously a revolution is being wrought beneath the surface, the effects of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

The four weddings could not but leave their mark upon the 20,000 people who witnessed them and upon the tens of thousands more who read about the services, and who had been familiar for years with the lives of toil and sacrifice in a common cause which had endeared to each other those who were now linked in still more sacred bonds. It is the spirit of a leader that inspires his followers, and that spirit speaks more loudly and eloquently in his actions than in his words. Man reads man not by his professions, but by his deeds—except where the professions tally with the deeds. Otherwise the professions count for little,

And this is why the majority of reformers fail. They seek to make others not what they themselves are, but according to an ideal which they do not themselves attain. But the power of a reformer is in his life, not in his theories; his practice, not in his precepts. Placed by Providence upon a pinnacle, it was inevitable that the example of General and Mrs. Booth and of their children should be closely scanned, and it is not too much to say that these occasions have been some of the most powerful factors in making the Army what it is to-day. They were object-lessons none could fail to see and comprehend.

It was on the 17th of September, 1886, that Commander Ballington Booth, the General's second son, was married to Miss Maud Charlesworth. If Switzerland had done nothing else for the Salvation Army it had served as a training-ground for some of its best officers. With decrees of expulsion flying around her head, and with the inevitable *gens d'armes* and a pack of ruffians at her heels, the Maréchale's lieutenant had developed into one of the most courageous and successful officers in the ranks. If she had not, like her husband, actually served an apprenticeship in jail, she had more than once faced the exasperated officials whose decrees she had disregarded, and when carried across the frontiers of the Canton it was only to return again, at the risk of imprisonment, on a future day.

One of the most interesting incidents in Miss Charlesworth's history had occurred during the year previous to her marriage, when visiting Sweden. The following is her own account of it:

“During my stay in Sweden I visited the university of Upsala, and as I went home from my meeting late at night I met troops of young students, many of whom were drunk and singing ribald songs. As I passed the large saloons I heard glasses clinking on the counters, the balls rolling upon the billiard-tables, and looking at the large lighted windows above I was told that those who were in before eleven were allowed to remain all night. Further, I heard that these young men were the flower and hope of Sweden; for in that city there were two thousand college students. Upon asking whether any special effort had

been made by the churches to reach them, I was told that they had been considered unreachable. We therefore determined to make an attempt in this direction. To have placarded the city with posters in the Swedish language, inviting these students to our meeting, would have been to have brought them, insulted and disgusted, to break the windows, and probably even to attempt to wreck the building. We therefore published the following bill:

CIVES ACADEMICI!
 CRAS, DOMINICA,
 HORA IV POST MERIDIANA,
 IN 'SALVATIONEM'
 VOS OMNES VENITE!

'MAUD CHARLESWORTH,'

Britanna illa, quæ gloria belli Helvetici floruit, publice loquetur.

NEMO NISI CIVIS ACADEMICUS IN 'ARCAM'
 aditum habebit.*

"What was the result? That evening the one topic in the saloons of the city was the Salvation Army's new departure.

"Swedes looked at the bill in open-mouthed wonder; whereas, the students were flattered with the idea of this meeting being exclusively for them and of the Swedish populace being ignorant of the purport of the invitation.

"At three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, with, I must confess, a little trembling and fear as to results, I stepped upon the platform to look down upon a sea of faces, for the newspapers estimated that, out of the two thousand students, sixteen hundred were present. Nor was this the only meeting; for others as successful and as large were held later, and the interest and change manifested in many of those young men was not only an intense joy to the Salvationists, but was also the comment of the whole religious and secular press of the country."

1. But Miss Charlesworth's warfare, extending over some four years, had not been confined to the Continent. Having sacrificed a home of ease and luxury she travelled the length and breadth of the English field, winning thousands of souls and gaining a permanent place in the esteem and affection of her comrades.

* Citizen students! To-morrow, Sunday, at 4 p.m., in the Salvation (barracks), do ye all come! Maud Charlesworth, the British lady so well known through the Swiss war, will speak. None but citizen students will be admitted to the barracks.

The wedding, like the others, took place in the Congress Hall at Clapton, which was, of course, crowded with thousands of enthusiastic Salvationists. The General performed the ceremony.

Soon after the wedding, Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth were appointed to take charge of the work in the United States, where under their able leadership rapid advances have been made.

The second wedding was that of the Maréchale and Commissioner Booth-Clibborn. The former needs but little introduction to our readers. She had been engaged, as we have seen, in public work from her very girlhood, meeting with a success in winning souls which but few ministers could claim. If apostles are to be judged by their "seals," and not by their sex, then she was an apostle indeed, for she had many seals. If "afflictions, necessities, distresses, imprisonment, tumults," nights of prayer and days of toil were proofs of ministry, then through God's grace she had become a minister indeed.

And when on the 8th of February, 1887, the Maréchale gave her hand to Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, who had for six years faithfully seconded her in her efforts on behalf of France and Switzerland, the entire Salvation Army rose up to call them blessed, and showered upon the union their heartfelt prayers and congratulations. The Quaker bridegroom, who had resigned excellent business prospects and cast in his lot so unreservedly with the Salvation Army, had proved himself a staunch and faithful officer. The knowledge of French and German which he had gained during his youthful studies in Switzerland had been turned to good account.

Those who imagine that an army leader's post is a sinecure should have stood beside Commissioner Clibborn and shared with him his baptism of kicks and blows, of mud and stones, of persecution, prosecution and imprisonment! They should have been pursued by the police, or abandoned by them to

bloodthirsty ruffians. And probably after a week of such experiences they would have fled, like the American reporter who had enlisted in New York as a cadet to get a peep behind the scenes, and who was overheard saying in his sleep, "If anybody thinks he is going to join the Salvation Army for the sake of a 'soft snap' he's mighty much mistaken."

The redeeming feature of the disturbances which seem inseparable from Army work is that without doubt they deliver us from hypocrites. The few who from unworthy motives enter the fold are generally glad to beat a speedy retreat through the always open door. But to the sincere it is far otherwise. The time for the latter-day Stephen to see "the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," is now, as of old, while the stones are flying thick around his head, and he marches on in the consciousness that each moment may be his last. Does it appear incredible that on such occasions as these men and women should be found who go out, time after time, with a Hallelujah on their lips, a smile upon their face, and a prayer for their persecutors in their hearts, defying the powers of hell to do their worst? Not a few of our people have been killed by furious mobs and others maimed for life—but hundreds have risen up to fill the vacant place. And the very cursing Sauls, at whose judicial feet the witnesses have laid their clothes, have not seldom been converted into praying Pauls.

And thus with the marriage of the *Maréchale*; six years of fellowship in war and suffering had fitly paved the way for the closer and holier bonds which were to cement two faithful hearts to Heaven, to each other, and to the Army's work.

Any of the many outsiders who were present on the 10th of April, 1888, at the wedding of the General's second daughter, Miss Emma Booth, might have been tempted to doubt the applicability of some, at least, of the foregoing

remarks, and to question the wisdom, or even sanity, of the bride's parents in sanctioning a union with the barefooted, Indian-robed, beturbaned figure who occupied the bridegroom's place. If, however, the visitor had paid the orthodox five shillings for his reserved seat he would have been able to discover from his coign of vantage that the latter's face was white, and would in consequence, perhaps, have breathed a little more freely. And had he been able to secure a seat at the wedding banquet, and seen £5,000 subscribed by those present, not as a personal gift, but for the carrying on of the foreign work of the Salvation Army, he would have guessed that some hearts had been deeply touched.

Still, it certainly did look like going too far, and carrying things to an outrageous extreme, for the General's daughter to marry a native-dressed, calico-enveloped beggar; for beggar he looked and beggar he was, his very begging-bowl lying on the platform. And when the Army-badged auxiliary who sat next to the stranger enlightened his evident perplexity, and explained that the bride herself was to don the native garb and share the beggar's lot, dipping her unaccustomed fingers into the curry-dish and walking barefooted through the Indian streets, he would have fancied, perhaps, that these Salvationists could not love their daughters as he loved his, or how could they consent to such a thing? But when the mother rose, and with tear-filled eyes and a pathos that could not be misunderstood told how her child had been to her "more than a daughter," the surprise of the visitor would have been still greater. And then if he could have seen and spoken to those troops of bright-faced women-officers and girl-cadets whom the bride had not only trained but practically "mothered" during the past eight years, it would have appeared impossible that she should be spared from a position of such usefulness. And he would but have voiced the feelings of the congregation and of every British Salvationist.

But the little group of dark-complexioned Indians seated

on the platform, representing thousands more across the seas, thought far otherwise, and were happy indeed to claim the treasure that Great Britain was about to lose. They at least realised that England was not the world, and that it was just those who could least be spared who would soonest win their heathen countrymen for Christ. If for the moment the flood rolled eastward, bearing on its crest the choicest that the West could give, might it not, in course of time, return with gathered impetus, and the Apostles of the East once more evangelise the West, as in days gone by?

Verily the Lord must have appreciated Mrs. Booth's sacrifice. Her last terrible illness had just declared itself. Never had she more needed the comfort and the care of the daughter, one of whose earliest utterances had been "Me woves oo a million miles," and who had proved it by a rarely equalled life of fond devotion. Just as the Maréchale's light had shone peculiarly abroad, so Emma's light had shone at home. From childhood she had been the counsellor and burden-bearer, or, rather, burden-remover, of the family; for none knew better how to illuminate sorrow's cloud with the rainbow hues of hope, and with the alchemy of tenderest sympathy convert leaden-winged trouble into golden-pinioned peace.

But oh! me fears the reader smiles, for he has discovered that the beggar-bridegroom is the writer of these lines, and he fancies that he can trace fond partiality in the description of the bride. Well, after all, who so fit to judge as those who see and know? And why should not a husband claim the Scripture privilege of praising her, and of asserting that, though "many daughters have done virtuously," yet "thou excellest them all"?

The fourth wedding was that of Commandant Herbert Booth. The bride, Miss Coraline Schoch (the daughter of Staff-Captain Schoch, an ex-officer in the Dutch army), had for some time been a member of the Salvation Army, and, though not having had the opportunity of long service in

the ranks, early distinguished herself by her unqualified devotion, her largeness of heart, and her brilliant gift of music and song. To Mrs. Booth it was a source of deep regret that she could not herself, owing to the rapid progress in her final illness, be present at the ceremony. "Set my chair," she said to the General, "and put my portrait on it, so that I can be there in semblance, if not in reality. And I will send them a letter for you to read"

It was a touching scene, and few were able to restrain



MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

their tears when the General read the following letter to the assembled crowds :

" MY DEAR CHILDREN, COMRADES, AND FRIENDS,— It will seem quite natural to you that I should be deeply and tenderly interested in the important ceremony which is taking place this morning in the dear old Congress Hall.

" I am pleased with this union. I have considered it well, and approve it in my most deliberate judgment.

"It is not only a satisfaction to me, but a joy. It seems to be the fulfilment of my many prayers and dreams on behalf of my dear Herbert.

"So far as my poor blessing is of value, I send it to you all. I again thank you for your prayers and sympathy, and again repeat my oft-repeated hope to meet you in heaven.

"I am no less interested in this world because I am waiting here on the threshold of the other. Oh! believe me, its sorrows and its sins, its opportunities and its responsibilities are realities which claim all your powers and all your influence for the service of Him who has redeemed it. God be with you!

"Yours till the morning,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Through her daughter Emma, Mrs. Booth also sent the following affecting message to the people :

"I don't know that by any words of mine I can add to the blessed impression that I believe those dictated words of my darling mother read here this morning have made upon every heart.

"I believe in eternity that letter will be found to have brought a real and deep blessing to many here present. And yet I do wish that you could have been with me the evening before I left my mother to attend this wedding. I was sitting with her in the gloaming, by the bedside. I thought she was dozing a little, and I was trying to read, as well as the light would allow me, when she called me to her side. I hastened, and held my ear down that I might catch every word, and she said—oh! with such an expression lighting up her face, and while tears came into her eyes :

"Emma, I should like you to let them understand, at the Congress Hall to-morrow, how great a comfort it is to me to know, now that I am lying on the banks of the Jordan, with life's opportunities for love and labour swiftly passing for ever away, to know that with all my children I have sought *first* all the way through the interests of the Kingdom of Christ. And now, when I am leaving you all to the storms and temptations and dangers of life, I have the realization that the promise is being fulfilled, and will be fulfilled, that *all other things should be added.*'

"I prayed as she spoke that I might be able to deliver you that message, so that it should lodge, with the Spirit's help, in the inmost recesses of every soul, and that we, one and all, who are called by Christ's name and know anything of His power to save, should go forth determined that with our children, with our husbands or wives, with our friends, with our daily associates in the business or the counting-house, that for us to live should be Christ, and that we would seek first at every cost the interests of His Kingdom.

“As my mother lifted the one hand that she can now move, and said those words over and over, they seemed to write themselves in fresh desire upon my soul :

“‘*First,*’ she said, ‘not among other things, but *first* since the hour that I first kissed Bramwell as he lay a little babe on my bosom, I said to the Lord, “In all my ambitions for this child and for any others that may follow, in all my dealings with them, and in the education that I may be able to give them, Thy Kingdom shall be first.”’

“And now comes the wondrous consolation that fills her heart when dying. On behalf of a perishing world let us freshly consecrate our all to God. I believe it shall be so with the bride and bridegroom ; and here, in these closing moments, may we enter into a new covenant with the heavenly Bridegroom, and go forth to put His interests first at every cost. The Lord bless you.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

DECLARATION OF THE LAST ILLNESS. 1888.

THE interest of a race-course centres round its winning-post. It is here that the grand stand is erected, that the spectators cluster most thickly, and that every eye is strained to watch the result of the race. It is not always those who start well who end the best. Sometimes those who have led grandly all the way, unequal to the final spurt, are beaten at the last; whilst others, leading from the first, are never neared, and win by many lengths amid the plaudits of the crowd.

The winning-post of life—to those who win—is death. It is here that humanity gathers to watch the last hours of the handful of swift-footed spirits who in each age outrun their fellows, whether in the realm of war, or politics—of thought, of doubt, or piety; and a grand career is either illumined by the radiance of its final triumph or enveloped in a sombre pall by its defeat. The finishing touch is put to an already perfect picture, or the artist's own hand mars the landscape with a dingy daub.

The *last* of anything, if bad, we welcome with a sigh of relief—if good, we follow with a sigh of pain. The involuntary, and often unmerited, tribute of a tear drops unbidden on the grave of what is *last* because it *is* last. And when that last is a pure, holy, blameless, and unselfish last—when it is linked to the heart of humanity by golden chains of faithful service and (it may be) unrequited affection, then the solitary tear becomes the tear of all; and even those who have chidden in times past feel their eyes fill and their hearts choke as they bow in mute, sincere acknowledgment

before the shrine of worth. The shrill voice of envy and the strident notes of criticism are hushed for once beside the grave. The mistakes of the past, if mistakes they have been, are buried or forgotten, and the good lives on. We realise the chances gone, and stand wistfully gazing up after them into heaven till time pulls us by the sleeve, reminding us of those that still are ours and bidding us prove the sincerity of our good desires by treading in the steps of those we mourn.

Death is to all alike, the common end of life's probation. Saint and sinner pass through its portals carrying with them nothing but their character: the panorama of their every deed and the phonogram of every word, with which and with which alone, to appear before the Judgment Throne. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," does not mean that the righteous are free from the physical sufferings entailed by death, but that the righteous when placed under precisely the same physical circumstances as the wicked behave quite differently. There is neither the apathy of indifference nor the terror of despair.

For both the casket breaks, and breaks with pain; revealing the contents that have been gathering there for years—the storage of a life. The broken casket of the sinner's soul reveals the sin, the selfishness, the indifference of the irrevocable past, while through the shattered fragments of the casket of the saint there shines the glory of a blood-washed, ransomed being, whose ended life is only life begun, enveloped in the folds of love, peace, confidence, and joy unspeakable.

Alike in life and death, it is only by exposing the evil and the good to the same circumstances that the character of each can be discerned. The sun shines and the rain falls upon both, but with very different result. The wicked take without a "Thank you!" the best that Providence bestows and spend it on themselves. The good look up with grateful hearts to the Divine Giver, and plan how to make others the participators of their joy. Surround the former with wealth,

and they will hoard it in a bank, or squander it on wasteful excesses. But the latter "hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor."

Endow the sinner with genius and he will utilise it in self-aggrandisement, in piling up a fortune, in manufacturing explosives with which to destroy his inoffensive neighbour, or a liquor that will damn his soul, and this without a twinge of conscience. But the saint will lay every talent at the feet of God for the service of his fellow-man, trampling on the bribes the world may offer.

And thus with sorrow, losses, sickness, death. Unless the same tests were applied to both the Divine Judge might be charged with partiality. "Doth Job serve God for naught?" has always been the language of "the accuser of the brethren" in regard to those who have stood in Job's place, and who have resisted the dangerous blandishments and flatteries that attend prosperity. Nowhere does the contrast between saint and sinner stand out more clearly than when both are placed, side by side, in the furnace of affliction. While the sinner "curses God and dies," the Jobs of every age have been enabled to respond, "What! Shall we receive good at the hands of God and shall we not receive evil? Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." The trial of the sinner, manifesting his wickedness, becomes the commencement of his punishment. The trial of the saint reveals his character to all the world, proves that he is genuine, and measures the "how much" of his love to God and man.

The pillars of the narrow gate are hewn from the tree of suffering in order that no hypocrite may find his way to heaven and mar its harmony. The sinner desires the crown without the cross—the saint is willing for the cross without the crown. The one serves God for what he can get out of Him. The other loves God for what He is, "serves Him for naught," and would be willing to accept hell itself as his deserved due. The one says, "Why should I be punished?" the other, "Why should I be saved?" The one blames God in the vain attempt to whitewash himself. The other con-

demns himself that God may be justified. The one is ever contriving to do for God as little as possible—the other will do his utmost and wish that it were more.

And thus the character of each is manifest by exposing both to the same test. What wonder, then, that “the name of the wicked rots” and “their desire perishes,” while “the memory of the just is blessed,” and the righteous are “in everlasting remembrance?”

February, 1888, followed a year of unusual suffering and depression, the precursors, doubtless, of the dire malady which was to overshadow the remaining years of Mrs. Booth's life. And yet such had been the courageous stand which she had maintained in the battle that few outside the immediate home circle knew anything of the hand-to-hand struggle with weakness and weariness. During this month, however, symptoms appeared which could not be disregarded.

It had been arranged for Mrs. Booth to assist the General in Bristol at the celebration of a “Two Days with God.” The meetings were among the most successful and powerful ever held. The Colston Hall, a vast cathedral-like structure, estimated to hold nearly five thousand people, was engaged for the occasion. But as the time neared the outlook was by no means encouraging. Snow had fallen, and still it was falling. The very atmosphere seemed laden with it. In fact, many said that such severe weather had been unknown for twenty years past. The prospect of being able to collect a crowd under such adverse circumstances seemed so hopeless that some urged a postponement of the gatherings.

But a Bristol audience is not easily daunted. Through the blinding snow they flocked in thousands till even the distant galleries were filled, and a dense throng, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, waited on God for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

The difficulties in face of which they met served but to fire the speakers and to increase the readiness on the hearers' part to receive the message. During the six consecutive

meetings the interest and influences steadily heightened, and when, on the second evening, Mrs. Booth rose to speak the vast hall was crowded from floor to ceiling.

Perhaps the shadowy presentiment that the remaining sands of her life were numbered, and that there might be awaiting her the dreadful and protracted anguish through which, twenty years previously, she had nursed her own mother, lent an added inspiration to her heart and clothed her words with even more than their usual pungency and power. Certainly the mingled faithfulness, directness, and yet pathos of her appeals upon this memorable night had never been surpassed. She seemed to fear lest she should fail to include every individual present in the message she had brought to them from God. Unflinchingly she gripped each conscience and nailed it to the duty of the hour—immediate and unconditional surrender to the claims of Heaven. Nor was it in vain. Hundreds responded to the call, and rising to their feet willed away their all for a life of holiness and sacrifice.

It would be difficult to imagine a more triumphant culmination to the provincial labours which had commenced in Gateshead twenty-eight years previously, and which had included in their scope nearly every important town in the United Kingdom.

The following passage is taken from the imperfectly reported address, which, alas! but poorly represents the impassioned fervour of the appeal. Taking for her text the words, which the General had just been reading, "Advise and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent us," Mrs. Booth said:

"Now, dear friends, God wants the ANSWER. What is the response which you, individually, will make to the VOICE which has been sounding in your ears during the last two days? The voice which some of you have heard for months and years has been renewed and intensified, and it is ringing in your soul to-night as distinctly as it ever rang in the soul of any prophet: *the voice of God in your soul.*

"To begin with, you *know* it is the voice of God. It matters not what human instrument it has come through. If God had used a sparrow or

some inanimate instrument to convey His message, that would not take away for a moment the importance of the message, or render it optional as to whether you would return an answer.

“I am confident that many here have recognised the voice of God. You know that no mere human words could have made you feel as you have felt—could have forced you to face the past and listen to its voice—to look onward into the future and to realise its possibilities as you have done. Now, as the prophet said, I will say to you, ‘Advise and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent us.’ What answer shall we, who have brought you these messages of truth, and mercy, and deliverance, and salvation, return to Him who has sent us? The Holy Spirit wants an answer. Jesus Christ wants an answer. God the Father wants an answer. The perishing, suffering world around you wants an answer. They are waiting for your answer in heaven, and they are waiting, depend upon it, in hell; and it may be that your destiny to the one place or to the other depends upon your answer to-night. I believe I have been in many meetings where the everlasting destiny of souls has been fixed by the answer they have sent back to the truth delivered by my feeble lips.

“*What is the answer to be?* Perhaps some of you say, ‘I do not choose to return an answer.’ But it is not optional with you whether you will or not. The Jews thought it was optional whether they should return an answer to the messages of Jesus Christ, but they were utterly mistaken. The disobedient, gainsaying world has thought so from the beginning, but they have been grievously mistaken, as many of them have found out when they were dying, and as all will find out at the Judgment Bar.

“All truth coming from God demands, nay, receives, an answer from every soul who listens to it; that very refusal to return an answer is an answer of defiance. It is saying back to God, ‘Mind Your own business. I don’t want Your will. I have chosen my path. I am busy about other matters. I shall not return any answer to Your messages.’ That very attitude is an answer of defiance. You cannot help yourself; your soul *must* respond to the truth one way or the other. You have heard that inward voice; you have seen that inward light. Now you must say ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’ You can never go back to where you stood before—never!”

It was a kindly Providence which granted to Mrs. Booth the spiritual stimulus of such a victory, for the news which awaited her on her return to London was of the saddest character. An interview had been arranged by a medical friend with Sir James Paget. It was with some fluttering of heart, and after a fresh and definite committal of herself for

life or death into the hands of the Lord, that Mrs. Booth started on her sorrowful errand. Sir James Paget, after making a careful examination, unhesitatingly pronounced the small tumour which had then appeared to be of a cancerous type, and advised an immediate operation, an opinion which was afterwards confirmed by another eminent surgeon, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. Mrs. Booth then stated her objections to an operation, asking what would be the probable duration of life if the disease were allowed to pursue its ordinary course. Sir James Paget seemed desirous to evade the question, saying that he could not speak with certainty; but upon Mrs. Booth courageously pressing him as to what was the usual limit of life in such cases, he replied that it would probably be from eighteen months to two years at the utmost. Mrs. Booth received the melancholy tidings with the calmness of a Christian and the fortitude of a saint. Not that she failed to grasp the terrible nature of the situation, as the following passage from the General's pen will serve to show :

"After hearing the verdict of the doctors she drove home alone. That journey can better be imagined than described. She afterwards told me how as she looked upon the various scenes through the cab windows it seemed that the sentence of death had been passed upon everything; how she had knelt upon the cab floor and wrestled in prayer with God; of the unutterable yearnings over me and the children that filled her heart; how the realisation of our grief swept over her, and the uncertainties of the near future, when she would be no longer with us.

"I shall never forget in this world, or the next, that meeting. I had been watching for the cab, and had run out to meet and help her up the steps. She tried to smile upon me through her tears, but drawing me into the room she unfolded gradually to me the result of the interviews. I sat down speechless. She rose from her seat and came and knelt beside me, saying, 'Do you know what was my first thought? That I should not be there to nurse you at your last hour.'

"I was stunned. I felt as if the whole world were coming to a standstill. Opposite me on the wall was a picture of Christ on the cross. I thought I could understand it then as never before. She talked like a heroine, like an angel, to me: she talked as she had never talked before. I could say little or nothing. It seemed as though a hand were laid upon my very heart-strings. I could only kneel with her and try to pray.

"I was due in Holland for some large meetings. I had arranged to

travel that very night. She would not hear of my remaining at home for her sake. Never shall I forget starting out that evening, with the mournful tidings weighing like lead upon my heart. Oh, the conflict of that night journey! I faced two large congregations, and did my best, although it seemed I spoke as one in a dream. Leaving the meetings to be continued by others, I returned to London the following evening.

"Then followed conferences and controversies interminable as to the course of treatment which it might be wisest to pursue. Her objections to an operation finally triumphed.

"And then followed for me the most painful experience of my life. To go home was anguish. To be away was worse. Life became a burden, almost too heavy to be borne, until God in a very definite manner visited me in a measure, and comforted my heart."

The painful tidings fell upon every heart in the family with crushing force. The household was indeed a vale of tears. They loved their mother with a passionate tenderness rarely seen. Their life still centred itself in hers almost as much as in nursery days. She was still the trusted repository of their every sorrow, their counsellor in every perplexity, the guardian angel of their lives. "We look at one another through our tears, and cannot speak," writes Emma to her mother a few days later, from Reading, where she had gone to attend a large council of officers. "But, loved one, you will know how we feel. So does the Lord, who will surely help us in this time of trouble. Every moment your dear face is before me. I want unspeakably to fly back to you. Only to help Herbert and to play a brave part for the Kingdom's sake could I stay even a few hours from your side. The dear Lord is, however, nearer than any of us can be, and, much as we love you, He loves you more."

Mrs. Booth's strength failed rapidly, and the progress of the disease enforced the early termination of her public labours.

The next occasion on which Mrs. Booth spoke was at her daughter Emma's wedding, on the 10th of April, 1888. Fearing lest the development of the disease might prevent her from being present upon this much-looked-forward-to occasion she fixed for it the earliest possible date, telegraphing for the return of the writer of these memoirs, who was then in India.



MRS. BOOTH DELIVERING HER LAST ADDRESS AT THE
CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

To Dr. Parker of the City Temple was reserved the privilege of affording to Mrs. Booth the opportunity of delivering her last message in the great metropolis. It was twenty-three years since she had addressed her first London congregation at a small chapel in Rotherhithe. From that day London had been the centre round which not only she herself but the Salvation Army had revolved.

For nearly a quarter of a century Mrs. Booth had occupied this world-wide rostrum with an ability and success which few had equalled, none surpassed. It was on Thursday, 21st June, 1888, that she brought her public ministrations to a close, with an address which could scarcely have been more appropriate and powerful had she known that it would be her last.

Her heart had been deeply stirred in regard to the needs and claims of the heathen world by the great missionary convention then being held at Exeter Hall, attended by some two thousand delegates from all quarters of the globe. She had loved the heathen when but a child, and it was fitting that her last public appeal should be a plea on their behalf—a plea that was emphasized by the offering up of her own daughter for their salvation.

For upwards of an hour Mrs. Booth spoke, forgetful of time, of place, of strength—in fact, of everything except her theme and opportunity. Every eye was rivetted and not a heart could sit unmoved. But when at length she concluded exhausted nature reasserted itself, and she was so completely prostrated that it was nearly an hour before she could be removed from the pulpit. On their way home she said that she feared it would prove to be her last address, and it afforded her no small consolation then and afterwards to realise that it had been an appeal on behalf of the heathen nations of the world.

Though unable to take any public part in the anniversary celebration of 1888, Mrs. Booth was present for a few minutes in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace, where the gathering was held. It was the last great assemblage of

officers and soldiers she was to witness. The succeeding year she could only send a brief note of congratulation from her sick chamber.

It did not seem probable, at the anniversary of 1889, that Mrs. Booth would survive to hear tidings of another such celebration. Yet so it was. The Crystal Palace had been chosen for the occasion.

Upwards of fifty thousand persons were admitted to the grounds. For such an enormous number there was not even standing room in the vast nave, where upwards of twenty thousand were gathered to receive what proved to be Mrs. Booth's dying message. It had required some ingenuity to present it to the people in such a manner that all could decipher the words. Finally, two rollers had been fixed upon the daïs of the orchestra, at a considerable distance from each other. Between them stretched a broad sheet of calico, upon which the message had been painted in letters so large that they could be read from the farthest corner. By means of a windlass the coil was unwound, and sentence after sentence placed before the multitude, familiar songs of consecration being played upon the organ during the interval. The following was the message:

“MY DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS,—

“My place is empty, but my heart is with you. You are my joy and my crown. Your battles, sufferings and victories have been the chief interest of my life these past twenty-five years. They are so still. Go forward. Live holy lives. Be true to the Army. God is your strength. Love and seek the lost. Bring them to the Blood. Make the people good. Inspire them with the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Love one another. Help your comrades in dark hours. I am dying under the Army Flag. It is yours to live and fight under it. God is my salvation and refuge in the storm. I send you my love and blessing.

“CATHERINE BOOTH.”

The effect was electrical. The whole congregation was bathed in tears, and from thousands of hearts there went up fresh vows of consecration, recorded in heaven, and since fulfilled on earth.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CLACTON-ON-SEA.

DURING the autumn of 1888, Mrs. Booth went for a change to Clacton-on-Sea, returning to London in October. From the time when, as a girl invalid, she had visited Brighton in search of health, the sea had always possessed a peculiar charm for her. She loved to gaze out across the boundless expanse of waters, and to quaff the bracing breeze. The sense of its magnitude and power not only exercised a special fascination over her mind, but seemed to stimulate her nerves.

Clacton-on-Sea is a quiet little watering-place, about seventy miles east of London, not far from the mouth of the Thames, but with a southerly aspect. The coast runs almost due east and west, and the low-level cliffs, which approach the water's edge, afford a natural promenade of almost any length without the ups and downs of intervening hills. The beach and a long, level parade, sheltered by the cliff from the northern winds, together with a handsome pier, add to the attractions of the locality for the invalid or visitor. To Mrs. Booth the fact that after its brief season was over the town was so quiet that it seemed almost uninhabited added greatly to its charms. During a previous visit she had selected a house as a home of rest for the staff-officers of the Salvation Army. It was, but doubtless will not long continue to be, the last house on the East Cliff, and therefore the most secluded in the town, with a garden of its own, which added to its privacy. Only those whose lives are spent in the fanciful glare of a perpetual publicity can appreciate the

character of such a boon to the often tired bodies and jaded spirits of our officers.

In August, 1889, Mrs. Booth returned to Clacton, leaving London, as it ultimately proved to be, for the last time. Previous to her departure she had consulted her medical advisers as to the length of her stay. From three to five weeks, had been their reply. But once there, receiving benefit from the change to her general constitution, her



OCEANVILLE, CLACTON-ON-SEA.

return was postponed until at length she became too ill to return.

The journey down had been a very trying one. On her way from her home in Barnet to Liverpool Street Station she had expressed a conviction that she would never return. She spoke frequently and in the most touching manner regarding her memories of the great city east and west, its rich and poor, its evil and its good. Few, if any, had seen

accomplished in a twenty-four years' ministry the results which she had lived to witness. "In the morning" she had "sown" her West End "seed," and "in the evening" she had not "withheld her hand" from the East End multitudes, "not knowing" which should "prosper, either this or that," and truly it might be said that both had been "alike good."

The Home of Rest, which was rented from the Army by the General during the next fourteen months, was peculiarly well adapted for the needs of the time, there being ample room for offices and secretaries, as well as for the members of the household. To within the last few weeks of her death Mrs. Booth was made familiar with all the important events of the War, and little was done in the way of fresh advance which was not, in the first place, discussed with her. To the very end, her mind continued to be as clear and powerful as of old, and even months of prolonged anguish failed to impair it, whilst the rest from public life afforded time for reflection between the severer intervals of pain.

During the first month or two of her stay, Mrs. Booth was able to go out for a daily drive; a carriage having been kindly placed at her disposal by two friends. But such was the effect of the motion upon her that some five weeks after her arrival the morning came when she had scarcely journeyed a few yards before she was compelled to return, saying to her daughter as she alighted, "I fear this will be my last drive, Emma." Thus the much appreciated loan of horse and carriage was returned. Then came the slow walks along the cliff, when she might be seen leaning upon the arm of the General or of some member of the family, sometimes dictating letters to the secretary by her side. And then came the last walk round the garden, when she plucked the faded rose, comparing it to life, the opportunitites of which all fade and fall, save those which by grace have been garnered for Heaven. Thus by degrees she became confined to the house. But even then she would come downstairs as long as it was at all possible to the sitting-room, of which, with its vacant chair, we give a sketch. And when at length she

was unable to leave her room, her bed was placed so that she could still look out across the sea, and some of her most inspired messages were delivered while her eyes rested upon its ever-changing tide.

The General occupied a room upstairs, opening on to the same landing, so that at any moment of the day or night he could readily go to the sufferer's side. Often through the long wakeful hours of the night he would watch by her,



THE VACANT CHAIR.

doing what he could to alleviate her sufferings, and pleading for heavenly grace on her behalf. Mrs. Booth's daughter, Emma, and her younger daughters also ministered to her wants by day and night with an eagerness and devotion rarely equalled. A faithful Army officer, Staff-Captain Carr, gladly abandoned her public work for the privilege of ministering to the beloved sufferer. She was installed as nurse at the commencement of the illness, and remained with Mrs. Booth to the last, dressing the wounds with thoughtful

skill and unwearying patience, and in every way manifesting the sympathy and devotion of a daughter.

On several occasions Mrs. Booth was visited during the last months of her life by deputations of officers representing the various branches of the Salvation Army. At the conclu-



STAFF-CAPTAIN CARE.

Mrs. Booth's Faithful Nurse in the last illness.

sion of an important council of several hundred officers, held in London on the 27th and 28th November, 1889, it was suggested that as Mrs. Booth had been unable to occupy her accustomed place at the General's side, representatives should be sent to Clacton, who should convey to her the assurances

of the sympathy and prayers of the Council, receiving from her lips the words of encouragement and counsel which might be on her heart to give. The privilege was granted, and a number of leading officers were selected, the preference being given to those who had longest been Mrs. Booth's fellow-toilers in the field.

The dull leaden November sky and desolate snow-covered fields fitly typified the grief which bowed the hearts of each member of that deputation. All felt they were losing at a stroke a mother, leader, counsellor and friend. And the sorrow, which is usually less because divided, was the keener because appearing to include so much.

Upon reaching the house the party was ushered into the sick chamber. As their eyes rested upon the face of the Army Mother it seemed that uncontrollable grief smote every heart. Strong men wept like children. Kneeling round the bed, the deputation sang and prayed, as well as the overpowering emotions of the moment would permit, and then Commissioner Howard and Colonel Dowdle, on behalf of the recent Council, expressed their sympathy and the determination of all to abide by the first principles of the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Booth was deeply affected. Faithfulness and affection were imprinted on the tearful faces of the kneeling group. Ten thousand memories of past fellowship in faith and fight burst in upon her. At length, however, she was able to reply. The voice was weak and low, but it had lost none of its former music and penetration.

Commissioner Higgins and others who were present spoke, or tried to speak, Commissioner Carleton expressing the feeling of multitudes when he said how gladly he would have taken the disease into his own body, had such been possible, in order that the beloved sufferer might have been restored to her wonted position in the work. But to this Mrs. Booth replied that such an arrangement would have never met with her consent. And then, with a closing prayer from Mrs. Booth, the party left the room, "sorrowing most of all" for the sad conviction that "they should see her face no more."



DEPUTATION OF OFFICERS VISIT MRS. BOOTH AT CLACTON.

Again and again during the progress of the illness it was thought that Mrs. Booth was dying. The doctors said that her hours were numbered. She believed so herself. And yet she rallied. Her farewell messages were therefore reiterated.

To the Army she sent the following brief but touching message on the 19th December:—

“1.18 p.m.—The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Don't be concerned about your dying; only go on living well, and the dying will be all right.”

But perhaps one of the most affecting scenes occurred when Mrs. Booth, having changed rooms, asked for the Army colours to be brought from the former apartment and fastened above her head. Many and many a time had she presented the flag to officers and soldiers, inviting them to pledge themselves to eternal fidelity to the principles which it emblemised. And as she had fought beneath its folds in life, so now in death she rejoiced to realise that the “banner of love,” which had been the herald of salvation to multitudes, was still waving over her.

“There,” said the General, “the colours are over you now, my darling!”

“Let me feel them,” said Mrs. Booth.

And as her poor worn left hand was guided to them, she clasped them fondly, and traced the motto with her finger, “Blood and Fire.”

“Blood and Fire!” she repeated. “Yes, that is very appropriate. It is just what my life has been—a constant and severe fight.”

“It ought to be ‘Blood and Fire and Victory,’” said the General.

“I'll fight on till I get it,” replied Mrs. Booth. “I won't give in. Next time I see them, I shall be looking down, instead of up, at them. I shall be above the smoke of pain and sorrow there.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE DEATH OF MRS. BOOTH.

"PRAY that the Lord may speedily finish His work and take me home," was the oft-repeated request of Mrs. Booth during the months of anguish spent in the mysterious valley of shadows; so short to some, to her so long. But the lips of love could not frame the prayer, and to her "Let me go" a thousand hearts responded, "Lord, let her stay!" It seemed indeed as though death itself were unwilling to perform its appointed task—as though "such divinity did hedge" the dying saint that death could "but peep to what it would"—as though the hand of the king of terrors, a score of times outstretched to cull the Army's fairest flower, were as often arrested and withdrawn.

And when at length the hour came, it seemed that with a gentleness ineffable the spirit was released from its earth-tenement and transplanted to the regions where it should blossom and bear fruit for ever, regions where the sun-rays shine without scorching and the winds fan without blasting. And the poignancy of the pain of parting was mitigated by the halo of unbroken peace that settled on the dying sufferer's face, and by the assurance of a coming and eternal reunion.

It was during Self-Denial week, the annual Lent of the Salvation Army, that the final summons came. In anticipation of this season, Mrs. Booth had addressed the following brief but touching letter to the soldiers and friends of the Army throughout the world:—

"MY DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS,—I have loved you much, and in

God's strength have helped you a little. Now, at His call, I am going away from you.

"The War must go on. Self-denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something.

"I send you my blessing. Fight on, and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in Heaven.

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

The first serious intimation of an approaching crisis occurred on Wednesday, 1st October, when violent hemorrhage set in. For some weeks previously there had been no symptoms of immediate danger. Indeed, such had been the rally that Mrs. Booth's medical advisers had thought it probable that she might live to see the new year in. Upon the strength of their assurances meetings had been arranged for the General and other members of the family, her daughter Emma remaining by her beloved mother's side. On Wednesday afternoon a telegram was despatched summoning the General; and the next day Mr. and Mrs. Branwell Booth, together with the other members of the family then in England, were sent for, as from the prostrated condition of the patient it was evident that the end could not be distant.

Thursday night passed in comparative quiet, Mrs. Booth sleeping with unusual soundness for several hours. Nevertheless the laboured breathing served as a warning that her condition was critical.

On Friday morning, the 3rd October, an interval of several wakeful hours, passed in extremest suffering, was followed by a deep sleep, lasting till 5 p.m. On awaking Mrs. Booth appeared to be comparatively free from pain, and great was the joy of all when she consented to take a little nourishment. But the rally was only temporary, and it was soon clear that the beloved sufferer was fast sinking.

Friday night was a season that will be held in everlasting remembrance by each one of those privileged to be present. The General, Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, her daughters, Emma, Eva, Marian, and Lucy, the writer of these memoirs, Staff-Captain Carr, and the members of the household, knelt around the bed, while the photographs of the unavoidably

absent members of the family were again laid upon her pillow. Mrs. Booth was awake and conscious during the greater part of the time, giving touching tokens of recognition to each member of the weeping group, though often too weak to utter words. True, the head was less erect than its wont, and drooped one side through exhaustion—true, the features were somewhat pinched with the prolonged anguish—nevertheless the glorious soul shone triumphantly through the surrounding darkness, and the glow of the eternal day-break seemed already to have suffused the sufferer's countenance, and to have replaced the marks of pain with the stamp of unspeakable peace.

Strange to say, nearly every crisis of Mrs. Booth's illness was emphasised by a storm. The present occasion was no exception to the rule. While she was bravely struggling with the last enemy, a tempest was raging without, and the loud signals of distress from a shipwrecked vessel could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind. And thus it seemed as though the Army Mother's barque were tossing on death's billows while the kneeling group fired on her behalf signals of distress, the loud reports of which were heard in heaven, summoning to her relief the lifeboat that was to bear her soul from the poor shipwrecked body and land it safely on the eternal shores.

But how impossible does it appear adequately to describe the scene! The plain, undecorated upper room overlooking the sea, its windows ever open to the breeze, and its movable screens arranged so as to guard the watchers from the draught. Then there was the curtainless iron bedstead, on which the sufferer lay, surmounted by the Army flag. With streaming eyes and faltering voices the gathered family sang again and again her favourite choruses, watching with inexpressible emotion as the loved lips moved in the effort to take part:—

“ We shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace !

For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader—
We shall walk through the valley in peace !”

Although her voice could not be heard, and the breathing was hard and difficult, each time the word peace was repeated her hand was raised as a signal that such was indeed her experience. Other choruses were sung, such as :—

“ The angels will come,
With their music will come,
With music and singing to welcome thee home ;
At the bright gates of crystal
The shining ones will stand
And give thee a welcome to their own native land.”

Another favourite verse was :—

“ We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore ;
Only waiting for the angels,
Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.”

And then would follow the triumphant notes of her son Herbert's chorus :—

“ Victory for me
Through the blood of Christ my Saviour !
Victory for me,
Through the precious blood !”

Other well-known hymns were sung. “ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,” and “ Jesus, Lover of my soul.” Once when the singing ceased, through the fear lest it might be too much for Mrs. Booth, she called out with pathetic distinctness, although with evident difficulty, “ *Go—on!*”

It was but in broken sentences and at long intervals that she was able to speak. “ Pa !” she would cry out at times, and in a moment the General's weeping face was close to hers. “ What is it, my precious one ?” The lips moved, but to his intense disappointment he could not discern what she was endeavouring to say. Unutterable feelings seemed to be struggling for language which she had no power to frame. And yet words were not wanted. He who had

known her every longing and shared her every thought for forty years, did he not know and feel all that in these farewell moments she desired to say?

Almost the last audible prayer she was heard to breathe was, "Lord—let the end be *easy*—for Emma's sake." And the prayer was answered, voicing as it did to the last her usual self-forgetfulness and consideration for others. At another time she whispered, noticing how loath were any of the watchers even for a moment to leave her side, "Take it *in turns—in turns!*" repeating the last two words with her own peculiar emphasis.

"O Emma, let me go, darling," she whispered at another time, and upon receiving the answer, "Yes, mamma, we will!" she added eagerly, "Now? Yes, *now*, Lord! Come now!"

The singing appeared to be a help and a comfort. It was indeed meet that the refrains which had served as an inspiration during the soldier life should soothe the last hours of the dying saint.

"Calvary's stream, it is flowing so free!"

was followed by

"My Jesus, I love Thee! I know Thou art mine!"

And then again:—

"My mistakes His free grace doth cover,
My sins He doth wash away;
These feet which shrink and falter
Shall enter the gates of day."

And again a little later:—

"Though wave and storms go o'er my head,
Though health and strength and friends be gone,
Though withered all my joys and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies!"

Speaking of Heaven, she said:

"Oh, I feel like flying. I don't believe I shall be fastened up in a

corner playing a harp. I shall let the folks do it who like, but I shall travel about if I can. I shall come and see you if I can, and whisper things to you, some things that I have not been able to say. Oh, I wish there were some way of getting a letter to you when I am gone. But perhaps I shall be able to visit you in dreams and visions of the night.' Then, tenderly stroking the General's grey head, bowed by sorrow at her side, she took his hand, weeping, and pressing it fervently to her lips, said :

' And this I do find,
We two are so joined,

I shall not be long in glory and leave you behind!
Not long, I am sure, not long! ' "

Then, turning again to her family, she added :

"Remember, divisions and schisms and distrust are of the devil, of the devil. I know Him. He comes at me. He says, 'Ah, you are leaving all your children, and the world and the devil will be too much for them!' But they won't, will they? "

All the Family: "No."

Mrs. Booth: "Don't let him get an advantage."

"Oh, be not faithless!" she continued, her voice quivering with the love that animated her countenance. "I have been so wanting in faith. Oh, what I would give now if I had had more faith and been more courageous. Have faith in God. Don't be afraid of the devil; don't be afraid of evil tidings. Don't be afraid of them that can kill the body. Have faith, faith, mighty faith! I am going into the dark valley *believing*. I am ashamed of myself in many respects. I don't want you to publish what I have done. I am ashamed of the little I have achieved, and if I had only had more faith I might have achieved *so much*."

Again the lips moved, as though desiring to speak.

"Do you *believe*?" she asked. "Yes!" eagerly replied the Chief, "I am sure Jesus has got you in His arms." Then pouring out his heart in prayer, he cried: "Lord Jesus, we thank Thee for Thy presence! We beseech Thee to help us in this experience so new to us; in this separation which, although so long anticipated, seems so dreadful. . . . Lord, help us! Thou hast conquered death! Thou hast waded the river before us! We know our precious

mother is in Thine arms! We thank Thee for this wonderful peace and calm! Let there be a joyful entrance into Thy kingdom! Oh, take her right into Thy presence, and lay her head upon Thy breast!"

Unable to speak, Mrs. Booth pointed to a wall text, which had for a long time been placed opposite to her so that her eyes could rest upon it, "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" It was taken down and placed near her on the bed. But it was no longer needed. The promise had indeed been fulfilled.

And so those long hours of the night wore away and morning dawned, her last morning upon earth, and the last morning of Self-Denial Week. Still she lingered and still her loved ones watched. Like the ocean tide, the waves of life gradually ebbed and receded into the distance. Or rather seemed it as if some vessel from the eternal shores had cast anchor near the windows, and was but waiting for the sufferer to embark in order to set sail.

Once, fixing her eyes upon her unfailing and faithful attendant, Staff-Captain Carr, she managed, though with evidently painful effort, to say, "*Thank—you!*"

At times she would gaze upwards intently, as though able to see some wonderful vision, the dim reflection of which would illuminate her face. Once she said, "*I see,*" but was unable to add more.

Fondly the General clasped her hand, while each member of the family tenderly embraced her, kissing her brow, and with breaking hearts and choking voices uttering their farewell messages of love. A gleam of tenderest recognition passed over her countenance as the General bent over her. "Pa!" she said—a term of endearment for the General. Their eyes met—the last kiss of love on earth was given—the last word spoken, "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Fainter and fainter grew the breathing, while more and more clearly were assurances of peace written upon that dear-loved countenance; till at length, with one deep sigh, without a struggle, the silver cord was loosed and the golden

bowl broken, and the unfettered soul fled away to the land where sorrow and suffering shall be no more, and where God's own hand shall wipe away all tears.

It was half-past three on Saturday afternoon, the 4th October. The storm of the previous night had passed away. The sun was sinking in an almost cloudless sky. The singing of the larks, and the dull murmur of the waves beating on the shore—all seemed as though nature's God were seeking through His handiwork to speak peace to the troubled souls of the bereaved, reminding them through the beauties of that exceptionally perfect autumn day that their loved one had entered upon a world whose glory eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

It is impossible to describe the sense of utter desolation which swept over that home as the realization of their great and irreparable loss made itself felt. But as father and children embraced one another in that sacred room, each sought to hide the anguish of their individual grief in striving to bring comfort to the other. The forest oak which, during the past forty years, had buried its roots in the subsoil of those loving hearts could not fall crashing to the earth without tearing every tender feeling, and making the very ground vibrate. It seemed to each member of that family as if an avalanche of sorrow had been let loose, compared with which preceding troubles had been as merest snowflakes. The anguish of bereavement is the necessary penalty of love. Extremes of joy and sorrow meet. Those who possess the highest joys are open to the keenest sorrows. It must be so, while love is love. The most exquisite joy of which the human breast is capable is made conditional on *participation*. It cannot be experienced *alone*. It must come through others or not at all. Individuals are bound with individuals "in the bundle of life," inextricably interwoven with chains which salvation sanctifies, beautifies, and strengthens, but does not break, because it links all to God, and thus freshly binds each to the other.

Upon the General the calamity fell with almost overwhelming force. Writing to the *War Cry* immediately afterwards, he refers to it in the following touching terms :

“Yes, like a dream the event has come and gone. Anticipated, the uppermost thought in my mind, known to be inevitable for two long years and eight months, dreaded as one of the darkest human shadows that could fall upon my poor life, death has come and taken away my darling wife, the beloved partner of my soul.

“As well as she was able she joined us in singing the old song :

“I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.”

“And then she kissed me and slipped away.

* * * * *

“I need not say that in this visitation the Army suffers loss. It is quite true that she was *the Army Mother*. This relationship, almost universally recognised, had grown up like so much of the Army, without any set arrangement or design. Other religious organizations cannot be said to have a Mother ; their guides and authorities are all *Fathers*. The Salvation Army has, of God's great mercy and wisdom, and we think through His own leading and inspiration, felt its need of the more tender, feminine side of human character, as well as the more robust and masculine element. Woman has taken her place with man in the new kingdom as a helpmeet for him. And my beloved had the honour of being chosen by her Lord to lead the way and set the example in this arrangement. The coming generations will regard her as the Pioneer Mother. How she has done this work, and in the doing of it commanded the respect of the Christian world and secured the deep affection of her own people, is a matter of everyday knowledge.

* * * * *

“And may I say something of my own loss? Ever since our first meeting, now nearly forty years ago, we have been inseparable in spirit—that is, in all the main thoughts, feelings, and purposes of our lives. On no single question of any importance have we ever acted independently of each other's views. Oh, what a loss is mine! Words are utterly unable to express it. It cannot be measured.

* * * * *

“My comrades, will you follow her as she followed Christ? So far as her life has been self-sacrificing, and pure, and laborious, and true in the interests of Christ and mankind, will you imitate it? And all for

the dear Lord's sake. And so shall you be a joy to her, and an unspeakable consolation to

“Your affectionate General,

“WILLIAM BOOTH.”

Thousands were eager for a last look at the loved face. It appeared inhuman to refuse so natural a request. It would have been invidious to grant it to a select few and not to all, and hence it was speedily decided that the body should be removed to London and such arrangements made as would enable all who so wished to take a farewell glance at the beloved countenance. The plain oaken coffin, which was the Army Mother's last resting-place, was fitted with a glass front, through which she could be seen, her hand resting upon her favourite photograph of the General.

Death had seemed to make but little change in the face. The look of peace and confidence which rested on her at the last was still there. All was so natural that it would not have seemed strange for the eyes to open and the lips to speak.

The flag beneath which she died was thrown across the coffin lid, to which a brass plate was affixed bearing the following inscription:—

CATHERINE BOOTH,

The Mother of

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Born 17th January, 1829.

Died 4th October, 1890.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LAST LOOK.

“ So thou hast passed away, thou noble soul !
Gone to thy place among the stars to shine :
E'en while on earth, above its' dark control,
To beam for God, held by His hand was thine.
Thy spirit's radiance was a thing divine,
Which dared to pierce where sunbeams might not dwell :
It threw a ray on darkest hearts—on *mine*—
Shone through all shades and burst into my cell !
Such souls as thine are lighted lamps from God
Sent to earth's gloom to gild it for awhile ;
They shine like morning down life's shadowed road,
To wake a bird and bid a flower to smile !
And thus it is on clouds of man's despair
Still falls the eye of God and makes a rainbow, there ! ”

(By an Ex-Convict, who first heard and read of Mrs. Booth in his cell.)

AND now occurred a series of vast and imposing spectacles, seldom paralleled in the history of the world. The woman who had, perhaps of all others, the least coveted popularity received a tribute of genuine and world-wide esteem, which was as unanimous as it was unstinted and generous.

The spontaneous outburst of popular sympathy which greeted the news of Mrs. Booth's death proved that her labours had not been in vain. Volumes might be filled with laudatory notices from the pulpit and the press, while the funeral celebrations were attended by unprecedented crowds.

On Monday, October 6th, her last remains were privately removed from Clacton-on-Sea to the Clapton Congress Hall, at the opening of which she had herself assisted, and where she had delivered many powerful appeals. The hall, one of the largest and most beautiful in London, accommodates five

thousand persons, and is seated like an amphitheatre. It proved to be none too large for the occasion. The centre had been cleared of seats, and the northern portion of it was covered with a coloured canopy, beneath which the coffin was placed, surrounded with ferns and flowers. On the lid were laid Mrs. Booth's well-worn Bible, her Army flag, her bonnet and her crested jacket, touching mementoes of the past. Above it was a card bearing a quotation from her last anniversary message to the Army :

"Love one another,
and
Meet me in the Morning."

On the front of the platform, with the Army colours drooped around it, was the framed portrait which had been taken in her sick chamber a few months previously, and which had occupied the vacant chair by the General's side at the wedding of Commandant Herbert Booth.

At the head of the coffin were placed several wreaths, bearing various inscriptions, many of a deeply touching character. Attached to one were the words, "The Rescue Officers consecrate themselves to tread in the footsteps of their Army Mother." Another, "With deepest love and sympathy from Mrs. Booth's book-folders." And one from "A little servant girl in memory of Mrs. Booth's goodness to her sister, once an officer, now in Heaven." Another quaint wreath of crocheted cotton rosettes was labelled in tinsel letters "Victory." The surrounding tables were covered with flowers. And among the choicest wreaths were little bunches of cottage garden chrysanthemums, the contrast serving to illustrate the varied classes to whom God had enabled her to minister in life. On each side of the coffin was ranged a body of cadets, who regulated the crowd, and kept the perpetual stream of visitors moving on ; whilst from time to time her favourite hymns were sung by others in one of the side rooms, the fact that they could not be seen giving a distant heaven-like seeming to the sound.

On Tuesday four thousand people passed through the hall, on Wednesday ten thousand, on Thursday fourteen thousand seven hundred, and on Friday thirteen thousand. Had the position of the hall been more central, doubtless the numbers would have been still more vast.

Many touching scenes were enacted at the coffin side. Not a few were so overpowered with grief that it was with difficulty that they could be removed. Others, remembering the messages of former days, came to seek salvation. One of these, a poor fallen girl, had struck Mrs. Booth in the back when she was leaving the hall some years previously. Turning to her, Mrs. Booth had tenderly pressed her to give up her life of sin and enter one of the Rescue Homes. And now this Magdalen was at the coffin side, expressing with tears her regret for the past and her determination to lead thenceforth an altered life.

"All classes of society were represented," says a lady who was present and witnessed those never-to-be-forgotten scenes. "Ministers, lawyers, doctors, actors, postmen, police, railway officials, grooms, working-men, just come from their various trades, and women from every grade of life. The old people seemed especially overcome with grief. 'I heard her preach some of her first sermons,' they would say one to another. And then they wept afresh. Strong, intellectual-looking men gazed on that scene with tear-filled eyes. And, oh, the number of babes and young children brought to look upon that face! One can imagine how in future years the parents will love to rehearse this incident to their children, urging them to follow in the footsteps of her who so faithfully trod in those of her Master. But oh, the poor, the poor! Never before have I experienced so melting and harrowing a time, as one after another numbers of them passed along, their quivering lips and tearful eyes betraying the fact that they recognised in the death of Mrs. Booth the loss of a personal friend."

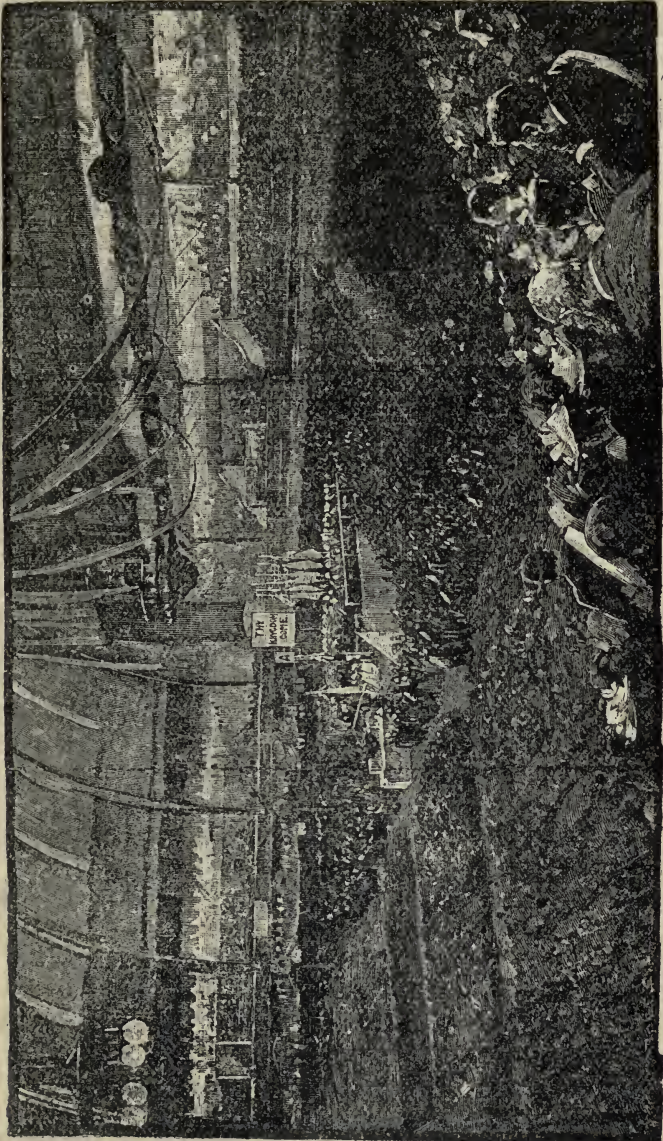
From Clapton to the Olympia—from the toiling East to the luxurious West—the remains of Mrs. Booth were re-

moved on the following Monday, October 13th. Quietly at daybreak, almost by stealth, in order to avoid the crowds which would have otherwise awaited it, the eight-mile journey was performed.

The difficulty of securing a suitable building, large enough to accommodate the immense crowds desirous of attending the funeral service, and yet within sufficiently easy reach of all quarters of the Metropolis, was necessarily very great. The Olympia Skating Rink was, however, finally engaged. It was a vast railway-station-like structure some 500 feet in length and 200 feet in breadth, with immense galleries stretching the length of the building, and said to be themselves capable of accommodating twelve thousand people. When occupied previously by the notorious Barnum the throng of spectators had found ample accommodation on the sidewalks and in the galleries, while the entire centre had been devoted to the show. On the present occasion, however, it proved none too large for the immense crowds which surged in the direction of the building from early morning, although the service was not advertised to commence till six p.m. Thirty-six thousand people passed the turnstiles, and then it became necessary to close the gates and shut out thousands more.

None who gazed upon that seething mass of humanity could ever forget the sight. It seemed to be a miniature representation of the Judgment Day, and one almost expected to hear the trumpet sound, feel the ground quake, see the Great White Throne, and find the books opened out of which should be judged the quick and the dead.

A fog, which had prevailed during the afternoon, had crept into the hall, and hung in fleecy folds along the roof, dimming the dazzling brilliance of the large electric lamps, and adding not a little to the weirdness of the scene. "Nature's mourning," remarked an officer. And indeed it seemed appropriate for the occasion, and to suit the mood of the huge audience. For while there was none of the lugubrious melancholy of an ordinary funeral, a sad serious-



THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT THE OLYMPIA.

ness pervaded the proceedings, and made it evident that the people realised their loss.

It was obviously impossible for any single voice to make announcements which could be heard. To meet this difficulty a special litany had been prepared, printed, and distributed among the congregation. Corresponding with this, large-lettered signals were hoisted at intervals on the platform, instructing the audience to "rise and sing," to "pray," or to read in silence the extracts from Mrs. Booth's writings, which formed part of the service, and which included exhortations to sinners, backsliders, Christians, and Salvationists.

But perhaps the most impressive part of the ceremony was the procession which entered the hall at the commencement, bearing the flag-covered coffin down the central aisle and through the dense throng of spectators. Slowly and sorrowfully, yet with an air of mingled hope and triumph, the advance-guard of men and women officers filed their way, bearing the flags of various nations, together with those of some of the oldest corps, presented in early days by Mrs. Booth. Others carried many-coloured bannerettes. White badges on the left arm, and white streamers from the flag-pole, took the place of customary crape, and taught that they who mourned, mourned not as those who had no hope—that Heaven was a reality, and that they believed the Army Mother to be there.

And when, borne on the shoulders of a band of officers, Mrs. Booth's mortal remains entered and passed slowly down the hall, preceded by her faithful nurse—who carried the flag under which she had breathed her last—few could restrain their tears, and it seemed as if a visible wave of sympathetic sorrow swept over the hearts of the entire audience.

The General followed, alone. Grief had left its finger-traces on his brow. It was hard to lose the faithful partner of so many years. But resignation and determination were alike written on his face, and the keen grey eyes, which had gazed for months with hers upon the pearly gates and jasper

walls of the New Jerusalem, had lost none of their piercing power. Ezekiel-like he stood, "the desire of his eyes" stricken "at a stroke," seeking to make his sorrow but the text for a new appeal to all the world to yield their hearts to his Divine Master.

The General was followed by the various members of his family. They had bravely struggled to be there. But it was easy to read the sorrow that weighed upon their hearts, and to see that no small effort had been made in order to command their feelings sufficiently to face that crowd.

The platform reached, the appointed places were taken, and the solemn service proceeded. Song followed upon song, prayer upon prayer, appeal upon appeal. Deeply touching was the moment when the bereaved family, rising to their feet, sang the favourite chorus which had so often comforted the dying sufferer:

" We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace!
For Jesus Himself will be our Leader—
We shall walk through the valley in peace!"

The meeting culminated in a final invitation to all who were willing to make a whole-hearted surrender of themselves to God to signify it by rising to their feet. Hundreds upon hundreds responded to the call, and the hall was for the time being a veritable vale of tears—a starting-point from which thousands will doubtless date a new life of consecration to the service of God and humanity. And then the procession reformed and left the hall in the same order in which it had entered, while the crowds melted slowly away and disappeared, like phantom spirits from another world, into the dense fog that had settled like a funeral shroud upon the streets.

CHAPTER L.

THE FUNERAL.

“Not once nor twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the path of glory.”

THE shadowland of youth with which we commenced these memoirs is exchanged for the shadowland of eternity. To the confines of that unexplored region, whose glories for the saint, whose terrors for the sinner the eye of faith, through the dim medium of revelation, can alone discern, we have brought our readers. Along that sorrow-shrouded borderline, which had been crossed by the triumphant spirit ten days previously, there gathered on Tuesday, the 14th of October, an immense concourse of human beings, entirely without parallel since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

The fog of the previous day still lingered in the air. But it was not sufficient to conceal the solid block of human beings who stretched from far away down the spacious Thames Embankment on into the heart of the City. The crowd at the Olympia had appeared vast indeed, but sank into insignificance when compared with the countless throng that rendered impassable some of London's widest thoroughfares. The funeral march was restricted to Officers, of whom some three thousand were present. With heavy hearts they had flocked to the mournful ceremony from every portion of the British field.

Had all the soldiers and friends who were desirous of joining the procession been allowed to do so, it was anticipated that they would have numbered at least fifty thousand, mak-

ing progress impossible. The event proved the precaution to be a necessary one.

For some little time no advance could be made, but with the hearty co-operation of the police, and the good-humoured assistance of the crowd itself, a passage was at length cleared along Queen Victoria Street. Formed into fifteen sections, with flags and bannerettes waving in the air, the procession slowly forced its way through the dense throng till it had reached the International Headquarters of the Salvation Army. Here the coffin was brought forth, draped in the Army colours, and, with the familiar Bible, bonnet and jacket in view, it was placed upon the open hearse provided for its reception. It was received with respectful silence by the multitude, and hats were generally doffed along the route.

The General followed alone in an open carriage, standing and bowing his acknowledgments to the sympathetic greetings with which he was continually met. The Chief and Commandant were on horseback. A second carriage, also open, contained Mrs. Booth's daughters, the Maréchale, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, and the Misses Eva, Marian, and Lucy Booth. In a third carriage followed Mrs. Bramwell and Mrs. Herbert Booth; in a fourth the eldest grandchildren, and in the fifth and last were Staff-Captain Carr and the household. The only members of the family unable to be present were Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth, who were represented by an officer bearing the flag of the United States.

As the procession passed the Mansion House, the spectacle was unique. Business, in the busiest hour of the day, was at a standstill. Every avenue of approach was blocked with omnibuses, carts, and cabs, the owners of which made use of every inch of standing-room as an improvised "grand-stand," levying mail on the eager candidates for a place. Windows were lined and on either side of the procession was a solid wall of human beings. Through Shoreditch, past Dalston, and up Kingsland Road, to the very entrance of the Abney Park Cemetery, a distance of four miles, the uninterrupted

sea of human faces stretched, till those who witnessed the sight were tempted to wonder from whence such multitudes could have come. This was more remarkable since from the very pressure of the crowds it was impossible for the spectators to accompany the procession. They could only wait and see it pass. The crowd in the city was of an entirely different character to that in Shoreditch, and this again to the crowd in Kingsland.

At length the cemetery was reached. Admissions had been limited by the authorities to ten thousand, and these had already taken their places and been awaiting for some hours the arrival of the march. The fog lifted and the declining sun shone out while the procession passed through the gates, as if to remind each sorrowing heart that their loved one was beyond the reach of earth's mists, adding brilliance to another world, and yet leaving behind an imperishable memorial of the past in the thousands of salvation-illuminated lives that were to focus and transmit to all around the rays of spiritual light they had themselves received from her.

Slowly and silently the procession wended its way through the cemetery. On the right and left there stretched an endless sea of tombs. Touching tokens of desolated hearts and homes were spread around. Tablets, monuments, crosses, urns and broken pillars, typical of broken hopes, with their stone-written names and inscriptions, perpetuated the memory of those who lay beneath, whilst flowers and wreaths and carefully attended sward sought to strip death of some of its grim ghastliness. What a wilderness of buried hopes, of shattered ambitions, of baffled efforts, of pardoned and unpardoned sin! It seemed as if across that wall of gravestones "against the candlestick" of life were written in letters which required no Daniel for their interpreter, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

The spot chosen for the grave was in the extreme left-hand corner of the cemetery, where a considerable space remained unoccupied, and there was consequently the most room to accommodate the crowd. Here a large platform had been

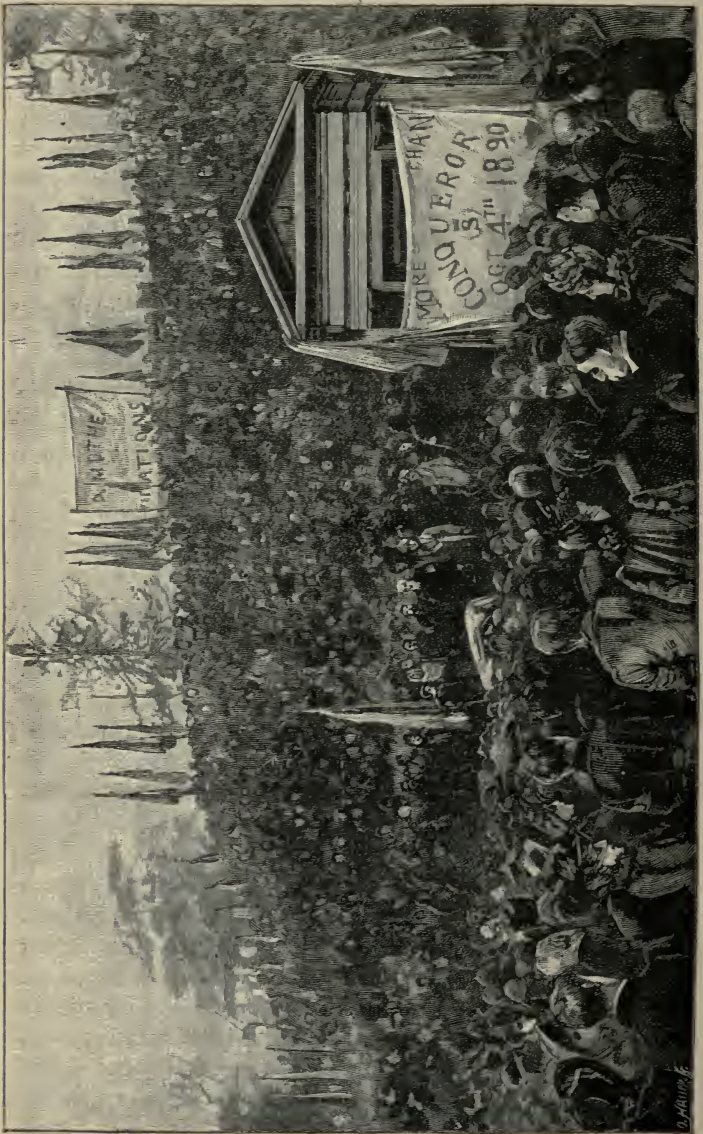
erected, capable of seating some fifteen hundred persons. Draped with flags and filled with officers, it presented an effective background to the scene. In front of the platform and reaching to the boundary walls was the dense mass of earnest faces which had become so familiar during the last few days.

Gently the coffin was removed from the carriage, and placed upon the platform in the view of all. Around it in circle sat the General, his family, and various leading officers. The service was conducted by Commissioner Railton. His clear voice rang out, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and the congregation heartily took up the familiar refrain. Major Musa Bhai from India, and Mrs. Major Cooke, representing the slum work in England, then prayed, and Staff-Captain Annie Bell sang:

"When the roll is called in Heaven,
Shall I answer to my name?"

After Commissioner Howard had read a passage from the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the writer of these memoirs spoke. Next the Maréchale, Mrs. Booth's eldest daughter, standing with tears beside her mother's open grave, appealed to sinner and saint alike to surrender themselves fully to God, and follow in the footsteps of her who had left behind so brilliant an example.

And then the General stepped forward, the entire platform rising to their feet. Cries of "God bless you!" and "Amen!" greeted him from all directions. It was a grand climax to the funeral celebrations of the week—nay, rather to the long service of a life—when the patriarchal figure of the Prophet of the Poor, the Founder and Father of the Salvation Army, stood erect, bareheaded, sad, but firm and true, facing the vast audience. The long grey beard, the Eastern cast of countenance, the flashing eyes, the uplifted arm, reminded the onlooker irresistibly of pictures of Moses, Elijah, Daniel. It was not difficult to imagine there in the



THE FUNERAL AT ABNEY PARK CEMETERY.

corner of that vast graveyard, that one of the prophets had indeed risen from the dead, had it not been for the "one touch of nature," the open grave, the waiting coffin, which served to make that congregation "kin." It was one of those scenes which memory carves upon the inmost soul. The many-coloured background of white pennanted flags and uniformed Salvationists, the foreground of listeners with tear-bedewed cheeks and earnest upturned countenances, the setting sun, the fading light, the weird sepulchral surroundings—the spectacle was one which seen, who could forget?

"It was a most touching sight," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "when the tall, upright General came forward in the gathering darkness to tell his comrades of the loss he, their Chief, had sustained. He spoke manfully, resolutely, and without the slightest trace of affectation. Not a suspicion of clap-trap marred the dignity of the address. He spoke as a soldier should who had disciplined his emotion, without effort and straight from the heart. Few wives who have comforted their husbands for forty years have received such a glowing tribute of honest praise. It is clear enough where the strength of the Salvation Army is to be found, where its courage, where its indomitable energy, where its unswervingness of purpose. To hear General Booth speak, and to see the man, is to understand a great deal of the success of the Salvation Army."

Kneeling at the conclusion of his address by the coffin side, the General imprinted upon its lid a farewell kiss, while the tears of the children fell upon it fast, and then the loved one—nay, only the "dissolved earthly house of this tabernacle"—was lowered sadly into its last resting-place, the congregation singing softly a verse which had been a special favourite with Mrs. Booth, and which had a double interest, both words and music being the composition of her son Herbert:

"Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,

Power to lift my head when drooping,
 'Mid the angry billows' roll!
 I will trust Thee!
 All my life Thou shalt control!"

Commissioner Railton afterwards stepped forward and repeated from the Army burial service the solemn words:

"As it hath pleased Almighty God to promote our dear Mother from her place in the Salvation Army to the mansion prepared for her above, we now commit her body to this grave—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in the sure and certain hope of seeing her again in the Resurrection Morning."

Then, turning to the crowd, he said, "God bless and comfort all the bereaved ones!" The audience responded with a hearty "Amen!"

"God help us who are left to be faithful unto death!" And again a loud and deep "Amen!" pealed forth.

"God bless the Salvation Army!" said the Commissioner, the congregation responding with a third "Amen!"

And, finally, the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, her eldest born, stepped forward, worn with the recent strain and deeply agitated. There seemed to be tears in his voice as he struggled to control the pent-up feelings of his heart while reading out the personal covenant with which the solemn service closed. Sentence by sentence the audience repeated after him the words:

"Blessed Lord—We do solemnly promise—Here by the side of this open grave—And before each other—That we will be true to our cause—And valiant in Thy service—That we will devote ourselves to the great end of saving souls—That we will be faithful to Thee—Faithful to one another—And faithful to a dying world—Till we meet—Our beloved Mother—In the Morning. Amen."

Night shadows were creeping over the graveyard, while the vast assemblage reluctantly and sorrowfully dispersed. Nature sympathising with the mourners' mood spread its dark pall over the scene, and bid them turn from the buried

past to use the golden opportunities of the present. And through the gloaming angel voices seemed to chant the farewell message of the departed one :

“ Love one another, and meet me in the Morning.”

* * * * *

From its sunrise to its zenith, from its zenith to its sunset, we have tracked the orbit of a life whose light shone “ more and more unto the perfect day.” And now we stand gazing sadly over the waters, and watch the ball of spiritual fire as it sinks for the last time below the horizon, illuminating the fringes of the dark bank of sickness-clouds behind which it disappears, and yet through which, to the last, it pours its golden rays. And then the twilight sets in—death’s twilight : the twilight of a holy death—in which the twin-lights meet, and the light of life is merged in the light of eternity. We look up almost despairingly into the darkening sky. But, though the sun is gone, the stars shine out ; first a few here and there, like solitary mourners over the grave of the departed day, then more and more, till countless legions fill the firmaments, and the blank, black past is ablaze with memories of deeds and words that pierce the darkness of bereavement with messages of hope, and stand like fiery sentinels keeping watch at the gateway of a brighter day, when the eternal morn shall break and the shadows flee away, and the Sun of suns—of which this, after all, was but a pale reflection—shall shine forth in its strength, illuminate the world, and never set.

THE END.

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THE SALVATION ARMY AS IT IS.

By COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

Only six years ago, Mrs. Booth asked me to append to her blazing protest against "Popular Christianity" a brief description of The Salvation Army. And now, three years after that tremendous Tuesday when London followed the Army Mother's last procession to her humble grave, I am asked by her eldest son to make a similar appendix to the popular story of her life.

With what reluctance and mortification should I sit down to this pleasant task if I had to record the disappointment of Mrs. Booth's purposes and hopes! If I had to say that, since her voice was no more heard amongst us, the Gospel of Jesus was less loved, and the work of Jesus less vigorously carried on by the people whom Mrs. Booth taught, I should have to make a sorry confession indeed as to the nature of her life-work.

"By their fruits ye shall know them"—our one great Master's test-word is especially valuable in relation to the dead. We may endeavor in vain to sift from even the best of records what is reliable fact, and what affectionate tradition only, about any popular leader; whereas the abiding results of their action supply to us an infallible test of the extent to which they acted with and without God, with and without a true regard for the benefit of their fellow-men. And if this be our test, then surely there has been time enough already for every one to satisfy themselves that Mrs. Booth was an instrument in the hands of God Himself, and that the great impulses of her life were not of human but of Divine origin.

For the Army remains unaltered. After carefully examining what I wrote six years ago, I cannot find a single word that would need modification in any description

of the teachings and practices of the Army to-day. Just such as Mrs. Booth saw it in preaching, in spirit and in practice, is it still, proving conclusively how complete was the delusion of those who represented, whether in a friendly or unfriendly tone, that it owed to this great woman its existence or its power. What men create perishes at their departure. Only God is able, through His workmen and workwomen, to produce something which, amid all possible tempests and trials, will still continue to flourish.

It has frequently appeared to me that a subtle form of insult to the General and the Army was invented by those who, by extravagant eulogy of Mrs. Booth, implied that without her neither her husband nor his followers would count for much. All this has found, during the last three years, its crushing reply amidst the Army's onward march. Amongst the floods of misrepresentation which from time to time have deluged the General and his family, I am not aware that anyone has ever ventured to accuse either the husband or the children of Mrs. Booth of departing from the path she trod, or even of wishing to depart from it.

Certainly she could hardly have imagined in her sunniest moments, that, at the bidding of the most important journals of her country, a committee of statesmen* would sit for weeks to examine into the honesty of her dearest ones, and would solemnly declare their perfect integrity, whilst at the same time suggesting that a body of trustees might with advantage be appointed to ensure their continuance in that good way! But if from her lofty dwelling-place she witnessed all this, she had also the satisfaction to see both husband and children in that important moment, and before that severe test, as unwavering in their resolution to hold to the unlimited freedom of action for God which she valued so highly, as they ever were when she was amongst them.

* Reference is here made to the searching investigation into the affairs of *The Darkest England Scheme* by the Earl of Onslow's Committee, of which Sir Henry James, M.P., was Chairman, and which resulted in a remarkable vindication of the General and the undertaking.

This simple, steadfast, marching on, turning neither to right nor left, has more than doubled the Army during these six years. Instead of the five thousand men and women officers of whom I wrote in 1887, there are to-day 10,645 answering precisely the description I then gave—"men and women who gladly bear contempt, abuse, poverty, and suffering of every kind, that they may spend the part of life which still remains to them in proclaiming their Saviour."

And during this brief period, the Army has really been far more than doubled, for it has become a mighty power in lands where it had then no existence whatever, and has been developed in directions in which it had then scarcely made any attempt to go. It would be absurdly superfluous for me, in an appendix to these glowing, photographic pages, to begin any description of our teaching and work which the author has so completely portrayed. But I will ask you just to look with me for a moment at one of the men who, farthest from Mrs. Booth's burial-place, is carrying the flag she first presented.

Away in the depths of a Columbian forest you may see him forcing his way from hut to hut, holding a meeting whenever he can gather a few of the scattered settlers together, urging, as nearly as he can compelling, all men everywhere to repent, to believe the Gospel, to follow Christ fully, and to become, if at all possible, a uniformed soldier of The Salvation Army. That officer, scarcely ever mentioned, even in a "War Cry" despatch, will thus go on from month to month and from year to year until some fell disease, or some fall amidst his perilous lonely rides, will sweep him off this battlefield to see for the first time the heroine of this book. He never heard her voice. But he has done what Mrs. Booth told everybody to do. He has given himself up body and soul to perform the will of his Saviour and to finish His work.

No wonder that such a man, out of the wildest cowboys and the most utterly abandoned women in the world, produces equally devoted soldiers of the Cross. The leaven which this woman took and hid, when I first knew her, in

little hole-and-corner meetings in the East of London, cannot but go on leavening the world. Neither Andes, nor Pyrenees, nor Himalayas will check the progress of the Army of the Lord of Hosts. Wherever the pressure of the Blood-and-Fire bayonet comes, there is the same unqualified surrender to God which so often gladdened Mrs. Booth's heart both amongst rich and poor, and so the process must and will repeat itself till all the world has felt the ever-widening influence of this great organization.

And why is The Salvation Army such a unity of force? Why do the self-seeking or the faithless one by one flee away from its flag, if they have ever stood beneath it? Why is there ever activity, novelty, enterprise, adaptation to all men and all places? Because the new wine of God's Kingdom has unhesitatingly been put into new bottles and the old ones have as unhesitatingly been shelved or given, shall I say, to the Salvage Brigade of the Social Wing!

Nor can the success of the Army be ascribed merely to the admirable character of its organization. Experience has only too clearly proved that an organization, however skilfully devised, and though backed up with the wealth of a nation and with the learning of ages, may be but a lifeless, powerless form. The vital difference between the mere mechanical organization which stifles, and always must stifle, real life, and the life-giving organization of The Salvation Army, lies in the substitution of a personal, God-inspired leadership for a paper plan. It is this personal, living, moving influence, as opposed to correct stereotyped formularies and ordinances and routines, which gives The Salvation Army its elasticity and efficacy throughout the world. This enables it, with equal rapidity and ease, to search for the most besotted prodigal in the San Francisco dive, or the most refined one in the Berlin Casino; to claim and seize for God the most brilliant Parisienne, or the roughest Canadian woodman; to be at home with the poorest beggar in India, or the richest squatter in Australia.

The Salvation Army is, in fact, a power for good wherever it goes, just because it is an Army—because all its people,

without exception, are made to humble themselves to God's own old, original, unimprovable plan of organization for His people. This it is which, in every individual case, makes the triumph of the Army so great. The simple "Come, follow Me" of the Saviour, repeated with the same heartfelt earnestness whether in the drawing-room or the back slum, finds a perfect response wherever true faith and love spring into existence, and then every personal interest can be subordinated to the good of all without any of the gloom or hidden compulsion of the cloister.

Of course, this system of personal leadership has its corresponding drawback. Every Aaron who backslides can carry all under him any day into a path of sin or selfishness, and The Salvation Army, like all God's armies in the past, has had to suffer, and will have to suffer, bitterly in this way. But now that after all such losses such an unparalleled rate of progress can be shown, it is surely time for every sensible man to say "This is the Lord's doing."

The Social activities of the Army naturally attract much attention even amongst the godless. To such it is far more interesting that a prodigal son should be found regularly feeding pigs to earn an honest living than that he should be completely delivered from all the horrible appetites which have degraded him to that depth. Careful observers cannot fail, however, to perceive that all the good the Army can do to men's bodies springs from the mighty, living, indwelling Spirit, without whose Power all this willingness to save the poorest must instantly disappear. But the Army has, thank God, as triumphantly marched past the wondering adoration of its infidel admirers as over the blundering opposition of its learned and rowdy haters. It will be able yet to reach a loving hand to every human being, because it will let no human influences restrain or spoil its devotion, and its present 218 Homes, Refuges, Farm Colonies, Shelters and human Elevators will be multiplied in every continent.

This book is itself a constant reminder of one vastly important branch of the Army's activities. By men and women, nearly all of whom are without previous literary training, and

without leisure for much reading or thought, there are produced week by week some 29 journals, in 14 different languages, and these publications are sold to the extent of over 38,000,000 copies per year, mostly to those who were never before inclined to read anything "religious." The improvement of these "War Crys" and other publications during the last six years has been simply marvellous. Nearly all these papers are well illustrated, and in get up and every way they will compare favorably with any other newspapers in the world.

The financial administration and the general direction of the Army have made marvellous strides in improvement. Of course, everything is possible when you have officers who desire no guarantee of salary, people taught to spare and to give all they can, and a thoroughly military organization steadily improved and lovingly but resolutely carried out. The fund raised in one single week by the little self-denials of millions who gave up such articles of food or comfort as they could spare amounted, in 1892, to over £50,000.

But in all this put together one finds less pleasure than in the fact that, during the present year the work of leading sinners openly to confess and forsake sin has been prosecuted with vigor more than in any previous one.

In the splendid Concert Palace of Copenhagen, as well as in the market-place of Sodertelge, Sweden; in some of the most renowned church buildings of England, America and Australia, as well as on the village green and in the little sium corps room; in the German beer saloon and the Dutch canal boat, sinners have been heard singing of Jesus through their tears in greater multitudes than ever before:

"His Blood can make the foulest clean,
His Blood avails for me."

No less than 231,242 such penitents' names have been recorded during the past year. Christian, Hindoo, Buddhist, Mahommedan, Jew, and pagan, multitudes out of all classes have sung and felt it.

And the emphatic recognition of these glorious facts seems to me important, in order to rally to the side of God's flag and

God's order the ever-increasing number of men and women who can, if they will, help in the fight.

Oh, why is this great War left to be waged, in 38 different countries and Colonies and 24 languages, mainly by those who have neither had much education nor much training for any great undertaking? Why are those who do give themselves to it, left in every country to struggle with continual want of means to pay for its necessary expenses?—why, when there must be everywhere hearts that beat, after all, true to the Saviour's cause, and that could, if they would, bring treasures of flesh and blood, of gold and silver into the field?

Why, if not because so many, prejudiced by the voice of "Society," or oftener still, the voice of what calls itself "The Church," never so much as look at the great Army which God has created. In the British Colonies and the American Republics, thank God, this prejudice seems to be passing away, and surely we shall thence at least get such reinforcements of men and money as we require to enable us to complete our ring round the whole world, and to perfect the chain of our spiritual and social activities in every land.

Will you, dear reader, as you reflect upon the total impression you have received from this book, drink in the single fact that Mrs. Booth's husband, every one of her children, and the officers who have devoted their lives to this War, are daily wrestling with the same heart-crushing difficulties that you find so lucidly portrayed in its pages? Will you take the trouble to inspect the fight for yourself, and then help at least as generously as many have done who have taken that course before you? Happy he or she who has the privilege to cast into the scale—life, family, all! God help you!

This greatest of centuries rushes wildly to its close, repudiating more and more generally and thoroughly the grand old story of the Cross. And that is why God has chosen largely, through a weak woman, to raise up for Himself an Army that will not give in, an Army that is never ashamed to cry continually to high and low, to learned and brutalised alike, "Come to Jesus!"

BERLIN, *4th October, 1893.*

RAILTON.

What is the "Darkest England" Scheme?

The "Darkest England" Scheme is the Social Work carried on by The Salvation Army—so called because first made widely known by General Booth's book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out." It aims at rescuing from poverty, crime, and despair the "submerged" or "drowning" portion of our population.

The Scheme has three Chief Divisions—each division having many sections, branches, and links. These divisions embrace three distinct provinces of the work, and are now known throughout the world as

- (a) THE CITY COLONY.
- (b) THE FARM COLONY.
- (c) THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

The friendless and unemployed man, having first been got hold of by the City Colony, through the Shelter of the Labor Bureau is drafted to one of our "Elevators" (*i.e.*, Workshops), where he may earn enough to support himself; thence, if found willing to work, after a time he is sent either into permanent employment or transferred to the Farm Colony. In this latter case his industrial education is carried a point further. Working on the land or in some industry established on the Colony, he may fit himself for future honest labor, either at home or at the Colony Over-Sea—that is, a settlement to which he will be sent on proof of reformation, and where he will be aided, counselled, and guarded until enabled to maintain himself permanently.

The Scheme aims at giving every man, no matter how destitute, three things—(1) a chance to work; (2) a hope of better circumstances; and (3) the sympathy and love of men whose aim is the permanent deliverance of the lost.

Every man, *irrespective of condition, character, or religion*, is

eligible for admission to the benefits of the Scheme (the only limit being that of accommodation) on the single condition that he is willing to work and will obey orders.

The following departments of work are carried on:—

I.—THE CHEAP FOOD DEPOTS.

Meals are supplied from one farthing each to fourpence. Nutritious and well-cooked food can always be had in the smallest quantities at these places as well as at our various Shelters. To those who have only a few pence left in the world, the difference of a halfpenny on a meal is a momentous matter. We seek to make the money of the poor go as far as possible.

Since the Scheme has been in operation, five million meals have been supplied at the following prices: $\frac{1}{4}$ d., $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 1d., 2d., 3d., and 4d. each.

The articles of diet chiefly purchased are soup, bread, boiled puddings, rice, potatoes, tea, coffee and cocoa.

Many thousands of children who would otherwise go to school without food obtain a *farthing breakfast*. Men and women out of work are enabled to procure sustaining food at the minimum of cost. Mothers of families who work at home, and cannot find time to cook without loss of pay, are able, at these depôts, to purchase at extremely low prices suitable cooked food for their families, and thus save cost of fuel as well as loss of wages.

2.—NIGHT SHELTERS FOR THE HOMELESS.

Probably 50,000 people in London alone are without homes; such live and sleep in the street, parks, etc., or in the common lodging-houses. These lodging-houses, or doss-houses, as they are called, are nurseries of vice, and frequently of crime. Every homeless wanderer who comes down to their level of destitution soon comes also to their level of moral, social, and physical abomination.

As a first step in raising this class of unfortunates, The Salvation Army has established *Shelters* of four classes:—

(1) *Shelters* in which, for *one penny a night*, a homeless man may have a seat and rest for his head and feet in a warm,

dry room. If he be without even a penny, he can earn it by work on the premises, before he takes his rest.

(2) *Shelters* which provide the bunk, mattress, and covering, without food, at *twopence per night*.

(3) *Shelters* which provide a bunk, a clean mattress, and covering, with a supper and breakfast of bread and cocoa, at *fourpence per night*.

(4) *Metropolises* in which, for fourpence and sixpence nightly, separate beds are provided, with reading and smoking rooms, etc.

3.—ELEVATORS OR LABOR SHOPS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

The "Darkest England" Scheme goes upon the principle that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, and, on the other hand, that if he will work he shall eat. But how if there be no work to give your would-be worker? To meet this difficulty these Workshops have been established.

Part of our work is to create hope! Some men seem as if they would never be able to earn much more than their lodging and their twopenny food tickets, and never care to try! Still, even to these, grants of a few shillings are made now and again to encourage them, and to stimulate them to further efforts.

4.—LABOR EXCHANGE.

The loss to the country from the fact that there exists no prompt means of bringing together the Work that needs Workers, and the Workers that need Work, must be enormous. The advertisement columns of the newspapers are a poor make-shift, especially in the country towns. Thousands of men out of employment to-day will lose a fortnight's pay while hunting up situations which they find the employer has been wanting to fill during the whole of the time had they but known it. We need a National Labor Exchange.

Our Free Labor Bureau—the only Free Bureau with any ramification worth mentioning—has been a great success, despite the limitations incidental to any purely voluntary movement of this kind and the inexperience which at first made the work more difficult, and has demonstrated what could be done with time, care, and ample resources. We are

at this moment organizing an extension to the whole country of the plans only as yet put into operation in London and a few provincial towns.

5.—PRISON BRIGADE AND CRIMINAL HOMES.

Men discharged from prison after serving either long or short terms of imprisonment are, as a rule, placed in a hopeless position. It is all but impossible for them to obtain employment, being without character, generally without sufficient clothes, and frequently in a very unsatisfactory condition of health. The result is that they return to their former companions and generally find their way back to prison again.

The object of The Salvation Army is set before such men a door of hope, and briefly the following are the means adopted:—

(1) Prisoners are met at the doors of the London prisons on their discharge, and, according to their wish or circumstances are dealt with thus: Some are brought into the Home for Criminals; others are drafted into the Labor Factories at once, and thus put in the way of earning an honest living; and a third class are helped temporarily, while their friends are communicated with, and a new start in life is, if possible, obtained for them.

(2) The ex-Prisoners' Home is absolutely necessary for those who have been long in prison and have all but lost all hope.

(3) As soon as the men have proved themselves to be willing to work and anxious to do right, situations are obtained for them, where they are watched over as far as possible. *This element of personal interest is the most powerful means towards their permanent deliverance.*

In addition to the foregoing, we have been able to help *first offenders* on their appearance in the Police Courts, especially in the Metropolis. The condition of the *young*, when arrested for their first offence, is pitiful in the extreme, and much more so if they are guilty than if they are innocent.

6.—RESCUE WORK.

In no department of the "Darkest England" Scheme has there been more gratifying success than in the Rescue Work. Indeed, in no department of social work is there such terrible

need for the help of loving hearts and loving hands. The position of a woman who has once forfeited the confidence of her friends by leaving the path of virtue, is too horrible to be exaggerated. It is estimated that there are some 70,000 of this class, and we do not think that this estimate is overdrawn. Of these, some—the hardened especially—hug their sin and will not abandon it. But others who have drunk the poisoned cup long enough to taste its after bitterness, yearn for a way out of the Dark Forest. It is terrible to know how many of these find no place of repentance. Many apply at the door of our Rescue Homes, and we are unable to find room, though it is heart-rending to be obliged to turn them away.

Nevertheless, the satisfactory number of no less than 1,662 girls were helped in one year, of whom more than 1,296 proved satisfactory. 759 of these were sent to situations as domestic servants.

All the women in our Rescue Homes are engaged in some healthy labor—the following industries being in operation:—

PLAIN DRESSMAKING. TEXT-MAKING. MACHINE-KNITTING.

CHILDREN'S AND LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING.

Those unfitted among our rescued girls for domestic service, are drafted into our Factories, where they earn their livelihood at the following work:—

LAUNDRY. MACHINE-KNITTING. BOOK-FOLDING.

In connection with these Factories we have two lodging-houses for the convenience of those who work with us.

One hundred and ninety devoted officers are entirely engaged in this divinely social work in the United Kingdom.

7—HELP AND INQUIRY FOR THE LOST.

To the poor who cannot afford to pay for an advertisement in the "agony column" of the daily papers, this Department is a valuable friend; especially to parents who have lost a daughter, and to others who have lost all trace of relations, perhaps for years, and to those who do not know how to rescue from her surroundings some innocent girl who is in moral danger. The Police—always full of work—who must necessarily give the preference to cases where crime is involved, are becoming year by year less able to find the lost who are

not criminals, especially, as is often the case, when the lost ones do not desire to be found.

Our Department has been most successful in this work. The very large circulation of our newspapers—the "War Cry" especially—in all parts of the globe, is alone a medium for circulating and collecting information which is invaluable.

During the year now closing, 2,243 enquiries for lost persons have been addressed to the Central Offices of this work, 259, Mare Street, Hackney, and there have been 705 lost persons found.

8.—THE WORK IN CITY SLUMS.

The publication of "In Darkest England" was immediately followed by a large extension of our work in the Slums. That work has already been in existence for about three years with very striking results, and it was a part of the "Darkest England" Scheme (*a*) to extend that work, and (*b*) to connect it as intimately as possible with other parts of the Scheme. Our officers take up their residence where the poorest and lowest dwell, and visit their homes of squalor and dirt, nurse the sick, relieve the extremity of distress, wash the children, pouring in Gospel hope, and comfort all round.

In addition to the 39 Slums thus worked in London, we have one or more Slum-posts of a similar character in each of the following provincial towns, worked by 48 officers:—Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds, Nottingham, Preston, Sheffield, Dundee, Newport, Jersey, Bristol, Brighton, Newcastle, Worcester, Belfast and Dublin.

9.—THE FARM COLONY.

The second main branch of the "In Darkest England" Scheme is the establishment of a means of permanent deliverance to those who appear likely to prove successful, and who are willing to work for it, by removing them from the city to the country. The following is a brief review of what has been done in this direction. A freehold estate, comprising in all about 1,500 acres of land and 1,400 acres over which the tidal waters of the Thames flow, has been acquired at Hadleigh on the banks of the Thames.

The adaptation of the property to our purposes and the

developments already effected by us, may be briefly described under the following headings:—

1. The erection of necessary buildings:—

- (a) Dormitories for 350 colonists, all suitably fitted with single bedsteads or cubicles, with abundant accommodation, and a laundry; (b) Officers' and employés' residences; (c) A small hospital capable of accommodating twenty patients; (d) A reading room, with other minor buildings; (e) A barracks, accommodating 600 people, used both by the colonists and villagers of the surrounding districts every night, and on Sabbaths for religious services; (f) Bakery, already paying its expenses; (g) Stores for supplies required; (h) Refreshment room, intended to meet the requirements of visitors to the Colony during the summer months, and used in the winter for the technical education of the men.

2. Agricultural Buildings:—

- (a) Cow-house and covered yard, occupying half an acre of ground, being 111 feet by 126 feet, accommodating 100 milking cows and 100 fattening cattle; (b) Piggeries; (c) Dairy.

A wharf or jetty has also been constructed.

¶ Two brick-fields have been opened, and brick-making is confidently expected to form a large source of work and revenue. Over 3,000,000 were made in 1893.

Chair-making has also been commenced.

HELP IS NEEDED.

That a work of such magnitude, dealing systematically with some thousands of the workless, the vicious, and the criminal, should involve an outlay of many thousand pounds before it can become thoroughly self-supporting, must be evident to the most casual reader.

It is well worth the money.

1. Impartial outsiders have said so.

Archdeacon FARRAR says:—"It would be an overwhelming disgrace to such a nation as ours, if the most concentrated and systematic effort which has ever been made to cut out the spreading cancer under which our social system groans, should fail for the lack of a few thousand pounds a year."

Mr. FRANCIS PEEK, the philanthropist, says:—"Millions of acres are waiting to supply us with food, if only we can supply them with steady honest laborers. . . . The especially attractive part of General Booth's Scheme is that the multitude of workers are tied together."

Mr. PENN GASKELL, an agent of the Charity Organization Society, says:—"The officers are in many respects a remarkable set

of men. Their self-denying, cheerful devotion is beyond all praise. . . . The result is often a complete triumph, such as could never have been won by any form of material charity. . . . It is here that The Salvation Army seems eminently qualified to succeed."

Sir JOHN GORST, Q.C., M.P., says:—"In your Farm Colony the wasted labor of the great city is applied to the derelict land of the country. The unemployed is taken away from the town, where he competes with a congested mass of workers too numerous for the employment which offers, and brought back upon the land, where he produces more than he consumes, where his labor enriches the nation and does not lessen the earnings of his fellow workmen, and where he is engaged in an industry in which there cannot be over production. It seems to me that the experiment you are trying has, so far as it has gone, yielded results of the most encouraging character, and it would be a national misfortune if want of funds should prevent its being carried out to the end."

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, an eminent authority on colonization schemes, says:—"General Booth and his family are honest to the core. . . . The funds have been well and wisely spent. . . . The business arrangements are excellent. . . . The accounts are as well kept as those of the London Joint Stock Bank."

2. It is a *systematic* mode of imparting *permanent* assistance.
3. It avoids the evils of *pauperizing* the poor, and insists on *self-help* where this is possible.
4. It is *economical*. As an illustration. Five million meals and one million beds to the homeless were supplied by the City Colony in one year, at a total cost (or loss) of only £5,500, the balance having been paid by the people themselves who have benefited by the Scheme.
5. *It is successful*. The above facts show it. Take as an additional illustration the *Rescue Work*. Thousands of girls and women have been actually rescued from lives of immorality and shame through its agency and are now living honest and industrious lives, earning a livelihood. *They now help to support the agency which rescued them.*

YOUR HELP IS URGENTLY REQUIRED.

Cheques and Postal Orders in aid of the "Darkest England" Social Scheme will be gratefully acknowledged. They should be sent to the Secretary, 101, Queen Victoria Street, made payable to WILLIAM BOOTH, and crossed "Bank of England—Social Account"; or they may be paid into that account at the Law Courts Branch of the Bank of England.

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She is truly described as "The Mother of The Salvation Army," and every reader of these volumes—even those who least agree with Mrs. Booth's religious views and methods—will catch some inspiration from the picture they give of a truly heroic and devoted life. She was one of those great Englishwomen of whom the nation may be proud.—*The Daily News*.

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—◆—

Two masterful minds made The Salvation Army. General Booth was well mated with his wife. Had they not been of different sex they would never have run together, for each was kingly in temperament, and only the affection of husband and wife kept them from each being head of an organization. As it was, they supplemented each other splendidly, and were each in work and thought the complement of each other. . . . These two volumes are already classical in the sense that they are the authoritative narrative of a movement which has stamped its impress upon the close of this nineteenth century. . . . Both had marvellous qualities as preachers, being able to speak for an hour or more, and to fascinate thousands by their eloquence.—*The Rock*.

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—◆—

No one who looks even cursorily through these two thick volumes can entertain the least doubt of her absolute sincerity. But it was sincerity never troubled by any misgivings. Hesitation, uncertainty, indecision were absolutely unknown to her. That her methods were looked upon with disfavor by a considerable number of the religious community to which she originally belonged did not cause her a moment's uneasiness. With a great charity for all whom she supposed to be working with a real love to Christ, she combined a fixed conviction that, if they differed from her, they could not be otherwise than mistaken. This was indeed a great source of her strength.—*The Guardian*.

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And Official Newspaper of the Social Operations of The Salvation Army, giving Full and Descriptive Accounts of the Darkest England Scheme in all its Branches. *Every Saturday. Price, 1d.*

THE SALVATION ARMY FIELD STATE.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

International Headquarters :—

99, 101, 103 & 105, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Publishing and Trade Departments :—

98, 100 & 102, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

		<i>Corps. Officers.</i>	
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF (Including Home Office, Trade Department, and Social Wing	—	...	1316
COUNTRY.	NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.		
BRITISH ISLES	Home Office, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London	1211	2970
FRANCE & SWITZERLAND	22, Rue Troyon Les Ternes, Paris	115	380
BELGIUM	32, Boulevard Bandouin, Brussels	8	27
HOLLAND	Prins Hendrikkade, 131, Amsterdam	53	221
GERMANY	Friederichstrasse, 220, Berlin	25	91
DENMARK	Helgesensgade, 11, 13 and 15, Copenhagen	58	179
SWEDEN	Ostermalmsgaten, 33 and 35, Stockholm	152	584
NORWAY	Pilestraedet, 22, Christiania...	62	203
CANADA & NEWFOUND- LAND	Salvation Temple, corner of James & Albert Sts., Toronto	266	172
U.S., AMERICA	111, Reade St., New York City	489	1624
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC	Casilla de Correo, 422, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic	11	49
SOUTH AFRICA	Long Street, Cape Town	64	193
INDIA AND CEYLON	Esplanade, Bombay	113	422
AUSTRALIA	185 & 187, Little Collins Street, Melbourne	372	1249
NEW ZEALAND	124 & 126, Lichfield Street, Christchurch	82	302
FINLAND	Kaserngatan, 14, Helsingfors	10	37
ITALY	20 & 20, bis Via Principe, Amedo, Turino, Italy	5	21
JAMAICA	Mandeville, Jamaica... ..	36	56
Total		3132	10,645

Literature: Weekly Newspapers, Twenty-nine. Monthly Magazines, Seven.

Total Annual Circulation at present rate, of ... 38,401,112

Officers' Training Garrisons, Sixty-five. Homes of Rest, Twenty-three. Countries and Colonies occupied, Thirty-eight. Languages in which our Literature is published, Fourteen.

Languages in which Salvation is preached, *Twenty-four.*

The Social Work :—*Rescue Homes, Forty-eight; Slum Posts, Sixty-three; Prison-Gate Homes, Twelve.*

Food Depôts and Shelters for the Destitute, Fifty-three.

Factories and Workshops, Seventeen. Labor Bureaux, Nineteen. Farms, Six.

Total number of Institutions, Two Hundred and Eighteen.

Officers and others managing these Branches, One Thousand and Thirty-Eight.

What is a Salvation Army Auxiliary?

The SALVATION ARMY AUXILIARY LEAGUE is composed—

1.—Of persons who, without necessarily endorsing or approving of every single method used by The Salvation Army, are sufficiently in sympathy with its great work of reclaiming drunkards, rescuing the fallen—in a word, *saving the lost*—as to give it their PRAYERS, INFLUENCE and MONEY.

2.—Of persons who, although seeing eye to eye with the Army, yet are unable to join it owing to being actively engaged in the work of their own denomination, or by reason of bad health or other infirmities which forbid their taking any active part in Christian work. Persons are enrolled either as Subscribing or, Collecting Auxiliaries.

SUBSCRIBERS pay at least a guinea per annum, and are supplied every year, on payment of their subscription, with a small leather ticket, bearing the official recognition of Headquarters, together with their name and number, which admits them to the meetings of the League, and ensures for them a hearty welcome in Army circles at home and abroad.

COLLECTORS pay one shilling as an entrance fee, and give or collect not less than ten shillings per quarter. They are supplied with a small, neatly-bound tablet, bearing an official authorisation to collect for the Army. This tablet serves the same purpose for admission, etc., described above as attached to the Subscribers' tickets.

A small badge is sent to each member of the League, which, if so inclined, they can wear to denote membership.

The League comprises persons of influence and position, members of nearly all denominations, and many ministers.

We rely upon Auxiliaries to show their sympathy and help by—

PRAYER at all times, and especially joining our International Prayer Union at 12.30 every day, when the Soldiers of The Salvation Army, at home and abroad, unite in prayer for one another and the salvation of the world.

INFLUENCE.—Letting it be known in their circle that they are in sympathy with us; occasionally, at least, attending our meetings, if possible; defending us against misrepresentations and slanders often believed and circulated by the misinformed, who frequently only need to know the real facts to alter their opinion. Auxiliaries can always have the fullest information as to the truth or otherwise of any specific charge brought, if they will write to Headquarters.

GIFTS.—Assisting us to raise funds for the current work and the constant fresh opportunities which we are constrained to seize, at home and abroad, for spreading salvation. The opportunity offered to Auxiliaries in this respect is almost without parallel, for hardly a day passes in which the Army is not compelled to refuse some very valuable opening to do good for want of the needed funds. Many help us in finding buildings suitable for holding Army meetings, aid the local corps by gifts of food or money, and stand by the Army officers in any little difficulties that arise.

PAMPH ETS.—Auxiliaries will always be supplied gratis with copies of our Annual Report and Balance Sheet and other pamphlets for distribution on application to Headquarters. Some of our Auxiliaries have materially helped us in this way by distributing our literature at the seaside and elsewhere and by making arrangements for the regular supply of waiting-rooms, hydropathics, and hotels, thus helping to dispel the prejudice under which many persons unacquainted with the Army are found to labor.

“ALL THE WORLD” is posted free regularly each month to Auxiliaries.

For further information, and for full particulars of the work of The Salvation Army, apply personally or by letter to GENERAL BOOTH, or to the Financial Secretary at International Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., to whom also contributions should be sent.

Cheques and Postal Orders crossed “Bank of England.”

THE SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL LEAGUE

FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF

THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME.

1.—The Social League is formed for the purpose of furnishing funds to maintain and extend the effort now being made to carry out the Scheme for the benefit of the Destitute, Vicious and Criminal classes as described in the Book entitled, “In Darkest England and the Way Out.”

2.—It is thought that the League will enable a large number of friends to assist the Scheme by collecting the gifts of those who, while unable to give larger amounts, would nevertheless be pleased to contribute some offering, however small, to its maintenance and extension.

3.—Membership of the League will not necessarily express approval of all or any of the principles and methods of The Salvation

Army as a religious organization, but simply signify a practical interest in the Darkest England Scheme.

4.—The League will be composed of THREE DIVISIONS :—

THE FIRST DIVISION will consist of those who will undertake to give or collect at least Five Guineas per annum.

THE SECOND DIVISION will be composed of Annual Subscribers of One Guinea and upwards, who will also endeavour to secure one other subscriber of a similar amount.

THE THIRD DIVISION will consist of Young People and others who will undertake to give or collect at least One Guinea per annum.

5.—All members of the League will receive a card of membership. Should a member cease to comply with the regulations of the League, the Ticket must be returned to the International Headquarters, or to the Local Secretary from whom in the first instance it was received.

6.—The Collecting Leaguers will be supplied with Collecting Books, and will be expected to collect and forward the amount named within twelve months of the date of the issue of their books.

7.—Each member of the First and Second Divisions of the League will be supplied monthly with a copy of the "Deliverer."

8.—Members of the Third Division will, in lieu of literature, receive a presentation book, or books, value half-a-crown published price, for every Guinea collected. Thus a member who collects £2 2s. will be entitled to books value 5s., while the one who collects £5 5s. will receive 12s. 6d. worth of books. Catalogues of books will be furnished, from which Collectors can make their own selections up to the value to which they are entitled.

9.—On the occasion of public meetings on behalf of the Social Scheme, each Leaguer will be admitted to a reserved seat upon showing his card of membership.

10.—All Leaguers, it is hoped, will not only give and collect the offerings of their friends and neighbors, but canvass for additional Leaguers, interest themselves in the Social Work generally, obtain and spread information with respect to its character, and pray for the Divine blessing upon it.

11.—All or any members of the League will be welcome to correspond not only with the secretaries of the local branch with which he may be associated, but with the Financial Secretary of the International Headquarters, on all matters which affect the welfare of the Social Scheme.

All communications on the business of the Social League are to be addressed to Commissioner HIGGINS, The Financial Secretary of the Social League, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

LEGACIES.

NOTICE to FRIENDS of THE SALVATION ARMY who are about to make their WILLS and desire to help the work of the Army.

The good intentions of some Salvationists and friends of the Army have been made useless in consequence of their Wills not being in conformity with the law relative to charitable bequests. The General therefore recommends the following course of action:— If the property of a Testator desiring to benefit the Army consists of money at home or at the Bank, or of Home or Foreign Railway Stock, Foreign Bonds, Canal Shares, Cash on Deposit, Shares in Trading Companies, Consols, London County Council Stock, Loans to Municipal Corporations, Shares in Gas, Water, or Industrial Companies, Marine Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines, or similar kinds of property, then the following form of bequest should be used:—

“ I GIVE AND BEQUEATH to WILLIAM BOOTH, or other the General for the time being of THE SALVATION ARMY, the sum of..... to be used or applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the said Salvation Army. And I direct the said last mentioned Legacy to be paid within twelve months after my decease.”

DIRECTIONS FOR EXECUTION OF WILL.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of witnesses, who must sign their names, addresses and occupations at the end of the Will. The best method to adopt for a Testator, to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and his two witnesses and go into a room and lock the door, tell the witnesses that he wants them to attest his Will, and then let all three sign in the room, and let nobody go out until they all have signed.

General Booth will always be pleased to procure for any friends desiring to benefit the Army by Will or otherwise further advice, and will treat any communication made to him on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the matter should be addressed—
“GENERAL BOOTH, 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.”

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