

TWENTY-ONE YEARS
SALVATION ARMY



269
B645

Library of

Wellesley



Col

Presented by

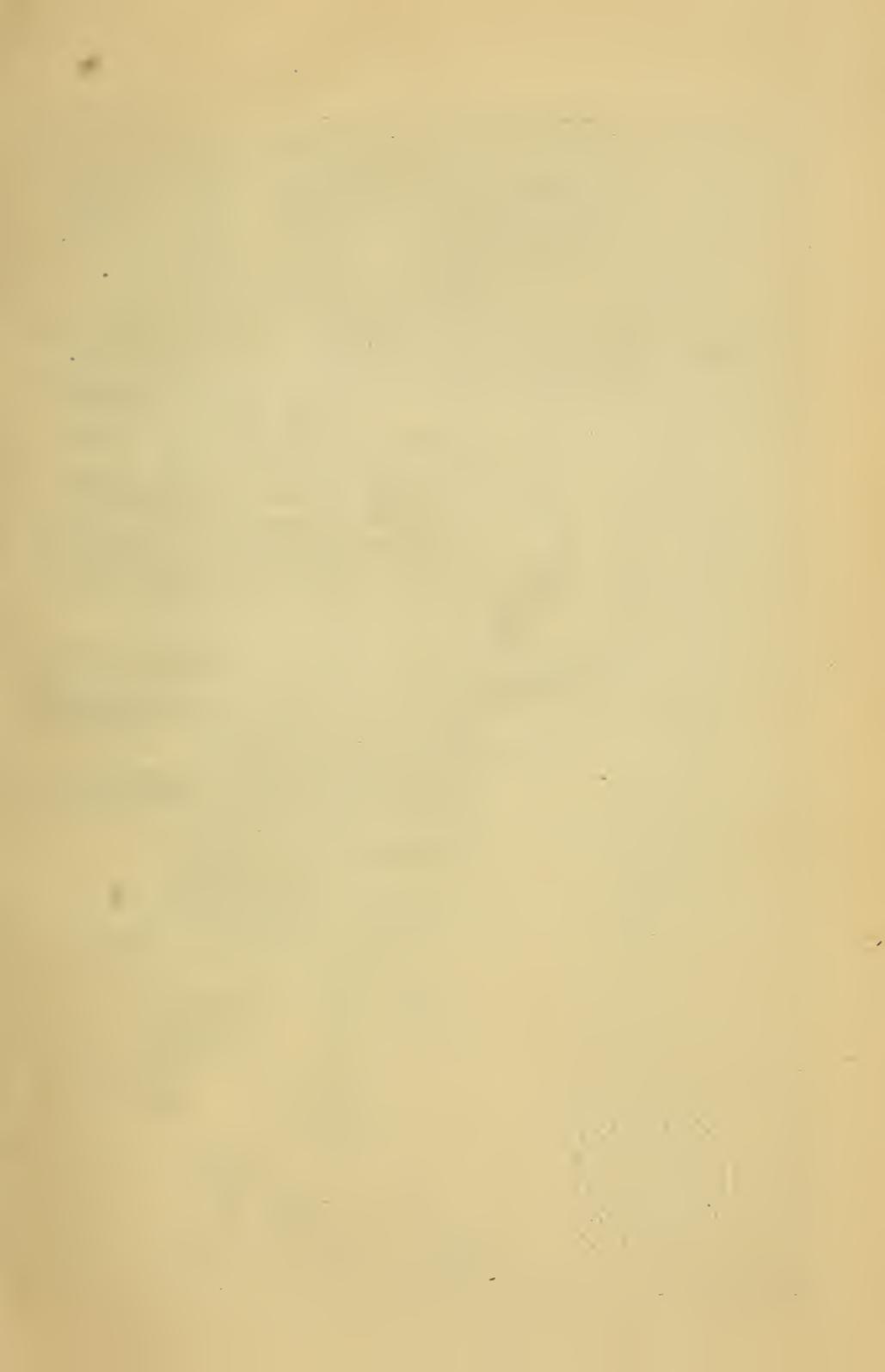
Mrs. Catherine Booth

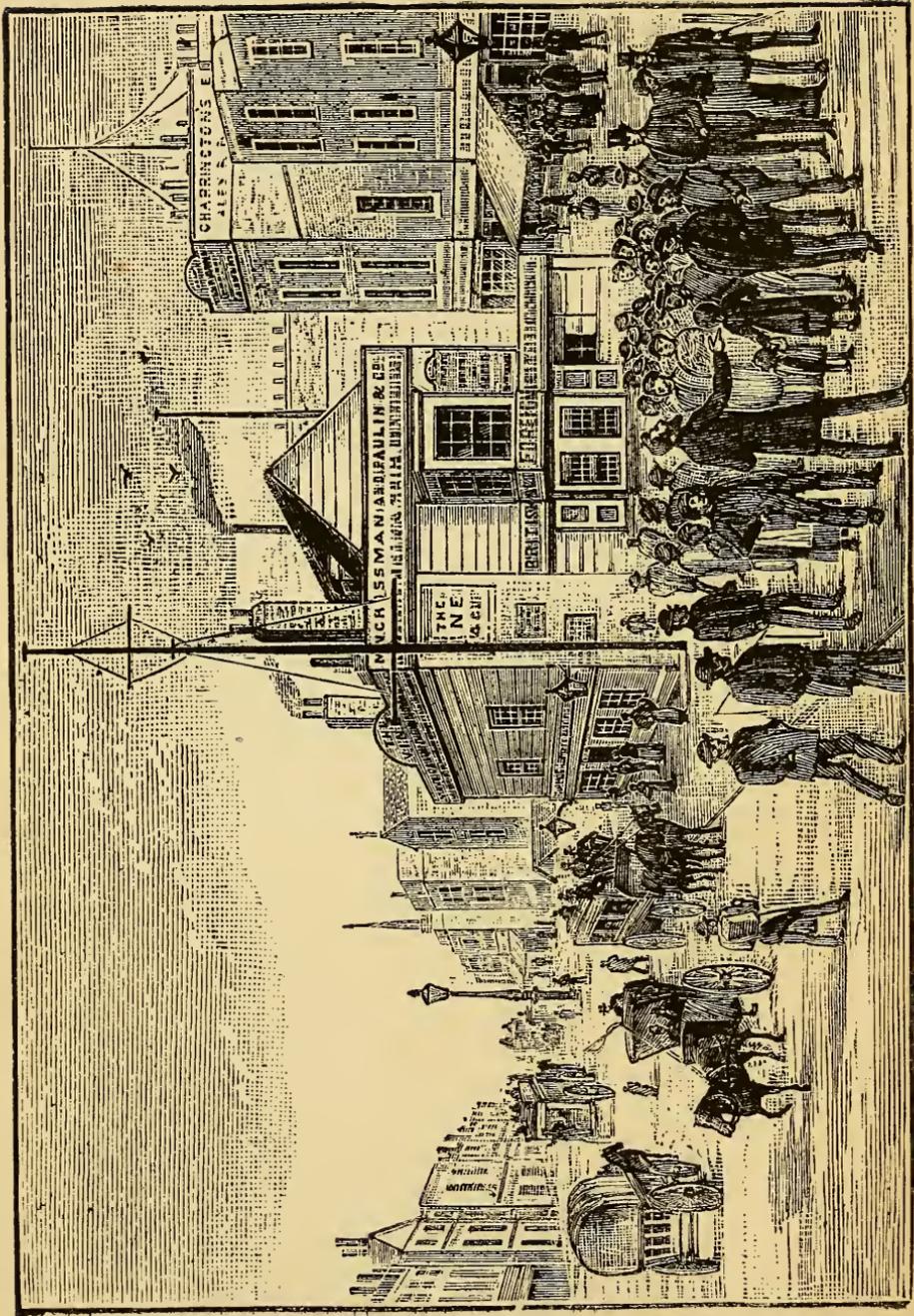
No 33880





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries





STREET SCENE BEGINNING ALONE, MILE END WASTE, 5TH JULY, 1865.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS'

SALVATION ARMY.

UNDER THE GENERALSHIP OF

WILLIAM BOOTH. *and others*



LONDON

THE SALVATION ARMY PUBLISHING OFFICES,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

And at all our Divisional Headquarters, *see next page.*

33880

OUR FOREIGN HEADQUARTERS.

FRANCE :

QUAI VALMY 187, PARIS.

SWITZERLAND :

12, CHEMIN DE VILLEREUSE, LA
TERRASSIERE, GENEVA.

GERMANY :

STUTTGART, 15B, HENSTEIGSTRASSE.

ITALY :

VIA GIOBERTI, 10, ROME.

HOLLAND :

19E, FLINKSTRAAT, AMSTERDAM.

DENMARK :

ZINSGADE, 3, STUEN, COPENHAGEN.

SWEDEN :

LUTTERNSGATAN 12 A, STOCKHOLM.

UNITED STATES, AMERICA :

73, BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

CANADA :

THE TEMPLE, TORONTO

CALIFORNIA :

317, EIGHTH STREET, OAKLAND.

AUSTRALASIA AND VICTORIA :

7, EXHIBITION STREET, MELBOURNE.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA :

7, HOOPER'S BUILDINGS, HINDLEY
STREET, ADELAIDE.

NEW SOUTH WALES :

200, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY

TASMANIA :

GEORGE STREET, LAUNCESTON.

NEW ZEALAND :

MANCHESTER STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

QUEENSLAND :

PETRIE'S BIGHT, BRISBANE.

INDIA :

LOHAR STREET, NEAR MARINE LINES,
BOMBAY.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE :

ST. PATRICK HALL, PORT ELIZABETH.

BX

97.15

.R34

TO THE READER.

—:o:—

WHILE writing this memorial of The Army's first twenty-one years' victories I have been only too sadly conscious of my inability to write as I would on such a theme.

To put together in one small volume the story of twenty-one years, no one of which can be properly described in a book of this size, was, of course, at a glance, out of the question.

In the following pages I have, therefore, tried simply to point out as clearly as possible the main features of the new champion force that God has raised to maintain His cause in the world.

Happily The General himself has given us, in addition, his own account of the way in which God led him to begin the war; and I trust that many who, induced by this fact to do so, may read the book, will fill up what remains wanting by giving up their lives likewise to continue the strife till Christ shall be indeed King over all the earth.

R.

P.S.—1887.—All we have written as to The Army has had wonderful confirmation in the fact that it has grown during its 22nd year half as large again as it was when this book was written,



I.

HOW WE BEGAN.

BY THE GENERAL.

I WAS born in Nottingham on the 10th of April, 1829, and converted when fifteen years of age. I was brought up in attendance on the services of the Church of England, which at thirteen I exchanged of my own choice for what were to me the more interesting meetings of the Wesleyan Methodists. There was nothing very remarkable in the measures that led up to my conversion; I had the advantage of hearing some faithful preaching, and came, in my new associations, under the influence of some godly friends, while as far back as I can remember the Holy Spirit had continually shown me that my real welfare for time and eternity depended upon the surrender of myself to the service of God. After a long controversy I made this submission, cast myself on His mercy, received an assurance of His pardon, and gave myself up to His service with all my heart. The hour, the place, and many other particulars of this glorious transaction, are recorded indelibly on my memory.

Two events, which transpired soon after my conversion, had, I have no doubt, a very powerful influence in moulding my religious character and shaping my after life. The first of these was a remarkable religious awakening that came to the society and congregation of which I was a member, and which extended for miles around the town. At that time the Reverend James Caughey, an American minister, was making an evangelistic tour through the

country. He was an extraordinary preacher, filling up his sermons with thrilling anecdotes and vivid illustrations, and for the straightforward declaration of scriptural truth and striking appeals to the conscience, I had up to that time never heard his equal ; I do not know that I have since.

For three months we were expecting him, during which time remarkable stories of the wonderful results that had attended his ministry elsewhere were continually reaching us, and for months before he came meetings were held to pray for a blessing on his labors. His visit was consequently the constant topic of conversation, and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation when he arrived.

The result answered the anticipation. There were such crowds and rushes to hear the Gospel as we had never dreamed of seeing. There were wonderful meetings, wonderful influences, and wonderful conversions. Multitudes were saved, many of whom became the most useful members of the society. All this had a powerful effect upon my young heart. The straightforward conversational way of putting the truth, and the common-sense method of pushing the people up to decision, and the corresponding results that followed, in the conversion and sanctification of hundreds of people, made an ineffaceable impression on my mind, filling me not only with confidence in the power and willingness of God to save all those that come unto Him, but with an assurance of the absolute certainty with which soul-saving results may be calculated upon when proper means are used for their accomplishment.

I saw as clearly as if a revelation had been made to me from Heaven that success in spiritual work, as in natural operations, was to be accounted for, not on any mere abstract theory of Divine sovereignty, or favoritism, or accident, but on the employment of such methods as were dictated by common sense, the Holy Spirit, and the Word of God.

A second event that had a powerful influence upon my early character and my after life was the remarkable way with which I saw the application of the principle which I had seen so successfully acted upon among the religious portion of the community, to some of the poorest and most desolate people in the town.

Directly after this awakening I was laid aside with a violent attack of fever. My life was in danger, but God mercifully restored me to health, and I went out to devote my spared life to the work of saving souls, which became ever after the supreme business of my existence. During my illness some of my comrades had gone down to one of the poorest parts of the town and commenced meetings in the same spirit as the great revival which had just closed in the big chapel. From time to time they sent notes to my sick chamber telling how they wanted me to help them; and so soon as able I went out and joined them in their struggle, and became a leader in the fight.

Our plan of operation was simplicity itself. We obtained the loan of cottages, and in these held meetings every night, always commencing with an open-air address, fine weather or foul, all the year round, inviting the people indoors for another meeting. Here again we had lively songs, short and sharp exhortations insisting upon decision for Christ upon the spot, which was to be signified by coming out and kneeling at the round table that stood in the middle of the room. These efforts were accompanied by visitation of the sick and of the converts, whose names and addresses were always recorded, together with processions to the big chapel on the Sunday, which the respectable authorities of the society soon compelled us to take in at the back door where the free seats were. When our converts died, we had Salvation funerals; placing the coffin in the street, singing around it, and holding another meeting at the grave when the parson had done. In short we had a miniature Salvation Army.

I have said that these two series of events influenced my character and after conduct. From the first I doubtless learnt those simple principles upon which I have acted with a blessed measure of success ever since, and by the latter I was convinced that God was not only no respecter of persons, but that human nature was as religiously impressionable if not more so in its poorest, most ignorant and wretched forms as in any other.

But as time went on the influence and methods of church usage and the "traditions of the elders" carried me away from these simple plans on to the ordinary and orthodox church lines of action. I must be a regular preacher and go through set forms and deliver regular sermons. All the influences and regulations of the society in which I lived and moved, and which it is not much exaggeration to say, I all but worshipped, willed it to be so.

At seventeen my superintendent minister wished to see me. He desired that I should go, as it is termed, "on to the plan," that is, become a local preacher. I declined; my youth was my excuse. The secret feeling of my heart being that I could get more souls saved on the rough and ready lines I was then following out than on any other that I could hope at that time to be able to reach.

A year after, however, I was hooked into the ordinary rut and put on to sermon-making and preaching, and at nineteen I was pressed to prepare for the regular ministry. I again pleaded for delay; this time on the ground of my health, which was not very good, and the subject was postponed for another year.

Then changes came; I removed from Nottingham to London. A violent controversy arose in the Wesleyan Society, through which I was separated from it, although I took no part in the strife, and it was near upon three years before I left business to devote my every moment and energy to the work of proclaiming Salvation.

After six months in London I spent a little over a year in Spalding, Lincolnshire, and the villages around, where I dearly loved the people and saw many saved. I then returned to London again, where I came to study preparatory to becoming a minister in the Methodist New Connexion. But my studies were very much broken in upon and sadly interrupted by the more practical business of saving souls.

It was about this time I made my first acquaintance with the East of London, being appointed to preach at a little chapel. God spoke through me, and before the meeting closed very unusual results to that congregation followed, souls cried for mercy. Other meetings were held, and more conversions. This happened wherever I went, and it was soon noised abroad throughout the Connexion of which I had so recently become a minister. It was remarked upon in the magazine, and greatly wondered at.

A visit to Guernsey of a fortnight's duration followed, where several hundred persons were awakened, and then came a pressing call to Staffordshire Potteries. This was altogether contrary to my wishes, and I positively declined it. I wanted to settle down to my circuit and pastoral duties, and all the student business which is thought so essential to ministerial work; but it was decided by the authorities that I should go to Staffordshire. Perhaps an Authority higher than theirs was determined there should be no settling down for me. It seemed so then, as it has done ever since.

While in Staffordshire, Longton, Hanley, Burslem, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Fenton and Stoke were visited in turn. Seven weeks in all were spent in these places, during which time the names and addresses of 1,700 persons were registered as finding Salvation. This news flew through the community with rapidity, and the Managing Committee of the Connexion arranged for my being relieved from my circuit duties in London, very much to the disappointment

of the people there, and set apart to the work of an Evangelist for the entire Connexion.

During the rest of the year, Bradford, Oldham, Mossley, Gateshead, and Manchester were visited. Then came the Conference, which formally approved my appointment, and renewed it for the following year.

Another event happened about this time—I was married. Three years before, on the same day that I left business for the ministry, I met the one whom I have had the privilege since to call my wife, and we were one in heart, soul, and purpose from that very night. There may be unions as thorough and perfect as ours has been, but not very many, so far as my observation has gone. I had formed an idea of what I wanted in a wife, and resolved to wait until I found a woman who, in some measure at least, would answer to it. It began with devotion to God and righteousness, and soul-saving, and went on to other qualities, moral, social, and intellectual. Although in my fancy I had formed this ideal, I never could have expected to find a being who so nearly answered to it as I did in the woman who then linked her fate with mine, and who has ever since been my comrade in the fight. How she has helped me as companion, friend, counsellor, and not least as the mother of our children, I pause not here to attempt to describe. It may be said that the world knows all about us, seeing that her life has been almost as public as my own. I may say, however, that if personally I have, in the hands of God, had to do with the origination of this remarkable movement, if I have stood to it in the relation of a father, surely my precious wife may be truly considered to have been its mother.

Within a few days of our marriage, I fulfilled a second fortnight's engagement at Guernsey, and then a week at Jersey. In both places I preached in the very halls that The Salvation Army now occupy as Barracks. Then right

away to York, leaving my wife, who was sick in London, on the way. Then followed Hull, Sheffield, Dewsbury, Hunslet, Leeds, and Halifax. At these places between three and four thousand persons professed to find Salvation. Some of these became ministers, many emigrated to distant lands; others became backbone members of the different societies, whilst others died and went triumphantly to Heaven.

At Halifax the Chief-of-Staff was born. We were booked for Chester, but had to remain in Halifax for his convenience, advantage being taken of this interruption of our arrangements to give three weeks' services at another chapel in another part of the town.

Macclesfield, Yarmouth, Sheffield (second visit), and Birmingham were then visited, and then Nottingham, my native town, where we had between six and seven hundred converts in six weeks. Then came Chester, Bristol, Truro, and Stafford. At the latter place we had just got to work, with the blessed promise of a wonderful awakening, when the Conference which conducted the affairs of the Connexion, for various reasons, or rather on sundry excuses, relating to Church order, by a narrow majority decided that I should return to regular pastoral work. This was a heavy blow to me and very much against my judgment. But I bowed to authority, and spent one year in the Halifax and three years in the Gateshead Circuits. When the time had arrived that I must leave the Gateshead people, three years being the limit of ministerial stay in the Methodist Connexion, the officers sent in a memorial urging my re-appointment to the Evangelistic work.

This was refused, whereupon I resigned my position in that body and went out, from home and salary, with a delicate wife and four little children under five years of age, leaving almost every friend I had behind me

in order that I might have the opportunity of filling the sphere in which I thought I could best serve God and save the largest number of souls. This was my first step back again towards the simple plan of labor commenced at Nottingham fifteen years before.

I need not say that in this new departure my wife was one with me. Twelve months before God had opened her lips to speak in public, thus qualifying her to become my helpmate more fully than ever before.

The first door opened for us after this resignation was at Hayle, in Cornwall. The invitation came from a young minister who was one of my sons in the Gospel. My wife accompanied me. It was an anxious time. All who knew us had predicted that we were going straight to ruin. For four and a-half years I had bowed to the judgment of men, or rather to a traditional system which had stood between me and the people. Now the barriers were passed. I had paid the price. All the associations and friends of my life up to that hour had forsaken me, but I was free to carry out my convictions. True, the scale on which the experiment was to be tried was, at the onset, not a very extensive one. We had only a small chapel with a mere handful of members, of little influence and power in the neighborhood. But we were both full of confidence in God, and had no fear for the result.

It was done unto us according to our faith. From the very first morning in that little old chapel God was with us, and before three days had passed one of the most remarkable, perhaps the most remarkable, awakening, measured by permanent results, commenced that the west of Cornwall had ever known. From Hayle we passed on to St. Ives, then Lelant, and afterwards to St. Just. At these four places I believe between three and four thousand persons professed Salvation.

The Wesleyan Conference was held that year in Cornwall. We had already had some remarkable successes in their Chapels. With no people had we more remarkable meetings, and there really seemed a probability of our being once more absorbed into the parent Methodist body, in connection with which we were both first saved and associated.

But no ; our course out of the churches and downwards to the masses must be continued, and had this idea been carried out, the probabilities are that such a progress would have been arrested. That Conference passed a resolution closing their chapels against us. Evangelistic movements being unfavorable to church order, was again the plea ; therefore they must not be allowed. Consequently that door was effectually closed. It has been opened again to others since, and evangelistic work is now a regular institution of that body. But our track lay plainly away from the churches, and we went on in it, with much dissatisfaction and many quiet complainings, it may be, as to what appeared to us the strange ways of Providence.

There were other churches glad to receive us, and at Penzance, Mousehole, Redruth, and Camborne, many were saved. At Redruth alone during some seven weeks' work it was calculated that several thousand people were converted.

And now another step downwards and outwards was prepared for us. We were very pressingly invited to Cardiff. This time it was not to a chapel, nor even to a respectable hall, but to a large wooden circus. Undenominational work was just then coming into fashion. The theory was, save the people outside the churches and then send them to the churches to be trained and cared for. We were wanted to help to carry this programme out in Cardiff. It was certainly another advance towards the Nottingham starting-point.

From Cardiff we went on to Walsall, where another glimpse was gained of what was to be in the future. Some Methodists had built a big chapel, and were unable to obtain a congregation. They invited us to help them. But, alas! none of our inside attractions charmed the people. The respectable portion of the community were too proud to enter, and the lower orders were as positively opposed to anything of the kind as they could be. I went to work to try and make them come. The fight was a desperate one. Night after night I spoke to large crowds in the Market-square, processioning through the darkest and blackest slums to the chapel, into which very few would enter; so far as the door they came, and no further.

It was then I devised a special kind of meeting, out of which grew a most remarkable movement which went afterwards by the name of "The Hallelujah Band." To attract the people we invited all the celebrities we knew from Nottingham, Derby, Birmingham, and round about. These men had been remarkable in wickedness, but who we had reason to believe were now serving God. There was a poacher, a couple of prize-fighters, a Birmingham jail-bird, and others of the same class. These celebrities were advertised not as the respectable and religious people they were then, but by the characters they had borne before their conversion. We had a morning march; waggons in the hollows of a broken field, and meetings all day. We had great crowds of people, and souls saved.

The men, brought together that day for the first time, worked together for months afterwards with others through the Black Country and the surrounding districts. They attracted thousands of people in every direction. Many of the most notorious characters in the district were converted, and while it lasted it was, beyond question, a most wonderful religious movement. In course of time,

however, the leaders disagreed. Divisions crept in. There being no acknowledged authority, all did pretty much what was right in their own eyes. There was no distinctive teaching beyond that of conversion, and the work gradually died out, or, at best, left only the monument of a few half-and-half Methodist societies behind.

But the remarkable influence and effect it produced while it lasted upon the worst and poorest classes of the community made a great impression on my mind, and I never ceased to wonder whether such a work could not be so originated and guided as to make it a powerful force for effectually dealing with the vast continent of rampant wickedness that I saw around me everywhere.

However we went on. Birmingham was the next town where I held a short series of meetings, visiting some of the small towns around. Then came a sort of settling down, and Leeds was chosen as a permanent residence. Here we had what may be called our first home since leaving Gateshead, having only lived in apartments and furnished houses, a few weeks at a time, until then. At Leeds our sixth child was born, and it seemed a necessity that the migratory form of existence followed during the last three years should be curtailed if not abandoned.

Our stay in Leeds lasted about six months, during which time we had a hard fight with the enemy in various forms. In chapels, in halls, in the denominations and out of the denominations. In the market-place, amidst oaths and blasphemies and peltings and mobbings with skeletons, who did not bear the name, but who, nevertheless, acted after their fashion, we struggled hard for souls, and won a goodly number.

From Leeds we went to London. For a long time the great city had attracted us. My dear wife had always objected to leaving her children for public work; and in London, we argued, she would find a sphere which would

allow of her getting home the same evening, or, at most, would not keep her away very long together. To London, therefore, in 1864, we came, securing a home at Hammer-smith.

About this time there was a considerable awakening of the public mind with respect to religion, with a great deal of open-air and theatre preaching. Among other efforts a large tent had been erected in a disused burial ground belonging to the Society of Friends, in Baker's Row, Whitechapel. In this tent meetings were being held every night, and to conduct them I was invited for a fortnight.

Here was the open door for which I had longed for years, and yet I knew it not, and moreover was unwilling to enter it. The main reason for this was that I feared my ability to deal with people of this class; I had made several efforts, but apparently failed, and the thought saddened and oppressed me beyond measure. I would have given worlds, had they been mine, to have been qualified to attract and interest and lead to salvation the masses I saw around me, as completely outside the Christian circle as the untaught heathen of foreign lands, but I despaired of accomplishing it. This I thought was not my vocation. I had forgotten Nottingham Meadow Platts and the work in it when a boy of sixteen, twenty years before.

However, as was my usage, no squeamish difficulties were allowed to interfere with duty. I accepted the invitation, and the hour and day found me at my post.

On the Mile End Waste the first open-air meeting was held, from whence we processioned to the tent. From the first the meetings were fairly good; we had souls at almost every service, and before the fortnight had passed I felt at home; and more than this I found my heart being strongly and strangely drawn out on behalf of the million people living within a mile of the tent—ninety out of every

hundred of whom, they told me, never heard the sound of the preacher's voice from year to year. "Here is a sphere!" was being whispered continually in my inward ear by an inward voice. "Why go further afield for audiences?" And so the church and chapel congregation somehow or other lost their charm in comparison with the vulgar East-enders, and I was continually haunted with a desire to offer myself to Jesus Christ as an apostle for the heathen of East London. The idea or heavenly vision or whatever you may call it overcame me, I yielded to it, and what has happened since is I think not only a justification but an evidence that my offer was accepted.

The difficulties that beset us at the onset were many. To begin with : on the third or fourth Sunday morning we found the tent lying on the ground rent in pieces. It had been a stormy night, and among other things that the rough wind had finished was our tabernacle; and, what made things worse, it was too rotten to be mended or ever put together again. That Sunday we had to fall back upon our Cathedral—the open air.

After a long search an old dancing room was secured for Sabbath meetings. They danced in it until the small hours of the Sunday morning, and our converts had to carry in, and fix up at four a.m., our seats, which fortunately had not been blown away when the tent was destroyed—It was a long narrow place, holding about six hundred people. The proprietor combined the two professions of dancing master and photographer—the latter being pushed specially on Sunday. In the front room, by which all the congregation had to pass from the open street, sat the mistress colouring photographs, whilst someone at the doors touted for business. The photographing 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; and it was a regular thing for them to pause and listen to the message of salvation as they

walked up on their Sabbath-breaking business. When we saw them on such occasions we generally contrived to give them something a little warm.

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 doing three indoor meetings, the bulk of the labor of all of which fell on me. But the power and the happiness of the work carried me along, and in that room the foundation was really laid of all that has come since.

Meanwhile, however, we had no place for our week-night meetings except the open air on the Mile End Waste, and here we carried on till nine and after, then inviting those who were anxious to remain and seek salvation on the spot on which they stood.

Our first week-night place after the tent was an old low wool warehouse, the windows of which unfortunately opened on to the street. When crowded, which was ordinarily the case, it was frightfully hot, especially in summer. If we opened the windows the boys threw stones and mud and fireworks through, and fired trains of gunpowder laid from the front door inwards. But our people got used to this, shouting Hallelujah when the crackers exploded and the powder flashed; but it doubtless frightened and kept away a good many folks. Still many a poor dark soul found Jesus there, and became a good warrior afterwards.

Then there was an old chapel called "Holywell Mount"—a fine place it seemed, after the wretched holes and corners to which we had been accustomed—still it never seemed to answer our purpose; some of our folks thought it was just because it was a "chapel."

Then we had a stable up a court leading off the White-chapel Road. We had it cleaned, and whitewashed, and fitted up, and from its situation we were full of hope of

seeing a lot done in it. But, alas! "we counted our chickens before they were hatched," as others have often done before us. After the first meeting or two we were summarily ejected, the room next us being occupied by a gymnastic and sparring club; and our exercises disturbed theirs. They were old tenants, and their work being more in sympathy with the publican, to whom the place belonged, there was nothing for us but to go.

From the beginning we were always picking up people in the roads from all parts of London—nay, from almost every corner of the globe, as they travelled about for business or pleasure—and taking them with us to our Halls, and getting them saved. Many of the Londoners came begging us to begin services in their neighborhoods, and so we went to Old Ford, to a carpenter's shop—to Poplar, to a wooden shed, between which and some stables and pig-styes there was only a wooden partition, through the open cracks of which a stench oozed, enough to poison us all, and it was a wonder it did not.

Then we went to a penny gaff at Limehouse, buying out the trumpery scenery, footlights and all. We went to a covered skittle alley in Whitechapel, where they bowled and gambled and drank and swore on a week-day. A temporary platform was constructed over the square upon which the pins stood, and on that platform, or in front of it, I have seen as many as twenty people at once kneeling and weeping as they sought salvation.

Then came a larger venture—the "Eastern Star"—a low beerhouse, notorious for immorality and other vices—was burned down and afterwards rebuilt. We bought the lease and fitted it up. In the front was our first bookstore; at the back a good Hall, and rooms for classes and smaller meetings upstairs.

Then came the old Effingham Theatre, on the stage of which there regularly mounted forty, fifty, and sixty sinners

on a Sunday night seeking mercy. In this dirty theatre—at that time, perhaps, one of the lowest in London—we were fairly introduced to the public, and from that day the work went forward with increased rapidity.

During this time my wife was engaged in holding meetings, of three months at a stretch, in some of the largest halls around London and in various places within easy distance, some of which resulted, in addition to making friends for the East-End work, in the formation of permanent missions, of the same character as those established in the East of London.

All this time we had no regular definite plans for the future. From the first I was strongly opposed to forming any separate organisation. It is true, that again and again the thought did come to me as to what could be accomplished for God and man by a people who were all actuated by one simple purpose, and that the immediate salvation of the masses, and the entire devotion of those thus saved to the work of saving their fellows. The chief sorrow to me in connection with the sects in the past, had ever been their divisions on the subject of practical Godliness and immediate results, but I constantly put from me the thought of attempting the formation of such a people.

My first idea was simply to get the people saved, and send them to the churches. This proved at the outset impracticable.

1st. They would not go when sent.

2nd. They were not wanted.

And 3rd. We wanted some of them at least ourselves, to help us in the business of saving others.

We were thus driven to providing for the converts ourselves.

As the movement grew we thought it might be our

work to constitute a mammoth working men s society just there, in the East End, and with smaller branches all around.

But as we spread from one part of London to another, and then to the provinces, we came to accept our mission to preach the Gospel to every creature, and to arrange accordingly.

Further particulars respecting this going forth will be found in this volume, but all our methods, and agencies, and successes, and organisation have, we think, grown out of four simple principles with which I believe my heart was inspired in the earliest days of my spiritual life.

(1.) *Going to the people with the message of Salvation.*—Out of this has grown all our varied open-air operations, processions, bands, colours, reviews, and the like.

(2.) *Attracting the people.*—This has originated the varied placards and all other attractive announcements.

(3.) *Saving the people.*—Hence the services for conversion, for holiness, for consecration, for fiery baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and for heavenly enjoyment.

(4.) *Our employment of the people.*—Out of which has grown our varied classes of Officers, opportunities for testimony, and the open door and continued encouragement to every man, and every woman, and every child, to use and exercise whatever gifts they may have received from God for assisting Him in subduing and winning this rebellious world to Himself.



II.

HEART TO HEART.

Pity, Lord, a wretched creature,
 One whose sins for vengeance cry,
 Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
 Throbbing heart and heaving sigh."
 Oh, my Saviour, Oh, my Saviour, Oh, my Saviour
 Canst Thou let a sinner die?

THAT was the first verse I remember hearing The Christian Mission people sing in the open air, and their words, the looks of pity they cast on the sinners, their prayers, their speeches to the people, the very tones of their voices remain stamped on my heart, one of those impressions that cannot be rubbed out. It was on Monday afternoon, the 28th October, 1872, in the East India Road, near the end of Crisp Street, where the little ring of poor men and women were formed, ready soon to march to the site of our present Poplar Barracks, for the laying of the Memorial stones.

As I looked at the pale faces of those East End toilers, and at the threadbare garments of some of them as they stood in the mud, with their poorly-covered feet dangerously near pools of water, what struck me was that *they* were wretched, as far as outward circumstances could make people so. There could be no question that life to them was a weary, dreary struggle against starvation, and yet they had forgotten themselves, their poverty, and their necessities, and had managed to give up some hours of their bread-earning time, out of pure love and pity for a wretchedness so much deeper and more terrible than their own.

All their speaking and praying was in the tone of the verse I have quoted. They told the crowd around them that they were sinners, wretched, and lost, and going to hell, without mincing language, or using any doubtful expressions; and yet all through it there was not one tone of harshness or severity; it was all of tenderest pity for those who were ready to perish, yearning in terrible anxiety to lead others to that Saviour who had lifted them, in spite of their circumstances, out of wretchedness and sin into the peace and joy which they now possessed.

That little open-air meeting was to me an index to The Christian Mission.

A Christian Mission, indeed! A coming out of the poor to the poor, under the constraint of Christ's own love; a coming out, not with blankets, or loaves, or silver and gold, which these poor creatures had not to offer, but a coming out with the very same overflowing compassion for the wandering sheep which filled the heart of the Nazarene and of His Apostles, and which made to them poverty and toil and shame and suffering, bright with the coming joy of saving the lost.

In that meeting I seemed to read the whole story of the work from the beginning. It was this wide-awakeness to the misery and danger of sinners that had sent out William Booth at the first, and that had sustained him through the seven years in which he had already been struggling to bring light and salvation to the sad, dark, dreary East-End. It was this same love of God that had been shed abroad in the hearts of those whom he had led to the Saviour, and had made them, in their turn, such as the people I saw before me. It didn't matter how many or how few of this description might have been produced up to that time. The same Divine power that had produced this could and would produce any number of the same description; and the process had only to be carried

on to spread throughout every dark corner of the world the light and joy of salvation. I saw it all that Monday afternoon. I have seen a deal more of it since. The world will see a deal more of it yet; and oh, that God may reveal to you, dear reader, this great secret of the world's salvation, the contact of one heart, filled with the love of Christ, with another heart groaning in darkness for want of Him.

Twenty-four hours ago, I stood listening in another little ring, and heard two rough navvies, one of them converted a few months ago—one of them only a few weeks back—speak to the “*dear* people,” and entreat them to turn from their sins and seek salvation. Said one of them, “I have sat in my own mother's house with these two eyes blacked through fighting in the service of the devil; but now, bless God, I want no more of that; and you needn't have any more of it either.” The same old power is doing the same thing still to-day; and now, not only in a few East End alleys, but from New Zealand right round to San Francisco, and from Cape Town to Norkopping.

Once that tender, brotherly feeling exists in the heart, difficulties, and obstacles melt away with wonderful rapidity. What if there was but a poor old tent, standing on a burial-ground, to begin preaching salvation to the millions of London in! What if the old tent was blown down, after a few weeks' use, and absolutely no indoor meeting-place available! What if, after weeks of trying toil altogether in the open air, The General could only find an old wool-shed, and then a room over a stable in which to house his converts! What did the close air of that little loft, with the horses making all manner of disturbance below, and the stifling air of the crowded room, whose ceiling The General's tall hat would almost touch! What matter if on week-nights he often had only one or two to help

him in the streets When there is a heart in it, all these things are nothing.

“Come along, Oram,” The General would say, as he saw one of his few helpers in those days approaching in the open air, “you can help me sing;” and then the children would gather round and help, till a crowd of men and women came, and, by-and-by, after a warm invitation given, The General would form his devoted couple of assistants in procession, and march them across one of the biggest thoroughfares in London to the meeting-place.

“It used to be crowded, and many and many a soul got saved there,” was the summing-up of my informant, a daughter of the worthy couple, who have both since passed into the skies. The story of that couple, by the way, gives a very fair idea of the conquests of those days. “My mother,” says Miss Oram, “had been converted years before, but was a backslider when Mr. Booth came to the East-End. He used to stand near our house. So mother heard him and went out to the meeting, where she sought and found mercy.

“My father, though a quiet sort of man, was all for the world, and used always to be going to theatres and such like. I never saw such a change in anyone as in him when he got saved. It was on the 2nd of December, 1865, and all the way walking home from the chapel The General then used in Holywell Mount, Shoreditch, he kept on shouting, ‘I’m a King’s son, I’m a King’s son!’ till I thought he had gone silly. Mother was in bed with rheumatic fever. Ever since she had got converted she used to pray with me and take me to the meetings. On that night she and father prayed together for the first time.

“That Christmas some of father’s friends came to see him, and he was so frightened; but he thought he must go out with them, and then he was persuaded to have a

little drink, and go with them to the theatre ; but when he came back he went straight into the bedroom, fell down on his knees, and cried like a child. He said he had sinned against God, and ‘Do you think He would take me back?’ ‘Oh,’ said mother, ‘God is always open to take poor prodigals back.’ And so he got right, and after that he always went on straight, with a firm faith in God, a quietly happy man. At the time of his conversion he owed three pounds to an uncle. He felt he must pay the money ; and, as soon as he could get it together, tried to do so, but he then found that the uncle was dead, and so he paid the money over to The Army.

“My mother was one of Mrs. Collingridge’s Band. She was often at our house, and mother and her were like sisters.”

This, by the way, was the first band of female speakers formed in connection with The General’s work. These noble mothers, toiling hard all the week in their poor homes, used to spend Sundays and evenings in going from place to place throughout the East End to publish salvation. Most of the glorious group have now passed, like their leader, to their reward in Heaven ; but they have left behind them, in the East End, scores of happy homes that were wretched indeed, until, by their self-denying efforts, their occupants were led to Jesus.

“I remember,” Miss O—— went on, “the night Stephen Knott got converted. He was just a rough young man, a journeyman baker, I think ; but I remember he was in such agony of distress about his soul that the prayer-meeting was kept on ever so late. I know it was after eleven when I got home. (That young baker, by the way, is now a Wesleyan minister in Canada). It used to take us half an hour to get to Whitechapel, but we went three times every Sunday, and some of us every night, taking it in turns. On the week-nights we used to go

round the back streets for our open air meetings, one on one night, and one on another. There used to be lots of rough people holloing at us. But one would speak to them at one corner, and then we would go on, and another would speak at another corner.

“When The General began to have meetings in the Theatres, we used to have handbills to announce them with, and on the handbill there would generally be his subject. For instance at Epsom Races time he would announce himself to tell about “the man on the white horse,” and such like. We used to take the bills and get tracts, and put a bill and a tract in each bundle of clothes that we mangled before we sent them home, and we used to give the handbills away in the streets as well. Sometimes, at festivals they would have large bills, that would fill up a whole window.

“Oh, they did used to struggle to get some of the people saved. I remember one woman that used to come into our house sometimes, and Mrs. Collingridge would get hold of one of her hands, and my mother of the other; but she would say: ‘It is no use, mother; you won’t get me saved to-night.’ Once she came and mother was ill, but she would speak to her, and she said: ‘You shall not go out of the house till you hear what I have got to say. If you go to hell it will be your own fault.’ That same woman spoke one Tuesday evening, when Mr. Bramwell Booth was at Whitechapel, and said if she died she knew she would go straight home to Heaven. I told her afterwards what good it had done me to hear her give that testimony, remembering how my mother and her comrades had labored for her soul many a time. The next Monday morning she was dead. So you may think how glad I was to be sure it was all right with her!

“We had an old Calvinist living with us, who was, I believe, a good man, but he had got crude notions, you

know, about 'all that the Father giveth me shall come to me,' and so on. But we didn't want to have any controversy with him, because we knew it was no good. So when he used to come in we would begin singing a hymn, and then we would continue with another that went to the same tune, and so on, and he used to say: 'I think your hymns are very long.' But we never had any controversy.

"I have seen The General pelted with the rest of us many a time, but he always used to say to the people to take no notice, but go straight on and that was the best.

"'Old Scotty,' the infidel, used to say dreadful things against him. He used to stand close beside our ring in the open air with his Bible, pulling it to pieces; and then he used to say the most dreadful things about The General and his family. For instance he used to say that he lived on other people's money, and that by-and-by he would gather it all together and be off."

I must say I felt no small pleasure in tracing this remarkable rumour to its true source. "Old Scotty," whom I remember well myself, was a wretched infidel lecturer of the public-house type, whose headquarters were in a low tavern just opposite one of the Mission's principal open-air stands on the Mile End Waste. From this refuge he would come forth fortified by liquor time after time, and pour out upon the Bible, and all who believed in and advocated it, the overflowing vials of his feeble wrath in language too foul to be repeated. More than once the Mission folk induced him to accept their charity, and after receiving a certain amount of food, he would, for a time, make some show of an inclination to turn round; but alas! he was soon back again in the old haunts with the old ways.

Upon one occasion a poor woman, who had been lifted from the very gutter by the instrumentality of the Mission,

became so indignant at his abuse of the people who had shown such kindness both to him and her, that, seizing a large stone, she declared she would hurl it at his head if he said any more. To this wretched old man, of whom I have not been able to hear tidings for some time, belongs the credit of inventing the theory which great newspaper editors, and people of even higher social position, have disgraced themselves by repeating for twenty-one years. The General has not gone yet, with his pile of money; but, alas! the blackguards, whether in rags or in sealskin, who repeat "Old Scotty's" suggestion in language more or less like that which he used, can still find listeners, and, I suppose, always will.

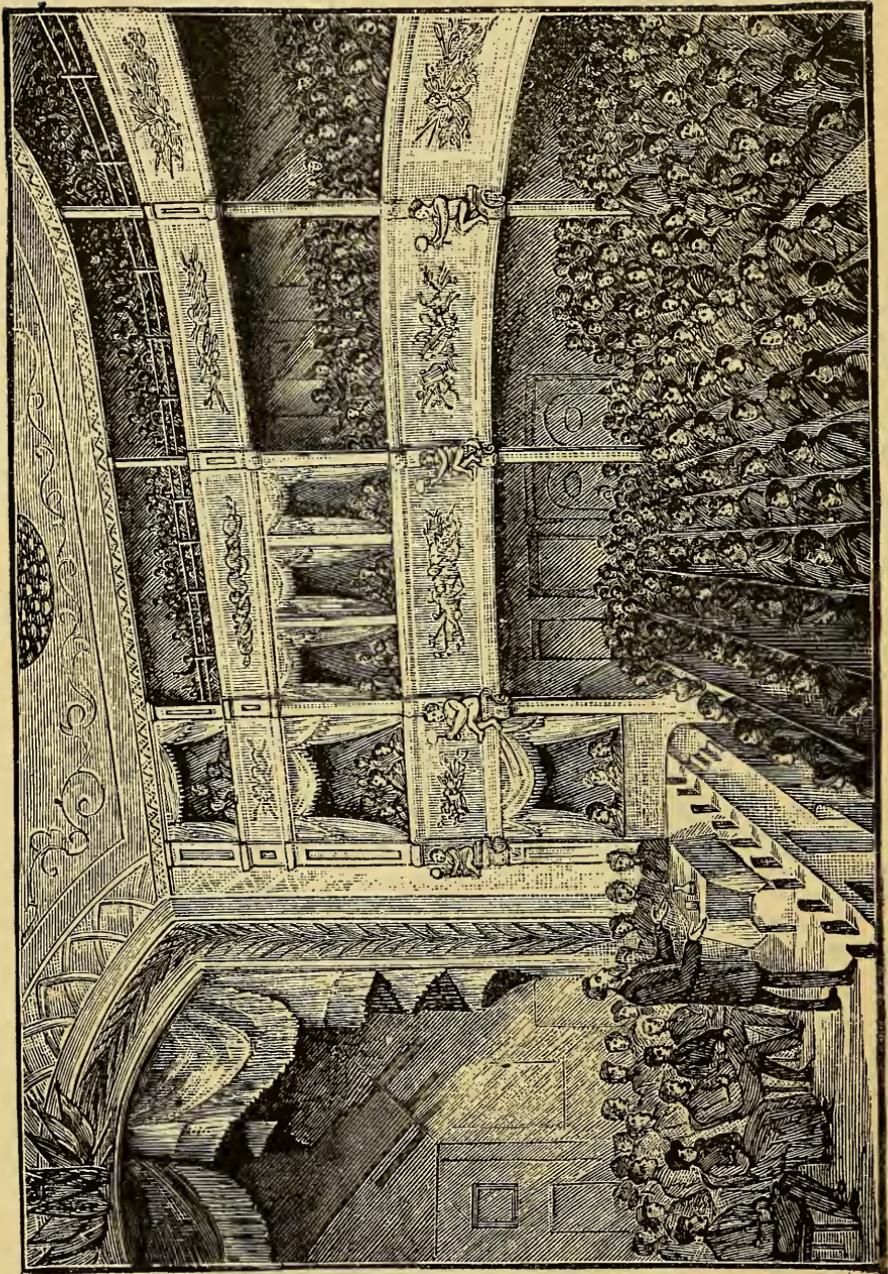
That suggestion was born, I suppose, and maintains itself, from the undeniable fact, visible from the first, that The General won the hearts of the people, and through their hearts all the help of body, mind, and means that they were able to give to assist him in his efforts. It has always been so, since the days when the poor Apostles' converts would have willingly plucked out their eyes to serve them, and it always will be so where people feel that they are face to face with somebody who really cares for them.

The man who was content to preach the Gospel in the street, where he was hustled, and hooted, and pelted; in the little wool-shed, or the hay-loft, or the skittle-alley, soon found his way to the Assembly Room, and then to the Theatre, where huge crowds came every Sunday to listen to him.

"I suppose," I queried to an informant familiar with those days, "there would be well-dressed people in the pit?"

"Oh, dear no; they were all the right sort, you know, quite poor, and in the galleries they were a very rough lot; but there used to be perfect order."

Oh, that I had seen one of those wonderful gatherings! And yet I don't know that it could matter much, for The Army's crowd in any theatre of the poor to-day must be



THE SEATING IN THE EAST LONDON THEATRE.

pretty much the same. And have we not all seen it in the Grecian, and other places, again and again? The rows of men and women who have no Sunday clothes; the faces that tell of no Sunday dinner; the looks that speak as unmistakably of the absence of any regard for Sunday, or God, or Salvation; the crowds that come because somebody has made them come, whether to see a curious sight, or for some other reason; the crowd that has come to pass the time away, to laugh, to enjoy a row, anything rather than to pray. Thank God, we have seen that crowd thousands and thousands of times, and to place ourselves in the presence of the General and his first theatre audiences and victories, we have only to throw our minds back twenty years, and picture in some of the lowest theatres and music-halls of the East End of London what we have seen in later years elsewhere.

Two years ago I saw the General fight just such a crowd at Reading. The Church Congress had been held there, and we must needs use the building put up for them after they were gone. It was a pouring wet night, but that did not prevent the place from being crowded away back to the farthest standing-room by a congregation mainly composed of men, and young men, too. As I passed between these reckless rows, disporting themselves in their fashion during the singing of the opening song, I confess I hadn't much hope for the meeting. They wanted a lark, not a talk about their souls that night, and they showed it very plainly when the General rose to speak. There was a struggle, but he kept on firing till every opposing sound died away, and then all sat silently gazing upon him, till he had done telling what things God had wrought among the unsaved by means of The Salvation Army. To have seen that was enough to understand how thousands of the roughest and vilest of the East End were gathered at the first into a building where they were accustomed to expect an entertainment correspond-

ing with the vile tastes they had formed ; and was enough to enable one to feel how the Word of Life went thrilling and cutting its way through those masses, till score after score were ready to get upon the stage before all the rest, heart-broken seekers for mercy.

Oh, those early converts ! Those faces in the ring at Poplar ! I shall never forget them. Many of them we see no more now, for those first veterans have, in many cases, gone to follow the Lamb in grander scenes. How well I remember climbing, with the General, one morning into the little room, up many stairs, in Shoreditch, where one of that noble little company sat toiling all the day long at rough sewing work, by means of which she supported herself and child, and only too often a drunken husband as well ! It was on her way to a public-house that poor Carrie Berry had been stopped by one of the open-air meetings, and so led to seek the Saviour in a little back room. Her face during all the years I knew her was never wanting in that expression of peace and joy which it bore in her little room as well as in the meetings, and, preserved faithful and true amidst the worst of East-End surroundings to the last, triumphing with her comrades, and weeping over sinners, she went up from an East-End court to a mansion in the skies.

Modern improvements have swept away many of the spots on which those early victories were won. Broad streets, and piles of fine new buildings cover the sites of not a few of the little meeting-rooms, in which many a "Drunken Bill," and "Swearing Jim," and "Fallen Mary" were led to Jesus ; but the life that began in those old places is growing on, and will yet make itself felt, amongst every nation under Heaven.

How do I know that ? Because I see that this great work could not have been begun or continued with any less than that love that God alone can give, which

fills the whole heart, and which cannot be quenched or turned aside from attaining its object in the deliverance of every slave of the devil from his awful power.

From the beginning, one of the most important features of the work has been the teaching of Holiness, as a pure and heavenly state, which can be attained by a costermonger, or anybody else, and enjoyed in perfect peace amidst all the temptations and harassings of every-day life in the back slums of a great city. No new theory this, of

“A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy Lord of Thine.”

Only such hearts can be equal to the Divine toil of raising the most guilty and miserable to a similar life of love and self-sacrifice for the salvation of the rest. What is this but the “everlasting life” promised to all who believe in Jesus. Ah if people would but believe! That very life pictured before us so charmingly in the Gospels, that life of dying to save the lost is within the reach of everyone who will have it.

Have you got that life, or any part of it? I don't ask whether you believe the Bible; whether as a mere matter of creed you recognise the difference between sinners and saints, between those who are going to Heaven and those who are going to hell. What I ask is, do you see those facts as mere shadows made by ink on paper, or do you feel that you, yourself, are certainly going to Heaven, and that you have brothers and sisters all around you as certainly going to Hell? Do you care about them; if not, how can you be saved yourself? If you do, then I defy you to read the story of The Salvation Army and not to care about it also.

III.

SYSTEMATIC SALVATION.

WE have seen how The General almost drifted into his great life-work, and nothing could be more important to those who would rightly understand him or The Army than to bear in mind that nothing was pre-arranged, and that the huge Army of to-day has rather grown than been made.

Commencing with the formation of an East London Christian Revival Society, soon to be developed into an East London Christian Mission, to be called the Christian Mission as soon as its first narrow boundary had been passed, the General seems only to have become gradually reconciled himself to the idea of any permanent organisation or settled plan. He had, and in fact may still be said to have, only one absolutely settled purpose—to save the largest possible number of the souls of the poor.

A tent was good enough to begin with, but it was blown down, and the people must meet somewhere; therefore they were invited to the curious little rooms, of which we have already spoken, until the first real Headquarters was secured in that most suitable of all imaginable localities, an ex-public-house in the Whitechapel Road.

“The Eastern Star!” What a name! What a word of promise for the world written on that old vile public-house sign!

The cholera year, 1866, will never be forgotten by those of us who lived in London at the time. The misery and poverty of East-End life was that year exhibited in colors that ought not to have left an intelligent nation to sleep on

for almost another twenty years before the "bitter cry" of millions of its poor, living under the very shadow of its throne, should reach its ears; and the extremity of that East-End misery had a great deal to do with many of the early arrangements in connection with The General's work.

The mind becomes almost bewildered in attempting to realise all that was begun in that one little East-End hall. Amongst the list of the engagements figured not only a long list of open-air and indoor preaching services, but Class Meetings, Mothers' Meetings, Temperance Meeting, Band of Hope, Tract Distributors' Meeting, Bible Classes, Exhorters' Meeting, and Children's Salvation Meeting.

Not one of this enormous variety of meetings was merely rushed over. Every department was carefully, laboriously, tearfully cared for by workers, filled with the same spirit and feeling as their leader, who ever incited them all to ever-increased exertion. It is a remarkable fact that after years, in which some of the works of charity especially included in that huge programme have been comparatively unattended to, under the desperate pressure of engagements on the main lines, nearly all the subordinate works are being organised all the world over with all The Army's strength, and on a scale that would have staggered the minds of the humble few who climbed the stairs of 188, Whitechapel Road, week after week.

In all, through all, and above all, Salvation was always the ideal kept in view in connection with all these things, and whether a meeting was called a Bible Class, a Mothers' Meeting, a Band of Hope, or a soup distribution, it was pretty much the same; the outer arrangements might differ, but the one thing that anyone who ventured within the lines of the Mission must always expect was to be "tackled" about their souls.

As many as two thousand poor fellows would visit the first soup kitchen in one day, most of them paying pennies

of their own for convenient basins of soup, and for substantial food supplied at that price. Free breakfasts were given now and then on Sunday morning to people to whom tickets had been carefully distributed by men, once of their own class, who carefully hunted them out one by one until the tables were crowded with the poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind. But after soup and after breakfast came prayer, the prayer of men who meant to prevail, together with appeal upon appeal, urging to immediate surrender to God as the only remedy for their miseries, temporal and spiritual. Those prayers and appeals did prevail to the salvation of many.

The visitation of sisters, who passed from room to room throughout the crowded tenement houses, quite as eager for the chance to pray with the people and lead them to Christ as for the opportunity to do good to their bodies by the presentation of a soup ticket, told are beyond all that we can calculate upon the souls of the multitude.

As for the Mothers' Meetings, I should not like to investigate too closely the question as to how many stitches were put into the garments, then in course of completion at those meetings, in any given hour. There is no doubt that many a poor mother was enabled, with the aid of a few pence carefully saved, to procure clothing, which would otherwise have cost them many shillings. But in all the conversations I have had with those who made themselves generally useful in connection with these meetings, I have never once heard anything about sewing. All their memories of the Mothers' Meeting relate to mother this and sister that, who, after a great deal of persuasion, were induced to come to such-and-such a meeting, where they were got upon their knees and transformed into lovers of the Lord before they left the place.

I should like to hear of the establishment of millions of Mothers' Meetings of that sort,

It is rather difficult to trace the extension of the Mission, and the completion of its organisation, because of the frequent changes in places of meeting, and the almost equally frequent change in rules and system which marked the first few years of its history. A number of more or less harmonious but differing elements were at work together, and it would have puzzled anyone to say at any given moment which of these elements would eventually prevail.

First and foremost, of course, came the open-air work. Whatever else was done or undone, the people must be sought after in the streets, and that continually. This idea grew almost into a mania with some. They wanted no indoor meeting-places; they could see no reason why a crowd once gathered should ever be dispersed, or ever be left. As long as the people would listen to them they would gladly stay and talk; or if, by a gradual dispersal the people gently informed them that they had spoken quite too long, no way disconcerted they would go off, like a quack doctor or a street juggler, to another corner and begin again. To these good men the idea of disappointing a congregation which was waiting for them indoors was nothing. Why did not the people come out or stop out, or pray, or otherwise attend to themselves? You might not approve of such ideas, but it was very little use to argue against them. I believe some of those men are to be found to this day at East-End street-corners talking away as earnestly as ever, and who will dare to say that the Lord has not bid them talk, and talk in the open air exclusively? To-day we could find a sphere for such men with the greatest pleasure, and guarantee that they should never be asked to go under a roof as long as they lived.

But there were others who equally magnified the importance of the indoor meeting. The open-air work was all very well for those who could do it; but they were not called that way, especially on wet nights, and had very

little patience with the first-named class. These good folk might have been described as pillars in the house of the Lord, to go out no more for ever. Some of them might be found in the same seat year after year, and, to their honour, never inclined to leave the meeting, no matter how late it might be carried on. As long as a meeting was going on, no matter how, good might be done, probably would be done, of what consequence was it if only four were present, or even a less number than that? They would assure you they had "a glorious time." The Lord drew near to them in very deed, and everything was going to happen that should happen. True, the sinners were not there, and that was much to be regretted, poor things; but that could not be helped. *They* were there, and meant to be there, and always there, and nowhere else; and any proposed novelty was as gall and wormwood to their poor souls. Yet, who shall dare to say that these, too, had not their place? Dear old souls, some of them, the very sight of their faces was enough to renew your strength. If they did but little else, who can say how much they helped others to do? And again and again such men were the means of keeping halls open—no, rooms, I ought rather to say in little corners, which more active men would have deserted for wider and more stirring scenes.

There was dear father Barber, of Stratford, a miserable old drunkard, sunken to the lowest depths when the Mission folk found him out and led him to the Saviour. How I wish I could present you with a return of the number of meetings the old man held, with the big Bible and nobody, or at most one or two other people in the vestry, "that blessed vestry" as he used to call it. But for that old man's persistence I very much question whether the services at the old Stratford Hall by the Canal Bridge would have been continued long enough for the capture of the woman who, as Mrs. Major Simmonds, was to become the Army's pioneer in South Africa.

There was the teetotal party, to whom the misery of the drunkard's home appeared to be so great as to overshadow almost every other consideration. The message of salvation was certainly conveyed in most of their speeches and songs; for, from the first, the tone of all the meetings had been made so strongly evangelistic that any other element could with difficulty assert itself; and yet there were many among this class who really did value the signing of a pledge, almost if not quite as much as the salvation of a soul.

And there was the singing party, most of them singers themselves, who considered that nothing could be so powerful, either to attract or lead the people, as good singing, whether outdoors or in. These good folk preferred the sound of their own voices to that of any preacher or speaker. Some of them thought a great deal of practice necessary, whilst others, strong in their own want of knowledge of any music, poured contempt upon anything of the kind. That some of these singers were extremely useful no one would ever question; but no one would have imagined the amount of discord which the lovers of harmony were able to create at any station.

The preaching party, on the other hand, while by no means undervaluing in every case the power of song, were above all impressed with the importance of what they called “giving the people something”; or “feeding the people.” To this party it is only fair to say that many quiet hearers, as well as loud speakers, belonged. They would point triumphantly to the congregations gathered and the good done by The General and Mrs. Booth, and would ask where the Mission would have been but for some solid teaching. True they did not exactly profess to be able to do all that The General and Mrs. Booth could do; but, in their estimation, the man who for three-quarters of an hour or more could induce as many as twenty people to sit still and listen to him quietly, towered far above the rough fellow, thundering for ten minutes

at a street corner to several hundreds of people, and then putting up someone else to have a turn. The strength, the spiritual power, and the ability of some of those preachers were beyond all doubt of very great value, and although their influence wherever it prevailed, hindered the activity and improvement of scores of their brethren and sisters, on the one hand, it undoubtedly assisted in the salvation of many souls on the other.

The Sunday-school party scarcely needs description, being represented so widely throughout the world, and having had so many years in which to proclaim its theories. Suffice it to say that, as late as ten years after the foundation of the Mission, there were to be found, at some stations, men and women whose whole interest was concentrated in the Sunday-school, and who would actually prefer to inconvenience, and even shut out the adults, rather than that one of their lessons should be shortened. Yet let it never be forgotten that, in Mission Sunday-schools, there were earnest soul-winners, and that there were children saved who afterwards became gloriously useful in the work.

One might speak of the party of order who would on no account tolerate, inside a building, anyone who should dare to "laugh in the house of God," and the free-and-easy party, who would almost allow rowdies to take possession of a building rather than risk grieving one of them; of the party of quiet, who could not see the good of noise; and the natural party, who could not help making it; of the conservative party, always talking of the old times, if that only meant three months since, when they sat under the ministrations of the brother who led them to Christ, and upon whose ways they could not imagine any improvement; and the radical party, ever ready to sink into misery, and to declare that there was "nothing doing" if no striking, startling, overwhelming novelty had been introduced at their station within the last week.

And then there were of course the "kind friends" who were always ready with help of various sorts, and frequently with suggestions as well. Some of these labored diligently in good works for the poor, and so helped to win many a sad heart for the Saviour. Others, undoubtedly, added to the troubles and perplexities of Mr. and Mrs. Booth to no small degree. Some liked this doctrine, and some that. Most were extremely anxious that everything should be done decently and in order, that there should be "no excitement," and, in fact, "nothing objectionable" in connection with the services that were to transform the East-End ruffians into nice, quiet men, such as they might with pleasure associate with. Alas! alas! for the man who wishes to please his friends, and to please God into the bargain. God is likely to have a very poor place in the arrangements, and the man a worse still. But amid a variety of plans, each of which seems good, and out of which it seems impossible to choose the best, it is an awkward complication to be troubled with people who will only give help in consideration of the prominence of this or that plan.

And then last, not least, were the organisers. These men were for rule and order. What the rules and orders might be did not so much matter, provided they should have a hand in making them or seeing them carried out. An hour was a small thing to spend in discussing the precise minute at which an open-air or an indoor meeting ought to be commenced or concluded. The great thing in their eyes was the establishment of something that would last "on the best and surest foundations," as the Bible translators put it. They believed in system, and nothing good could be done except on system; but alas! alas! system to most of them meant a great deal more talk than work. Yet, let no man despise all these worthy elders, leaders, exhorters, local preachers, treasurers, secretaries, stewards, and what not

They had their place and did their work with a devotion to detail, and an expenditure of time and strength that would do honor to any government or society on earth. They helped, there is no doubt, to continue to multiply and to extend the work that men of another stamp began and carried forward.

The Christian Mission was, above all, an association of remarkable personalities. I do not believe that, at the time when I first made its acquaintance at the end of 1872, there were a score of persons connected with it who had not a thoroughly fixed purpose. Hundreds of different opinions as to the best methods for securing and maintaining the conquest of souls there might be, but each one, with all the strength of his or her individual character, was ready to strive for the one great object. For years past the founder and General Superintendent, actuated by a commendable anxiety to insure a permanent success, whether he lived or died, for this great effort, had been inventing scheme after scheme for the consolidation and perpetuation of the work, and the result was an amount of organisation at which we can afford to laugh now-a-days, but which implied a total of patient toil that it would be impossible now to estimate.

Everything was arranged for, and arrangers above all. In connection with halls that would not hold a hundred people, you might find as many as half-a-dozen different official bodies meeting every week. The poor convert who had been brought to the penitent-form two months since must appear trembling before an elder's meeting, who should ascertain, by examination, whether he were worthy to be enrolled as a member of the Mission. If he ventured to aspire to public speaking he must pass another examination before the exhorters' meeting. Did he wish to distribute tracts, then he must see the tract committee, and satisfy them that he would not only distribute "the silent

messenger” with unvarying regularity, but that he would speak to the people in every house about their souls, and pray with them if possible. If, in the course of his work, the tract distributor came across cases of extreme need, then he must apply to another committee for the help to the extent of a shilling or two, which he might be allowed to give. By-and-by would come round the solemn day for the meetings of the local preachers and the quarterly meetings, and woe to the local brother who had dared to appear half-an-hour late at any of his appointments, or to the evangelist or class-leader who had not been known to visit one of his sick members!

The amount of time spent in official meetings of this description after their day’s work was done by these hard toilers in the factory, the street, and the workshop, seems almost incredible, even to those of us who were most familiar with it all, as we look back upon it through the dim distance of the past, only ten years away. Oh, those elders’ meetings! prolonged hundreds of times for hours after the ordinary Salvation meeting was over—prolonged till midnight many a time.

Now, what I am anxious to point out is that all this organisation, however unsuitable it might prove itself to be for the work in hand, showed an amount of labor and care to systematise the salvation of the lost such as had never been witnessed in recent history. We shall see later on how much grander were the results produced by the same care and labor otherwise applied. But whilst on the one hand we must never forget that the prodigies achieved by The Army are the direct fruit of the Divine Spirit’s work in human hearts, yet the great work begun would never have continued without an infinity of trouble and toil on the part of those who began the fight, which can now be extended with so much greater ease.

IV.

CALLED FROM THE BAR.

“BUT where shall you get your preachers, Mr. Booth?” asked a friend one day, when the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission was declaring his intention to open new stations. “Out of the public-houses,” was the prompt reply, and, thank God, the boast has been amply justified thousands of times over.

“Oh,” said a charming old woman in my hearing the other Sunday, “I do bless God for the day, four years ago, when The Army came along, as I stood in the ——— public-house, with my glass of gin before me. Yes, it was, dear friends, but, bless God, I want no more of that now. My poor old husband is only a street-sweeper, but, bless the Lord, we are happy. Why, bless you, if I could only sing the same as I feel it inside, you would all say I was a nightingale,” and certainly the old saint looked it, as, under her weight of over threescore years, she lifted up her voice and clapped her hands with girlish gladness. “When my husband and me,” she added, “had plenty of money, I have known what it was to want. I have known an empty cupboard then; but now, bless God, when he was weeks out of work, I never wanted for anything, and I never begged of anybody either.”

The leader of the meeting might well rejoice to hear such testimonies, for, when I first knew him, Little Drunken Bill, of Bethnal Green, was a wretched man indeed. Never can I forget the sight of that poor fellow at the funeral of one of our evangelists, straggling along with some of his drunken companions (one, at least, of whom is now a

preacher of righteousness as well as himself), as, lost to all sense of decency, they elbowed the processionists, heaping reproaches and menaces on the Booth family and the Mission generally, barely restrained by force, again and again, from breaking up the ranks of the mourners.

But ever since the day when Marshal Booth, then a lad of sixteen years of age, by arrangement with the poor drunkard's wife, cornered and almost forced him to his knees in his own home, Little Bill has been an equally prominent champion of the Lord.

It was against him that the real, original, first "Skeleton Army" was organised in that most respectable watering-place, Weston-super-Mare. It was on behalf of Little Bill, whom the magistrates had sent to Shepton Mallet Jail because he would not allow the Skeletons to stop his marching out to proclaim Salvation, that we made our first appeal to the Court of Queen's Bench, and won our first decisive victory against the misapplication of the law, Her Majesty's judges deciding that Little Bill, formerly of the Bethnal Green public-houses, must be allowed to lead as many ex-drunkards and others as he could induce to follow him, singing about Jesus through the streets of any place within Her Majesty's dominions.

Eleven years ago, when our services were first commenced in the town of Wellingboro', you might have seen amongst the swearing, drinking young men who came out of the public-houses from time to time to sneer and shout at our open-air meetings, Tom Coombes, then only sixteen years of age, but a thoroughly practised quoit, skittle and card-player, and gambler. Induced, however, to attend service one evening, the Spirit of God so laid hold of him that he trembled from head to foot, and the same night, with two more, sought and found mercy.

The very next night he went to the open-air meeting and became as thoroughly committed to the war on the Lord's

side as he had been on the other. Some time after this, at a meeting held by the Chief, he gave himself up altogether to God, and was soon after called out into the field, where, after some training as a Lieutenant and various other experiences, he went as Captain to North Shields, where he encountered desperate opposition, but formed a good corps. Two thousand people gathered at the station to witness his departure for Newport, Monmouthshire, where "Happy Tom" soon became notorious enough.

It was here, that when he had found it impossible to obtain a congregation in his hall, he got a rope, made a noose, put it round Lieutenant Payne's neck, and led him round the town during the day, promising to exhibit him at night. From that time the tide turned, a congregation was gained, and sinners saved.

"Happy Tom" was afterwards to be Major in command of all our South Wales corps, and he is now at the head of one of the largest divisions of The Salvation Army outside the United Kingdom, having under his leadership, in Canada, 169 corps with 487 officers.

One night a poor drunkard of good family, the son of a Liverpool merchant, who had lost character, position friends, and almost life itself, through the terrible craving for the drink, was walking along the streets of Liverpool on his way to the Mersey, with thoughts of suicide filling his reeling brain, when he was met in the street and led into the workshop of a poor coloured carpenter, commonly known among the Salvationists as our "Black Bishop." Here he met with Captain Smith, now our Commissioner in the United States, and being persuaded by the happy couple that there was a new life for him if he would but give up sin with full purpose of heart, he knelt with them in the cellar and cried for mercy. His troubled soul was soon at rest, and he became one of our happiest and most valuable officers. For some time he was A.D.C. to Major

Smith, while in command of the London Division ; but, as in too many such cases, the curse of old sins made itself felt in his body, in spite of the grand deliverance he had experienced in his soul, and after a long illness he was sent as a last resource to New Zealand, where, thank God, he recovered strength and health to such an extent as to become a valuable helper on the staff. Removed in course of time with his Major to New South Wales, he is at the present time, during the absence of the former through illness, in charge of 42 corps and 71 officers in that Colony. May he be able to lead every Soldier there as energetically and successfully as thousands can remember his helping them here—

“Down where the living waters flow.”

Some four or five years ago in the United States there was a saloon keeper in Bridgeport, Connecticut, outside whose door an aged Christian woman stood alone to preach. The man was ashamed, as he saw others mocking her, that he could not go and take his stand by her side. He went into the cellar to weep and pray ; but, although he became so miserable as to sell out his business, for two years afterwards he remained a wretched wanderer without God, often on the brink of suicide. One day going into a drinking saloon near The Salvation Army barracks, New York, the landlord explained a mocking inscription which he found on one table, “Salvation sour,” to mean “we’ve got The Salvation Army up there, who are a lot of fanatics and fools.” Presently the sound of the big drum was heard and the poor drunkard thought he must go and see what these fools were like. The following Sunday, struggling against the mighty power of God urging him to repentance, he drank deeply, but passing along the street in a partially intoxicated state he seemed to be irresistibly drawn into the Barracks, In the course of the meeting he was somewhat sobered, and

at 10.30 p.m. he rose from the penitent-form praising God for salvation. He went straight home, threw his pipe and tobacco in the stove and his wife, thinking he had gone crazy, ran to pull them out. Some time after this a dead set was made upon him in the boiler-yard where he worked. A foreman especially cursed and swore at him with a view to put him out of temper. He struck the man, and became a backslider for a week ; but the Captain of the corps missed him from the meeting, hunted him up, and he gave himself again, and this time more fully than ever, up to God, got a clean heart, and from that hour has been a glorious worker for the salvation of souls.

One of the most striking figures at a general gathering of our soldiers at which I was present some years ago was "Drummer Bob" from Portsmouth. Upon enquiry I learnt that this fine, tall fellow had been one of the worst of sinners, having not only gone through the ordinary course of drinking and revelry, but having got into prison for some of his misdeeds, and been separated from his wife as a result of the fearful life he had led. Attracted by The Army, however, he had become a new man, had been living for a considerable time the glorious life which I saw him enjoying, and laboring, whenever he had opportunity to visit Southampton, where she was living, to lead his wife also to the Saviour. Imagine my joy when I was told some months afterwards that a poor woman kneeling at the penitent-form in Southampton was the famous Bob Hames's wife ! Of course they were soon together again, and then the way was opened for Bob to give up his life altogether to the work he loved so much. For some years now he has been Captain in The Salvation Army, enduring hardships and fighting a good fight for the Heavenly Master. When in command at Aldershot he was imprisoned on one of the usual pretexts about the open-air work, and then it was Bob Hames's wife who wrote us :

“ We have had the joy of seeing seven of our persecutors won for Jesus since Saturday. My husband has won their hearts towards us by patience, forbearance, and love, and find that although they are the so-called roughs, they have soft hearts when spoken to of Jesus' love. When we once gain their love we can soon win them for Jesus.

“ This is making the Soldiers more determined to go forward, and waking other professing Christians. I feel there are many prayers offered to God on our behalf, and I am sure He is answering them, for I could not stand in my own strength under all trials. I feel it good to say, ‘ My times, O Lord, are in Thy hands,’ and His blessed promise is, ‘ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’

“ EMMA JANE HAMES, Captain Bob's Wife.”

At Blyth, in the far North, when The Army, or the “ Hallelujahs,” as they were locally called, first arrived, many of the drunkards of the town, after attending the services, would go back to the public-house to make mockery together of what they had seen, even holding sham prayer meetings, and pretending to lead penitents to seek for mercy there. It was while taking part in just such a scene that poor Jack Stoker, one of the most reckless drinking gamblers in the town, was convinced that there must be something in the “ Hallelujahs ” after all.

So one night he went to see them again, and before he left the meeting the notorious sinner had become a happy soldier of Jesus Christ. The astounding news spread like wildfire through the place, and night after night his old mates, and those who knew him and who did not, crowded to listen outdoors and in while Jack declared what great things the Lord had done for him. Eighteen months later he became an Officer, and if you want to know how God has used him during the years that have passed since then, inquire at Monkwearmouth, where the impression made upon

the population during his time was such that a barracks holding 2,000 people was built for the use of the congregation that God enabled him and his wife to raise there.

But, generally speaking, the despair of reformers is the drunken woman. They say a drunken man may, indeed, be changed for life; but a woman, never. Thank God, many of those who have been prominent women speakers in The Army's history have been called out of the public-house, like so many of their brothers. Amongst the poor East-End women, whose love of drink not only led them into these places, but made them capable of fighting on any provocation, was Mrs. Shepherd.

When, eighteen years ago, the Mission began to march about Poplar, she was engaged in shopping one Sunday morning as the procession passed by. A poor fallen girl who was in the shop began to sneer and laugh at the Missioners until the Welsh woman, whose mother had been truly godly, could endure it no longer.

"My girl," said she, "if you were like those people, you would not be leading the miserable life you are to-day." This, of course, brought out a stinging retort, and Mrs. Shepherd put down her purchases and prepared to fight the matter out, had not the bystanders interfered. A few days later, being near the old wooden shed, she ventured in, and saw a man who had not long before been one of the vilest swearers in the neighborhood, praying with the greatest energy. By-and-by, the evangelist in charge, the present Colonel Dowdle, came in.

"Who is that man?" asked Mrs. Shepherd. "He is the preacher here," answered someone. "He a preacher! he's more like a butcher than a preacher," she replied;—but, before the "preaching" was over, the poor woman was made to feel her guilt and danger in such a way that she needed no persuading to go to the penitent-form. Going home, after the service, she looked at her three little chil-

dren in bed, and prayed God to help her to be a true mother to them, instead of "training them for the devil;" and, although it was eleven o'clock, she insisted on their getting up at once to begin to pray.

"Oh, mother," said the oldest one, five years old, "What shall I do?" for they had never heard anything about praying before. The mother herself was crying and sobbing, so that she could make no reply, and all four were soon crying together, to such an extent that the landlady, an Irishwoman, came running up, thinking that the children were being killed. Throwing up her hands, she exclaimed, as she looked at the kneeling group, "Get to bed with you; shure ye're going mad."

The mother could only answer, "I have been a bad woman, and have never led my children to Christ, and we're going to hell," adding an entreaty to the Irishwoman to kneel and pray with them. This so frightened her that she ran away, but it had the effect of arousing her sleeping conscience, so that she soon became in earnest about her soul as well.

Mrs. Shepherd remained under conviction for some time. One day, however, some little boys passing by the yard where she was at work, singing in processional form, in imitation of *The Mission*, sent the lines

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,"

ringing right into her heart, and there and then she fell on her knees, and exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" Ever since that day the poor woman has been a witness for Christ, and that often to thousands at a time; and each of the three daughters dragged out of bed that night became Officers of *The Army*. It was this family who were instrumental in commencing the grand work in the Rhudda Valley, South Wales, and we

trust that the mother will yet be spared to see a grander work still wrought by the use of her native language.

Strange to say, when, on the first Saturday night after arriving in Aberdare, Mrs. Shepherd went out trembling to commence her first open-air service as an Officer, it was on the doorstep of a public-house that she was offered her first stand.

When the first Hallelujah Lasses appeared in Merthyr, a young man, who had been spending some hours drinking in a public-house, in spite of his mother's entreaties, was attracted to the crowd in the Market-square, expecting to find a quack doctor there. He burst into the ring, and while standing there one of the young women came up, and taking him by the hand, said—

“The Lord bless you. Are you saved?”

Thinking to have a joke, he replied that he was.

“Are you ready to die?” was the next question, to which he replied as before.

The young Officer was not deceived, but answered, “The Lord bless you. I will pray for you.”

Such was the effect of these words that he began to weep bitterly, and was led home by a friend.

The next evening he was at the open-air stand a full hour before meeting time, and after listening to all that could be heard there, he followed the procession to the hall, and there and then got the deliverance that his soul longed for.

The next night he was one of the speakers in the market-place, and ever since he has been a happy soldier.

In 1878, at an All-night of Prayer, led by the Chief of Staff, he gave himself fully up to God, got a heart in every “thought renewed,” and soon afterwards became an Officer. In the eight years that have followed he has been through many striking experiences, but none, perhaps, so astonishing as that through which he passed when commanding in

Boston. Here, for standing to speak of Salvation, where many had stood before, he was sentenced to imprisonment; but one of the magistrates who passed the sentence became so troubled about him as to go himself at a late hour to the Spalding Jail to fetch him out. The two rode home in a luggage-van together, it being too late for passenger-trains, and then the released captive was regaled with a good supper in the mansion of his liberator.

Let it not be thought because I have chosen to mention cases in which persons have now been for years Officers in The Army that the process is not going on as strikingly in every direction to-day, or that instances of this kind are few and far between. We are getting more preachers out of the public-house every week.

In saved "drunkards' demonstrations" held in various parts of the world within the last two years hundreds have been massed together. The Officer in charge of the Eastern division of London was but a few years ago a helpless drunkard, the son of a drunkard, and nothing would gladden him more, I am sure, than to introduce you to East-End preachers of The Army gathered in from the public-houses during the year 1886.

You may go to any Corps of The Army throughout the world and find the same story repeated over and over again. Men and women who are to-day our Captains and Lieutenants, our Sergeant-Majors, Drummers, Standard-Bearers, Door-keepers,—our prominent leaders, in fact, in every department,—are men and women who were to be found, before The Army met them, spending more of their time in public-houses than in churches; and, in most cases, men and women who were drawn right from the public-house, in the first instance, by some passing procession of The Army. It is the finger of God that has beckoned them away by means of The Army's flag, and it is the power of God that keeps and inspires them to this day.

V.

MARCHING ON!

We have seen that from the time The General had two people to follow him, he taught them to march, and so to march as to cause others to march after them, following Jesus. We have seen how the Mission, that curious mixture of fish of all sorts caught in the Gospel net, had become a regularly organised marching force; with its printed doctrines and disciplines, and its settled Methodistic government by 1873. In the ten years from 1st January 1873 to 1st January 1883 that Mission, with its 71 circuits, under the Superintendence of 12 Evangelists all laboring in the East End of London, with the exception of those at Croydon, Hastings, Bromley, and Tunbridge Wells, had grown into The Salvation Army with 442 Corps, under 1,067 Officers, laboring in thirteen countries or colonies. It would be ridiculous to attempt in one little volume a complete story of such an advance. One can only hope in a few brief lines to indicate where and how the decisive battles were fought, and why the march was always by the front and never by the rear.

The General had suffered from a severe illness in 1871-2, from which he had only been welcomed home a few days when I made his acquaintance in October, 1872. I must confess that I was much surprised, though not disagreeably so, by his appearance. After having read of a work which seemed to me so much a reproduction of that of John Wesley, I had, I suppose, inevitably pictured in my own mind a rather venerable father in Israel, breathing rather than speaking words of tenderness and mercy to all around him. It was anything but unpleasant, however, to

encounter, on the contrary, a thoroughly wide-awake man of business, in his prime, wearing a "Reverend" attached to his name, and a white tie round his neck; but evidently unoppressed by any undue regard for public opinion, past present and future, and above all, dissatisfied with all that had been done, and eager to do more. I was only a young layman from the country, twenty-three years of age, yet the first sentence I can remember having addressed to me by the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission was, in his most eager tones, "Can you tell me how to " do something or other better? Such people get on.

At that time the great anxiety which was pressing, above all others, on The General's mind was that of providing suitable and permanent buildings in connection with each station; this was the most recent form which anxiety for the permanence of the work had taken. Wearied and worn by seeing station after station all but extinguished after months of patient toil, by the expulsion of the Mission from some hired room or other, it had come to be received as almost a fixed principle that a permanent work could only be done in permanent buildings of your own. But to provide such edifices for the people who could only, by the greatest effort raise as much as fifty pounds amongst themselves on any one spot, of course meant an immensity of begging labor and anxiety for The General and Mrs. Booth. This labor had been past, however, and, in addition to the People's Hall, at Whitechapel, purchased, altered, and fitted up as the Mission Headquarters at a cost of £3,000, halls had been completed and commenced at Croydon, Canning Town, and Poplar, and before the end of 1873, Hackney, Stoke Newington, and Bethnal Green were being provided for in a similar way, at a cost of altogether of £4,000. After months of weary endeavor only £3,000 of this sum had been raised, the rest being borrowed on mortgage.

On Sunday, the 2nd of March, 1873, Mrs. Booth commenced services in the Portland Hall, Southsea. That was the beginning of a new march indeed in that hall ; it is true, her audiences were mainly of the respectable sort ; but ere long, she asked them to go with her to the St. Mary's Music Hall, with drinking bars opening on the galleries, and with an attendance of its usual world, largely consisting of soldiers and sailors and their favorite companions. That glorious audience trampled out all the nonsense about halls of your own, devoted exclusively to the service of the Lord, and awakened everyone afresh to the facts so prominent in the Mission's earliest days, that if you would reach the masses with the Gospel, you must go for your indoor as well as for your outdoor meetings to the places which they frequent. If you can only induce them to frequent a building of your own so much the better ; but to persist in holding forth in your own conventicle to hundreds when you can gather thousands in the Theatre or Music Hall across the way, would be folly indeed !

In March, 1873, too, services were commenced by Miss Billups, in the Wellingboro' Corn Exchange, and before the year closed, Kettering also was occupied, similar stations having also been established in the course of the year in Cubitt Town, Plaistow, and North Woolwich. I must now describe the Conferences of the Christian Mission, of which I had the distinguished honor to be the Secretary from 1873 to 1878, when the last of the series took place. The Conference consisted of the Evangelists entirely employed in the work, and of two lay-delegates, one of whom was often a woman, from each station. These lay-delegates were elected, and I do not remember ever to have seen one whose life and work would not in itself have made an interesting volume. The first Conference was held in November, 1870, and it adopted the doctrines and discipline of the Christian Mission, after, I have no doubt, long and

labored debates upon every point of interest. It fell to the lot of the Conference of 1875 to adopt another set of rules, very much shorter and simpler, adapted to the new state of things which had by that time been brought about. In other Conferences, though there was not such wholesale law-making, every portion of the work was carefully passed in review, and there was no year in which most important resolutions with regard to the management of the work were not adopted. The smallest number comprising a Conference was 11, and the largest one, in 1876, swelled to 67.

The Conference continued generally for two or three days, from ten a.m. till ten p.m., with short intervals for meals. But there was always a timekeeper appointed, whose business it was to break in upon the proceedings at the end of every hour with the cry of "time," and a requisition on some member of the Conference to give out a hymn and pray.

The interest taken in the whole proceedings always appeared to me to be most intense, even when, very occasionally, speakers were a little tedious, or the business on hand was of a somewhat dull description. Every member of the Conference listened as though they were jurymen, trying some poor fellow for his life. But it was equally manifest that the times of prayer, and any other means of spiritual improvement, were by far the most welcome to all, or nearly all, present.

There was one lay-delegate whom everyone hoped to see at each succeeding Conference, and for whose rising, on no matter what subject, nearly everybody looked with the greatest desire,—dear old "praying John," the navy, from Hastings. If he was little qualified to represent the refined tastes of that remarkable watering-place, and little inclined to enter into any of the niceties of debate, John was always at home praising and glorifying God, and leading

everybody towards the skies. A thoroughly sensible, shrewd, old countryman, he was perfectly well able to deal, in a common-sense manner, with almost any subject that came before us; and many a time gave hints that were of great practical value. But we all knew that whenever he rose, and however he began he would rise indeed before he was done, and make everybody else rise with him. After a few brief sentences, embodying whatever counsel he had to give, or wishes he had to express, he would be sure to begin shouting, "Hallelujah!" and, spreading the contagion of his heavenly gladness all around him, amid the thunders of "amen," and "hallelujah," with which his digressions heavenwards were always welcomed, he would go up, and up, until his body, sympathising with his soul, the evangelist of his station and his fellow-delegate would be seen holding on to his coat on both sides, to prevent his jumping, an attempt which sometimes succeeded, but generally ended in landing him on the floor. When the glorious old man suddenly went to Heaven, exclaiming "I be saved, and I be happy, let me go," the Conference lost one of its most cheery and brightest lights.

But of the hourly prayer times, what shall I say? The regulation was that the singing and the praying of one or two were altogether to occupy about ten minutes, and, very often, the time was not exceeded; but I remember few occasions of the kind when the whole Conference did not appear to be for the time completely merged into Heaven. It mattered not what the subject under discussion immediately before might have been, or what the division of opinion, the perfect union, the rapid rush together to the one Lord at these times was beyond all description. Perhaps I should come nearest to it if I asked you to imagine a lot of school-boy souls let out for their ten minutes from lessons. The wisest men seemed in a moment to forget that they were anything but God's dear children. The slowest

and most embarrassed minds suddenly saw the clear, open road before them, and away went everybody, in prayer and thanksgiving, like so many horses whose feet had suddenly touched the heather. The wonder was that we should be able to get back to business again at all, and we did not always succeed within the regulation time, for many a delegate, and sometimes even an evangelist, who had sat silently for hours would burst out in prayer, and, but for the solemn determination of the President to get the business finished, I doubt if less than half an hour would often have contented the Conference when once on its knees.

Oh, why were not those faces photographed sometime before and after prayers, especially in the later hours of a long day's sittings, when faces had grown pale and dull beneath the long strain of steadfast close attention! How those ten minutes of prayer transformed them! Everybody would get up looking as though they had just found something. And so they had. They had discovered once more the glorious fact of their nearness to God and their power to overcome the devil and the world; and that made everything sunshine. Men from different parts of the country, who had had scarcely any opportunity to speak to one another before, would rise up, feeling as if they had lived round the same fireside all their lives; and the speaker who was addressing the house before prayer, or the new one who rose immediately after it, would feel as if he had almost a new audience. Those prayer times in the Conference were a visible, unmistakable exhibition of the true source of The Army's strength. With joy everyone of those men and women drew waters out of the wells of Salvation; and it was easy to understand how they could and would go on pouring out streams of living water all the year round, and wherever they went. May it ever be so with all our commissioned and non-commissioned Officers, aye, and our Soldiers, too!

But there was another feature of those Conferences which was not less interesting and important. True they were assemblies composed of men and women of the very strongest fibre, who had their opinions on almost every point connected with the work, and were prepared to maintain them intelligently and stoutly against all comers; but, above all, they were men and women full of love to God and one another. With scarcely an exception, the decision arrived at, however great the minority against it, was accepted without the slightest demur or tinge of unpleasant feeling by all alike. Of course this was due, in no small degree, to the management of the President, who could always prevail to secure the withdrawal of any proposal which was likely really to hurt the feelings of any of those who were present. But the possibility of so comfortable an arrangement, as well as all the other agreeable features of those meetings, arose from the fact that the will and life of everyone present was already surrendered to God, for His service of love to a dying world.

Never was this feature more prominent than when, at the close of the Conference, the list of the appointments of the evangelists for the ensuing year was read out. This list was arranged during the meal times of the Conference by a Committee appointed for the purpose by ballot. It is needless to say that every evangelist and every delegate had wishes, and very decided wishes to express, and that it was impossible but that most of these wishes must be set aside before a complete set of changes, satisfactory to the General and to all concerned, could be made. Yet, when all was done, and the list that was to sever friends and crush hopes formed in all directions for a twelvemonth, was read out, the entire company would receive it with a song of thanksgiving, and, leaving the results of any mistakes that might have been made in God's hands, would go forth full of joyous love and faith for another year's fight. The

exceptions which appeared now and then only brought out in greater prominence the general sweetness and devotion which made all this possible.

The evening sessions used to be public, and annual and other special meetings were held in connection with each Conference; and thus, whatever of light and power and victory had been experienced during the year in any part of the Mission, was communicated to all the rest, so that there can be no doubt these Conferences, however great their defects, did much indirectly to promote the grand forward movement that was by-and-by to leave them amongst the things of the past.

And how did they come to an end? I question whether a more complete answer could be given than to say they were left behind. As each Conference came round, it became more and more evident to everyone that what was done or not done during the year had little or no connection with any resolution of the Conference itself. Resolutions might be moved, seconded, debated, and passed, but who was to carry them out? They were published in the "Magazine," but it remained entirely with the General Superintendent and his Staff to enforce them. Except for what might be done from Headquarters they would remain unused and forgotten in the minute-book, the interest of even the mover and seconder in the matter appearing to conclude with the session in which they were voted.

Again, a man would be appointed to a certain place for a twelvemonth, but a few weeks later, when an opportunity arose to extend the work to some new town, with his own hearty consent and that of the people amongst whom he was laboring by appointment, he would suddenly be sent off to the new sphere, and when, at the end of the twelvemonth, he came with the delegates of his new Corps to tell the Conference what had been done, everybody's mouth was too full of "Hallelujahs" to make any other remark as to the

change of appointment. And again, no month passed in which some earnest brother or sister was not finding out some new method of increasing the success of the work at his own station. The facts had only to be reported in the Mission "Magazine" for a good and successful example to be copied all round; and the Conference, representing always more and more of new life, was never likely to grumble at any amount of innovations. True, that a Conference Committee, appointed to act during the year, was supposed to see that everything was done in accordance with the wishes of the Conference; but, as the principal members of this Committee were scattered all over the country, it could meet but seldom, and, when it did so, had nothing to say but "Praise the Lord," and "Go on ahead."

By the year 1876 it had become so evident that the speed of the Mission's advance must make the resolutions of an annual Conference comparatively useless in directing the movement, that an arrangement was made for every large Station to be represented at a Conference Committee held at Christmas time. It had already been the custom for The General to assemble around him his principal workers at this time of the year; but no one imagined in June, 1876,—least of all The General himself,—what would happen before the Christmas meetings of that year.

It was postponed for a few weeks for the disinfection of The General's house, which had become a small-pox hospital for the writer, and one or two more, just about the time; but just before the meeting was at last to be held in February, 1877, announcements of the most important kind came from two or three Stations. Here one of the oldest laborers in the Mission had been persuaded to settle down as the "private evangelist" of a rich man; there two of the most important buildings hired for the use of the Mission had been abandoned contrary to the expressed wishes of The General, and to the interests of the work, by men who pre-

ferred a respectable and comfortable meeting-place to the huge draughty theatres to which the masses resorted every day for amusement, and where the Mission, in their respective towns, had won its grandest victories. Yonder, it was the wealthy friends of the Mission who were making their influence a continual drag upon the evangelists; and everywhere the life of the whole body, and the spirit, as well as the resolutions of its Conference, were being threatened by individual interference.

What a strange vein of conservatism runs through human nature! Within three months of the starting of the Mission some of the General's people would fain have had him let sittings in their little Halls! The poor drunkard, who since his conversion has got into a new suit and a comfortable home, soon begins to be very particular about any "sudden changes"! And the evangelists of The Christian Mission, when once they found themselves in a Conference where matters could be debated, soon began to long to "settle things," and especially in some cases to settle themselves. In the opinion of some of the ablest of them it was altogether a mistake to remove a man from one town to another at the end of a year. Two years at least should be allowed him in any place where he had made himself at home amongst the people. By-and-by all the rest would have followed, and these worthy men, who were at their best in a soul-saving meeting, would have become regular pastors, and The General, as he put it, would have been left to go back to the Mile-End Waste alone, if he wished to continue the work for which the Mission existed! It was time to put an end to all that, and therefore when the evangelists and delegates met him in February 1877, The General expressed, in the plainest English, his conviction that the time had come for a complete change of *regime*. The Conference was to meet as usual, though a little later than usual, in 1877: but it

would meet fully to recognise the facts of the case, and instead of wasting time in passing resolutions which could have but little effect, the time was to be spent rather in a united consideration of the victories over which all alike rejoiced, in the explanation of new measures, etc., and in the enforcement of the system with which all alike were desirous that the war should everywhere be pushed on, and in seeking baptism, etc. It was a change in form and expression rather than in substance ; for the talk was, after all, much as it had always been. The praying and singing were more than ever delightful, and the feeling of every heart was warmer than ever. That last Conference passed no resolution, yet everyone went from it more resolute than they had ever gone from a previous one. The remarks of The General as to the change through which we were passing were received in the heartiest manner, as far as I could see, by everyone present.

The fact was that The Mission had been growing into an Army. Everybody felt it and was eager for action. The people, if there were any connected with The Mission who had other tastes, must have been unrepresented, or, at any rate, had no representative who could show head against the overwhelming tide. In answering his own question, "What is the good of a Conference?" The General said, with a remarkable anticipation of phraseology we had not yet thought of using,—“This is our Council of War.”

I know that some old heads were shaken, and possibly some true hearts were saddened when, in 1878, they saw the huge posters announcing the Conference about to be held as a “War Congress.” But I do not believe, when that Congress ended, there was an evangelist or delegate whose heart was not full of joy and satisfaction. The story of that tremendous year, indeed, was too much for any critic. In July, 1877, we reported twenty-nine Stations, under thirty-one evangelists. At the first War Congress we were able

to report fifty Stations, under eighty-eight evangelists. And this vast change in figures did not in any degree represent the gigantic character of the year's progress, because nearly all the new Stations were in towns through which The Army—already recognised as such—was sweeping with an overwhelming spiritual force, utterly surpassing all our previous experience. More than 10,000 anxious inquirers' names had been recorded at the penitent-forms in the course of the year.

The delegates who this time occupied the lion's share of the speaking—themselves in many cases astounding trophies of Salvation—could not have been persuaded by fifty Conferences that any new system of government or management was required. One of the first of them who spoke said—

“I am thankful to God that ever the Mission came to Leicester. When your people first came I had scarcely a friend. I was a despised drunkard; but it was such men as the Christian Mission sent that took me by the hand and shook hands with me when nobody else would; and now I am saved. My spiritual father is up there, and I see the man that fiddled me into the Fountain,”—pointing to one of the Gipsy brothers in the body of the hall, who replied—

“And I will fiddle a lot more in yet.”

“I belong,” continued the delegate, “to the Salvation Warehouse, and I have forsaken my old companions. But since I have been there a lot of them have come and got converted, and now I can walk in the procession with two dozen of my old pals behind me.”

Stupid, indeed, would have been the head and cold the heart that, listening to such talk as this, would have longed to have any resolution before the house. It was all “resolution” together, and the year that followed was to show the resolution of the whole Army carried out more triumphantly even than the year behind.

In 1879 we had not time to spare for a general meeting, neither did it seem desirable to hold one, for local Councils of War, much larger than even the War Congress of 1878 were now being held in various parts of the country. The one held by Tyneside alone eclipsed every previous gathering in The Army's history. The huge meetings held in circuses, theatres, and music-halls in Newcastle and Gateshead, the mammoth open-air demonstration on the sand hills, and the presentation of nine flags to the Officers of nine Corps, formed in the immediate neighborhood since the commencement of the year, were all indications of the sweeping career of victory that had transformed whole neighborhoods both north and south of the river.

Yet this was not a whit beyond what we had witnessed and heard of amid the Welsh valleys at our Welsh Council in January or at our Sheffield Council of War in February, nor did it appear so striking as the Coventry Council of June or the London one of Whitsuntide. Best of all we had by this time begun to nave the country in conference with us upon every occasion, for The Army could no longer be ignored even by the London Press.

Wherever we went it was found that there was neither a building nor an open space large enough to contain the crowds who were ready to rally round the new flag and listen to the strange new people.

Now there is abundant evidence that all that has not changed in any part of the world. It matters not into what country, state, town, or village the flag of The Salvation Army is carried, we find the same almost illimitable rush of the common people, and the same compulsory attention of all classes. And yet so accustomed have we all become to these things that it actually seems difficult for anyone who has not recently witnessed such scenes, to realise what went on when they first took place in this country. I have no doubt whatever that a great many -

intelligent and honest folk in the United Kingdom would tell you that The Salvation Army has lapsed into a comparatively quiet condition, and yet in no less than 30 different places during the last three months, in this United Kingdom alone, there have been opening scenes, so exactly like what used to be six and seven years ago, that I hardly know how better to describe the opening of our 70th Corps than by describing what I saw, with my own eyes, last Christmas at the opening of the 700th, in a little Cornish fishing town.

The rush of what appears to be the entire male population old and young, to see the new sight; the turning of every eye upon the new comers whenever and wherever they appear; the discussion in every home and public-house and at every street corner of the one absorbing topic; the taking up of our simple choruses by every child in the street, and their repetition from morning to night, all over the place; the dense crowd surrounding the speakers in the open air, and packing any building that they hire to excess; the open-mouthed astonishment with which every word of song and testimony seems to be drunk in by every listener, until eyes that have not known a tear for years turn dim, and hearts that never listened to the voice of God before begin to sigh; the fall, night after night, of rows of penitents at the mercy seat, and the rise, day after day, of rows of real soldiers of Christ, ready to march to the rescue of others; such is the story of every advance of The Salvation Army. In later years, other elements have been added, of which I shall have more to say by-and-by. But up to 1880 serious opposition was the exception and hearty welcome the rule.

“ Well, but afterwards ! ” Yes, yes, I know that, all that sort of thing which accompanies the first appearance of any great novelty cannot and does not last, nor do I question that a great deal of what appears at the first to be genuine work is only an appearance. Many a score who were,

doubtless, true penitents when they rose from amongst a crowd of scoffing companions to walk forward to the penitent-form, on or before stage or platform, turn out in a few months to be as bad as ever, or worse than ever. But what of that? Is not that the melancholy story of human life throughout all ages? Has there been nothing very like it in your own life's history? Have you never broken any good resolutions, or proved false to any of your vows to God? One thing I do know: of all the towns in this country into which The Salvation Army advanced between January 1st, 1873, and January 1st, 1883, there are not half-a-dozen which do not this week see The Army still marching along in their midst, with the very same spirit, the same energy, the same glorious devotion to the souls of the lost with which it first attacked the place.

But at the end of 1879, came a new and altogether unprecedented step forward. Ever since the end of 1868 the Mission had had a monthly magazine, in which the work at the various stations was reported; but the enormous growth in their numbers during the years 1878 and 1879, made it utterly impossible either for adequate reports to be contained in a small monthly, or for The Army to wait a whole month for every item of news, and a weekly paper was therefore determined on, with the title of the "War Cry." For some time we had had a printing office of our own, and it was determined if possible, to print the newspaper at our own press. But oh, what a chapter that "War Cry" beginning would make itself, had we space at command for the story! After endless deliberation as to the matter, type, size, paper, etc., the four small pages were at last set up, and about midnight I went with The General to see the first two pages cast. After several attempts the appliances at command failed; and before the casts of these pages were actually made, some of them went to "pie." Then, when at last the "forms" were all in form, and the

great work was to begin, while the expectant staff stood waiting for the first "War Cry" sheets, the machine that was to have printed them hopelessly broke down. All this time the hours had been flying, and how to get out No. 1 in any reasonable nearness to its date, was becoming a most solemn question. Of course, the forms must be sent to a large firm to machine, and then came the delivery of the papers to the railway companies, and all the complicated contrivances by cabs and otherwise to get the parcels to the newspaper trains, and to induce the companies to pay sufficient attention to the new invader.

But the "War Cry" was bound to go, and go it did at last, and, from the appearances of No. 1, there has never been any question of its going, in any part of the world where it has been introduced. From the 17,000 copies of the first number issued, the little halfpenny weekly steadily went up, until, in its bi-weekly form it had reached a sale of hundreds of thousands every week. By this time, 1883, similar papers were being sold at the same time in France, America, and Australia, so that, altogether the weekly sales amounted to half-a-million. Of the later developments of this huge enterprise we shall speak later on.

From the first the "War Cry" was exactly what its name implies, and therefore differed radically from every other newspaper published in the world. There were to be no advertisements whatever, except such as directly concerned The Army. Anything like a serial tale, or work of fiction was, of course, out of the question, as had always been the case with the Christian Mission Magazine. This was to be a newspaper to arouse everybody to fight against sin, chiefly by telling how the fight was being carried on and how the devil was being conquered throughout our ranks. From No. 1 onwards we have never had an inch to spare for general or local politics, for abusing, criticising or even describing other people's sayings and doings. Those who

have more space to spare have often complained that the "War Cry" took no notice of the work of anyone outside The Army. What a mercy it would have been to many people as well as to ourselves if many editors had been content to take less notice of us! But the simple fact is that there has never been a time since the "War Cry" commenced, when our space was equal to the calls made upon it. Year after year we have had to make greater demands upon the patience of the constantly growing host of Officers, Soldiers, and contributors who must needs find their reports and compositions left out, so that whether regarded from the point of its writing or writers or from that of its sales and sellers the "War Cry" has always been unique; and has always been a mass of testimony to the overflowing life and abounding victory of The Army.

Indeed no complaint has been more common than that the "War Cry" was monotonous and full of repetition. Well we do not boast a multitude of writers and speakers whose phrases are continually varied. We speak the things we do know in language that everybody understands, and when nearly 900 captains have to sit down and report on the very same sort of meetings carried on in the same week, amid much of the same sort of surroundings, and, thank God, everywhere with the same purpose, and more or less the same results, it is impossible to avoid a certain amount of sameness in the language that describes it. But it is the sameness of united hands and minds, and of uniform progress. However I defy any of those critics to show us a "War Cry" that is the same all the way through; I want to see that paper, from whatever part of the world anybody can produce it!

From No. 1 the sale of the "War Cry" became a new and enormously important feature of the war. The book-sellers did not care for halfpenny papers, and as for that

Salvation Army thing of course it was out of the question. It would not pay the little boys to sell it in the streets. Scarcely any of them ever mustered courage to try, although enterprising Officers actually offered to give them copies for the purpose. The paper has always been too much Salvation Army to be sold by anyone but The Salvation Army or its thorough friends themselves. But they have sold it with a will. Along the most crowded pavements, and away down the back lanes, and out into the most scattered hamlets, into the very lowest public-houses as well as into the most respectable mansions the "War Cry" sellers have, week after week, made their way with no hope of gaining anything but the frowns and abuse of men and the smile of God.

But they have succeeded far beyond their expectations. Publicans have bought the paper and recommended their customers to buy it too. Gentlemen have given half-a-crown for a copy. Scores and hundreds of the paper have been bought in a few minutes by crowds who never looked at another religious journal in their lives; and, best of all, no week has passed, without the glorious news reaching Officer after Officer of souls saved, and children of God sanctified and called out to the war through the reading of the little rough-and-ready paper which will always keep on driving the same "Cry" into everybody's ears.

The first numbers of the "War Cry" contained the announcement of our first great foreign advance.

The story of our work in the United States and Canada will be told in later chapters. Suffice it to say here that in this, as in almost every forward step, the action of Headquarters has been in a manner forced by circumstances; so that we have been compelled to enter upon a great effort, which we would much rather have postponed to a later date.

Under similar compulsion an expedition had to be sent to Australia in 1880, and in the beginning of 1881 the

General's eldest daughter was given up to France. At the close of 1881 the man who was to be our leader in India arrived in England to see The Army, and, after spending a great part of the year with us, he left, with a party, to commence the attack on the great peninsula in August, 1882. In 1883 the War was extended to most of the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, whilst our first Swedish Corps was established under the command of a Swedish lady at Stockholm, and a detachment of three were sent to invade England's three-cornered territories in South Africa. A party having, during this year also, been sent to California, it will be seen that The Army had, within eighteen years of the first commencement of the Mission, and within five years of its formal organisation as an Army, in a manner encircled the world, and so proclaimed its intention to march everywhere.

In the course of these three years 1881, 1882, and 1883, there was besides a marked change in the general character of The Army's progress in the United Kingdom, and of the impression made by it upon the public, and that for two opposite reasons.

In the first place, there was a change from the short, quick steps of a bounding childhood to the astonishing strides of a young giant. Instead of being content merely with opening a number of small buildings, The Army was found ready to pounce upon the largest properties that could possibly be laid hold of, and to fill them, and fill them to excess, with audiences of the sort it sought after. People had not recovered from the astonishment of finding us in possession of one of the largest buildings in London, formerly the London Orphan Asylum, which we turned into a Congress Hall seating 5,000 people, and a Home for 250 of those who wished to become Officers, before they learnt that we had also taken possession of the "Eagle" and "Grecian" premises, the largest and most notorious haunts of vice in the metropolis.

And the occupation of Exeter Hall with crowded audiences all day long became so common an incident as to provoke those who had always groaned at the very thought of that famous centre of truth and justice, to describe it as though it were continually and only used by us. So general was the occupation by The Army of every large public building or place of entertainment throughout the country, that alarm was positively expressed by persons in the theatrical and musical world lest serious injury would be done to their professions; and men of the world generally exclaimed at the prospect of being left without a building for any great political purpose available in their towns.

On the other hand, all this advance was resisted with a desperation which greatly added to The Army's success. The sellers of drink and the traders in ruin generally combined in town after town to "put down The Army;" and often with only too much sympathy from authorities and "respectable inhabitants." Bands of ruffians, primed with drink, were put upon the work, or the police were instructed to "take steps," which would cause us to "move on." The attempt to turn the "Eagle" and the theatres adjoining it into centres of light and salvation was resisted with such an array of ruffianism in the streets, and with such a combination of legal talent in the courts, as London has rarely witnessed. But the more they tried to "put The Army down," the more it continued to go up. The persistently patient endurance with which our soldiers, both male and female, continued their work of love amidst the crowds who treated them with every sort of violence, gained for us an amount of sympathy with both high and low such as years of ordinary labor could never procure for us. Every attempt to crush us by the misuse of the law was sure to result in a legal victory, reported in all the newspapers in a way that forced persons who would never voluntarily have done so, to turn their thoughts in our direction.

Thus a curious combination of circumstances united to make the progress of The Army gigantic in itself, and still more gigantic in its influence upon the world at large, beyond all that could have been calculated upon, or brought about by any human contrivance. From the little deacon's meeting held in a back parlour to the grandest ecclesiastical assemblies in the country, and from the tap-room to the House of Lords, The Army was discussed in every circle, and became one of the most interesting topics of the day. The scurrilous infidel, and the Christian editor alike, when desirous to increase the circulation of their publications, criticised The Army, and by the very assistance of its most resolute enemies, the influence of this, even now, small force of poor men and women made itself felt more and more everywhere.

At the close of 1882 "this sect," which was more talked of and written about among civilised people than perhaps all the other religious missions in existence at the time, had only 442 stations and 1,067 Officers. The number of Officers had been more than doubled during the year, and the number of Corps nearly so, with every prospect of a continuance of equally rapid growth.

But, in time to come, if not to-day, intelligent people will all feel that this thousand men and women who held the world, as it were, between their finger and thumb, could only have gained such an influence by Divine power, and that all the attempts to account for their success otherwise were ridiculous.



VI.

OUT OF THE RUTS.

“ God bless the man that sent the new religion here,” exclaimed a Maori convert, at one of our New Zealand meetings. And almost the same expression has been heard from many a former slave to sin, in various parts, even of this country. Such sayings while they represent the true feeling of many of those who had remained strangers to any religion, until, by this new effort they were brought to Christ, at the same time clearly explain the prejudice and hatred which The Army has encountered from only too many Christians of all denominations. Thousands of persons who confess themselves conscious of the sad state of things around them, and who have been praying for a revival of religion for many years, cannot tolerate the appearance of the religion, which, when revived, springs from the grave, as it were, in new clothing, or without the robes they would fain dress it in.

We have seen how the opponents of The Army organise themselves in various towns, under the name of the “ Skeleton Army,” bearing at the head of their processions a banner marked with a death’s head and cross-bones. Who invented the name I have never heard, and to what freak of imagination, it can have been due, I cannot conceive, seeing that the skeletons are almost always men whose action is largely based upon a great fondness for good living, or at any rate good drinking; but it is impossible not to be very much struck with one coincidence in the matter. Was it that the enemy was again to be driven, as in so many instances before, to bring about, in his

ignorance, a literal fulfilment of the Scriptures? Here were the very multitudes that we were seeking after, declared, by no wish of ours, but by their own desire, to be dry bones; and here was the scene in the very streets and lanes of great cities in broad daylight, which the great prophet witnessed thousands of years before! The breath of Heaven blew upon the skeletons! It came often through a cornet, and was supposed to arouse them more in that way than otherwise; but so it came to pass that the skeletons came together, and when they had come together they were transformed into new beings, and rose up from the penitent-form, not by ones or twos only, but by scores and hundreds, an Army of the living God. The skeleton who tried to overturn the cab in which the Captain of our Chalk Farm Corps was escaping from a mass of desperadoes, is now a Captain himself. The skeleton who with a stone almost blinded Captain Wyssa in Switzerland, never rested afterwards till he was himself "in the light." And the skeleton who helped to carry a coffin into which our Honiton Captain was to have been thrown, after faithful years of service as a soldier, was carried by that Corps in honor to a soldier's grave!

Now, really, look at the question. How could such men as these have been formed into a religious society, which should be the same in all its striking features as those whose adherents had grown up from their childhood in the habit of daily prayer and worship? Such a thing was, on the face of it, ridiculously impossible; and even, had it not been so, the reduction of all this new force to the level of previously existing routine would evidently have made them useless for the continuance of such efforts as had been the means of their own salvation.

Why religion has so completely become shut up within walls as for the very name of the "Church" to be applied to the building in which it meets, and for intelligent

men of all classes soberly to ask why we are not content to remain inside our buildings, and what more we can reasonably expect than to be allowed religious liberty under lock and key, I don't know. But when religious society had sunk into such a condition as this, it could not but be a shock to have introduced a community who regard the building in which they hold services as only a starting-point from which they are to march to the attack of others, or into which they are to gather recruits, to be trained, in their turn, to a similar life of outside activity. Now, I have no intention to argue the case for The Army on any points in which it most materially differs from the religious world around. Volumes would be required for any such purpose. All I can do is to call attention to the extreme contrast between the principles which govern our action and those upon which our condemnation is based, leaving each reader to search and think for himself as to whether the old customs of thought and action or the new are most in conformity with the wishes of the Saviour and the needs of the lost.

Upon this first great point there can be no dispute, that a great and enormous change has taken place within the last twenty years. The theory of Jesus Christ's religion, which permits only of its being taught to the little handfuls who desire it within their meeting-place stands condemned to-day before all but universal opinion. The world will not have such a Christianity, and the churches are abandoning it almost as completely. For the denunciations of wrath to come, which Jesus and the Apostles, as much as the ancient prophets, so delighted in, must be abandoned and disbelieved in, or else it must needs be the duty, and the primary duty, of all who know the terrors of the Lord to go out and persuade men everywhere to repent.

A certain magistrate in India, however, has just been denouncing one of our native Officers for having gone

through the streets of a so-called Christian village declaring people to be sinners in danger of hell. The magistrate was of opinion that no one should be allowed so to insult his fellow men in any public place, and the manner of The Army's speaking has undoubtedly been equally as great a novelty, and quite as objectionable in the eyes of many, from the fact that so much of this speaking is done out of doors. We live in days when everything is supposed to be governed by what is called "Society." We are all to be civilised, and civilisation means that everyone is to be agreeable to everybody else. Jarrings and conflicts of every kind are to end, and we are all to be cooled down to a delightful consistency, beneath whose shiny depths everything that is not pleasant is at last to be hidden away.

"Oh, how dreadful!" Such words have often expressed, and often will, the feeling created when, in the midst of such a state of things, somebody arises feeling and seeing the old truths and telling them out in the old way regardless of consequences. The other Sunday morning I saw one of our Soldiers standing in a comparatively quiet, respectable street, shouting with all the power of his lungs, emphasised with all the force of his fists:—

"Be wise, be wise, oh, men and women; be wise in time! You have a soul to save! Be wise! Seek the Lord while you may." I do not believe he said one word during the five minutes or so that he spoke for which a counterpart could not have been found in the Bible, and yet it was impossible not to be conscious all the time that he was committing what would be considered quite an outrage upon the people around him. Ladies and gentlemen who have gone to places of worship for half a century may never, in the whole course of that time, have heard any one speak as though attention to the things of God were really a matter of desperate urgency, while, on the other hand, they may have heard hundreds of times of the great importance of

avoiding extreme religious excitement, such as that young speaker unquestionably labored under while he sought to warn of their eternal danger men and women to whom he thought he might never have opportunity to speak again.

In this matter too there has undoubtedly been a great change of late. In huge cathedrals where such a thing as preaching was scarcely heard twenty years ago you may now listen, occasionally, at any rate, to a few men who speak as though they had something of importance to say and as though their hearers had some great work of importance to do. We live in stirring times, and speakers who stir nobody, though still it must be feared in the large majority, are not the men of mark in any church.

But here is an organization which openly professes a religion of force; which calls speaking "firing," and which considers the speech that is not the occasion of destroying something evil, or producing something that is good, as a sort of blank cartridge. How could such a society be liked in any country at any time? I must confess to a certain amount of sympathy with those poor, unfortunate Swiss authorities who have considered it rather their duty to protect the poor citizens from the tongues of The Army than to protect the bodies of The Army from the blows of the citizens. Their great excuse for permitting women to be knocked down and stoned, and private houses to be wrecked, has been that the aggressive operations of The Army have naturally produced these results, which no one could avert. I glory in that excuse, and although I trust the day will come when every civilized government will dare to show itself on the side of God and truth rather than on the side of the devil and brutality; yet I do trust that The Army will never, in any country, cease, by its plain declarations of the truth, to stir up hell and earth into the same fierce enmity against itself which hurried Christ and Stephen out to rapid execution.

“The men who persecute you would have persecuted the Apostles,” was the simple remark of John Bright, when a Sheffield mob had been pelting the General and Mrs. Booth, and had all but killed one of the foremost Officers in a procession there; and I do not think it can be necessary to argue with any intelligent person as to whether the teaching that is “quite unobjectionable,” or that which causes bad men to gnash with their teeth, is most like that of Jesus Christ.

Perhaps The Army’s teaching, however strong and straightforward, might be better tolerated if it were delivered in sermons, lectures, or addresses of the customary kind; but here, again, there is a complete reversal of the order of things all but universally established. The “separated ministry,”—very much separated indeed,—separated in many cases into a study all but a few hours of the week, and then separated into a high pulpit and a peculiar gown for the few remaining hours in which it is supposed to be in communication with the rest of mankind, such a ministry has become recognised as the “correct thing” all the world over; so that even the wondering Kaffir, the pensive Hindoo, and the curious Chinese may actually be seen “sitting under” such a ministry with all the quiet sedateness of the most old-fashioned European congregation.

And then “Converted Jane” and “Happy Eliza” come and open a theatrical building on the other side of the street, in which they glory in the fact that “nobody never speaks long,” and that “all them as is saved must have a cut in to-day,” so that the hour-and-a-half during which any other religious society would expect the people to sit quietly listening to the voice of one person, passes in a series of what may fairly be described as explosions of speech and song, every one unforeseen, and coming upon the bulk of the audience, at any rate, as a surprise.

No wonder that such a style of meeting should be considered a startling novelty! It is difficult, I suppose, for the most profound thinker to go back hundreds of years, and place around him as if in living reality the men and scenes of past centuries. Yet I confidently affirm that anyone who will thoughtfully examine the Bible must needs be convinced that the sort of divine worship it describes was, at any rate, quite as much in contrast with that prevailing in the churches of to-day as any of the most "extraordinary doings" of The Salvation Army.

What do you really think it was like when, in ancient times, the people of God met together to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord;" when they made themselves "glad in Him with Psalms," and when, in an unroofed Temple everyone spoke of His Glory? Or in the days of the Apostles when, in one meeting, thousands of Orientalists were speaking some fifteen Oriental languages with mingled question, exhortation, prayer, and thanksgiving?

Far be it from me to say one word against the calling and work of the Divine prophet. I have listened with pleasure to such prophets, notwithstanding their ignorance of grammar, for half-an-hour at a time, and should always be pleased to do so. But if, on the one hand, it be no man's right or business to condemn and oppose the preaching of the Gospel in a lengthy and a labored way, by anyone whom God has sent to do so, equally is no man authorised to condemn such an arrangement of meetings, as enables everyone who has heard the Spirit's call to pass on a "Come" to others, every one who has been with Jesus to testify that which they know; and every man, woman and child to praise God "with a loud voice," just as if with eyes of flesh they saw, once more, the coming in of the lowly King, and with fleshly ears heard Him say—"If these should hold their peace the stones would cry out."

But I do not deny that all this is a startling novelty. I am happy to say it is still so to me. Whether I go to some old battle-field where the war has been going on for well-nigh twenty years, or whether I look in on the latest Corps or outpost established, I am sure to hear somebody whose voice, whose action, whose story of escape from the clutches of the devil, whose "joy unspeakable and full of glory" surprise and gladden me as much as if I had never heard anything of the kind in my life before. Everyone to their taste. But I certainly cannot wonder that such masses of working people who would laugh at the very idea of going to church, delight even in an unconverted state to attend the meetings of The Army.

"It is as good as a play," such people have often said, and so, to them, it undoubtedly is. The mere idea of such a remark may shock a thoughtless reader; yet what does it really mean? It simply means that all through the services there is something that attracts, that interests, that rivets the attention, that gives pleasure, that makes the listener forget for the time being everything but itself; that, in fact, really takes possession of him.

And is not that exactly what is wanted for those who have regarded religion all their lives as a matter which cannot have the slightest interest for them, whatever it may be to persons of different education and circumstances? All good people are agreed that this class—if the enormous majority of the population can be spoken of as a class—should be interested in the very subject which they have altogether tabooed for life. But, strange to say, the theory upon which most churches go to work to interest the uninterested in religion is to lay their religion aside for the time being! Lectures on topics of general interest, with or without magic lantern and comic music; reading-rooms, amply provided with daily newspapers; gymnastics, chess, and draughts; improvement classes; anything

imaginable that is not religious, to place the religious world "on a friendly footing" with the irreligious, in the hope that these latter will then be induced, some day, to attend the "services of the sanctuary!" Now, I am not deprecating any effort made by anyone to accomplish the great end at which so many, thank God, are now aiming; and it is none of my business to enquire how far any of these contrivances may have been successful in attaining their object. But what I say is, that if all these inventions are to be tolerated in connection with ministries and churches devoted to the teaching of Scriptural truth, then why should anyone so strongly object to services in which nothing but the most direct appeals to the heart and conscience are willingly tolerated for as much as five minutes, and in which old and young, rich and poor, are systematically trained to act together for the one purpose of bringing those who are indifferent directly and instantly to face the very truths which they have tried hardest all their lives to forget?

"But then it is the blasphemy and frivolity, the singing or shouting of sacred names and words in a thoughtless and careless manner, mingled with the use of the most vulgar tunes and manners that shock everybody so much." Here again I must repeat that I have no wish to criticise the sayings or doings of others, but I do think that the charges of blasphemy and profanity are brought against The Army with remarkably bad taste by people who glory in the Trinity Cricket Club and the "St. James's Gazette." But it is none of my business, and I earnestly plead it is nobody else's to declare whether this or that set of worshippers are or are not blasphemous or profane. The great rule laid down by Jesus Christ in the presence of the despised Samaritans, "The true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth," is what I invoke on behalf of all the denounced "Happy Jacks," "Saved Bills," and

“Redeemed Marys” of The Army. The other evening I heard one of these, in giving his experience, say,—

“Whenever I am invited to go anywhere, I say,— ‘Shall I go, Lord?’ And if He says, ‘Go Bill,’ then I go; but if He doesn’t, I don’t.”

Now to some people I can quite imagine that the idea of the great Ruler of the Universe, talking street English to one of his street children, may be shocking to the last degree. But I contend that only He who seeth in secret can determine whether Bill really does worship Him in spirit and in truth, and whether He does say to him “Go” and he goeth; and that therefore no third party can possibly be in a position to condemn Bill for looking at the matter, and understanding and explaining it in his own natural way.

Who has a right to require that Bill shall only “venture to approach the throne of Divine grace” in a set of phrases, such as he never used in his life before, and would need a good slice of the remainder of his life to learn? Who has the right to specify the number of notes of praise that Bill may sing within thirty seconds, and what these notes may be? Who has the right to complain if the contagion of his gladness makes his song so pleasant to all who hear it that even men in drink take it up and repeat it in and out of the meetings over and over again?

I heartily admit that the style of The Army’s service and of every part of it is so entirely new at the present day as to make it overwhelmingly startling, and unpleasantly startling to those who have been accustomed to attend the regular places of worship. But this is just one of the reasons why The Army’s meetings are so popular with the people, with whom the still solemnity of “Divine worship,” as generally understood, is utterly intolerable. How ridiculous to be continually groaning that these people are unreached and untouched by the

ministrations of the church ; and then, when they are reached and gathered in by the thousand to meetings which they unquestionably enjoy, and towards the expense of which they heartily contribute, to make the very popularity of these services a ground of complaint !

The Army's use of music, which is called secular, though perhaps more unlimited and daring than that of others, has happily ceased to be, altogether, a peculiarity of its own, for, in spite of hostile criticism, American song-tunes introduced under respectable auspices, have, by the inevitable laws of human nature become more popular, even in the churches, than the sacred dronings or the fashionable chants of former days. But The Army's singing and musical performances are disliked and protested against, perhaps more on account of their general style and accompaniments than on account of anything that properly belongs to themselves. So beautiful are many of the tunes we use, and so thoroughly in accord with the most reverent and precious of sentiments and thoughts are most of our songs that the most exacting critic would be unable to find many faults with them if sung by a lady in the drawing-room with pianoforte accompaniment. But to see a man with his hat off, dancing backwards along the street or platform, waving both arms as he leads a host of singers, quite as enthusiastic as himself in singing, or, as some would say, shouting or roaring the same words to the same tune—ah, that is another thing altogether. And when it comes to having a chorus taken up in the meeting by that whole gallery, unmistakably full of men who have just left the public-house,—some of them too much in drink to know what they are doing—to find that such men are positively roaring out those sacred words with as much delight as the “Rule Britannia,” with which they concluded their free-and-easy in the tap-room a quarter of an hour ago—oh, it is horrible ! And then to think of the dirty little

children, shoeless and uncovered in the streets, forming processions, and singing those same songs about the precious blood of Jesus, just for a game—how can it be other than bad?

At first sight the argument seems irresistible, and I confess that no one with proper feeling can ever be expected to hear anything of the kind for the first time without a sort of moral shudder. But the scale must, in my opinion, be completely turned the moment anyone properly reflects upon the alternative state of things. No one can question the awful condition of those poor rough men in the gallery; but suppose you could pop in a moment into the place from which they have come. If you have ever frequented such places you may have some idea what it would mean. If you have not, I must say I regret that I cannot, dare not, write on this page anything that would give you the slightest approach to a realisation of the sort of thing those same men would be singing, and applauding and delighting in. Twenty years ago I listened to a song sung by a young farm lad in a public-house in the New Forest, amid the applause of a little circle of admirers, a song full of ideas and suggestions that I had never before supposed village lads of such an age to be capable of. And I know from the testimonies of any number of Salvation Soldiers that that song and that scene was no exception, but that every Sunday evening, when you are sitting in your place of worship, just such songs, with even more profane and disgusting accompaniments than I witnessed, are "all the go," in the public-houses all throughout the country. I have personally known a wretched drunkard and his wife who, every evening of the week, as well as Sunday, were the foul-mouthed favorites of a village tap-room, to which their children would have to go time after time to seek them. As to the poor children, if you want to know what they learn in the streets (if there can be any need to ask

yourself [such a question for a moment), you have only to open your ears and listen to any of them, or of their elders in the poorer or more crowded thoroughfares of the towns or in the back lanes of the villages, or to ask anyone who takes the trouble to make their acquaintance, so far as really to get to know what passes current amongst them.

Now, look at these facts, turn them over thoroughly in your mind, and see then how they affect your feeling with regard to The Army's familiarising sacred names and things to these people. We make—yes, positively *make*—these men, women, and children sing,

“The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.”

Admit that these words are sung, in the first instance, with anything but serious thought, and that they only gain admittance to the mouth and mind by the use of tunes, the mention of whose former name fairly horrifies you. Is it not, after all, better than to leave these people seething in their filth, and never singing anything but that which will debase them more and more? It seems to me to be purely a question of faith or of fear—I will say, if you prefer it, godly fear. I have no wish to sneer at or reflect upon that precious fear of God, which may make you dread any approach to profanity; but I do ask that you will not condemn the people whose faith prevails over this fear. We would not for a moment desire that any song or chorus should be sung by ungodly people if we thought it was to end as it began, in amusement, profanity, or carelessness. But we never start the singing indoors or out without the perfect certainty that comes of faith in Almighty power, that someone who is utterly indifferent to God when the song begins will be pricked to the heart before it ends; and, later on, I purpose to give a few examples of the way in which this faith has continually prevailed. We know no longer by faith only, but by sight that the man who heartily sings the chorus only to amuse

himself, or partly, perhaps, to annoy others, in the first instance becomes a slave to the very words and notes, which he cannot shake from his mind, and ends in broken-hearted penitence and overflowing gratitude very often before the conclusion of a single meeting. Therefore I would say when witnessing The Army at its song-work—for an Army song requires all the powers of body as well as mind and heart—or when observing any other of the peculiarities which you cannot like naturally, will you not try so far to govern yourself as to look upon all these things just as you would view the multiplied machinery of a great factory revolving with noisy rapidity around you, scattering poisonous dust on every side. You would say in that case, “I don’t like being here; but it is wonderful machinery, and it is probably producing wonderful work. Let me go and see the finished article!”

Again, there are those who could pardon willingly almost all the peculiar doings of The Army if they were only carried on under what they call a proper system of government. It was quite amusing to read, some time ago, the desperate protest which a worthy divine in the southern world thought it his duty to make against a system of despotism which The Army was establishing so triumphantly amongst the freest of colonists, in spite of all the theorisings of 200 years to the contrary. I purpose to deal with this question much more fully later on. But here I wish merely to acknowledge that it is a very extraordinary novelty to find two young lads or lasses sent into one of the principal cities of a great Republic or self-governing colony with instructions to form a Corps of grown-up men and women who are to act absolutely under their orders every day of the week, and in matters of the supremest importance to accept and submit to their judgment, even although, in many cases, they may be old enough to have been their grand-parents. It is still more

wonderful to see the programme fully carried out, and to see the system becoming, year after year, more triumphant, more exacting, and yet more heartily accepted.

That all this is in the most marked contrast with almost all the traditions of the elders around us there can be no question ; but, on the other hand, every intelligent man must know that if, in this matter of government, we have got completely out of the religious rut, we have, on the other hand, only brought to bear upon religion the common sense which prevails in all the circles of everyday life.

How many millions would cry out to-morrow morning if their newspapers were stopped ! And yet your newspapers can only reach you by means of a series of despotisms, a breakdown or revolution in any one of which would leave you without the news. The old-fashioned systems of church government are admitted to have left the enormous bulk of the population nearest to them in utter ignorance about Salvation, and it was inevitable that any determined attempt to supply the great need must be made on modern lines, and with modern machine-like precision. The despotism of The Army exists by means of its results ; and if ever it should fail to maintain or to increase its conquests, it would die a natural death. Before you condemn it, at least consider whether men may have liberty to surrender their liberty or a portion of it, if, in their view, it is more to their own interest, more likely to promote their happiness and that of those for whom they care more than themselves,—than that they should maintain and enjoy useless privileges, which would leave them helpless in presence of a great emergency.

But always remember that if, in this and other matters, The Army has become completely emancipated from old customs and systems, this emancipation has been won by slow degrees, and only by the deep conviction and earnest

struggles of people who have had as much difficulty, in the first instance, in reconciling themselves with the changes that have been made as you yourself could have. I do not believe that anyone can be more shocked to-day at The Salvation Army than its founder and Mrs. Booth would have been had they met one of its smallest Corps just as it now is, twenty years ago. When I first made his acquaintance, the General, in anxiety for the permanent continuance of the work, was considering the settlement of all property on some body of persons, to be called "Guardian Representatives," or life "Guardians," who were to watch over the whole concern and preserve it from any change for the worse. For twenty years candid friends and cruel enemies have constantly insisted that upon such conditions only could the work last. Only by an experience, won at the bayonet point, have we got free from such miserable fancies and fears, founded on a persistent unbelief in the power of God. Had that precious Christian Mission been surrounded with its noble guard of worthy friends to protect it from serious alteration, either there would have been no Salvation Army at all, or it would have had to be a separate venture, disconnected legally and formally from its own first fruits!

How positively I have heard it maintained in the Christian Mission that nothing but good preaching could ever secure permanent results, and that "good preaching" meant long preaching. I have heard, within the last fortnight of persons at some of our oldest Stations who are firmly of the same opinion still, and ready to discourage any new coming Captain with the assurance, "If you cannot preach you will be no use here." Have I not seen young converts or rough-mouthed Soldiers put back or kept back in silence, lest they should "do more harm than good"? Do not I know and respect some of those "old standards," worthy old people of the olden days, "who do not believe

in the jiggling," as they are pleased to call some of our liveliest tunes? And have we not constantly to mourn over and struggle against the sacred propriety of door-keepers and Sergeants, and even Officers, who cannot endure to see roughs misconduct themselves in a place of worship, and would rather shut or turn them out than allow them to enter or remain in our meetings when indisposed to maintain perfect silence and perfect decorum?

The Army has only escaped from the old ruts in which it would have stuck fast and been incapable of accomplishing its great work by desperate fighting against itself. There is no prejudice, there is no regard for old-fashioned ideas and customs which has not been, and is not to-day, strongly and respectably represented within The Army itself. But regard for those things, as for all other human opinions and powers, has been struggled against and overcome, because the General has had, from the first, a single eye, and that single eye will enable us, if necessary, to emancipate ourselves even further still, will make it as easy to abandon Army customs, as the custom which prevailed before The Army, whenever it may be proved to our satisfaction that, by so doing, we should more rapidly or completely attain the one great end in view.

"You see we have no reputation to lose," was the General's reply to the friend who once asked him why The Army succeeded with such ease, where others failed. "As for you," he went on, "you can do nothing without considering what somebody will say, whether within or without your own body; and while you are considering and hearing what somebody will say, life is going." Everybody has settled it that we are fools, if not a great deal worse; therefore we can go into a town and do exactly what we think best, without taking the least notice of what anybody may say or wish. We have only to please God and get the people saved, and that is easily done.

VII.

WOMEN'S VICTORIES.

THE other night I was at Whitechapel, where the General went to have a look at his old friends of the first Corps. Some time was allowed, of course, for testimony, and among the first to spring to her feet, and demand a turn, amidst the chorus of veterans from all parts of the East End, was a woman, converted less than a week ago. Her voice could not be heard at first, though she was close beside us, on the platform; but the vigorous action of her fist showed that she meant to have a hearing, which was soon obtained, only for her to declare that now she had "got the peace that passeth all understanding," she meant to spend the rest of her life fighting for God.

For twenty-one years The Army has been raising up such women all round the world; and tens of thousands of these are at work to-day. To their devoted labors, no small share of The Army's victory is due; but, on the other hand, it is The Army which has won for them and for all godly women outside its borders the glorious liberty they needed.

Not that we can yet claim the complete victory for which we fight. In an enormous majority of churches, even now, the old prejudice against the woman's voice and the woman's public work lingers on and you would find reverend and lay gentlemen, and still more lay ladies, who will quote to you, with all solemnity, two or three sentences, out of what is called the New Testament, as conclusive evidence that God is not willing for a woman to understand and act upon His word as revealed all throughout His book and by His Son, to the same extent as He is for men so to do. But, as usual,

the big world is ahead of the religious world, and if these latter will not learn the first elementary lesson that common sense, to say nothing of religion, should have taught them—the equality of souls—the political and social world will either drum the lesson into them or will surely appreciate the one religious organisation which has proclaimed it. When I read the speech of a British duchess at a meeting of the Primrose League, or hear of Austrian princesses taking part in Court theatricals in aid of a charity, I say, “Yes, all right; they are learning the lesson of The Salvation Army, and we shall have them on our platform some day, helping to lead poor sinners to Christ.” I am not going to argue the point at all, but simply to tell of some of the victories that women have won in the great progress towards the emancipation of their sex for the service of the Lord.

Of Mrs. Booth I have little need to speak, for she had won her victory before the first days of The Christian Mission, and won it so completely that everyone almost is ready to exclaim “Oh, Mrs. Booth and a few more may be gifted; but that does not say that all these Sallies are to be put up to teach religion.” A very large number of the Sallies are the result of Mrs. Booth’s preaching, and who can tell how many of them would have had the chance of a hearing had she not been used of God to open the road for them?

For one purpose I feel a quotation from Mrs. Booth is absolutely necessary. No experience could, perhaps, so clearly show what a victory must be won in a woman’s own heart before she can go forth to conquer the world, or how manifestly her calling and power must be of God, as the simple story which Mrs. Booth has given us of the beginning of her own public work. She says:—

“For some four or five months before I commenced speaking the controversy had been signally roused in my soul,

which God had awakened years before, but which, through mistaken notions, fear, and timidity, I had allowed almost to die out. During a season of sickness, one day it seemed 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 and sixteen, when I first gave my heart to Him. He seemed to show me all the bitter way, how this one thing had been the fly in the pot of ointment, the bitter in the cup. I felt how it had hindered the revelation of Himself to me, and hindered me from growing in grace, and learning more of the deep things of God. I promised Him there, in the sick room, 'Lord, if Thou wilt return unto me as in the days of old, and re-visit me with those urgings of the Spirit which I used to have, I will obey, if I die in the attempt.'

"About three months after that I went to the chapel, of which my husband was a minister, and he had an extraordinary service.

"I was in the minister's pew, and there were about a thousand people present. As the testimonies went on I felt the Spirit come upon me. You alone who have felt it know what it means. It cannot be described. I felt it to the extremities of my fingers and toes. 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 souls of the people;' and I gasped again, and I said in my soul, 'Yes, Lord, I believe Thou wouldst, but I cannot do it.'

"A voice seemed to say to me, 'Is this consistent with that promise?' and I almost jumped up and said, 'No, Lord; it is the old thing over again, but I cannot do it;' and I felt as though I would sooner die than do it; and then the devil said, 'Besides, you are not prepared to speak, you will look like a fool, and have nothing to say.' He made a mistake. He overdid himself for once. It was

that word that settled it. I said, 'Ah, that is just the point; I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one,' and without stopping another moment I rose up in the seat, and walked up to the top of the chapel. 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 to ask me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I said, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise he could only say, 'My dear wife wants to say a word,' and sat down. He had been trying to persuade me to do it for ten years.

"I got up, God only knows how—if any mortal ever did cling on the arm of Omnipotence I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm, and yet it was a Divine arm, to hold me.

"I confessed, as I think everybody should when they have been in the wrong and misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ.

"But, oh! how little I saw then what it involved. I never imagined the life of publicity it was going to lead me into and of trial also, for I was never allowed to have another quiet Sabbath when I could speak or stand up. All I took there was the present step; I did 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 enough to contain it."

Bold indeed must be the man or woman who would dare to say that one who has passed through any such experience as this could be at liberty to abstain from public witnessing for Christ, whenever the opportunity presented itself. And I am prepared to show that just such an experience has been the foundation of all the ministry of women throughout the history of the Army.

Among the first band of Mission Woman Speakers, led by a Mrs. Collingridge, was a Mrs. Reynolds, a woman I always used to see in the Whitechapel porch fourteen years ago, either speaking to the people, or wrestling, or struggling on her knees with some poor, ragged, drunken, dirty sinner, for whose Salvation she never seemed to grudge any amount of time or effort, the same woman was amongst the first to go out and attack a provincial town under The Army flag; nay, rather, she went before the flag, for the first flag The Army ever possessed was presented, in that very town of Coventry, to her and to the Corps (No. 35), which she had raised in spite of difficulties that would have driven most men out of the place in a fortnight.

Oh, how the memory of my first sight of that great campaign remains stamped in all its freshness on my mind, just as I saw it eight years ago! With what suspicion and contempt did the police and nearly everyone appear to look down on the little friendless woman who had come from the East End of London to speak and pray with the poor drunkards! With the exception of a little ragged-school, on the outskirts of the town, she could obtain most nights no meeting-place at all. I left her, on the Monday morning, greatly rejoiced over the hope of obtaining a hay-loft that we had discovered in one of the outskirts; but alas! alas! even this could not be hired for so outrageous a purpose, when the owner fairly found out that a woman was going to conduct meetings in it. And so Mrs. Reynolds and her few helpers had to continue their nightly struggles in the open air.

The police would not allow them to stand in any visible position but they had never had to struggle against a woman's ingenuity before; and while they were hunting the new sect through the streets and lanes, the women, who only sought the privilege of speaking to the very poorest, were delighted to stand in courts and blind alleys, where,

before any of the force were aware of it, they were able to get a great audience surrounding them at every window of the high old tenement houses, and to hold a successful meeting. The women, I say, for there were two, and Mrs. Reynolds' Lieutenant, Honor Burrell, deserves mention in connection with that court-war, if for nothing else. The widow of a husband, once an infidel, who had been saved through the instrumentality of the Mission, and had gone triumphantly to glory, Mrs. Burrell shared the poverty and the struggles of this early campaign with a devotion and a spirit that greatly assisted her leader; and, when all was done, went with one of our first Coventry speakers to endure even greater hardships and difficulties in the little upper room in which our first Manchester Corps was formed.

Oh! the romance of those early days, when Mrs. Reynolds and a few more were practically deciding the question whether it was possible for women, not only to be speakers, but leaders of Corps, far away from Headquarters, and in circumstances where they must depend on their own resources! The despatches from the field which those women didn't write—what stories they would have told! But it is only bit by bit, in the course of conversation, and sometimes of speeches, that one gets the facts which those conquerors, strong in their faith in God, would not deign at the time to mention. Their dinners of bread and cheese, when they had even as much; the wrestling in prayer by which they obtained boots fit to appear in public when old ones were utterly worn out with their ceaseless tramping of the streets and stairs; the empty rooms in which they lived behind the protecting cover of newspaper blinds, which prevented the public from seeing too much of their poverty; the collections of a few halfpence which they sometimes obtained even from large but unfriendly audiences; the nights of weeping over rent and gas-bills, which had to be paid,

they knew not how, and which they took it as a personal hardship that they should ever have to mention to the General, whose overburdened condition, from long personal acquaintance, they well knew. The crushing sorrow of seeing crowds come and go, without, in any case, seeking Salvation; and then the overwhelming joy of seeing the first, second, third, and the twentieth convert! Those battles, in which the first of our glorious host dragged women's right to conquer, as it were, out of the very teeth of the enemy, can never have their equal for interest again; for those battles were fought through and won, and the gate stands open now to every woman in every land. Mrs. Reynolds was our first Major in Ireland.

But of Mrs. Sayers, another of Mrs. Collingridge's band, I must speak; for she endured one of our first and fiercest conflicts of another sort. It was she who was sent with Colonel Edmonds, then looked upon almost as a youth, to the ancient city of Salisbury, "to speak and sing for God." The outburst of ruffianism which greeted their arrival, and which continued to surround The Army for years after their departure from that city, instead of being in any way discouraged or repressed by the authorities was rather taken up and forwarded by them with all possible ability. Mrs. Sayers had, under these circumstances, the honor to be the first of our female Officers practically arraigned before a Court of Justice in connection with her work. And here is the account of what passed between her and the Mayor, as reported in a local newspaper at the time. Mrs. Sayers had summoned three young men who had been persistent disturbers of the meetings, and who, being convicted on the clearest evidence, were encouraged by what took place in Court and by a nominal fine of half-a-crown to do it again. Mrs. Sayers, however, thus dealt with the difficulties of the case:—

"The Clerk (Mr. Powning): 'Are you the preacher at a place registered as the Christian Mission Hall?'

“ Mrs. Sayers : ‘ I exhort. I am not a preacher.’ ”

“ The Clerk : ‘ What ? ’ ”

“ The Mayor : ‘ An exhorter.’ ”

“ Mrs. Sayers : ‘ I exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come ’ (loud laughter).

“ The Clerk : ‘ Have you the licence registering the building ? ’ ”

“ Mr. Edmonds : ‘ We have not got it here, sir, but we will bring it.’ ”

“ The Mayor : ‘ I wish you would, and we will assume that it can be brought, and will go on with the evidence.’ ”

“ After some further evidence, the licence was brought into court and handed to the Mayor.

“ The Mayor (reading) : ‘ Sarah Sayers, female minister, — I don’t know what that means, whether — — ’ ”

“ Mrs. Sayers : ‘ It’s what the law of the Lord God Almighty calls me ’ (laughter).

“ The Mayor : ‘ Oh, nonsense ’ (loud laughter).

“ Mrs. Sayers : ‘ I minister to precious souls, and — — ’ ”

“ The Mayor : ‘ You are not licensed to preach here though ’ (roars of laughter).

But it is hardly safe to say we Christian Mission people will not preach *anywhere*, licensed or not. The case proceeded, and speaking of another of the defendants (we are quoting from the same report), Mrs. Sayers said — “ He is a young man that I am sorry for.

“ The Mayor : ‘ Yes.’ ”

“ Mrs. Sayers : ‘ We have many here who were confirmed drunkards when we first came to this city, and who now have altered their ways, and given themselves to God, and are quite different ; and you ought to be glad to see that they have altered. As a proof of this only look at their homes.’ ”

“ The Mayor : ‘ That is your “ experience ” (laughter). You had better confine yourself to the matter before the Court.’ ”

“ Mrs. Sayers : ‘ The Lord bless you, my lord, and save your precious soul (loud laughter) ! I hope and pray you will be saved and be converted to God (renewed laughter) ! The Lord bless you, and save your soul ; God bids me warn you to flee from the wrath to come ! Lord help you and save your blessed soul ! Lord help you ! ’ (loud laughter). This last sentence was uttered in an undertone, Mrs. Sayers having evidently exhausted herself.

“ After the excitement had abated the Mayor (laughingly) said : ‘ You really must not, Mrs. Sayers. You are creating a disturbance yourself.’

“ Mrs. Sayers (fervently) : ‘ Lord help you, sir ! Lord help you ! ’ ”

Such women are not easily put down. I remember that a younger one of that same school of early conquerors, on arriving at the great War Congress of 1878, had put into her hands a telegram sent from the distant northern station which she had left a few days before. The telegram read :—

“ Stopped preaching Friday open-air. Seen magistrate ; won't allow us to preach or sing in open air. Wire back how to proceed.”

“ The Lord save the magistrates ! ” exclaimed the little lass. “ We had an impudent letter the other day, but we took no notice of it ; and now that we are away they take upon them—but wait till we get back.” A reply after this style was sent, and when the sisters did get back we heard no more of the difficulties.

Enough, however, of these struggles for the mere liberty to act. What is more interesting is to remember the great triumphs and conquests that have followed the use of that liberty.

From the very beginning The General had firmly maintained the equality of women with men, as speakers and workers, in any department for which they had the needed

strength and ability. Space forbids me to dwell upon the myriad victories which, in those early days, women won either as speakers or as skirmishers, carrying from room to room the same desperate warfare they carried on in the public thoroughfare. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the fact that women have been gloriously useful in The Army, in such ways as they are kindly permitted to be useful in elsewhere. My work is rather to point out how much wider triumphs they have gained because of the wider opportunities afforded them.

One of the first items of news I heard, on visiting the Mission for the first time, was that fourteen souls had been seeking mercy at a little hall in Bethnal Green, in connection with services conducted by one Annie S. Upon inquiry I found that she was a simple lassie from a country village. But the same story came from every quarter which she visited, that she was the means, in God's hands, while working amid the most difficult surroundings, of leading more sinners to Christ than most of the men who were laboring on the same ground. Some of the men, however, were wont to regard the work of such young women with patronising kindness, as very good, so far as it went, but needing their fostering care and supervision to make it of any great permanent value.

It was not until ten years later that, for the first time, the daring experiment was tried of putting a little out-lying station under the command of a woman; but Annie Davis, now Mrs. Major Ridsdel, in the streets and in the little upstairs Bethel of Barking, effectually settled the question whether a woman was capable of managing a Station successfully. Who that heard it will ever forget the triumph of her description of her tenure of office at that little place as she spoke of it at the meeting of Evangelists round the General's fireside at Christmas, 1875, winding up with the assurance that she had not only left behind her

a good society and congregation, free from debt and fear, and ready to go forward in the strength of the Lord, to greater and greater victories; but that she had even amassed a balance in hand of ten shillings towards the payment of the first week's salary of the young man who was to succeed her, and of whose ability to keep things together as well as the little woman had done, we were almost left to infer a slight suspicion. That successor, by the way, is Major Ernest Blandy of the East New York Division in the United States.

But even the unquestionable success of Annie Davis and others in the small stations upon which the experiment was tried, could hardly be taken as conclusive evidence with regard to the probability of their useful employment as the leaders in a great attack upon a large population, and three years more rolled away before this question was put fairly to the test. Even to those of us who were most familiar with all the circumstances, it would be impossible to say just why, in 1878, and no sooner than 1878, a cloud of women officers were suddenly sent flying all over the country, with full power to attack and take possession of towns, just as the men had done. Of course these plodding and determined women Evangelists had been steadily winning the road to increased opportunity and power during the three years in which their labors were confined to small East-End congregations; and there is an old law, the fulfilment of which nobody can prevent that, "He that hath to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance." God had already been proving that the "He" of that and other promises was never intended to include only men; and we therefore saw, beyond all doubt, that we had a number of godly women who were just as certain, if not more certain, to win many souls, and to direct operations successfully as the men, wherever they were allowed to do so. But it is a singular coincidence, at any rate, that only in

the year after Conferences and Committees had been left behind, was the gate of usefulness thrown wide open before these "weaker vessels." Indeed I am not sure that we have ever had an instance of a woman's successful management in association with a committee of men. A strong-willed man—any man, in fact, with sufficient ability and strength of mind to be successful as an officer, might override and impose his will upon a committee, without offending or driving them away; but no woman could do this without conflicts that would necessarily destroy her influence, and make her usefulness, on any extended scale, impossible. I could tell tales as to the struggles of some of those early heroines with elders and committees; but let bygones be bygones. They could never have been sent out with any prospect of success in a provincial city had they been saddled with any of that old machinery. But in 1878 the coast was clear, and the day of The Army and of victory was come.

At 10.35 on Saturday morning, the 30th March, 1878, I saw the first two Hallelujah Lasses leave King's Cross for Felling-on-Tyne. "The Cross was before my eyes," writes one of them afterwards, "and fastening some blue ribbon to a white handkerchief, I said I would be 'true blue' to God and the Mission." That woman and her like-minded sister kept their word, and some idea of the result may be gathered from the following account of their first glorious days.

They arrived at Felling at seven o'clock that Saturday night, after which they had a prayer meeting, which did not conclude till eleven o'clock, and on Monday morning we received the following telegram:—"500 afternoon; 800 night. Offerings, £2. Six souls; lot in pickle; three open-air meetings, glorious times!"

From that day the dreadful expression "in pickle," so often quoted against us, has been a standing phrase,

expressing, perhaps, a only little too pungently, a standing reality. I am quite content to leave critics to puzzle their brains over the comparative propriety of describing a man who is deeply and wretchedly under conviction as being "pricked to the heart," or "in pickle." The fact remains beyond all dispute that at Felling that Sunday night, and, thank God, in thousands of other places since, men who had come to hear the lasses for the first time after a life of indifference to religion, went away in such a condition of heartache and wretchedness about their sins, that it was next door to impossible for them to sleep, eat, or work until they had been completely cured. That was all the sisters meant by describing them as being "in pickle," and all, I presume, that the Apostles meant by describing their hearers as being "pricked."

Those indefatigable sisters went out at half past ten that first Sunday morning, marching through the town and getting a grand crowd of men, women and children. They did not cease their open-air work till half past twelve, and they were at it again at two for another hour. The total impression made in the neighborhood that first day was expressed by an old man, who exclaimed, says their report, "We had brought a new religion from London. We preach Holiness unto the Lord, and the saints do look when we tell them we can live without sin. We do, bless the Lord.

RACHEL AND LOUISA AGAR."

The work at Felling went forward, and at the Congress, held in August, Rachel was able to report that 450 poor sinners had sought the Lord in the eighteen weeks during which she had been in the place, and that a thoroughly devoted society were ready to go forward, day after day, and do anything for the Master.

But on that occasion Kate Watts, now the wife of Colonel Taylor, our Indian Chief-of-Staff, was able to report

an even greater triumph, in view of the fact that she had been sent to Merthyr in South Wales at a time when the town was in the deepest distress owing to the stoppage of many of the principal works in which its inhabitants were engaged. It would be impossible to improve upon the words in which she herself reported the victory. She said :—

“I never realised I was going so far till the train was gliding out of the Paddington Station, and then my heart sank within me and I felt I had only God to fall back upon. And from that moment to this He has continually helped me. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

“A poor old woman got into the train, and as I talked to her about her soul she cried bitterly; but then she had to get out. And then a sweep got in. I was alone and getting near to Wales, and my heart began to shiver when the sweep came in with his brushes. I had a few words with him, and then I had to get out.

“The rain was pouring in torrents as I got out, and I thought of all the filthy places I had ever seen that Merthyr was the worst. Mr. Booth had told me it was a filthy place; but I thought it was worse. The poverty was something awful, the wickedness was shocking, and the dirt was abominable.

“The next day, Saturday, was market day, and we picked the very best place in the town where there were crowds of people, and took our stand. I trembled and felt as if I would rather go anywhere or give up anything than go there. But God said, ‘I will go with thee.’

“When I stood in the Square I lifted up my heart to God, and I could not open my lips scarcely at first. Sister Parkins gave out a verse and we sang it, and the people crowded round us by hundreds. We spoke to them as long as we could, and I have never been nervous since.

“There had only been 100 bills put out for us; but we announced our services. The people followed us home and then they could see no more.

“On the Sunday afternoon, after our open-air meeting, we dare not sing down the street, but only walked along, and the people followed us till we had 1,500 in the Drill Hall; but we had no souls.

“Oh! I forgot to say that we had a brother from Cardiff over to help us.

“When we concluded we thought it was a hard place.

“On the following Tuesday we got four souls, and felt convinced that God was going to work mightily with us. The second Sunday we got the place crammed, and a great number came out to be saved. When they stood up and sang, ‘I’m going home to glory where pleasures never die,’ I lost myself entirely and seemed to have got into the third heaven. That Sunday there were twenty-four saved and the collections were better.

“Amongst the many souls we have had saved is a confirmed infidel and a drunkard who has been a great trouble to his parents; but God convinced him of sin, the power of God fell on him and he was saved. He preached for us yesterday. The first time he preached he broke down; but two souls broke down before God. We have often had sinners saved at seven o’clock in the morning.

“We have got the names of some 500 or 600 converts, besides numbers whose names we could not make out at all. Many of the people are Welsh.

“It is a hard soil, and it is a great anxiety to lead the people on when you have got them. We have not nearly so much difficulty in leading the people in England. But I look forward to the raising up of many Evangelists from amongst the people.

“They call me mother down yonder; and when the grey-headed old men say, ‘Good-night, mother,’ I say, ‘Good-night, my dear boy’

“The people sit and think at home about it, and then come and make a full surrender. We have seen many of the worst people truly converted.

“We found it hard at first to get the necessary funds to meet all expenses. We used to go out first thing in the morning to sweep the hall to save the expenses of a hall-keeper, and one week when we had 34s. to pay for gas, we did not know where to look for the money. So we just told the Lord about it. On Saturday a gentleman gave us ten shillings for the work, on Sunday we got a lot more, and by Tuesday we owed nobody anything.

“In five months we have not only been able to meet all expenses but to furnish a Mission house that I should be proud to ask anybody to. And this, although the town is in perfect misery through the bad times.

“The Lord God has done it and will do greater things still, and the whole town shall be shaken.

“The people said to me when I told them I was going way, ‘Oh, mother, I don’t know what we shall do without you!’

“But I told them there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

“Whichever of you go to Merthyr, take care of my children; love them, and may God help you and them to go on to perfect victory.”

It is needless to multiply accounts of this kind, even if it were in our power to do so, which it is not, for very few of the thousands of women who have gone out and fought and triumphed in this spirit have supplied us, or felt inclined to supply us, with anything like complete reports of their success. But everywhere the story has been pretty much the same; and when the time came for the extension of the war to other shores, as will be seen in later chapters, the same old story of labour, endurance and victory was repeated everywhere.

“But how do the women manage? Are they able to control the large bodies of grown-up men and women converted under their ministry—to organise them into a regular force, and to lead them on, keeping up and increasing their efficiency? Well, we have to-day, in the United Kingdom alone, no less than 363 Corps under the command of women officers, and, so far from their being any sort of slackness in the rule of a sister so placed in authority, with rare exceptions it has been found that they are more likely to maintain a strict and perfect discipline, and to be allowed to do so with less unpleasantness than the men.

A certain gentleman who had served in the Crimean war, and who strongly resented what he called our military jargon and assumption of titles, was once induced to spend a whole Sunday with a Corps which was under the command of a little woman. When the day was over and he had seen how, throughout every detail of its services, that woman was obeyed without murmur or hesitation by hundreds of stalwart working folk, he remarked, upon being questioned as to whether his opinions with regard to our use of military terms had undergone any change, “Well, if this is a specimen, I must say they really are Captains, and I do not see why you should not call them so.”

The universal testimony of our eleven years' experiences is that difficulties, sufferings and oppositions that might well discourage and dishearten even the strongest man, are faced and trampled under foot by a couple of young girls who justify all the time the “Hallelujah” name that has been given to them by the songs and shouts of praise with which they drive away cares and fears that might well crush them. It would be unfair to my own sex not to add that this is not due to superior spiritual strength or natural fortitude. The women are generally more popular than men. They more readily gain everyone's sympathy and so enlist help of every

kind, for which men could not decently appeal, and which no appeal would procure for them. It is not that women are usually gifted with extraordinary organising ability or business skill, but they can command those who have these gifts, and make use of their talent without surrendering to them any part of their authority, to an extent that no man could.

I should not like to enquire how many sister officers are thoroughly at home over their Corps' account-books. I have heard pitiful tales of the headaches some of them have had while laboring to add up a few columns of figures, or write a few pages of report. But there is brother Addup, the accountant at Ten Thousand & Co.'s. He has not to work late at his daily employment, and would like to spend his time, when free from office duty, in the meetings. Captain Matilda has only to say a word and he will gladly give up as many hours as may be necessary to keep any number of account-books in perfect order for her. And there is Jack Manley, the foreman of the big iron works, who will undertake any amount of labor as Serjeant-Major, if she wishes it, to organise the Soldiers of the Corps, to get up a big tea, or arrange a huge excursion visit to some other Corps.

And so the critics may grumble, may quote texts, may say or do what they like, but there they stand—thousands of women who might to this day have remained comparatively buried in quiet, obscure and very limited usefulness, but who are ministering weekly to great audiences of the poor, are conducting huge open-air and indoor demonstrations on behalf of Jesus Christ, with a success that can neither be prevented nor denied.

If The Salvation Army had done nothing else but establish women's divine and human right to such conquests of souls as this it would have conferred on mankind a benefit second to none in the world's history. But wait We

have not finished yet. There are those still who will not see in all this the finger of God, and will not admit that in all this His purpose and His power have been shown. We must go on until they are convinced by those substantial, matter-of-fact arguments, which tell so much more than words, and which must surely in the long run compel the most sceptical to confess that it was God who gave the Word to this great company of women preachers, and that He is with them, as with their faithful brethren, even unto the end of the world.

One of our first colored "Hallelujah Lasses," Clara Lewis, of Cape Town, has proved how completely a godly woman officer could triumph over every prejudice, and not only capture souls for her King, but compel the respect and even admiration of the world while doing so. She had a heroic leader, for she was taken from her home by Mrs. Major Simmonds, a mother with two babies, who confronted, without flinching, the massed ruffianism of Pietermaritzburg, and conducted to a victorious finish services which were persistently interrupted by merchants and other "gentlemen" of that city, with the assistance of broken chairs, bricks, etc.

Amidst scenes like this Clara Lewis, mourning that she was only a "poor colored girl," and could, therefore, do so little, resolutely did that little well, and a few months afterwards, when she was accidentally burnt to death, after bearing agonies of pain in glorious peace for a few hours, the Volunteer Rifles of the city, as well as thousands of others, turned out to follow her charred remains to a Salvation Soldier's grave. I question whether, in all the records of British or other colonies, there could be found an instance of equal respect paid to a colored woman. But Clara Lewis was a conqueror, and everybody knew it, and felt and acted accordingly.

VIII.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

WHEN the day came for sending officers abroad, it was natural and fitting that the call should first be heard in the General's house. It was no wonder that his own child should be the first given up for the ransom of a foreign people. It was equally natural that our nearest neighbors across the Channel should, first of all receive such attention. And in March, 1881, the General's eldest daughter, Catherine Booth, with Miss Soper, now Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and two others, landed in France to seek the salvation of that country.

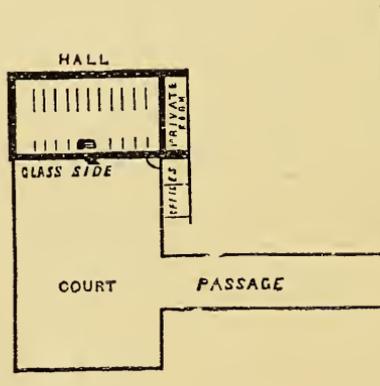
Nothing short of the accompanying ground plan could give any proper idea of the building that had been taken for their use; and it will be seen at a glance not only how difficult it must have been to obtain an audience in such a place but how all but impossible to get rid of them in a peaceable way, when once they were gathered together, if they became disorderly. Only the extreme difficulty of obtaining any building at all at a rent that the poor Salvation Army, or its still poorer offspring (*L'Armee du Salut*) could hope to pay, could explain the hiring of such a hall.

What a battle-field that Rue d' Angoulême was! First the battle to get people there without being allowed to hold anything like an open-air meeting, or even to exhibit about the neighborhood such appeals to the eyes as *The Army delights*, with such telling effect, to use. The sisters used to write an announcement of their meetings, or half print it, on the largest sheets of paper in their possession, which two of them would then stand near the gate holding up between

them. But by dint of hard visiting, and conversations with men in the streets, a crowd was got. And it was a crowd!

“Why,” said a somewhat alarmed sergeant of police, one evening, ‘you have got half the cut-throats of Paris here;’ and, undoubtedly, for thorough badness of character, want of self-respect, and of the most ordinary regard for women, and general hardness of heart, the men, who almost exclusively composed that congregation, were all that even The Salvation Army could wish for anywhere.

But then came the struggle of speaking to them, of singing, and getting them to sing, in a language that was foreign to the Officers. They had studied French very carefully, and become considerably proficient in it, in English opinion; but when it came to speaking it before a turbulent assembly of Parisian rowdies, any one can easily imagine that the French that was spoken was often more amusing than edifying to those who listened to it.



came to speaking it before a turbulent assembly of Parisian rowdies, any one can easily imagine that the French that was spoken

When Miss Booth and her little company went to Paris, their address was *Poste Restante*. Dreaded, disliked, and almost friendless, the little force began their campaign, and were soon in the heat of a glorious battle, some of the first scenes of which have been very graphically described by Commandant Herbert Booth, then 19 years of age, who was for some time the only man connected with the Expedition.

“Half-past eleven o’clock on Thursday morning I was sitting reading at Nottingham, when a telegram announced that I was to pack up, and come to London by the next

train, from which place I was to proceed to Paris. Seven o'clock found me at Headquarters, and having received my orders, left by first train the next morning, and after a journey lasting ten hours, I reached the French capital.

"After some little difficulty the cab pulled up before what seemed to be a factory, but what proved to be the *Salle du Salut* (the Hall of Salvation). I had no difficulty in finding out that it was The Salvation Army, for, although I could not understand what was being said, I could plainly feel how it was said, and one of the great secrets of success with The Army is, that we know how to say what we want the dying, perishing world to hear; and we have made up our minds that every Frenchman shall hear it.

"I entered the building, which is an oblong room capable of holding some 600 people. At one end there is a small platform, upon which sat Captain Catherine Booth and her Staff. I mounted and took a seat. The Hall was three parts filled with some of the most awful, degraded, and miserable-looking people I ever saw in my life. Women without bonnet or shawl, little children with dirty pinafores and unwashed faces, old men with uncombed hair and bony fingers, over the ends of which the nails protruded at least a quarter of an inch, whose skeleton forms reminded one more of demons escaped from hell than of human beings; with young men and women with ashy pale countenances, all sitting with eyes fixed upon Miss Booth; wherever she moves their eyes follow her; she speaks, and every mouth, ear, and eye is open to catch what she says.

"Oh, whata sight! But still that was not all I was destined to see and hear that night, for I had not been seated long when a hymn was started, and some of those poor, wretched forms lifted their heads and sang, in the midst of their sin and sorrow—

"Viens à Jesus"

Come to Jesus). Here and there I noticed a tear wend

its way down those dirty faces, and as the singing went on, one young woman rose and came up from the back of the Hall, falling on her knees at the penitent-form; she then and there sought pardon for her past wasted life. Hallelujah! The singing goes on,

‘Il pardonne,
Il pardonne
Maintenant.’

“‘He’ll forgive you just now.’ And as we sang, these poor wretched souls looked at us as if they wondered whether it was really true that they could be ever forgiven. To my right I noticed three young men, whose faces clearly showed what an awful struggle was going on. At last they gave in, and with a firm step approached to fall at the form. Soon after I heard one of them pleading with the Lord in his own tongue, with hands clenched, and tears of repentance in his eyes.

“‘Je te servirai coute que coute.’ (‘I *will* serve Thee, cost what it may.’)

“On Monday night our meeting had been going on about half-an-hour when a band of young men entered the passage armed with a kettle-drum, two cornets, and sundry tin whistles, and another ardent youth, who by what we could make out, seemed to possess two saucepan lids. They entered a room at the top of the passage, and commenced playing. The effect of this music was merely to draw a few of those young men who do not know yet how to value the privilege of a Salvation Army meeting. The whole of the little street is at once alive. Dancing begins, and everything is in confusion. But we leave that giddy throng, and pass through the gates and into the Hall, where there are about 160 persons all sitting with rapt attention. There are six big women kneeling at the form, and here and there one can see an unhappy-looking face and a struggling tear, and yet they won’t come! Night after night they sit and

hear, and look and wonder, but still go away unsatisfied, and then come again, until one of these nights we are expecting God will sweep the lot into the fountain of His love, and they will be standing monuments of His tender mercy ever afterwards.

“Friday’s meeting was the most wonderful and best attended since the opening. It had been announced that, it being Ascension Day, we should explain an Ascension into Heaven. This created much curiosity. ‘I hear you are going up to-night,’ said one man to Lieut. Cox, who had been visiting. ‘I am coming to see how you do it;’ and a good many others came to see how we did it, and found out that the way we got into Heaven was getting Heaven into our hearts, thus having a constant Heaven on the way to Heaven.

“It often happened that conflicts broke out in the meeting itself between that portion of the audience that from curiosity was anxious to hear all that was being said and sung, and another that would not endure the Word spoken, and which, with flashing eyes and gnashing teeth and clenched fists, would show every determination to put an end to the service. Some used to bring knives to the meetings, and when a cry was raised that we were Jesuits, there would be a general hubbub, during which many would stand up and open their knives.

“At such times” says the Commandant, “they used to begin to sing and go on till it was over.”

“We had the unpleasant scene of a fight between two roughs in the prayer meeting to-night.” said one of the reports of these days. “It was with difficulty that we succeeded in separating them, and in getting the worst of the two to the door, bleeding profusely. Scarcely had the people returned to their seats and the work re-commenced, when they were thrown again into commotion by seeing the pugilist, who had remained, deliberately take out a large

knife and commence to get it into stabbing order, preparatory to encountering his assailants and companions when leaving the Hall. We were thankful when he was eventually got safely off without further bloodshed."

And the singing! It was notorious, even at a much later date, so much so that many people were induced to attend the meetings simply for the amusement of hearing "English girls singing French." The translation of the song-book had been carried out with very great care by French friends, no doubt well versed in their own language, but naturally ignorant of Salvation Army music; and our notes very frequently twisted the French accents so completely out of place as to make the singing really what they called it, "a true comedy."

And then our strange teaching! A few years ago it used to be commonly reported that there was, in France, quite a "hunger of the Word." It was said that so eager were the people to hear the plain gospel, that there could not possibly be any need for the peculiar work of The Salvation Army. Any number of persons could be assembled in any part of the country for Conference about true religion. The coming of The Salvation Army was, according to these reporters, not only needless but dangerous to the progress of the gospel, and accordingly no less than seventeen pastors and missionary workers in the city of Paris assembled to pray God to avert from the country this coming evil. Their prayers were not answered, and without wishing to utter a word of reflection on the work of others in France, I will only remark that we have found as little hunger there as anywhere else for the real, quickening Word of death and life, and less disposition, rather than more, to submit to a gospel which speaks of duties as well as blessings, of Holiness as well as Heaven, of a real supernatural spiritual life on earth as well as of a world to come.

The success won amidst all these difficulties in the Rue d'Angoulême was only too complete. Neighbors complained that the place was the resort of a crowd of the most terrible and disorderly characters; and the police, after one or two little attempts to preserve order, without any approach to a serious conflict with the people, such as the Parisian authorities always labor to avoid, ordered the room to be closed, and closed it remained for nearly three months.

Oh! how I should like, if it were possible, to tell the history of that three months' war! for I question whether, in all The Army's story, there have been three months equal to those for desperate fighting and complete victory. Imagine, if you can, the seventy-seven days or more, which came and went while the little company were kept hoping against hope for permission to re-open the hall, hoping to find another where they might be allowed to continue their work; or hoping to find some other road, along which to move forward to the attack on the country; those days in which the devil never ceased to assure them that it was all over with them, that whatever might be done elsewhere, there could be no hope of making a Salvation Army in France; those weary, weary days, that must have stretched themselves out as though they were weeks, in which, nevertheless, no soul of the little band wavered, in which nothing of confidence was lost, and God alone can say how much else was won!

It was during the closure of the first Hall that the new one on the Quai Valmy, which has ever since been the French Headquarters, was found; and once the services had been established here, it was not thought worth while to continue the use of the old place, of the closing of which a second time there was necessarily constant dread. Before leaving it, however, we ought to mention that no less than forty-five Soldiers of the first Corps were assembled in it at

one time, almost all of them ready to testify to the glorious Salvation which they had received amidst its stormy scenes.

The new Hall was intensely interesting from the fact that it had been used in the days of the Commune as a battery, holes roughly made in the walls as embrasures for the guns having been filled up in a way that still leaves the trace of those awful days behind. This old foundry had, moreover, an iron door, which from the very first has proved most useful. Standing as it does by the side of a canal, with a gas illumination in front, which makes it clearly visible from the bridge and roadway that lead to the Buttes de Chaumont, this is indeed a battery, commanding some of the densest masses of Paris, and here, ever since October 16th, 1881, the war has been carried on with ceaseless pertinacity and continued success. The very first night the great iron door was put to the test with stones, and inside there was also one of the disturbances that have been seen in the meetings all along. One of the habitual disturbers, a very furious fellow, came in, and began to say, "Citizens, this is all a manœuvre of the Jesuits; our streets are going to run with blood again." The sympathetic part of the audience at once cried, "To the door!" and a number of them hustled him out. Two gendarmes had to come the same evening to maintain order outside.

Those who are acquainted with The Army will hardly need to be reminded that at this very door, only a few weeks ago, our beloved comrade, Jeanmonod, was struck, never to appear again at his post; and the scenes within as well as without the Hall during all these years continued much the same; the congregation changing and varying so much, that it would be difficult to guess how many thousand different people have, in this one Hall, been dealt with about their souls.

In November, 1882, however, the *Maréchale*, not content with the use of this one building hired one in another

extremely poor neighborhood, Rue Oberkampff, where even more violent scenes took place than had been witnessed by The Army in Paris before. The resistance here to the truth was by pistol, dagger, and knife; and the officers were not only severely wounded on the spot in several cases, but were chased from the neighborhood often for miles, time after time, barely escaping under the care of the police, in trams and other public conveyances, so that no one could wonder or complain when in a short time the police order to close was forthcoming. The loss of rent, and other expenses consequent on such an order would, in itself, be no small matter to a poor Mission, even if the trial of being driven from the very people they most sought to bless were not too great to allow these minor consequences to be thought of. But that Oberkampff battery was not silenced before it had been the scene of one great Army event, for it was in this shop-barracks that the Rev. Mr. Charlesworth assisted his daughter on to a chair that she might speak, as he saw she was ready to do, in the midst of a scoffing, cursing group of men, and so fairly launched her into that life of turmoil and conflict for the King which we all trust may be prolonged and gloriously blessed for many years.

Shutting up The Salvation Army is not an operation that we should recommend to anyone who wishes to appear successful, even in this present life: for every time there is an attempt to shut the door in one direction there is sure to be a more violent outburst some other way; and no sooner was the closing of the Oberkampff Hall a certainty than all eyes turned towards Switzerland, invitations to which country had hitherto been put aside, it being thought impossible to attend to them while there was so much on hand in France.

In Geneva there was liberty. No difficulty was to be apprehended. We had already, we were told, many friends in that city, and there could be no doubt that not only

there, but throughout Switzerland, we should receive a welcome, and find, comparatively speaking, an easy sphere of labor. Colonel Clibborn, a young Irish minister of the Society of Friends, who had joined The Army in France in 1882, went forward to prepare the way, and, in one or two private explanatory meetings he held, every sign of favor was present, and nothing that indicated any other but an easy victory for The Army. True, when it came to the ministry of a woman, there was some hesitation about the use of Halls; but, whatever this might have amounted to, prejudice gave way, and it was arranged that Miss Booth, accompanied by Colonel Clibborn and others, should be allowed the use of the Reformation Hall for one or two meetings.

For the first few days after her arrival in the city the prospect remained only too peaceful and quiet. She had come under the most respectable auspices, and the difficulty was to get anybody but the most respectable people to the meetings. Therefore a bill was submitted to the authorities, and, after their approval, was issued, announcing that at the next meeting The Army motto, "Blood and Fire," would be explained, and that Maréchale Booth would "open the attack."

The object was achieved. The people who wanted no religion came, and at once showed a disposition to disturb the proceedings. Surely it cannot be necessary to tell intelligent persons that Miss Booth did not wish for a disturbance; that she does not like to stand on a platform, unable to make herself heard, even by people close around her; that she prefers, after a long meeting, to be allowed to go home without being hooted at and pelted on the way; and that Colonel Clibborn, and the rest of her companions, although, by God's grace, able to bear rough usage, do not enjoy being kicked or hit, and would rather be excused, especially after a long day's work, if they can be permitted to go to their

beds in peace. Yet it was a lady of Geneva, claiming the profoundest sagacity, who suggested to the public that it was the aim of our officers to get up a disturbance in order to serve their own purposes; and that lady, and others who have made similar statements, were certainly believed by many intelligent persons in Swiss Government and other circles!

Night after night the storm grew worse and worse; and although, thank God, in the midst of all the commotion scores of poor sinners sought and found mercy, yet the state of things became more serious from day to day, and the authorities, unwilling to show themselves in earnest against the disorderly mobs, rose up in their might and ordered the expulsion of the victims.

It was on Sunday, the 11th, and Monday, the 12th Feb., 1883, that Marechale Booth and Miss Charlesworth were expelled from Geneva—the Maréchale on the plea that she had broken the law as to collections, there being no such law in existence, the one indicated by a falsified title referring only to collecting from house to house; and Miss Charlesworth for having disobeyed the proclamation of the Cantonal Council, which said, “The exercises of The Salvation Army are temporarily suspended” (Miss Charlesworth was at this time only seventeen years of age).

Captains Sitzer and Guillot and a Lieutenant were expelled on similar pleas.

Driven from Geneva the little company set out, not for France, as every one had hoped, but for another Swiss canton, and were soon at work in the town of Neuchâtel. Here again it was evident that they were to have a serious conflict with every power combined. A pastor led the attack in a sermon in which he denounced The Army's excitement and so forth. It was evident that the authorities would not assist in preserving order at the meetings, for although they issued a proclamation calling

upon the inhabitants to remain calm, it was with a clear intimation that they had much reason to be otherwise, and that it would be impossible for the authorities to maintain order unless the citizens were good enough to keep it. The citizens, assisted by others from neighboring villages, soon disturbed the meetings—so much so that it was ordered that the Hall should not be opened after sunset. The hour was gradually made earlier and earlier. But when at last the poor Salvationists contented themselves with meeting as early as five o'clock in the morning, they were still too late to obtain any respite from their persecutors. Sunday meetings were forbidden, and the Maréchale and her Officers assaulted whenever they were seen in the streets.

When public meetings were closed and the Officers and Soldiers met together in private houses for prayer, those houses were surrounded and attacked with fury. By-and-by a petition was got up against The Army, and a decree was published forbidding the meetings of The Army altogether, on the plea that it must be considered a religious corporation similar to the monastic orders.

In spite of all the opposition and difficulties, a strong Corps of Soldiers had already been enlisted, and they now proceeded to hold meetings in their own houses, or on the hills and in forests, wherever they thought they might escape a little while from the vigilance of their enemies.

On the 9th of September, the Maréchale led a meeting at *Prise Imer* in the *Jura Forest*, five miles above *Neuchâtel* the prefect, chief of gendarmes, and fifteen gendarmes soon appeared on the scene, but respectfully listened to the whole of the meeting, after which Miss Booth and Major, then Capt., *Becquet*, were arrested, and taken before the President of the Council, who declared them to be his prisoners, but allowed them to go to a funeral at Geneva on the Monday, under £250 bail. The Maréchale and Miss Charlesworth were interrupted at the funeral, and

immediately after it were once more taken before the police and instantly expelled. For attending this funeral Col. Clibborn also was expelled from Geneva.

The following Sunday the Maréchale took part in another meeting in the parish of Rochefort, canton of Geneva.

Unwilling to remain longer at large under bail, the Maréchale had the bail withdrawn and went to prison, where she remained until the day of her trial, ten days later. Her imprisonment was voluntarily shared by Major Kate Patrick. Major Becquet followed her two days later, having been engaged in service elsewhere.

On Saturday, September 29th, the prisoners were taken to Bondy. When asked to plead the Maréchale said,

“It is true that we have prayed and spoken in the name of Jesus, notwithstanding the decree of the Conseil d’etat;” and Major Becquet said,

“I prayed to God after my fashion; the police forbade me; I continued to do so notwithstanding.”

After two days’ trial, the jury declared that, although the accused had taken part in a meeting contrary to the decree, they had not acted with any culpable intention, and they were therefore acquitted.

The Directors of Police at once told the police to withdraw from the court, and the acquitted were left to the fury of the mob, who, but for the energetic intervention of lawyers and friends, would have run them “to the lake,” as they cried. The next Sunday a meeting was held in Neuchâtel to demand the expulsion of the foreign Salvationists. The Government obeyed the crowd. But by this time we had hundreds of Swiss Soldiers; and since then not only has the work gone on as vigorously as ever, but no less than twenty-four Neuchâtelois have given up their whole lives to the war and become Officers!

Driven thus from both the cantons of Switzerland in which Corps had been established, the Maréchale and

Colonel Clibborn returned to France to extend the war there, and to appear again in Switzerland from time to time as occasion required, to encourage the Soldiers to press on operations in that country. Perhaps the most memorable occasions of this kind were the grand review of Swiss troops in 1886, and the visit during March, 1886, of Colonel Clibborn with his brother to the town of Bienne, Canton Berne, where two years before our barracks had been utterly wrecked, and the decree prohibiting meetings passed, and where, nevertheless, a valiant little Corps had been raised up. During this visit the Colonel and his brother were both seized and committed to prison in default of paying fines inflicted on them two years ago. Since this the Maréchale has held a great review of all the forces at Mutrux, where 1,500 persons were present.

The years that have passed since the invasion of Switzerland have been bright also with the extension of the war into seven departments of the South of France, so that we have now in France eighteen, and in Switzerland fifteen Corps under the leadership of 113 Officers and Cadets.

The stern limits of space, in view of the vast fields yet to be described, forbid any attempt properly to set forth the story of these advances, of the Maréchale's great meetings, season after season, in the Boulevard des Capucines Hall, or of the advance recently made into German Switzerland, where, in spite of every device of the enemy, four Corps have already been formed. We can only say that in Nimes, and in a number of the villages of several neighboring departments, thoroughly hearty and all but self-supporting, Corps have been formed out of which a number of French Officers have already been produced. The city of Lyons was also invaded at the end of 1885, and the French Army, with more than a hundred Officers raised in France and Switzerland, and with the attention of both countries fully gained, bids fair to become speedily a very great power.

The French "War Cry," entitled "En Avant," has played, perhaps, a far more important part in the war, proportionately, than the English "War Cry;" for although the numbers sold have of course been very small, as compared with our huge figures, yet this little paper has attained a much larger circulation than that possessed by any evangelical paper in France or Switzerland.

Sold on the Boulevard, as well as in the back streets, and sent regularly through the post to almost every country in Europe, this little disturber, so often quoted with disgust by Christians, and with contempt by the Secular Press, has, we know, been the direct means, in God's hands, of the Salvation of many, and we know not to how great an extent it has helped to awaken or maintain life in many of the all-but-dead Protestants of the country, who look elsewhere in vain, in so many cases, for any helping hand.

Protestantism in France, maintained in existence with difficulty even as a form by the aid of Government grants, is scarcely able anywhere to maintain schools or any other voluntary agency of its own. Many Protestant temples are not only without pastors but are absolutely closed and unused, and in many cases pastors are as much opposed to anything like spiritual life or Scriptural teaching as the most violent opponents of Christianity could possibly wish; so that the work of The Army in France, and in Protestant Switzerland, too, extends far beyond its own meetings. God is making us we trust a leaven that shall cause to spring again, in spite of all opposition and unbelief, the faith which Protestants and Catholics alike had almost ceased to cherish.



IX.

SWEDEN

No less interesting than the campaigns in France and Switzerland has been The Army's entry into the north of Europe. In 1878, Mr. Bramwell Booth, utterly exhausted by the excessive labors and cares which had even then fallen upon him, went to Sweden at the kind invitation of our life-long friend, Mr. Billups, who was then engaged in making a railway in that country, for a good rest. The rest soon developed into a little campaign, meetings being held by the Chief-of-Staff often twice and thrice a day in drawing-rooms, mission-houses, or wherever else it was possible, with the result that multitudes of people sought and found Salvation, and many of those who were already saved looked to God for complete deliverance from all sin, and devoted their lives entirely to His service.

Among these latter was Hanna Ouchterloney, daughter of a wealthy family, who from those days determined never to rest until she saw The Salvation Army established in Sweden, and failing to attain her heart's desire by correspondence, she came to England in 1881, but found the General entirely unable to grant her request. "We have nobody to send," was his conclusive reply. "Go and get the people saved yourself." Miss O. returned, determined to do what she could; and, having at length broken through the great difficulty of opening her mouth in public, God soon blessed her to the Salvation of souls. A few months later she returned to England with the first of these converts, and presenting her to the General almost

demanded that help should be sent to Sweden, or that after training along with this young sister she should be allowed to go on The Army's behalf herself and do what she could. There was no denying such importunity. Swedes, converted at The Army's Meetings in England, or in the United States, were found, trained, and commissioned, and in December, 1882, Miss Ouchterloney landed in Gothenburg as the Major of The Salvation Army, with power to establish it in her own country.

From the very first day the meetings in Sweden were crowded to excess, and indeed our only serious troubles there have arisen in connection with those crowds, which have given unkindly authorities here and there an excuse for putting in operation laws enacted hundreds of years ago, for an entirely different purpose, to close our meetings at a ridiculously early hour, or else to inflict fine or imprisonment upon the Officers. Within a week or two of the opening in Stockholm, the riding-school, accommodating 5,000 persons, was crammed with people, leaving a much greater crowd still outside. In these huge meetings there was very much disturbance—seats were broken, and everything else done in the usual style to prevent a good hearing; but in the midst of all this there was at one time to be seen "seven yards" of penitents crying for mercy.

In view of the great anxiety to get into these meetings, it was perhaps inevitable that there should be a great deal of disturbance, and that the owners of the theatre, riding-school, and other buildings, refused to let us their places any longer. But when left in the midst of a Swedish winter, without a single building of any kind to meet in, The Army appeared at its very best. Huge timber or coal-yards were lent, and thousands of people were to be seen standing for hours together on ice and snow, without any roof over them, listening patiently to the multiplied testimonies which were already forthcoming from Swedish

drunkards and others who had become new creatures in Christ Jesus. In a few weeks a second Corps was established in Gothenburg, in a low music-hall, and before the end of the first year a Swedish "War Cry" was commenced; and soon after this the work was extended to Upsala.

Here was to be seen for the first time in The Army's history an assembly in which the student and the drunkard classes were equally well represented, and in which the most learned, side by side with the most ignorant, were born into the Kingdom of God, and rejoiced to serve Him together. In 1884 a fourth Corps was established in Norkoeping, where between sixty and seventy sought Salvation in the old factory, fitted up for us in two days. Since then Corps have been established in Malmo, Viborg, and Sundsvall.

In each of these places the crowding of the people to hear has been simply astounding—as many as 20,000 having, it was said, come together at one time in Malmo, and of course the usual spiritual results followed. But, taking our very success for an excuse, the enemy has been proportionately busy, and during 1886, especially, a form of persecution, such as we have never met with before, has been rapidly developed. True there had been threatening even against Major Ouchterloney herself in Stockholm, after the issue of an order to close her meeting at sunsets, but she had always escaped through the apparent reluctance of the authorities to put their threats against her into execution even after they had repeatedly called her before the Court and condemned her to fines which she was determined not to pay.

But in these provincial towns no regard for the character of the work has prevented the authorities from condemning one Officer after another to enormous fines, with the alternative of lengthy imprisonment. In Norkoeping a notice was served on the Officers to close the meeting by ten o'clock, which of course seemed reasonable enough, although the eagerness of the people to hear in Sweden is such that

having once got into a building they show no disposition to leave it even at a much later hour. But upon the ten o'clock order being complied with, in a few days another followed, requiring that the meeting should be closed at nine. This appeared so absurd that, knowing it had no legal foundation, the Officers determined to ignore it, and at nine o'clock the following evening a policeman walked up to the platform and demanded that the meeting be closed. The Captain who was leading took no notice of the interruption, and the Lieutenant patted the policeman on the shoulder saying, "God bless you." The next day these two young men were condemned to pay more than £16 each, the same fine to be inflicted for every meeting they continued after nine p.m. Several other Swedish Officers have now been fined or imprisoned; but the work goes on gloriously as ever.

Miss Charlesworth visiting Sweden in the spring of 1886 held special meetings for the students of Upsala, in connection with the first of which the Army's first Latin bill was issued. It read as follows:—

CIVES ACADEMICI !
 CRAS DOMINICA, HORA
 IV POSTMERIDIANA
 IN
 "SALVATIONEM"
 VOS OMNES VENITE!
 MAUD CHARLESWORTH,
 BRITTANA ILLA, QUAE GLORIA BELLII
 HELVETICI FLORET, PUBLICE
 LOQUETUR,
 NEMO NISI CIVIS ACADEMICUS IN
 "ARCAM"
 ADITUM HABEBIT.

And Staff Captain Hellburg, himself recruited from this University, thus described what followed:—"The greater part of those who read these bills had to turn away from them without understanding the Latin contents, but those for whom they were intended, viz., members of the University, understood them very well, as was best shown by the numbers in which they accepted the invitation, set forth in the bill, to come to 'The Ark,' on Sunday, at four o'clock, to hear Miss Charlesworth—"that British woman famed through the honor of having taken part in the war in Switzerland"—speak to them.

"After a song and some prayer the Major made a few remarks and introduced Miss Charlesworth, who then spoke. 'Not a whisper disturbed Miss Charlesworth's lecture,' says the newspaper 'Vart Land,' and it is certain that at times deathlike silence prevailed. In particular, when she spoke of their own hearts' need, and of the separation from loved ones by death, one could see the condition of soul in which many found themselves.

"Tears ran down many cheeks as these strong men struggled with their feelings. I will not attempt to repeat the speech, but it was said that when Miss Charlesworth sat down she had succeeded in the object of the meeting by bringing her congregation to see and feel (1st) the need of a religion which does not consist merely of a mass of theories, dogmas, and theological speculations which can hardly satisfy the intellect much less the heart; 2ndly, there is a religion which can satisfy the heart as well as the intellect, and (3rdly) this religion is the real religion of Jesus Christ."

Already the work in Sweden has produced its effects far away into Lapland and Finland, and an immediate extension of it into Norway, will, we trust, be one of the first-fruits of the International Congress.

X.

UNITED STATES.

It was in 1872 that the work of the Christian Mission was first extended to the United States by means of an East-End cabinet-maker, who emigrated to that country, and, falling in with kindred spirits in Cleveland, Ohio, went out on to the streets and began to work, as he had been accustomed to do when in London, with somewhat similar results following. This brother, however, returned to this country, and the work in Cleveland did not long survive his departure.

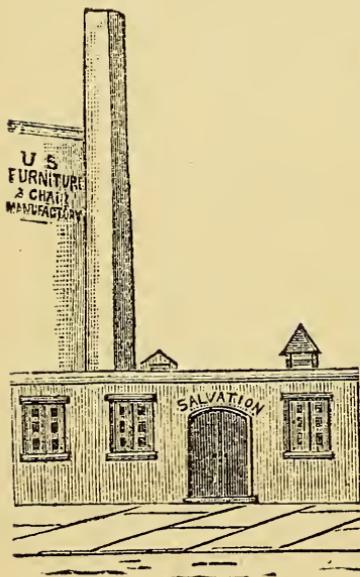
Seven years later, an Army family from Coventry, the daughter having been for some time a Lieutenant, emigrated to Boston, and thence to Philadelphia, where the father soon obtained a good situation in a large manufactory. The continual thought of all three was that they must be at the old work as speedily as possible, and as soon as they were settled in the city Mr. Shirley began to look round for a meeting-place, and he was not very long in discovering what was to be the birthplace of our American Army.

The chair factory had been used in the days of the great war as an hospital. The lower part of it had now become half forge, half stable, the windows and roof were broken, the walls and the earthen floor were blackened with smoke and coal-dust; and when he first went in some animal was tied up in one corner. Friends laughed at the very idea of asking Americans to worship in such a place, accustomed, as they were, to every luxury in their meeting-places. But Soldiers who had come out of the Salvation factory in

Coventry knew more of the power of God than that; and without waiting even for money to fit up the place, beyond a very few planks by way of platform and seating, father, mother, and daughter determined to open fire upon the city.

The next Sunday morning they were standing at the corner of Eighth and Oxford streets, singing—

“We’re bound for the land of the pure and the holy.
Will you go?”



OUR FIRST AMERICAN BARRACKS.

Their Sunday morning open-air service was quiet enough, but in the afternoon and evening, at another corner, they drew from the enemy a return fire of potatoes, corn-cobs, mud, rags, and other refuse, while they sang five surrounding saloons empty. However, smiled upon or opposed, in sunshine or in storm, the work went forward from that day, and before many months a second Corps had been established in West Philadelphia, Mr. Shirley all this time continuing at his employment and devoting as much as possible of his income as well as of his strength to the support of the work. The news of all this was sent to us with an earnest entreaty that we would take the matter up.

And early in 1880, just as I had been appropriated for a sudden and special attack on North Wales, The General looking at this vast opportunity across the Atlantic, said, “We must go,” and despatched me with seven Hallelujah Lassies for the purpose. After a twenty-eight days’ stormy

voyage we landed in New York, and before we had been many minutes in the great Rotunda of the Castle Gardens we were politely asked to let the people hear what we had come to say. We formed a ring, unfurled one of our flags, and started off:--

“ With a sorrow for sin, let repentance begin,
Then conversion, of course, will draw nigh ;
But till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord,
You will never be ready to die.”

There was little need to say much by way of explanation of such plain language ; but we prayed with the people, and assured them they should know where to find us again as soon as we had a meeting place. There was no difficulty about the matter, for we were the first sent out in Salvation Army uniform, and as our red hat bands were made two inches and a half wide, it was pretty easy for anybody to see who we were, and where we were. Moreover, the press took us up with characteristic energy. But where were we to meet ?

Our first thought of course was the streets, but we found that the authorities of New York stood on etiquette. They would grant a permit for an open-air meeting to any minister of the Gospel belonging to any denomination, but we were not ministers who had any connection with any church. We might have acted under the wing of some good friend, and were offered that privilege. But we were not willing to accept any such position. There were only two clear days between our landing and Sunday, and we could find no building that would be rented to us that seemed at all suitable. By Friday night we had the offer to hold services in a Mission Hall well up town on Sunday afternoon and during the following week.

But where were we to make our first hit ? As a result of the great publicity given to us in the papers, the manager of Harry Hills, one of the most notorious places for

amusement in the Union, called and proposed that we should appear there on the Sunday evening. I went to inspect, and, on seeing the character of the place and those who were found together there, had not a moment's doubt as to our duty. While upstairs discussing the matter with Harry I was immensely amused at the kindness of a friend of his, who assured me of the respectability of the place, saying that he had been himself, and knew others who had been there again and again in an evening, and had too much liquor, but had found their watches and money and everything all right in the morning; so I might be sure it was "a respectable place, and not like some." The owner explained that we were to form a part of the Sunday evening entertainment, admission to which was always charged a shilling for, and he was quite willing to have made us a handsome payment for our services. This, of course, was out of the question, and the fact that we were willing to come and address his crowd without getting anything for it, no doubt helped him to the opinion of us which he expressed afterwards, and which, from such a quarter, I must say, I considered a great compliment. He voted us "a set of ----- fools."

However, we were there on the Sunday night, for our time, and although, no doubt, the religious public shivered at the thought, we had as compact a crowd of thoroughly ungodly men and women as could have been hoped for, with perfect liberty to do as we liked whilst we were before them; and the report of that meeting did more to convey to everyone exactly whom and what we were after than anything else could possibly have done.

That night, outside the door, we met a poor little wretched-looking victim of the drink, who had not been able to pay the twenty-five cents admission, but who wanted to see The Salvation Army, and to know where to meet with us again. On the Monday afternoon Ash-

barrel Jimmy was present at a meeting we had undertaken to hold in a Mission Hall, where he was shown to a front seat, and before the end of the meeting got saved. This man, who had received his nickname because a policeman found his feet sticking out of an ash-barrel into which he had fallen while seeking for his hat during one of his drunken sprees, has been ever since that day an out-and-out Soldier of The Salvation Army.

But it had been agreed that, if there was not ample opportunity for open-air work in New York, Headquarters should be established in Philadelphia or elsewhere, and, accordingly I served the Mayor of New York with an ultimatum, which answered the double purpose of bringing matters to an immediate settlement, and of getting a distinct statement of our principles into all the newspapers, after which, there being no favorable response, I left some of the lasses to carry on the services in New York while I took others to attack Newark, New Jersey, a town of a hundred thousand inhabitants, nine miles away. We had been invited to visit that city by a teetotal gentleman, who, when he knew what we really were, did not even wish to speak to us himself. Here we found an old theatre of the lowest description, with broken windows and doors, and altogether in the last degree of dirt and dilapidation. Snow being on the ground at the time, and as we had no means of heating the place at all, we had to invite the gentlemen present to keep their hats on during the Sunday afternoon service, crowded though the place was. But sinners were saved that first day, and the sisters, like their comrades in New York, soon had a flourishing Corps.

I had a tremendous welcome to Philadelphia, where one of the largest Halls was crowded to see the presentation of The Army flags to our first two Pennsylvania Corps. We opened the first American Headquarters in the basement of 45, South Third Street, Philadelphia, being well content to

begin in a cellar, and found it a delightfully cool place that summer.

When we came to take stock, at the end of the first year, keeping our Anniversary twelve months after the first service held by the Shirleys, though only seven months after our arrival in the country, we found that we had twelve Corps holding 172 services per week, and that over 1,500 persons had professed conversion during the year. Out of the number, 265 had spoken on the previous Sunday in public. But that was a hot summer, and the heat told on the health of our English lasses terribly. We soon began, however, to get Americans well able to take their places, and when recalled to Headquarters, in the following March I was able, with every confidence, to leave our most distant Outpost, St. Louis, in establishing which I had myself spent the winter months, in the charge of an American woman.

My successor, Thomas E. Moore, who had been for some time in charge of the London Division of The Salvation Army, certainly pushed the war forward with all diligence, and in 1883 he was able to report that he had established 42 Corps, under the command of 66 Officers. Reports, however, began to reach us that the accounts kept at the Headquarters which he had established at Brooklyn were not correct, and that many transactions between himself and others would not bear investigation. At New Brunswick, where money had been subscribed for the erection of a Barracks, complaints burst into open revolt, the people being of opinion that the money had been misappropriated. Our Foreign Secretary, recruited in the States, with another Officer, was sent to investigate matters, and as they found everything in disorder, and the Major unwilling to have things placed on a proper footing, there remained no option but to cancel his commission and send out a more faithful Commissioner to take his place. Thank God, the needed

man was ready, and Commissioner Frank Smith, who had for some time been leading on our London Division with marked success, was, at very short notice, on his way to New York, where, at 25, State Street, without much in the way of furniture or resources, he and Mrs. Smith established their Headquarters, and commenced, or one might almost say re-commenced, the campaign. Now, I dwell on this portion of our history with very special pleasure, because there has never been an occasion in which anything like so good an opportunity has been presented for effecting a division in The Salvation Army.

Here was a man who had for years been treated with all confidence he expressed in us, and who had had for many months every facility for establishing his own influence, and getting rid of any that was hostile to it. He had already a considerable Army under his command, and as he did not hesitate to appropriate our name, our uniform and badges, our "War Cry," and everything distinctive of The Salvation Army, he surely started with every possible advantage. Possessed of a most plausible tongue, he succeeded, there can be no doubt, in persuading many good people that he was in the right, that—"If I could only have twenty minutes with General Booth the whole matter would be satisfactorily explained and arranged." Where persons had to be dealt with who could not have been cajoled in any such manner, the most scandalous trickery was unhesitatingly made use of. For instance, an Officer, faithful to The Army, received a telegram to proceed immediately to another town to assist the Officers there, it having been arranged to send in an unfaithful Officer to take his place, and, if possible, persuade the Corps to join the Secessionists.

There was every reason to suppose that American opinion would rally to the man, who, having had time to become naturalised and to surround himself with American assistance, could, with some show of reason, say that

his was the American Salvation Army resisting English tyranny or stupidity. But, in spite of all these circumstances, Commissioner Smith was able, after fourteen months of desperate exertion and conflict, in which he was devotedly and ably assisted by many Officers, to report The Army stronger than ever, with 143 Corps, under 290 Officers, marching on to the conquest of the whole country.

After a brief visit to this country in 1885, he returned to commence the establishment of an African Army. Two main difficulties beset our path in the work of forming Corps of the coloured citizens of the States, the first being the extreme poverty of many, which makes it difficult to meet the expense of hiring buildings and maintaining Officers, although the latter of course live amongst the people and in their own style.

But greater difficulty is occasioned by that extreme demoralization which has resulted from generations of slavery and from the miserable surface-religion which has so long passed muster among these people. The task may be a long and difficult one, but the successes already achieved assure us of a prospect of an African Army, composed of truly saved men and women.

The war in the United States, has, from the first, been a desperate one: for, although there has really been no difficulty in getting crowded congregations, willing to linger for almost any length of time, and watch with the intensest interest all that has gone forward on or about the platform, yet the enormous majority of our hearers have appeared so hardened that the converts have been rather dragged into life by twos and threes than gathered by scores and hundreds, as has been the case elsewhere, and, after the penitent-form, the difficulty is rather increased than diminished. The heartiness of an American's surrender when he really comes to the point, is most striking, and it is a very rare thing to meet with a convert who is not

ready and able, five minutes after conversion, to speak to the people in a most effective way. But when it comes to putting on The Army uniform, and being looked upon, spoken of, and regarded by the entire respectable community as a "Salvation Crank," the test imposed on decent men and women, from day to day, is often more severe than in this country, where the ruder usage and chaff of the streets is easier to bear than the clever and biting sarcasm of the United States, in which all classes and professions can more or less unite. True, The Army's objects and works have been appreciated and commended by so large a number of persons and newspapers, that possibly, if some simpler form of organisation had been adopted with milder tests of membership, we might have had by this time a larger number of supporters in the Union.

But, thank God, there has been no such attempt at adaptation as this. The well-to-do householder of the Western city has been required to place himself under the very same discipline, to wear the very same badges, and to share in the very same system of meetings as the poor African of the Southern city; and Officers whose Corps only number twenty or thirty have confronted city authorities and city drinksellers exactly as they would have done if they had had a marching force of 500. In most cases it has been, up to the present time, and still is, a hard uphill fight. Whole Corps have been locked up again and again for persisting in marches said to be contrary to some city ordinance, although the ordinance itself was notoriously contrary, if so applied, to the Constitution of the country and State. In other cities bands of rowdies have been allowed, without let or hindrance, to beat and stone the processionists to the danger of their lives. Even where the largest successes have been for a time attained, exclusion from some building, the unfaithfulness of some Officer, or the direct efforts of the Secessionists, have again and again seeme

almost to ruin our prospects. Yet, what is the state of things which we find existing at the present time?

From the splendid volume issued by Commissioner Smith in March, 1886, we find that he had then 163 Corps, under 340 Officers. The fifth anniversary of the work was celebrated in the beginning of March in several different cities, and, in connection with the Washington celebration, the Commissioner and a large number of his Officers and Staff were received by the President at the White House. This can hardly be taken as a guarantee in these stormy times that The Army has passed through all its scenes of ruffianly opposition and official persecution. During the year, 1886, already scores of Officers and Soldiers have been locked up in connection with the open-air services. But of one thing, thank God, there can be no longer any doubt, that we have in the United States a great Army, which cannot be divided or turned aside by any difficulty from the work which God has given it to do.



XI.

AUSTRALASIA.

AMONGST the congregation which assembled to hear the General in the Edinboro' Castle, Stepney, then used by him, one week evening in 1868, was a wild profligate milkman who had wandered far from God, but who came broken-hearted that evening to the penitent-form, where he sought and found mercy, and proved his sincerity by throwing up his situation rather than continue to do Sunday work, against which his conscience revolted.

In 1879, the milkman, who had meanwhile by godly living and hard labor raised his family into comfortable circumstances, emigrated to Adelaide, South Australia, together with a builder who had been converted at our services in Bradford, Yorkshire, and finding there other old Mission Soldiers, they united in establishing a Mission Station, and immediately reported to the General their first services, urgently calling for Officers to be sent them.

So, at the beginning of 1881, Captain Sutherland, commonly known as Glory Tom, with his valiant wife were sent out to take command, and from the date of their arrival to that of our latest intelligence "advance Australia" has been a fair description of the manner in which our troops on the other side of the water have carried out the Colonial motto.

So rapid was the extension of the work from the beginning, that in 1882 it was found necessary to send out Major Barker, with several other officers, that the work might be

the more perfectly organised, and advanced with a rapidity equivalent to our evidently grand opportunity. After setting things in order in the four South Australian Corps, the Major, who had already obtained financial help for this



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING AMONGST CHINESE.

purpose by means of a brief visit to Melbourne, sailed for that city, in which our Australian Headquarters must needs be established, and there on the Collingwood Flats, with his wife, and a few friends made during his previous visit, he unfurled The Army flag.

The great Temperance Hall was soon taken for the Sunday Services, and the vast audiences assembling there Sunday after Sunday ever since have shown what a hold we had on the masses of that city. Before the close of 1883 we had a large Headquarters and Printing Office for the Colonies in Melbourne, 14 Corps in South Australia, 9 in Victoria, and 5 under the superintendence of Major Sutherland in New South Wales; 3 distinct "War Cry" being issued weekly in the three Colonies, and meanwhile an even more romantic advance had been made.

On April Fool's Day, Captain Pollard, a delicate youth of 20, whom we had sent to New Zealand with no great hopes of any great work, on account of his health, still thinking that it might be improved and that he might be able to do good service at any rate in a limited way in that Colony, with a Lieutenant Wright, age 19, commenced the attack. They broke into their last sovereign to pay in advance the rent of the largest Hall they could secure in Dunedin, and so complete was the success of this effort that with the assistance of a couple of Officers sent on from Australia, Auckland was attacked the next Sunday, and before the year closed we had ten Corps in New Zealand.

At the end of 1884 we had in South Australia 35 Corps, in Victoria 21, in New South Wales 21, in New Zealand 23, and in Tasmania 3.

Meanwhile there had been established in Melbourne a great new work, the Prison Rescue Brigade, which attracted to The Army the attention and sympathy of all classes in the Colony. Ex-convicts, met at the prison gate, were in scores of cases led not only into the path of honesty, but into one of thorough devotion to the Saviour, some of them becoming honored and useful Officers.

Almost at the same time a Refuge for fallen sisters was established and filled, with efforts that dragged to the light

many of the foul spots in Melbourne life, and thus again there can be no doubt assisted in giving to The Army in these Colonies a position for influence and general respect such as many years of harder toil failed to obtain for it elsewhere.

To the honor of Colonial common sense and outspokenness be it said, that from the first the Press and men of influence in Australasia have not hesitated to express a hearty admiration for the character and labors of The Army. The Government of Melbourne has the honor to have been the first on earth properly to recognise and assist us, having devoted to our use at a nominal rental an old detective office in Melbourne, which we transferred into a Rescued Prisoners' Refuge, and having afterwards granted us £1,000 towards the cost of a Rescue Home for the women.

So grand a work as that which had been accomplished in Australia demanded no ordinary attention. The General himself could not see his way to so long a voyage, but in midsummer, 1884, sent his second son, together with Major Howard, to visit the Colonial forces.

The reception they met with, not only in Melbourne but wherever they went, from the day of their landing to the day when, in a Government vessel, escorted by another steamer crowded with people, Marshal Ballington Booth left Sydney for San Francisco, on his way to the International Congress, not only demonstrated the perfect union of heart prevailing between Headquarters and Soldiers at no matter how great a distance from it; but the hearty appreciation of The Army which must come wherever its work is fairly looked at by people sufficiently at liberty to express their real opinions.

Commissioner Howard, who remains for the present in charge of the work throughout Australasia, reports that we have now 177 Corps under 317 Officers, five "War Crys" with

an aggregate sale of 75,000 weekly, and a hold upon the populations of each colony far beyond anything that even these figures can convey.

Let no one imagine, however, that all these vast conquests have been won with less effort or in face of a less violent opposition than has had to be encountered elsewhere. On the contrary, larrikinism, (the Australian form of rowdyism,) is dangerously rampant, even in the Colonial capitals. Strong young men, accustomed for years to the entire absence of home or any other restraint, too easily able to earn money to be readily brought into any degree of dependence on, or respect for, others, and too numerous in most localities to be effectually restrained by the ordinary police force, are allowed frequently to act in a spirit of disregard for all law and authority; and from such a state of things our Officers are naturally the first to suffer. We have few Corps in Victoria or New South Wales which have not had to fight their way to victory through months of the most violent opposition.

In Sandhurst a Captain was so severely hurt as to have to be taken home in a cab.

In Newcastle the Soldiers were pelted on a Sunday morning with tins, bones, and stones.

At Liverpool, similar showers of missiles mingled with eggs outdoors, were followed up by the letting loose of an opossum, a bear, and a rat in the indoor meetings, where the Officers and Soldiers who attempted to keep order were very roughly handled.

“Hundreds of eggs are being thrown at us,” writes a Captain from another place, “but, Hallelujah, we go marching along.”

In one of the latest “War Crys” to hand, we read how at Waterloo, New South Wales, one Saturday, three drunken men attacked the ring while a drunken woman danced inside it. This poor creature was led to the indoor

meeting, however, where she sought Salvation, and just so, day by day, scenes of uncontrolled rowdiness have been followed by glorious spiritual victories, so that some of our best Colonial Officers to-day are men who have fought against us with characteristic vigor when first brought in contact with our services.

Nor have the rowdy and the lawless been left alone to oppose our advance. In out of the way towns and villages, as well as in Melbourne and other large centres, over-wise men have thought it necessary to interfere with our open-air services by the misapplication of old bye-laws, or the invention of new ones, but since it has been found that Colonial Officers accustomed to respectability and comfort are as certain to go to prison as the poorest of our English Soldiers rather than surrender the right to proclaim "The Lord reigneth" everywhere, the miserable attempts to misuse authority have, as in the old country, pretty nearly come to an end.

It is most difficult to convey anything like a fitting impression of the extent of the success with which God has blessed us in these distant colonies, where the very godlessness of many populations has given to us an opportunity for victories beyond any that we have enjoyed elsewhere, and where the comparative absence of stilted classes and opposition have found it possible for men of every rank honestly to recognise the great work done.

There are many towns and villages in which no other religious services than those of The Army are regularly held, and in which, with the addition of persons coming in from surrounding hamlets or farmsteads, we have frequently at our Sunday evening meetings a larger number than the resident population of the place. No wonder that Australian ex-Premiers and Chief Secretaries should think our great demonstrations worthy of their personal presence, and an Army which in five years has attained such proportions, worthy of their warm and hearty recognition.

And yet what is this Army on the other side of the world? Are its leaders learned, its proceedings respectable, its teachings toned down, its songs, its music, its language, refined, to curry favour with the wealthy and influential? Nothing of the kind. The songs and the music with which our processions of saved drunkards sweep the streets into their hired theatres, sheds, and barracks in the Southern world are precisely the ones which we use on the banks of the Thames.

It was amidst a number of Hallelujah lasses waving bannerets and sounding tambourines, whilst a dozen brass bands combined their music, that "under the Blood and Fire Flag," after volleys of music and wavings of handkerchiefs, that Mr. Graham Barry (then Chief Secretary of Victoria), standing before a crowd of several thousands of citizens, declared his sympathy with The Army, and his confidence in its leaders.

No; it is by "Glory Toms," and "Happy Dinahs," by converted ex-convicts, transformed drunkards, and sanctified servant girls, that God has wrought all these respect-compelling wonders in Australasia; and if, in older countries, where there ought to be more wisdom, and more knowledge of Christ, we are less respected and honored and helped, it is only because of the greater strength of old-fashioned prejudices, and the greater fear of fashionable opinion! May God bless the Colonial Exhibition of 1886 to the minds and hearts of many Europeans, and may men of influence and property at length wake up to see the value of a force that can conquer as well as confront all the most disorderly and dangerous elements of society.

A number of Maoris have been saved in connection with our meetings in New Zealand and in the colony of New South Wales. Our first step towards the invasion of China has been taken in the shape of the formation of Chinese Corps. We reproduce on a later page our first Chinese bill.

XII.

CANADA.

It was in July, 1882, that the first three Officers were despatched to Toronto to commence The Army's attack on Canada. A few weeks later a second Canadian Corps was founded in London, and now, in May, 1886, we have in Canada 170 Corps, under no less than 520 Officers, the vast majority of whom are, of course, Canadians, who have not only been led to give their lives to the Saviour, but trained in this great warfare in that country. When we remember the enormous distances between these Corps, which range from St. John's, Newfoundland, on the East coast, two thousands miles west, that every inch of the great territory has been won by "unlearned and ignorant" lads and lasses, just such as our Officers in this country, without the personal direction or advice of anybody more than thirty years old, that open-air work has to be carried on in winter time, in spite of weather which its fashionable advocates would consider made it entirely out of the question, that many of the Corps have been without an indoor meeting-place altogether for a considerable period, that hardly a penny of English money has been required or asked for, the very travelling expenses of the Officers sent from England being repaid from the Canadian funds, and that, in spite of Colonial independence of feeling, and, in the face of several hostile armies, discipline, even stricter than that which we maintain in this country, has been established, and colonists induced to become Officers, with

an average income of one dollar seventy-six cents.—say, 7s. 6d. per week—surely we must see here, at any rate, a problem worthy of study.

Canadian cities are not peopled with a brutalised and ignorant population too deeply sunk in drunkenness and debauchery to be able to reason clearly. Indeed, a writer in one of the Canadian newspapers went so far as to say that Canadians were too intelligent for The Salvation Army. Surely these colonists must be credited with sufficient sense to guide them as to the profitable use of their own money. In Toronto alone five large buildings have been erected or purchased for our use, one of which, the Headquarters for Canada, has cost £8,000; and we have more than forty Barracks of our own elsewhere, with land on which to build five more. The amount of income received and expended at the Headquarters during the nine months from January 1st to September 30th, 1885, under the superintendence of our young Commissioner, who landed in Canada a perfect stranger in September, 1883, was over £8,000, and the total amount of income received and expended by the various Corps and The Army generally throughout the Dominion during the year cannot have been less than £40,000. Yet even this gives no proper idea of the liberality with which The Army is treated in almost every Canadian city or village in which it becomes established. Speaking even of Outposts, established frequently in central spots, with very small resident populations, and with only a few hundred people within a radius of several miles, the Commissioner says that the accumulation of provisions of all kinds poured into the Officers' quarters would utterly astound the eyes of an average English Officer. Every now and then huge subscription teas are held in the cities, where superabundant provision is made by the free gifts of the people for hundreds, who, in their turn, pay handsomely for the entertainment.

Is it possible to imagine that all this lavish hospitality is shown by the people of Canada towards an association that has conferred no solid good upon the country? Can it be doubted that the people on the spot see abundant reason for supporting The Army, and helping it forward? And if this be so, to what possible power can so great a result be attributed but to that of the living God?

Very early in the story of our Canadian work, the Dominion was startled by the remarkably prominent part taken in our Kingston services by a clergyman who was practically pastor in the cathedral of that city. He justified his frequent attendances at our meetings, and even at an All-night of Prayer, by the manifestations of Divine power which he had witnessed in our Barracks in the Salvation of drunkards and other castaways, and which he had even felt in his own soul. The reverend gentleman was removed from his position, but this had the effect of causing many others, including Principal Grant of the neighboring College, to come and speak out on The Army platform as distinctly as he had himself done; and it is undoubtedly the same honest perception and acknowledgment of facts which have led the people generally throughout the Dominion to take so satisfactory a view of our work, and to act so thoroughly on that view. When people who take the trouble to see for themselves find amongst our leading speakers and workers men whom they have known for many years, and who have been drunkards almost from their boyhood, they cannot but value the work that is being done.

Here, for instance, is a man who, in his frequent attacks of delirium tremens, had again and again attempted suicide; a man who used to appear before the magistrates once or twice a month for drunkenness, but who came three miles out of curiosity to see The Army for the first time, and, after attending [three or four services, got converted,

and, with his wife, three daughters, and a son-in-law also saved, established a godly home, and became an earnest laborer for the Salvation of others.

Here is another, who says :—"Sixteen hours a day curses were in my mouth. I was drunk every Saturday night, and was even in a state of intoxication when at the altar getting married. But on the 15th of June last year I took my last 'drink,' and, by God's grace, it shall be the last."

Another says :—"Two years ago, as I was lying in the bar-room, I heard the drum ; followed to the Drill Shed, and got saved. I have had my head cut, eyes blackened, and face bruised in the service of the devil. But my home, which was once a hell on earth, is now a little Heaven. Instead of teaching the children to curse and swear, I am teaching them to say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

There is another man, who, though in a good position and swellishly - dressed, was actually staggering through the streets when a little Army open-air service attracted him, and he was led the same evening to the Saviour. From that day the man has been a thorough-going Salvation Soldier, wearing the despised red Jersey, marching in the ranks, and everywhere toiling like the poorest of our East-End navvies.

Here is a poor girl, for years on the streets, notorious for her drunkenness, which had again and again landed her in prison, now an honest servant-girl, and an upright Soldier and speaker as well.

One often hears of honest criticism, and wonders what the expression may mean as applied to a work like this. Surely any critic who was thoroughly honest must be disarmed in the presence of even an earnest effort to accomplish such results as these. But here are, in the course of four years, no fewer than one hundred and seventy Corps and eighty Outposts established, in every one of which successful attempts to bring about such wonders are being made all

the year round, under the superintendence of 520 persons, whose whole life is given up to the work, and who have absolutely nothing to gain but just these results by continuing in it. How could sensible and honest folk look at such circumstances without coming to the very same conclusion to which masses of the respectable Canadians of all grades appear to have arrived? Never has The Army been more honestly judged or more outspokenly described than in the Roman Catholic city of Montreal, where a Catholic paper, in commenting on a desperate attack made upon our Soldiers, said:—"They have made the name of God ring in ears that have never heard before. They have carried the spirit of faith to the very threshold of those who would not put themselves out of the way to look for it. They have consoled the suffering, reformed the culprit, converted souls which, had it not been for them, would never have known that there was such a thing as a future for which one ought to prepare." Oh, for a little more of this common sense--this daring to speak the truth elsewhere!

But let it not be supposed for a moment that The Army's successes in Canada have been won amid general applause. The drink interest was strong in many Canadian cities, as, alas! in cities further south and east; and, wherever the drink-demon destroys, The Salvation Army is sure to be hated and opposed with all possible violence. In the course of one procession in Montreal three of our Soldiers were badly cut in the head, another received a black eye, and the sisters were severely stoned.

The same sort of treatment has been meted out to Soldiers and Officers in other places. Two of our Barracks have been burnt to the ground by incendiaries, whilst others have been stormed and partially wrecked. At the beginning of this year a woman Officer was struck in the eye with a pointed stick, and narrowly escaped losing her

sight, whilst another walking alone along the street was surrounded by a mob and severely beaten and kicked. The very testimonies of many of our converts are stories of the terrible battles it has cost to win them. Said one man:—
“It was me that stole the lamps out of the Barracks, and it was me that pulled up the steps and threw them into the river. But now, thank God, I am converted and on my way to Heaven.”

Perhaps it would not be possible more clearly to convey the idea of the general character of the war in Canada than by telling, as best we can, the story of its advance on St. John's, New Brunswick.

“The people who had promised us a building,” says the report, “went back on their promise, but God did not go back on His. He had given us His word that He would go before us, and He was there. Our Officers were determined not to be defeated, and so opened fire in the open air, and they had immense crowds—several times more than they could have crowded into any building—and while the Chief of the Police and his men kept back the throng and formed a ring, our little force sang and spoke, and God sent home the Word. An old bowling alley was soon seized, and we soon got a blessed force of Soldiers together—properly saved—who will, in future, do mighty things in helping us to save the Dominion. The drinking was soon lessened, as the following will show:—‘The work of The Salvation Army in St. John's is progressing rapidly. It is estimated that there is 200 dols. less of rum sold per day than before The Army came here.’”

The authorities in Canada, to their honor be it said, have, as a rule, treated The Army as it deserves. From the judges, who have firmly and emphatically maintained our right to publish Salvation everywhere, to the solitary policeman in a little village who lent a big drum to assist our first marches, those who hold positions of influence

have, generally speaking, shown themselves on the Salvation rather than on the Damnation side. But there have been many sad exceptions to the rule, so that no less than thirty-five Officers were sent to prison in connection with the open-air work in 1885, and in 1886 several more, including a brave lassie, have had to follow rather than abandon the great work in the highways to which God has called them. Think of a married man, with a delicate wife, sent to jail for ten days on a charge of "creating a disturbance by screaming and singing," in a city, two of whose drunkards were led to the Saviour on that very occasion! But Captain Galletly writes from the jail a report of the event on the back of his summons, concluding with the exhortation—"Comrades, you that have got your liberty, go in with the Blood-and-fire. Yours, for Jesus in all places, Captain Galletly, Brampton Jail, March 19th, 1886." What possible hope can there be of suppressing such people behind prison bars?

No, imprisonment itself has been, again and again, made to serve The Army's purpose in no small degree. In three cases last year, Officers imprisoned had opportunity to lead sinners to Christ in the prison; one, who was employed as a barber, having the chance of telling a condemned murderer of the Saviour's love whilst cropping his hair.

Physical difficulties alone would have been sufficient to prevent our success in Canada had The Army merely been such a collection of eccentric human beings as many represent it to be. We have now, in addition to our Corps, 45 Outposts in Canada; and an Outpost in Canada, as we have already hinted, is frequently but a centre, to which the Soldiers and hearers must come from a considerable distance. It is not at all an uncommon thing for Soldiers and people to come sixteen miles to such meetings, and to return the same distance after the meeting, the entire journey in both cases being performed in sleighs over snow many feet



A MARCH IN THE SNOW.

deep. Officers have frequently had to walk great distances through or over the snow; and neither in those outlying spots nor even in the largest cities has The Army held buildings of a particularly comfortable sort, many having been, in fact, simply wooden sheds. It may be guessed under what circumstances of bodily discomfort meetings have frequently been held for weeks together, indoors as well as out, with the thermometer at 10° below zero. A pamphlet published by the Toronto Willard Tract Depository says:—"We know of some cities where organisations have been struggling for years to keep a foothold, where efforts to secure a home for their work has been a failure. Yet, to these very points The Army has gone, and, in a few years, have so faithfully labored for their Master as to commend their cause to God's people, and now beautiful edifices bear the emblems of The Army."

The Canadian Officers alone would be a grand and complete testimony to the character of the work that has been done, even if we had no other results to show. Here are 450 young men and women who have given themselves up heartily and gladly to a life of poverty and difficulty—very often a life of shame and abuse—with no other prospect but that of being worn out by hardship and toil, if not more speedily hastened away by ill-usage, want, or illness.

Robert Clement, a mere lad in his teens, had just been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, after having nobly toiled for months as a Cadet, when fever, caught as a result of his faithful labor among the poor, suddenly swept him from the field.

Lieutenant Wilber Curry was another fever victim who had not only faithfully done his duty, but had joyously endured imprisonment in connection with the work, when his young life was nipped in the bud.

A young man who found his Corps sadly in need of Barracks, begged the timber required, and labored with

his Soldiers during the day in putting up the place in which, when completed, their meetings were held. Another, finding one of his Soldiers, a butcher, suddenly disabled from attending to his business, actually went and served in the shop to assist the poor man in the day-time, continuing, of course, his meetings in the evenings.

Another Officer, when sick, wrote to Headquarters for help, saying, "I will stand and speak for God while I can, and when I have not strength to stand I will sit and do it."

"Sir," said a landlady to the Commissioner, one day, "your Captain here is a man of God. Even in the middle of the night I find him on his knees pleading for souls."

One of the imprisoned Officers wrote: "Jesus suffered more for me than I shall ever suffer for Him. I know I can't repay Him, but there is one thing I can do, that is, be true. Oh! if everyone was true that came to the penitent-form what a mighty power there would be all over the whole land! However, I will be true, God help me. My health keeps good so far. Jesus has been good and I can trust Him for the future. Where He leads I will follow, if it is to jail to feed on bread and skilly, Hallelujah! But I have bread that they know not of. He is the 'Lily of the valley, the bright and morning Star' to my soul. I have some good and happy times with Him when I am in my cell. Of course I have Knee-drill after every meal. I guess they think I am a crank, Hallelujah! It's all for Jesus. We'll get our reward by-and-by up yonder. God bless you and all my comrades."

Of course these Officers have had set before them a proper example by those sent from England to commence and organise the work. Perhaps the heaviest loss they suffered last year was that of Staff Captain Eastwood, aged twenty-one, who edited their "War Cry," and labored night and day with prayers and tears until he could toil no longer.

The Army is one. You cannot go to this or that country, or to this or that Corps, and profess to find here one description of men, and here another. No hellish ingenuity, no daring multiplication of lies can prevent any honest man from seeing that from the first hour when its General opened his Bible on the Mile End Waste, down to the present day, it has everywhere been created, maintained, inspired, possessed by the very Spirit which led the Son of God to leave a Throne in Glory for a cross of shame. The real character of The Army may appear to greater advantage under one set of circumstances than under another. We may stand by the grave of young Eastwood, entranced at the thought of so young a life absolutely rushed away in efforts worthy of stronger men for the Salvation of the perishing, or we may stand in presence of the huge Canadian Headquarters just opened in Toronto, provided entirely with Colonial money, and wonder at the grand Army raised within four years by such young men and women as Eastwood was. But after all, there is no more to stare at than in some little East-End march, conducted up a back street by two or three people on a pouring wet night! It is the work of God, and that is all about it!



XIII.

INDIA.

WHEN the Saviour arrived in this world, wise men from the East, aroused by the sight of His distant star, made a long journey to see Him for themselves, and when they had seen Him, without listening to what anyone else might say, or being influenced by those who would fain have put Him down, they threw in their lot with Him, as far as they saw it possible to do.

How many have seen the rise of The Salvation Army, have read about it, thought and prayed about it, and, perhaps, even come to see it, without daring, at the last, to act up to their convictions?

Colonel Tucker, the founder of our work in India, must always stand out in contrast with this cowardly and half-hearted race. He read the Christmas "War Cry" of 1880 in his far-off magistracy in North-west India, determined to see this Army, obtained leave of absence, came to London, and, after careful inspection in all directions, resigned his splendid position in the Indian Civil Service, and turned, with his life, to The Army, willing either to sit in a little wooden box at Headquarters, using his legal skill in the preparation of our leases, to march with our smallest Corps through the worst of neighborhoods, to sell the "War Cry" on pavement, train, or 'bus, or to go back to the conquest of India.

Upon this great Mission he was dispatched on the 23rd of August, 1882 with his wife and a few English Officers.

The Bombay Police took fright at the terrible invasion of these six men and women, and the Colonel was soon in prison. Nothing could possibly have helped us so much, for as all our Officers were, of course, in native dress, it was felt throughout the whole country that the real friends of the natives, the one set of Englishmen who had come to live amongst them, and on their level for their good, were set upon by the Christian Government as no other company of religionists had been, and were condemned needlessly, if not unjustly, to cruel treatment.

Huge sympathetic meetings were held in Calcutta and elsewhere, and the native papers, almost all, rallied to our support. For the first time Hindoos and Mohammedans were united in defending the faithful followers of Jesus Christ who were ready to go down to any depth, yes, even to prison, in order to reach the poor to whom they had come with the glad tidings they brought.

Wherever the Colonel, alone, or with one or two of his Officers, appeared, the masses came out, not to treat him with the hostility which the Bombay authorities had predicted, but with every sign of sympathy and interest. The "Statesman and Friend of India" said that "Nearly 4,000 people collected in the College Square, Calcutta, to see three Salvation Army Officers lead a number of Methodists in procession with a big drum, cornet, and tambourine." The roadways along which they afterwards passed were packed with natives. Police officers, in and out of uniform, accompanied the procession, but the people were very orderly, and exhibited the utmost good humor throughout.

And all along, down to the present day, both in India and Ceylon, the story has been the same. It has only been necessary for The Salvation Army to appear, in the persons of one or two of its Officers, for the natives of every sort and grade to crowd around them with friendly curiosity, so that there cannot be any question as to the prospect before us,

whenever and wherever our Officers are able to speak to the people in their own language.

This has been, so far, the greatest difficulty. Officers who have toiled under the burning sun until their strength has been utterly exhausted, and who, living on native food, and enduring all manner of privations cheerfully for the sake of God and the people whom they love, have been, up to the present time in most cases, at a dreadful disadvantage because they have had, with one or two exceptions, to speak altogether through interpreters. But now we begin to hear of one after another who can speak this or that language, and we know what that will mean by-and-by.

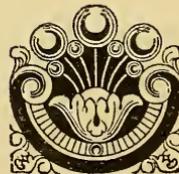
But we have got interpreters, not one of whom is paid for his labor; and this has been the case from the very first. Colonel Tucker's perfect knowledge of Hindoostanee enabled him speedily to enlist, in Bombay, men who knew other languages as well.

With the assistance of these interpreters the word has gone home with power to the people's hearts, and very many have been truly saved. Indeed, the greatest difficulty has been, in the absence of sufficient Officers acquainted with the language of the people, properly to take hold of and organise the converts gathered at the seivices; so that the war, both in India and Ceylon, has in many cases appeared to be temporary; whereas it is beyond all dispute that a great and permanent work of salvation has been wrought in many hearts.

Several Officers, including Colonel Tucker himself, have had to return to England invalided, for shorter or longer periods, and this again has of course told disadvantageously upon the movement; but, in spite of every drawback, we hold our ground successfully in Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, and have quite an extended hold upon the villages of Gujarat, from which, we regret to say, desperate efforts have been made by some of the authorities, here and there,

to dislodge us. Several Officers and Soldiers have had to suffer imprisonment, which they have borne with the same cheerful resolution which has characterised their comrades in other parts of the world under similar circumstances. But we are thankful to say an appeal, conducted by Colonel Tucker himself with his usual skill, has resulted in the reversal of decisions and decrees obtained against them, and pronouncements in their favour to such an extent as will, we trust, put an end to these scandalous prosecutions, and leave our Officers free to devote themselves to the salvation of the millions of heathen around them.

The results of our Indian work are not to be measured even by the boundaries of the vast peninsula itself, for not only have the services been attended by Arabs and Persians, by Burmans and Australians, but the Indian "War Cry" has been peculiarly blessed to missionaries in China, and to friends in the United States, and the visits of the Colonel and other Officers have been, to many in France as well as England, like a new revelation of the requirements of God and the world. May those barefooted devotees to the salvation of India be the instruments, in God's hands, of calling multitudes of Europeans, as well as Asiatics, to leave all and follow Him !



XIV.

AFRICA.

ON the 30th January, 1883, Major Simmonds and his wife, with a young Lieutenant, Teager, sailed from the Thames to establish The Army in the Cape Colony. On their arrival at Cape Town they were received by a crowd more inclined to greet them with hootings and mud than with welcome and smiles.

“Are there not some more coming?” some asked

“Yes, by-and-by,” said Lieutenant Teager.

On the Sunday, Mrs. Simmonds was unable to come out to the open-air meeting, so the Major and Lieutenant went out with the banner and stood in one of the principal streets, where a great crowd surrounded them and listened well, as they did also in the afternoon, the same two doing all the speaking and singing, though another friend helped to take up the collection indoors.

They had great difficulty in obtaining a meeting-place at the onset, and when they had got a large Drill Hall for the first Sunday's meetings it was only to encounter opposition in its most puzzling form. An overwhelming crowd, largely consisting of well-dressed young men, packed the building; but the interruptions during service were such as to make it difficult for the speakers to be heard. One excellent young churchman, who had volunteered to assist them in keeping order, and so on, on rising from his knees after prayer, found that someone had been cutting his clothes to pieces; and by-and-by the lights were put out, and every

effort made to bring the meeting to a sudden and riotous termination. When the gas was extinguished some two hundred of the young sparks struck matches. There was a lot of screaming, one woman fainting on the platform. But five of those who helped to disturb that night were afterwards converted!

Another week elapsed before any other indoor meeting could be held, a large store having to be fitted up for the purpose. But a young man, who had been present at those disturbed Sunday meetings, was on the look out for the completion of the new meeting-place. Again and again he approached it, hoping to find the door open, and at last, on Saturday night, he found there was someone there. He had long heard of The Army, and of the way they were abused in England, and thought they must be a foolish lot to get so knocked about. He had been quite startled to see the Major. "What can he do or say?" thought he. And "the idea of just those three coming to the Cape!" At the evening meeting he had taken sides with the Salvationists against the young, well-educated "respectables" who were disturbing them. "If this is the kind of thing they will do," thought he, "I will come out from amongst them." And he got on to the stage.

When he saw the stores opened on the Saturday he asked if the Major was about, and was told he would not be there that night. He went into the room, however, and offered to help in completing the arrangements of the place. "But as I helped to put up over the platform the words, 'Where will you spend eternity?'" says he, "that quite knocked me down. I was standing two or three feet from the front just as they were leaving. 'You had better go away now,' said the devil; but something seemed to hold me back, so that I was unable to get away. And all at once I fell down and cried for mercy." The Officers present were at first quite alarmed, thinking him ill; but

when they found what was the matter, a carpenter and a coach-builder, who were also helping, knelt beside him, seeking mercy as well. "My greatest struggle was to turn out with my colors on. The next morning I put the shield on my breast, and a red ribbon round my arm, and then, with great care that nobody should be about, got down from my room to the front door. I was then afraid to turn back lest anyone in the house should see me; and, at last, I opened the door and had a peep to see if anybody was looking, and then made a start. Half way down the street I met a professing Christian, but hardly knew how to speak to him, as, with the colors on, I hardly knew if I were on my head or my heels.

"When I got to the open-air meeting, the other two men were there who had been converted with me, and my pride was sadly touched to have to march with a fellow who had no collar on. I was called on to testify inside, and, having never heard anybody do it, was puzzled to know what to say, but managed to get it out. The next thing I had to do was to march past the house I lived in, with all my friends staring, and only six or seven of us in the march."

There were holes in the ceiling of that first Barracks at the Cape through which water used to be poured at times to cool the ardor of the people, varied occasionally with pepper. But in that place many a soul was saved, and a flourishing Corps was soon established, out of which came not only Captain May, whose story we have just given, but several other Officers who have ever since done noble service in the Cape War.

"At the opening of our Claremont Corps," says the Captain, "we marched down a narrow lane over our boot-tops in sand and water, and on the third or fourth night we marched three strong. I led with a lantern, Captain Miles followed, playing his cornet, and a Soldier from the first Corps fell in behind. The rain was coming down in torrents, and we got very few in after all."

The war with the elements is by no means the least trying portion of the work of our Officers in South Africa, for delightful as is the climate upon the whole, yet the extreme heat of the summer days, and the pouring rain continuing sometimes for days together during the winter season, alike tend to exhaust strength and to make it difficult to gather and to keep regular congregations. Moreover, like pioneers of every sort everywhere, the Officers had to endure hardness and no mistake. The quarters shared by Captain Miles and the first convert above-mentioned were in a damp house of which the flooring had given way, and slugs were regularly to be seen crawling along in it, even over the bed-clothes. In this luxurious home the Officers remained for three months.

Another Corps was established at Woodstock, where many of the worst drunkards in the neighborhood were soon converted. One of these appeared to be saturated with drink, while his bloated appearance and bloodshot eyes seemed to have marked him out as peculiarly its victim. He got into the habit of attending the meetings, though he would often interrupt them, boasting a considerable knowledge of Scripture. He would cry out, " 'Cast not your pearls before swine.' Who is the swine?" And, on one occasion he shouted that one of the speakers wore a guernsey just to show off his figure, a remark which the devil so cleverly used as to make the brother actually doubtful about it for some time after. At last the poor old drunkard fell on his knees three or four yards from the penitent-form. As he knelt there, with clasped hands, the Officer doubted whether it was not another of his larks, but soon he cried out, "Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me!" and continued to plead with God till he found peace, although he certainly appeared quite, if not altogether, drunk at the time. The next night, however, he was forthcoming; and, getting on the platform, surprised everybody.

The disturbers present could not believe that he had turned round, and as he spoke they listened to catch every word. He said he had been forty years serving the devil well, but now meant to follow Christ.

After the establishment of this and two other Stations in Cape Town, there was no other considerable English population to attack within any reasonable distance. Before the close of the year an African "War Cry" was arranged for to appear at the beginning of 1884, and Captains Pascoe and May, both converted at Cape Town, were sent with a weaker brother to commence operations in Port Elizabeth.

At the first meeting many of the audience stood on the forms smoking, and generally doing as they liked. Yet the valiant trio who had been sent to fight the town marched out three in a row for the first open-air meeting. They soon saw a policeman hurrying towards them, who told them to stop making that noise. They did stop to inform him that they were not making a noise, but singing.

"Well," said he, "you are not going to sing here."

"But we will sing," thought Captain May, and so started.

"He took me into custody, and said to the others, 'Don't you sing.' I was marched to the police-station, but there was nobody there. He took my name and searched my pockets, to find that there was no hope of being bailed out.

"'Come along, come along,' said he, and bundled me into a cell, with a drunken man. So I got down and prayed for the man. But he seemed so drunk and stupid that I could not get him on his knees. At last he asked me:—

"'What are you doing here?'

"'I think,' I said, 'the Lord has sent me to pray with you.'

"He promised to be a very different man, and although I do not know that he was ever saved, he once came up to the platform, quite respectably-dressed, and thanked me for praying with him in the prison cell.

“Before long several persons came to offer bail, and a perfect stranger got me out. I went back to the Barracks, where the roughs gave me a warm reception, and, for the first time, we got a good hearing.

“When brought before the magistrates there was a confusion about the charge, which had been entered as singing, and which the police wanted to alter to making a noise, annoying the inhabitants, etc. So we got off altogether, and gained much by the whole affair, and we soon had a strong Corps.”

The Barracks being down a dark lane no females would venture there at first, and the audience almost entirely consisted of the most reckless and godless young whites.

On the first Sunday morning after the opening, Captain May being ill, the Cadet sent to help had not courage to march out with Captain Pascoe only, so the Captain had to march alone with the flag. That Cadet was not considered suitable for the South African work, and was sent home again.

After seven months a second Corps was established at the south end of Port Elizabeth. Gradually some of the Hottentots ventured into the meetings and got saved. These soon wished for a place and Corps of their own, a wish which has been gratified at last in the course of 1886.

One of the most remarkable of the Port Elizabeth converts, destined by-and-by to become Editor of the Cape “War Cry” for a time, was a dwarf, just four feet high, who used to attend the meetings regularly, with no other idea than that of disturbing them, for which purpose his shortness gave great facility. Placing himself behind a row of good-sized men, he would imitate the sounds of various animals, and keep the meeting in a commotion, yet always escape detection, until, at last, the Spirit of God found him out, and drove him, in true repentance, to the penitent-

form, from which he rose to become ever after a steadfast and honored Soldier.

It is needless to go step by step through each advance that has been made at the Cape; suffice it to say that in almost every case the story was more or less the same. In almost every meeting-place it has been customary for the services to be disturbed continually by well-dressed white men; but in the midst of the disturbance souls have been saved, and a Corps formed. Then, when the open-air processions have begun to be large and powerful, there has been some attempt made to interfere with them by legal action, only to end, of course, in failure for the enemy, and further victory for The Army.

Through such scenes the advance has been steadily pushed on, year after year, until now we have 21 Corps, under the leadership of Officers, most of whom have been raised on the spot.

In 1885, Mrs. Simmonds, with two babies and two colored Lieutenants, landed in Natal, and proceeded to attack Pietermaritzburg. The ruffianism attending that opening exceeded anything experienced anywhere else. Nevertheless in a few weeks' time those three brave women were at the head of a substantial Corps, a second one being established afterwards in spite of the most perfectly organised resistance in Durban. Mrs. Simmonds returned to Port Elizabeth to assist in opening, as Headquarters for The Army, a large building there, originally dedicated to St. Patrick for the use of Benefit Societies.

Shortly after this a Corps was established at Kimberley, on the Diamond Fields, and next a Rescue Home for fallen women in Port Elizabeth.

The work at the Cape has been considerably hindered by the devoted and resolute attempt made to compel whites and natives to unite in the same Corps. Many of our best Soldiers and Officers have been colored people, and by this

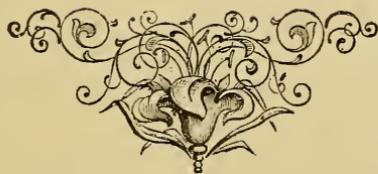
mixed system have had, comparatively, no opportunity of developing their full powers; whilst on the other hand multitudes of the godless whites have held aloof from an Army which would not accept them on any other terms than those of possibly being led by persons of color. An attempt was made to establish a colored Corps in Uitenhage; but this failed from various causes, the chief one being the use of the English language amongst a people mostly accustomed to Dutch; but the first colored Corps established in Port Elizabeth has proved a great success.

The want of Dutch-speaking Officers has also greatly hampered us; but this want is also speedily being supplied. Major and Mrs. Simmonds return to England for the International Congress, their place being taken by Major Thurman, late of South Australia; and a Dutch song-book, just completed, will assist we trust in improving and developing our Dutch-speaking Corps, and so in extending the work throughout all those extensive regions in which Dutch is preferred to English by both white and colored people.

Beyond all that of course there lies the question of the native races of the great Continent. Numbers of Kaffirs have attended our services, and have taken the deepest interest in them, and some of our songs have been translated into their language. But the glorious day when we shall be able to send to these people—naked, indifferent, and prejudiced as they are, thanks to all the past dealings of Europeans with them—men and women who will become as Kaffirs to them, and live and die to lead them to the Cross; that day is yet to come, and, let us hope, not far away.

We could not close even this brief notice of the little beginning made on these two great continents without reference to the wonderful work accomplished in St. Helena by the instrumentality of some men-o'-war's men, who had

learnt to fight in our ranks at the Cape, spending as much leave-time as they had during five days' visit to the Island in holding meetings in various places. They left behind fifty-nine persons professing to have found salvation, and these have, ever since 1884, been cared for, watched over, and led on to the salvation of others by a Mr. Woodward, who has finished by sending cash to pay the travelling expenses of Officers to St. Helena, and to purchase brass instruments for the use of the band. We trust that this example of efficient service performed by a few of Her Majesty's sailors in St. Helena will be copied by many a Soldier throughout the world. This St. Helena work is a most striking testimony to the Divine utility of The Army. Oh that wherever the fight is begun the same devotion, sense and perseverance may be witnessed !



XV.

DESPOTISM.

THE other day, as I was riding on the top of an omnibus along Cheapside, I noticed a young policeman standing in that great thoroughfare, glove in hand, and as each conveyance reached him, with a slight wag of that glove he directed it to turn out into a side street. Now Cheapside, as far as we could see, was perfectly fit for traffic, and as nearly all of us were on the way to some train there could have been no difficulty in getting up an indignation meeting on that conveyance to protest against the tyranny of the policeman, or of whomsoever it might be that dared to bar our direct passage to our destination, and to inflict on us a loss of time that might in some cases lead to hours of delay farther on. But not one passenger was stupid enough to make any groans on the subject, for I presume that all were fully aware that without just such acts of despotism in our city thoroughfares traffic would become utterly impossible, and everyone be "blocked in" by the hour. Not a driver grumbled at that policeman; but silently one after another obeyed the motion of his glove.

Arrived at the railway station another policeman required us to stand in a row in one particular spot, and to move forward in one particular line, to get our tickets, which were issued to us by another immovable despot caged in from our approach, who required us to use certain particular words to obtain what we wished for, and expressed without fear of contradiction his opinion of the conduct of anyone who displeased him. Having at last bought with a

price our right to be carried on the railway, we were next required to go one by one through a narrow gateway, where another absolutist refused to let anyone more than an inch beyond a certain spot until he had examined and mutilated his ticket; and then, when we had got into our seats, another young man shut us in, and, at the moment that seemed to him proper, without consulting one of us, he blew a whistle, and we were driven away, hundreds of us, just as if we had been so many cattle, without the chance of saying a word as to our wishes.

And people call this "modern civilisation and progress!" All these things are voluntarily submitted to, and gloried in by myraids of the very richest and most intelligent people in the world, who see in it all anything but degradation or oppression. They want to get on! They know that the only way to ensure the most rapid and successful advance in whatever path is the organisation of absolute authority for the accomplishment of each several purpose, and whenever necessary, therefore, the wisest and greatest submit themselves like little children to the orders and management of men far beneath them in every other respect, but whose life work it is to direct and control others in this one special line.

We have already seen that the extent of The Army's victories has always kept pace with its advance in the direction of thoroughly military organization, and yet we hear from time to time the most amusing questions as to whether we could not do without all this kind of thing; and ever and anon a somebody, whose selfish pretensions have been effectually crushed, beneath the grand despotism of absolute devotion to death, which has become so firmly established amongst us, cries out that he is oppressed, and fain would induce comrades, who like himself have promised eternal fidelity to The Army, not only to desert but to turn round upon it.

Now let us see how far we could get on without "this sort of thing." What would become of The Army if the titles which are grumbled at, and the grand reality of military rule which they express, and which is the real thing disliked, were to be abandoned; if in fact, we were to cease to be an Army?

This very day two young men go out from the Training Home to establish a Corps in some town where one has not previously existed. They have only a very misty idea as to where the town is. They are to go to a certain train and they will arrive at a certain hour; but whether anyone will meet them there, whether any friend will come to assist them in their first meeting or no, they cannot guess. No doubt they will have friends, some of them Churchmen, some Dissenters; some possibly with refined tastes, some delighting above all in bustle and push; and almost all such friends old townspeople, with their own strong opinions as to what will and what will not "suit here." What would be the position of two such men if there were any question whatever as to the extent of their authority with regard to the meetings they are about to hold? They will try, we hope, to avoid giving needless offence to anyone, and, through the grace of God, they will, we firmly believe, act with a discretion far beyond their years. But they will only be able to act with comfort and success because, having been told what to do, they will have absolute power to do it without consulting anybody around them. And six months hence we trust there may be a general chorus of thanksgiving for the results which have followed from a course in which at every step they did what somebody thought would be fatal.

Now while it is to be borne in mind that these Officers could not possibly have succeeded had they not possessed absolute power to do whatever they thought necessary in order to conquer souls for Christ, it is equally clear that

along with this power comes a responsibility to do the work in spite of any possible difficulty, such as they could never have felt had they been merely the agents of a society surrounded by a local committee.

There is thus in the military system at once the supply of force and the checks on weakness, which are necessary to ensure rapid and irresistible progress. But this is no less evident if we pass from the general thought of such an expedition to that of the smallest details.

“Who is to keep the door to-night in Ruffian Street?” Keeping the door is no joke when it means the possibility of having to endure bad language, pushes, blows, kicks, and stones, for a couple of hours in the dark, and yet to preserve such a kindly humour as to hinder no one who ought to come into the meeting from being there and finding himself welcome. Big Jack, who is usually at his post, has to work overtime to-night, and Sergeant Bill, who relieves him now and then, is away on other duty, the information only reaching the Captain of the Corps while engaged in his open-air meeting. Without losing his hold on the service or leaving the ring for a moment he speaks in a whisper to Tom Naylor for a few moments, and Tom is off to the post of duty and danger. Nobody objects although there are half a dozen more who think they could do the work quite as well as he, and better. If any one had been consulted, what troubles might have arisen out of the remarks that would naturally have been made when the qualifications of one man were to be compared with those of another, and would not Mrs. Naylor have got to know what was said, and Mrs. Somebody else, and half a dozen more? What an incident that one little affair might have become, but for the one reply, which so quickly and happily closes everybody’s mouth, “The Captain did it.”

Not that the Captain is considered by any means an oracle or a model of perfection. Everybody knows what

mistakes he often makes. Why, he can't so much as read a chapter without making some, but then he's the Captain, and he "means it all right enough." It is no use going against what he says, unless it be some serious matter, where it would be possible to appeal against him to somebody over his head, and so every Soldier feels a sort of rest in the Captain's decision.

Dear good souls, if they only knew how often he was puzzled, how constantly when he has made a decision, he doubts whether it was the wisest, how often he would be overcome, and feel like giving it all up, were it not for the infallible resource of continual communion with the Great Headquarters. He prays about it, and everybody knows he prays about it, and to those who care more about the will of God, and the good of souls than about their own importance and influence, that is a satisfactory conclusion as to every matter in which their judgment does not fully go with the Captain's.

And the system is accepted with no less complete a heartiness in its higher ranges. During the last twelve months there have been more than 3,000 removals of Officers from one Corps to another, the Captain and Lieutenant in most cases making only a four months' stay in one place and amongst the whole of these removals, there has not been one single case of mutiny.

A few weeks ago we had in charge of two of our largest English divisions two Officers of very considerable experience and reputation under whose command were sixty-eight Officers. Sudden necessities made it desirable to remove these Officers rapidly to other posts. The first was telegraphed to at ten one morning, arrived in London the same afternoon, and proceeded to his new command.

The second received a telegram at 11 o'clock in the morning, asking "When can you be ready to start for —— ?" "At 4 o'clock," he replied. "Accounts settled ; box packed.

What train shall I start by?" And in the middle of the same night he was on his journey to London to proceed within a few hours to his new command.

Whether any greater promptitude than this exists in any other army, I am not aware, but it is to be remembered that the work of our Officers is to win the hearts of the people, and that The Army so thoroughly and invariably depends for its very existence on mutual love and confidence that the removal of even the youngest Cadet from a Corps amongst whom they have labored a few weeks generally implies a very severe wrench of hearts.

"Everyone in the place seemed to be in tears" is the truthful description of many a "War Cry" reporter, when describing the farewell of an Officer. A nervous Treasurer telegraphed quite lately on the night of one farewell, "Every Soldier in —— will rise to a man if ——'s farewell is not stopped." And so they did "rise to a man." They rose to the great occasion, gave up their beloved Officer with the same heartiness as he gave himself up to others, and resolved to prove their love to him by marching on in the same path after his departure.

Thus then we have the most abundant and complete demonstration of the extent to which the system of absolute authority has in the greatest, as in the smallest, matters, trodden out the old leaven of selfishness, and made all our people partakers of that self-sacrifice which is so necessary for the salvation of the world.

But is not this absolute power over the people often misused, and does it not lead to pride and other evils greater than those it averts? I will answer this by another question. Is there any power on earth, from the sunbeam capable of producing any sort of photograph, to the million-strong army of some great empire, that is not often misused? Nobody with the slightest knowledge of the facts will think of denying that poor men and women, invested

with a little brief authority, no matter of what kind, or in what way, are sure in many instances to act unwisely, and so probably to do more or less harm. But you are not going to refuse to travel on the railway again because the railings at your station having been painted last week you damaged your coat-elbow in hurrying to the train, or even because on the same line there was a collision attended by a terrible loss of life last month. You are not going to cry down the electric light or to object to telegraphs and telephones because some poor fellow was killed the other week by touching an exposed wire; and it would require even more monstrous folly to turn aside from the splendid system by means of which an army of poor ignorant men and women are enabled to advance all over the world with such rapid strides, because every now and then Sergeant Fussy offends somebody at the door, or Captain Hasty snaps at a poor slow-going Soldier, grieves him to the heart, and practically drives him away.

There may be an element of pride in the way Dick Swelling holds his head up the first Sunday he appears with Sergeant's stripes upon his arm, and pride is a dreadful evil, as he will hear at the Holiness Meeting directly; but wait till they have been through Back Church Lane this afternoon, and the Sergeant has had a few clods of earth all over his face and neck, and when you see him come rolling up the aisle laughing and praising God, you will not think those stripes did him so much harm after all. The enemy will assist him to keep in his right place as well as the blessed God who has gifted him with a rough ability to be a leader and commander of at least a few of His poor people.

Is it right? That is the great question. In these great matters of conscience does God intend men to submit themselves one to another, to give up their independence of judgment and of action, and to place themselves under the command of "a poor erring mortal like themselves?"

To such questions the state of The Army does appear to me a very powerful reply, especially when it is borne in mind that it depends for its formation and existence altogether on spiritual miracles. In more than 1,000 different localities there are bodies of strong working people acting mostly under the command of some young man or woman who might be the child, or even the grandchild, of many of those who obey them day after day. But how have these bodies of men and women been brought together and reduced to this condition of subjection? Many thousands of them resisted the very approach of this new authority with the uttermost violence. If they are to-day humble and obedient soldiers it is due to some extraordinary power. Wiseacres in Switzerland have actually attributed the strange result to mesmerism. It is rather a wonder they did not suggest witchcraft. They could hardly have induced many more intelligent beings in this century to believe the one theory than the other. We say that all these hosts of people, and all their willingness to obey, and to offer themselves up on every occasion for the good of others, are the fruits of the direct action of the Holy Ghost, and those who deny or question our theory should at least be able to put some other in its place.

Now only admit that it is God Himself who so subdues and keeps in subjection those unruly spirits who never before submitted to any religious yoke whatever, and who now gladly present themselves, time after time, without hope of human reward, to be ordered about, to be kept in silence or told to speak at the will of a comparative stranger, and it cannot be questioned that The Army's system of organization and control has the conspicuous approval of God Himself.

But I have no inclination to rest the authority for our mode of government merely on the basis of twenty-one years' experience. I maintain that from the beginning God

has never set forth any other scheme for the government of men, and that all the arrangements and contrivances for forming religious organizations on the basis of representative assemblies, resolutions and votings, though they may appear to have scriptural sanction, are at best concessions made to weakness, or temporary makeshifts, intended only to meet for a time extraordinary circumstances. It is notorious that in the very churches which most stoutly maintain the unrighteousness of establishing any wide-reaching human authority, every new movement which attracts widespread admiration and sympathy is under the almost absolute direction of some one man, to whom, as by an unwritten law, all other men bow.

It is only the old story over again. In every time of special need throughout the world's history God has raised up His champion, almost invariably out of some East-End corner, so to speak, and almost invariably to the utter astonishment, if not amid the utter scorn, of the great mass of His own people. And the champion has always been required, as well as empowered, to act with decision, with promptitude, consulting nobody but God Himself, and calling for the hearty and obedient co-operation of all who wish for a great victory.

It may perhaps be said that when the war is over, and the victory won, the champion's authority should lapse, and to that principle I see no reasonable objection.

In this case it cannot surely be denied that there has been plenty of fighting against the most desperate odds, since William Booth first accepted and acted upon his great commission to the poor. But we maintain that the victories left behind are merely small tokens of the greater ones that are to come. And so long as the desperate need for conflict continues, so long must God's old plan for dealing with such circumstances be carefully followed,

XVI.

SINGING SLAVES.

The ransomed of the Lord are a happy band,
Though despised, they are strong, Hallelujah!
They are bound to recruit, as they march along,
Will you come and join us? Hallelujah!"

SUCH was the first verse of what has been described to me as the first song composed for the use of the Christian Mission, by an East-End working man, and it is at any rate a very striking fact that one of the earliest favorites of the little Mission band should have been a song which struck out so clearly the note of war and called for recruits amid shouts of Hallelujah.

Those who declaim most loudly against our military system, and protest against our printed orders and regulations, would at any rate lose their breath for a moment in presence of the bounding joyous freedom which is so striking a characteristic of our Soldiers in every part of the world, whether met with in large or small numbers. Nor can it be denied that the hearty childlike freedom, the almost boisterous enjoyment of brotherly fellowship amongst the Corps is increased rather than diminished when Officers of the highest rank are present, and above all when a visit is received from the great despot of despots—The General himself. It is only an extreme ignorance (and an inexcusable ignorance in presence of so many notorious facts) that can allow anyone to represent the system of government prevailing in The Army as being one which in any degree lessens personal liberty or cramps consciences.

Who that has ever been present at a great Army festival can pretend not to know that the meeting reaches its zenith of manifested happiness at the moment when The General brings to the front some poor man or woman, quite as often a comparatively unknown individual, as a world-famed Officer, with a request to "sing us a song?" Who that was present has forgotten seeing the big Yorkshire fighting-man brought forward to sing—

" At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my sins rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I'm happy all the day" ?

Or that young London lad put up in the Congress Hall to sing, with bones accompaniment,

" I do believe, I do believe,
And if you come to Jesus, a pardon you'll receive ;
He died upon the tree to save both you and me,
And now He sets me free, I do believe" ?

And who even of the critics, who thought it such a terrible outrage upon all reverence and decency, can wipe out from their memory the overflowing gladness of the time when that scandalous sailor almost danced a hornpipe before 6,000 worshippers, who all sang together under his tremendous leadership—

" Oh, bless His name, He sets me free,
Bless His name, He sets me free !
Oh, the Blood, the cleansing Blood,
I'm trusting in the cleansing Blood,
Bless His name, He sets me free ;
I know the past is washed away,
And now in Jesus I am free " ?

" Yes, yes," perhaps someone may say, " But all that is over-excitement—one of the most dreadful things possible—and what is left behind when it is gone?" Gone ! Well, we should have to wait till that time comes.

But is it over-excitement? That is the question, and a question upon which our critics are, as a rule, utterly incapable of forming a just opinion. It was generally thought by persons of sense and taste that there was a great deal of over-excitement about the gate of Jerusalem when people were casting garments and palm branches down on the road for the Saviour of mankind to ride over, and when the little children were shouting, "Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" But Christ's opinion at that time was certainly most strongly on the side of all the excitement and noise that was witnessed, although it was not represented that those who shouted loudest were rejoicing over a salvation which they had experienced, but only over a something which was to come.

Now just try to enter into the story of one of our singers, if you possibly can. Suppose yourself to have become a victim to intoxicating drink, to have lost position, money, character, and home, to have wandered with your family in dirt and rags from town to town, getting and losing situation after situation, lodging after lodging, garment after garment, until you had almost become an object of loathing to yourself, and had lost all hope of ever rising again. Then try to imagine yourself aroused out of drunken stupor to find yourself right in front of a great assembly of people, into which you have been got, you know not how, and where thousands of voices, with drum and trumpet, seem all to be thundering right at you, under the leadership of a man who sings, with arms waving, assisted by a fiddle—

"Come, come to Jesus,
Come, come to Jesus,
Come, come to Jesus,
And He will set you free."

Try to work out in your mind some morning as you wake, the sort of sensation you would experience if your opening

senses were all pervaded and overwhelmed by a chorus like that sung at galloping speed, whilst you felt as if 3,000 pair of eyes were all staring at you, to see if you would accept the suggestion thus made. To be free! Really free! Only think what must be the feelings of a man who has been struggling for twenty or thirty years helplessly and vainly against a ruinous habit, when once it comes home to him that, after all, it is not too late, that he can become as other men, to be enslaved no more for ever! It may be that the senses of that drunkard are as completely overpowered by the excitement, sound, and fervour of that song, as they were previously by the drink, and that the one physical effect is absolutely necessary to counteract the other; but however it may be—there he goes tottering forward to the penitent-form, followed by his poor, ragged, dirty wife, and an hour later they will both tell you that they are free indeed, that Jesus has not only pardoned the past, but given them “a new feeling inside.”

Now go to the home of those two Soldiers a few months later; only two or three little rooms, perhaps, with very scanty furniture, but everything clean, neat, tidy. See father and mother and children kneeling round the table to pray, and praise the Lord for all He has done for them; and then when they go out for the march see the quiet respect which this hopeless vagabond of the past receives from his fellow workmen! Then you may be able to judge whether there is any over excitement about it when he stands up to sing a song of his own composing, with some such chorus as—

“ Free from the bondage,
Free from the fear,
Crowned with salvation,
Heaven even here.

Shouting Hallelujah as we march along,
Oh, come and join our happy throng,”

It was in the old Salvation Stores, in the City of Salisbury, that I first heard that song sung at an All-night of prayer by our first Bandmaster Fry and his sons. They had not known personally the terrible bondage of the drunkard; but it was in constantly witnessing just such deliverances as I have described that they learnt to voice the gladness of the freed slaves of Satan.

And how could any story of The Army's first twenty-one years be complete without mention of the first Bandmaster now gone to join the eternal choir?

“ Oh that voice to me so dear,”

one feels almost constrained to say at the very thought of that blessed saint. It was amidst the bloody days of fiercest warfare in Salisbury that that quiet good man came with his sons to join the ranks of the despised little company of Soldiers who dared to stand for Christ amidst the general scorn and hatred of the Cathedral City, whose authorities, though powerful enough to oppose, professed themselves helpless to protect, the men and women who were beaten in the Market Place, stoned and hustled through the principal streets, pelted with eggs and flour at the entrance to their humble loft, and continually disturbed whilst worshipping God in it!

Thank God those days are so completely past, and so much better a feeling prevails that I would not care to recall the disgraceful story, but that it is necessary to remember where the sweet singer learnt to sing for us.

How many a heart rose to a new life and a new faith as they heard that man sing as though from an inspiration specially imparted to his own soul—

“ I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole,

“ In sorrow He’s my comfort, in trouble He’s my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll ;
He’s the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,
The fairest of ten thousand to my soul ! ”

I can imagine some delicate taste shocked at the mere idea of the most wonderful Scriptural imagery Englished and made familiar to the common people in this fashion ; but a mere glance at thousands of faces of the rough and reckless order while they sing that song in our meetings is enough to show that they really have found a Friend in Jesus who has brightened all their life. But perhaps no impression which the late Bandmaster Fry was enabled to make in his strongest days was so powerful as that which every heart felt when, after weeks of terrible suffering, he would stand supporting himself on the handrail in Exeter Hall, or elsewhere, singing—

“ When in sorrow, hear me sing, Give me Jesus !
You may have all the world, Give me Jesus ! ”

It was this sanctified builder, who had learned himself, and had taught his sons to play various musical instruments in their leisure time, who was destined to become the father, so to speak, of all The Salvation Army brass bands. Anything more remote from the spirit of mere worldly show, blare, or fuss than the gentle spirit of this heavenly-minded man, cannot well be imagined, as all who knew him would testify. Of course it cannot be said that everyone of our thousands of bandsmen is like-minded. There doubtless are those amongst our singers and our players upon instruments, who, in spite of all our tests, precautions, regulations and efforts, manifest a desire to display their musical ability rather than the glory of God, or to substitute a merely human attraction for the spiritual power which has made The Army singing and playing so instrumental for good, in spite of the utter ignorance of art generally displayed by the performers. But I firmly believe

that the spirit which rules everywhere is the burning desire to make Christ remembered where He would otherwise be forgotten, and to make those turn to Him who would otherwise be turned away from Him for ever.

Amongst the extraordinary stories of conversion which one meets with every day in intercourse with Officers I never remember a more striking one than that of the lady who went to witness one of the mocking representations of The Army which have appeared on the stage. There was a scene wonderfully true to nature in which The Army Soldiers were violently assailed by a band of skeletons; but although pushed about, knocked down, and ill-treated in various ways, they still kept singing; and somehow this fact, though presented in a way to imply that the singing sufferers were almost entirely bereft of brains, made such an impression on the lady's mind as to the possible existence of a triumphantly joyous religion, to which she was an utter stranger, that she could not rest until she had seen The Army for herself, and then must needs go on seeing it until she became a partaker of like precious faith. The mere sight of our people's faces on many a crowded platform while they have been singing their simple songs of praise, has been enough to open the eyes of the blind to a life of peace and joy such as they had never before dreamt of.

But Salvation Soldiers do not sing only in public. Their hearts are full of joy not only in the crowded meeting, where everybody is admiring them, or in the back street where everyone is pelting them, but at their work, in the cottage, in the hayfield, in the factory, or the coal mine.

Thousands of original songs are composed every year in the United Kingdom alone. We publish about 500 of them annually, but these are a careful selection out of heaps of M.S., and all this composing goes on amid the prosaic work of every-day life..

That there is wonderful natural ability displayed in many of these compositions, no one who will take the trouble to look at them will question, and that they delight the people who sing them nobody can deny. As to their taste or the propriety of the tunes to which they are set I do not think it worth while to say a word in this chapter at any rate. What I am anxious to point out is that these songs are made and sung to express abounding gladness in the Lord's service, by people who a very short time ago regarded the very mention of religion as a bore. Here in the hardest of times are the very poorest of the laboring people toiling and suffering in their poverty and their sickness with songs of gladness ever on their lips or in their minds. How often have I seen them after a hard day's work to bring souls to Christ, on their only leisure day, burst out in songs once more when they had turned out of their meeting-place at a very late hour indeed to go weary to their beds! I would be willing to have the whole Army tried by court martial on the question of its singing alone, and I would like to see all the infidel philosophers of the age trying to find out what makes these people sing so if it be not the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them.

Our singers have a joy that nobody and nothing can take away. The great organiser of our music—Commandant Herbert Booth composed in his sick-room, amid the pains of rheumatic fever, that grand song with the chorus,

“ He gave me joy where once was woe,
He healed my soul and bade me go ;
My bondage never more to know,
Did Jesus.”

And from the chamber of death, quite as much as from the crowded Barracks, has sounded forth the note of triumph, as many a Soldier has

“ Crossed the river of Jordan,
Happy, happy, happy, happy,
Crossed the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord ! ”

Only a few weeks since, one of our weakest sisters, as she lay dying in Leeds, after a long sickness borne without complaint, waved her handkerchief, while those around her sang on their knees.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
I will praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath
And sing when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now ! ”

As they ceased, she said she saw her father signalling to her over the Jasper walls.

The prophecy of the Brooklyn divine who declared “ These people will sing their way round the world in spite of us,” is already being fulfilled, for on sea and on land our songs have been heard all round the globe already. True that more than singing is needed, after all, to overcome the world. But this at least is certain—that by means of The Army God has turned the mourning of many a thousand of the worst of sinners into singing, and that in the very religious organisation where the most strict and exacting discipline is maintained, and where some would point out the most grinding human domination, there is also the most gladsome and abundant song ever heard amongst the worshippers of the Son of David.



XVII.

“WHO GETS THE MONEY?”

IN 1881 a certain publican thought to damage The Salvation Army by spreading evil reports with all possible diligence, and no report seemed more likely to be generally received and to do more mischief than one which attributed to the General and his Officers a desire to make money out of the people by all they did. A friend on the spot issued a pamphlet describing “The Salvation Army, a money-making concern,” and a great many copies were bought and circulated by the publican before he had read the contents, which showed the large amount of money that had been saved by various persons, within the writer’s personal knowledge as a result of their having attended the services of The Army.

There has never been any desire on the part of The General to conceal the fact that The Army aims at collecting, and actually does collect, large sums of money, mostly from the poor. Notwithstanding that the work was commenced amongst masses of the very poorest people, The General began with the theory that those who received spiritual good would naturally wish to give towards the support of the work which had been blessed to them, and that it was anything but a good wise policy to teach the poor to expect the rich to confer the benefits of religion upon them without charge.

As early as 1870 the collections at the various Stations of the Mission averaged £17 a week, or say £884 per

annum, as against £1,076 contributed by other friends towards the general expenses of the work. The offerings of the people, in fact, more than equalled all the salaries paid to those who were engaged in the work, leaving others to cope with some of the heavy items of rentals of theatres, and so on, to which East-enders could not be expected to be equal. This system of self-support was steadily developed until it has now become extremely difficult to estimate the total sum received and expended locally in connection with the various Corps. It is, of course, only by this system of self-support that The Army has been able to extend so rapidly, and to establish itself so firmly in all sorts of localities, and amidst the most discouraging circumstances.

By this system, too, the Army has been, to a very great extent, guarded against imposture. It is quite natural to expect the attendance at any special religious service of persons who find that an easy living is to be got with least trouble by making a show of "desire to be good." Many such come to our meetings only to go away in a state of bitter disappointment and indignation on finding that, so far from being able to extract charity by means of a little whining, they are actually asked to put money in a collection-box!

And the man who is "desirous to engage in Mission work" in the hope of obtaining a comfortable salary with very little exertion retires crestfallen on learning that The Army guarantees no salary at all, and expects its Officers to raise the money necessary for their own support from the people amongst whom they live and labor, and who are best able to measure their deserts.

This system has developed a set of givers whose liberality, I venture to say, would shame that of most well-to-do associations of any kind. A Captain, whose Sunday meeting-place holds 350, and the week-night place 100, told me that the amount given every week for the last two months had

averaged £5! The Army is trained to give all it can in every way to God.

There is no question at all that this system has connected with it hardships and objections that we should be delighted to remove if possible. It is a real sorrow sometimes to Officers to send round collecting-boxes amongst people whom they know to be out of work, and in the direst straits to provide bread for themselves and families; and we should be delighted, if it were in our power, very often to give liberally to those who have so generously given out of their poverty towards the support of the work.

And again, it is undoubtedly true that some of the most devoted Officers are sometimes placed in circumstances of real destitution, through no fault of their own, except it be that of an unselfish devotion which will not allow them to complain, as they might very properly do, to those who would gladly assist them. At the end of one week Major Thurman and his two comrades, at the South Australian Headquarters, had just eighteen pence between them. The Major would have pawned his fiddle and case, but that on the latter the words "Major Thurman, washed in the Blood of the Lamb," had been painted in good type. But such incidents are, we believe, in this country at any rate, extremely rare. True, there are many Officers who receive very little money; but one of these, after several months at one Station, where he had never received a shilling of salary the whole time, remarked to The General that he had never been so well fed in his life, and never felt better.

Another who had a somewhat similar experience in South Africa told me the other day that, although he never complained or particularly begged for food, he had sometimes as many as three dinners sent in to him on the same day. Such is the sympathy of the poor for an Officer known to be living in real poverty amongst them.

It is at the Headquarters of each Division or territory that the real pinch of poverty is felt, not in those personal wants, which might be the most striking, but which would utterly unfit the Staff-Officer for proper thought and care as to others under his charge, but in the continual strain to help in sustaining existing Corps, and in extending the war from place to place. I shall not soon forget the pale, anxious face of a remarkably happy Colonel whom I met at Headquarters one day in 1886, when the people almost throughout the whole of his Division were in the direst poverty, through long stoppage of works, etc. He had come up to see what could be done with regard to the rents of large buildings for which landlords were pressing, the Corps being utterly unable to pay. He hadn't a penny at the Bank where the account of the Division was kept; and knew not where to get help. He found Headquarters much in the same position, with the added disadvantage of having a number of other Divisions appealing to them in much the same way. Heavy liabilities on other accounts required to be met.

"I do take it hard," I heard the Chief-of-Staff say one evening, "that after all the work of these years we should still be left continually in this position—gasping and struggling to meet our payments from day to day!"

And yet we do meet them. It would be interesting if one could reckon up the total amount that has been paid by The Army or the Mission during the twenty-one years of its existence. The payments made by the London Headquarters alone last year for the general support of the work, erection of barracks, etc., amounted to £70,000. And over all those years we can look back and know that there is no creditor left behind in any spot whose claims have not been fully satisfied. What sorrow and trouble would have been saved to many of our poor Officers if this had been the case with all the imitation Armies and

Missions! The self-supporting system has again largely contributed to this result: for where the people themselves are the contributors they are not likely to rest satisfied unless they know that local dues are being paid, and that liabilities are not being incurred which they will not be able to meet.

But even more has been done to secure this continual solvency by the strict system as to accounts which The General established at the very first, and has maintained everywhere since. From the beginning the rule was laid down that two persons at least must be acquainted with the details as to money matters in every case. No collection was to be removed from a building until it had been counted in the presence of at least two persons. Every item of receipt and expenditure was similarly to be noted by two, acting independently of each other; and from time to time balance-sheets were to be prepared, and after proper audit to be exhibited or issued to those who had given money. Of course it would be too much for anyone to expect us to say that this has been done in connection with every Corps all through The Army's history. But we do know that it is being done, as a rule, in this country at any rate, and consequently many thousands of balance-sheets have been published, issued, or read, under the direction of the man who is commonly reported never to issue or countenance anything of this kind! There is not a single contributor to the funds of The Army in any part of the world who cannot easily satisfy himself as to the way in which his money has been disposed of whenever he may wish to do so.

As to the general funds of The Army, that is to say all money sent to Headquarters, the system of course could be carried out with regularity and ease. During the first few years the annual balance-sheets, showing an income and expenditure of one or two thousand pounds, were

audited by various business gentlemen well acquainted with the work ; but ever since the year 1869 the accounts have been examined, and the balance-sheets prepared by the same firm of chartered public accountants—Messrs. J Beddow & Sons, so that anything more inexcusable than the pretence made over and over again, alas ! too often by persons of the highest respectability—that The General did not issue, and even refused to issue, any statement as to his accounts, could not be imagined.

These same auditors have also certified from time to time that no money whatever was paid to The General, either out of the funds contributed to the Mission or The Army, or out of the profits on the “ War Cry ” or other publications or stores of The Army, the sale of which has in recent years so materially helped to meet the expenses of the wars ; all which has not prevented a number of intelligent writers from assuring intelligent readers that all the money goes to The General ! And as the same falsehoods, which have been put forth with such unalterable audacity for many years past, seem to me certain to be maintained with equal boldness in the future, it can hardly be worth while to spend more words upon them except to say that so much does the very existence of The Army depend upon the confidence felt in The General by all those under his command, that the attempt to propagate such slanders and insinuations more or less in the same direction, by those who want to do The Army an injury, is not at all to be wondered at, but that, on the other hand, it would be a matter of astonishment indeed, if it were possible in broad day light, and under the constant discussion of the press, for man to develop and maintain a vast and ever-growing organization for the conveyance of poor people’s money into his own pocket without let or hindrance !

There can be no doubt that the efforts of enemies have succeeded to some extent in affecting the gifts of the rich,

and that much of the difficulty experienced at the London, and every other Headquarters, in meeting ever-growing expenditure, is due to the work of enemies, and, perhaps, mostly of enemies in religious garb; but no effort that has been made has ever affected the liberality of those on whom The Army chiefly depends for its support—the working people of the country. This has been most strikingly manifested during the last four months—months of anything but plenty in the country, during which 250 Cadets have been travelling about from place to place, spending very many of their days amongst absolutely village populations who have vied with each other in supporting them with gifts of money and food.

In the presence, however, of the enormous demands made upon us, especially since the great extension of the war to other countries, we have been very wishful to find an independent source of income which would afford us the means of coping with the great work without having to expend so much time and energy in special efforts to interest those who have wealth, in order to obtain money help from them. We thought we had seen our way to this new line of resource in the shape of trade; and, indeed, very considerable sums have been, both in this and other countries, obtained out of the profits on “War Crys,” other publications, uniforms, etc., which have been devoted to the support of the war. In connection with all this, however, we have been brought face to face with the fact that a large and profitable trade can only be carried on by the assistance of capital, which we do not possess, and by the ability and energy of the very men whom we most desire to employ in still more important work. And there, for the time being, we find ourselves at a comparative dead-lock.

It would be useless to extend the trade by crippling the very war which it is intended to assist. Moreover, we find the risk of direct injury to the work from the jealousies

and disappointments which our entry upon trade at any rate is calculated to produce. Although this may appear a very insignificant matter, if we cannot show large sums of money pouring into our war-chest by the transaction, it cannot be worth while to incur such risks for anything short of a very considerable gain.

There are many persons, and possibly some readers of this book, who may be inclined to counsel a more entire and absolute dependence on God only for the means to carry on the war. We do believe in God. But for our confidence in Him—but for the fact that, from The General down to the Captain of one of the least of our Little Soldiers' Corps, we are

“Trusting in Jesus for all,”

our hearts would sink and the work would cease to-morrow. But we cannot imagine a faith on any subject which is not accompanied by the most vigorous and appropriate action. So we do not expect God to pour money upon us so much as to enable us to get it, just as we do not expect Him to cause sinners to come into His fold so much as to enable us to drag them into it. As to its being His will that we should get money for his Kingdom by every lawful means, we have never had a shadow of a doubt. It cannot be supposed that He, whose apostles and disciples had all things in common, would dislike any arrangement of a co-operative or other kind by which labor and earnings could be united to provide funds for the extension of His Kingdom.

Eleven years ago the Christian Mission Conference emphatically pronounced against the raising of money by means of bazaars or entertainments of any kind whatever; and we stand firmly on that ground. No hope of doing good hereafter can justify the doing of worldly or doubtful things for the purpose of raising money. It is for that reason too that we have always refused to receive any

advertisements for insertion in our publications. But it may be that God will yet open our way, both to do something on a large scale for the temporal good of those who are without employment or laboring for scandalously low wages, and at some time to earn money that will enable us, without continual anxiety and burden-bearing, to take advantage, for Him, of every great opportunity as it comes.

At this very moment we have before us, for example, a proposal to take and use two buildings in different parts of the metropolis, each of them so placed that we could be certain of gathering crowds of the most needy and wicked persons into them, with the most positive prospect of seeing wrought there just such wonders of salvation as have been accomplished in all our other thirty-four London Barracks. And what hinders? Simply the question of money in both cases.

A cheque which thousands of London Christians could hand us without the least inconvenience to themselves, without the least consciousness of any loss in their personal surroundings or business circumstances, would enable us before The International Congress to throw open both those buildings, and gather in crowds who, next Sunday night, will be wandering about from public-house to public-house. One almost hesitates to mention such cases lest it should seem a reproach to the small circle of wealthy friends who have frequently helped The Army so generously, and to whom we have to look in almost every case of great and pressing need.

Under such circumstances it would be ridiculous for any one to ask us to pledge ourselves to this or that course of action with regard to money matters in the future. Were some cruel money-lender to offer to advance the necessary funds for such an operation at six or even twelve per cent., and we could see any prospect of repaying the capital and the interest, how could we hesitate for a moment as to the

right course? Let others do or say what they will, we will not allow souls to perish who may be saved by entering upon any course, however troublesome or dangerous, which insures their salvation.

The money affairs of The Army, so far as the intentions and knowledge of Headquarters is concerned, will bear, at every spot where our flag is flying, the utmost examination; and if there be any place to be found where this is not so, or if there be any failure on our part to make as clear as possible to others what is clear to those familiar with the work, we should always count it a favor to have such a thing pointed out.

We very much dislike to appear to cast reflections upon the work or the affairs of others honorably toiling for the same great Kingdom in any way whatever; but we should be deeply obliged to anyone who would at any time inform us of a society which manages to make twenty shillings go further towards the propagation of the Gospel than we do, or who keep or present accounts which more clearly and simply convey to the reader the facts as to their financial arrangements than do those of this movement.

The few who have helped us the most in the past have always been those who have taken the trouble to know us the best.

Come and see about it; examine as closely as you please. But if satisfied that what we say is true—that this work is a great system of redemption, worked out by the power and under the guidance of God, by which tens of thousands, utterly lost, both to this world and the world to come, are being transformed, not only into good citizens but into earnest laborers for the Salvation of others—how can you hesitate to help, in every way you possibly can, to push forward so great a work?

XVIII.

"GOING DOWN."

THAT the Christian Mission or The Salvation Army is going down has been a frequent remark any time the last eighteen years; and while, so far as the wishes of many are concerned, it has been outrageously false, in another sense, thank God, it has been gloriously true.

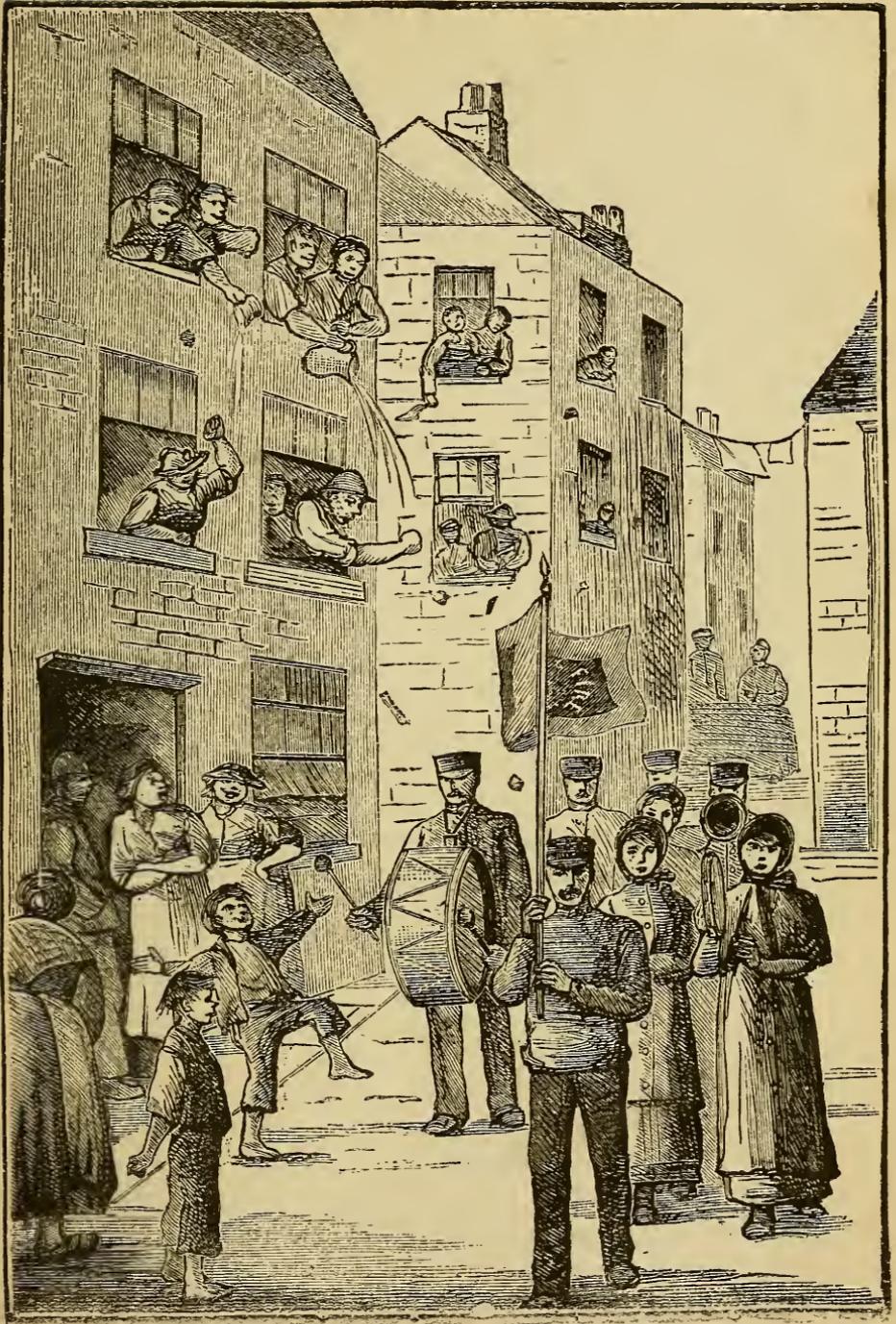
"The first time I and my sister were in the Hall, after we had lost our mother," said a poor woman, "The General came down off the platform and knelt besides us to pray for us, and Mr. Bramwell who was then a boy ten years old came and stood in front of us, and sang:—

' Earth has many a scene of sorrow,
Toil, and care, and storm ;
But there'll be a bright to-morrow—
In Heaven it will be calm.'

which cheered us very much."

This coming down to the level of those who suffer from any cause, has been one of the great secrets of The Army's rising up to so great an extent as it has done. But the same principle, properly worked out, has continually demanded, and will yet go on demanding greater and greater sacrifices and efforts.

It seems already, on the surface, as though a Heaven-born instinct for the back-slums pervaded all our ranks. If you want to see a Salvation Army Corps at its very best, do not look at it on the platform in presence of huge audiences, nor even on the march along some splendid



thoroughfare, but stand and watch it at the moment when it is wheeling out of such a roadway into some narrow lane, where there is a reasonable prospect of showers of garbage or even more serious missiles. When the procession emerges at the other end it may not look quite so well, for dirt is dirt, even when on the uniform of a smiling, shouting Salvationist; but to see the people in prospect of such things, or rather in prospect of getting at the people who throw such things, is to see them at their happiest and best.

And yet, when all this is said, we cannot but regret that, chiefly from want of the large money resources that such effort demands, we have not done more, and cannot attempt more for the most wretched and degraded people.

We have not gone down by any means so much as we have wished; but by God's grace, and to the utmost of our power, we are going to do, and oh! may we be helped to keep going down much faster!

From the earliest days of the Mission, we meet constantly with glorious stories of individual effort for fallen women and fallen men. From the very nature of such work it is naturally difficult to obtain many particulars, yet taking up at random any of our bygone records we continually come across cases of work of this kind. In 1874 a sister writes triumphantly:—"We have gained access to a lodging-house for tramps, and the tears stood in many eyes as I spoke to them of the footprint their lives were making day by day for their little ones to walk in." And another sister, toiling in Whitechapel, thus speaks of "Another fallen one restored." This was a poor girl who, three years before, had left her home and given herself up to a life of shame. In the Whitechapel Hall, not daring to come to the front, yet utterly broken-hearted, kneeling alone she sought and found mercy. And a sister, passing round amongst the seats, heard her praising God for His pardon-

ing love. That same night she was restored to the parents who had so long mourned for her as worse than dead. Of many a living thief similar stories are found all along The Army's history ; to say nothing of the constantly recurring instances in which theft or other evil deeds have been prevented by the salvation of the men who have been encountered in the open-air, or have dropped into a service on their way to the committal of crime.

In 1869 we read of a young thief attracted at an open-air meeting in Limehouse, and who from that time began to attend the meetings. One evening he was observed to leave the prayer meeting and return to it seven or eight times. At last he came to the penitent-form and sought salvation, explaining that his wretched state of indecision arose from the fact that he had been maintaining himself for a long time by theft, and that some time previously he had garrotted a gentleman, stolen from him a watch and money, and then made his escape to this part of London to avoid detection. He was now eager to obtain salvation on any terms, if it could be got ; and he was advised that he must, if possible, find the gentleman he had garrotted, make full confession to him, and either make restitution or submit to punishment, as the case might be. He did so. The gentleman received him in the best spirit, and promised him forgiveness on condition that he proved his sincerity by paying him fifty shillings in the course of a twelvemonth. This the young man immediately set to work to do, persevering in the task amid all manner of difficulties. But how many thousands of both these classes might have been rescued in all these years had there been for such a Refuge provided, and had it not been so hard a struggle for us to meet the expenditure in connection with the ordinary services, as to make us dread the very attempt at any extraordinary effort, to meet the care of this or of any other special class !

Special efforts for the ex-convicts of Victoria were made, however, in 1883, and homes established in Melbourne and Ballarat. If these have involved an amount of attention and labor ill to be spared from the ordinary operations of The Army, and a degree of financial embarrassment most painful to all concerned, they have at the same time undoubtedly been most gloriously productive of trophies of God's saving and keeping power. Down to the present time hundreds of released prisoners have been assisted in these homes; and the Chief Commissioner of Police reported to Chief Secretary Berry, as follows:—

“Police Department, Chief Commissioner's Office, Melbourne, 5th June, 1885.—C. C. Police reports *re* the results of the Prison Gate Brigade movements. ‘Sir,—Referring to the conversation which I recently had with you regarding the operations of the Prison Gate Brigade in this city, I beg to state that inquiries which I have made convince me that the organisation in question is rendering very good service to the community.

“‘The superintendent of metropolitan police and the divisional officers under his command are unanimous in their testimony on behalf of the brigade.

“‘Among the cases of reformation attributed to the exertions of the brigade is one of a noted burglar and thief, long experienced in crime, but who was induced by the brigade officers to change his life, and for a very considerable period he has given evidence that such change is likely to be permanent.

“‘In another instance, a criminal has been induced to confess a robbery, and by his admission aid the cause of justice, though his own conviction and imprisonment were a necessary and obvious result. A thief of many years' practice, and apparently hardened, has been induced to forego his evil courses, and for a year past has rendered good service in the ranks of the brigade.

“Two young men, who were thieves from boyhood, have also been brought under the influence of this philanthropic organisation, and seem likely to remain creditable members of the community. Many other cases, of like nature, are known to exist, including many females, formerly following disreputable and dishonest pursuits.

“It cannot be denied that in some instances the apparently reformed characters lapse into evil courses, but, making due allowance for cases of the kind, it is beyond doubt that the brigade succeeds in permanently reclaiming very many persons. From their mode of approaching the persons they wish to succour, and from the circumstance that they have a suitable Home, into which they can at once receive the persons they wish to benefit, the members of the brigade are more successful as reclaiming agents than any other society, however well intentioned.

“Whilst many benevolent associations in this city are undoubtedly doing good work amongst criminals—and one society specially devotes itself, with much success, to the aid of the discharged prisoners—I am of opinion that the Prison Gate Brigade succeeds in reaching a large class of unfortunates whose depravity defies the ordinary measures of the charitably and humanely disposed.—I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

“H. M. CHOMLEY,

“Chief Commissioner of Police.”

But there is something fascinating about the story of the man who has spent half or more than half his life in prison. The burglar who, at the risk of such terrible punishment, has earned and “done” his fourteen years, assumes almost a respectable aspect, in the estimation of the commonplace citizen who is content to work hard all day, from year’s end to year’s end, without the least prospect of ever possessing any such prize as his daring brother is prepared to risk liberty and even life for any dark night. But, lower down,

there is a class perhaps far more deserving of sympathy, pity and help, and far less likely to obtain it. The poor woman who has lost all and got nothing, who feels herself despised and rejected, first by herself and then by everyone else. Surely that poor lost one claims our most resolute efforts!

In Australia and New Zealand five homes for such women have been established, and The General's son, as well as all the members of the Staff, have rejoiced to find a welcome in the vilest and most pestilential dens in the great cities of that new empire to which they have gone themselves to seek and to bring away any willing to accept deliverance.

In 1884 our first Rescue Home in England was commenced under the direction of Mr. Bramwell Booth, whose wife has now made this work her own, and we have now no less than 200 poor girls under our care in these London houses, and in smaller homes established in Plymouth, Reading, Glasgow, Cardiff, Jersey, Guernsey, and elsewhere.

A similar home for men out of prison was established in the Training Home building, 259, Mare Street, Hackney, in 1884. Since that time 145 men have been received and helped upwards.

The way in which many of the poor women have been found I could not hope to describe, as well as one of the sisters, who has herself taken part in the work, and who, describing the Cellar, Gutter, and Garret work carried on by our Sister Calets in Seven Dials, says:—

“ ‘I can stand no more; let us go home,’ remarked my comrade to me, about ten o'clock, after we had walked down many alleys and courts (away from the gaily-lit and well-thronged streets, back in the dark, narrow passages and lanes).

“Not far from habitations of wealth, warehouses and factories of commerce, business houses of affluence, lay these veritable dens.

“On we go, scanning the faces of the passers-by, until at length we peer into the darkness of a narrow, isolated court. No light is to be seen, save the dim glimmers from the attics. Lines of no great length reach from side to side, on which hang a few dirty, ragged clothes; trucks and barrels lay across the road, into which all refuse appeared to be thrown, creating an obnoxious smell. By the help of the lights in the rooms we could see through the blindless windows into the tiny dwelling places of families, note the scanty furniture, hear the crying children, see the weary, hopeless faces.

“Away from such a scene we hurry, murmuring, ‘How can anyone say the “Bitter Cry” is an exaggeration?’ and make our way down a market-place, in the midst of which lay much of the remains of the day’s rotten, unsold material. Old women, hag-like, were creeping along in the piercing cold, with thin shawls over their heads; men were fighting and brawling. The district was dark and fear-inspiring.

“We reach a lodging-house. My companion had never seen one before. She seemed nervous to enter, but, tempted, at length advanced and took a hurried look at the hordes of homeless, friendless, ragged, starving beings that thronged round the fire, turning silently away. After a pace or two, she said, ‘I should like to go and look again.’ She looks longer this time, and comes away quite heart-sick.

“Still we plod on—see a hungry, aged man gazing longingly into a bread shop, slip in for a loaf, put it into his hands, hurry off, leaving him staring after us in blank astonishment.

“Still on—down two or three winding courts to the foot of a staircase, dark as the blackest night; I knew the stairs were steep and unsafe, and would not risk my comrade to climb them without a light. We knock at a door, give a penny for a candle, and ascend to the top attic. While there we had serious thoughts as to whether we should not

be robbed of the rest of our money on coming down, as we had noticed three great men in the lower room. Still, we trusted God, and got out safely.

“After this, and much more, we turned towards the abode of our Cellar, Gutter, and Garret lasses, and hear the sound of singing as we mount the stairs. We entered, found them awaiting our promised arrival; we sat and listened for a time to their further stories of distress and suffering.

“Hearing that one is going to sit up all night with a dying girl, saved through their instrumentality, we wished to complete our evening’s experience by visiting her.

“Soon we stand by her bedside, looking into her pale, emaciated face, hearing the whispers of those in the room, finding out the doctor gives no hope, but tells them they may expect her end any moment.

“We bend over and ask for a dying message to sinners; we got this dictated in slow and feeble accents: ‘Yes, they are sinners, aren’t they? Tell them to prepare to meet God, for in such an hour as they think not (it’s true, isn’t it?) the Son of Man cometh. If I live I shall work for God; if I die I shall go to Heaven.’”

But strange to say the greatest assistance in this has come to us direct from the enemy. Who, in all the civilized world has not heard of Eliza Armstrong? Shall we, or anyone else, ever hear the last of that poor girl, whom we were anxious to rescue from her surroundings before they should be fatal to her, and who was taken away from those surroundings after the most frantic efforts to send Mr. Bramwell Booth to prison, for what he had done in the matter, by the very persons who instigated his prosecution? This was one of the illustrious incidents, which, sometimes, makes me doubt whether the great enemy of mankind, usually so profound in his subtlety, has not seasons of madness, or intoxication of some kind, such as that in which he for ever blighted the hopes of his Kingdom at

Calvary. The Armstrong prosecution has done more to assist us in becoming the rescuers of those who have fallen, or are in danger of falling, than fifty years of desperate labor on our part could possibly have done. Not only are we fully recognised all over the world as being engaged, with all our might, in this Rescue business, but are looked upon as the people who are never likely to be beaten, because never likely to stop short at any difficulty or danger where the great object is to be attained. Consequently, we have not only the joy of harboring hundreds of these poor wanderers, and striving to lead them to Christ and to a new life, but from the police, from parents, from friends, and even from enemies, we receive enquiries as to those who were missing, and whom, we have already been privileged, in a great many cases, to restore to happy homes.

And yet we are only going down. Oh, for power to go down faster, for each step only helps us the more vividly and terribly to realise what multitudes are perishing away down, down beneath our reach. The last Indian mail brings us a most piercing appeal for assistance in the way of Officers and funds to establish a home for natives and Europeans on discharge from the prisons of Madras. It may be imagined that in London, and in other cities a multiplicity of agencies already exists for work of this kind; but alas! alas! how many men and women remain caged, as it were, in a life full of horrors in every great city of the world! Oh, that the few steps downwards we have taken may lead us to that wholesale life and work of rescue to which we would fain devote ourselves everywhere, without for a moment forgetting that it is not, after all, the vilest of sinners in man's eyes who most need us, or are in the extremest peril, for it remains too true that the outrageous sinners and harlots go into the Kingdom of God, whilst its very children are cast out into the outer darkness.

XIX.

AN EPISTLE TO WOULD-BE
GAMALIELS.

MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ESPECIALLY REVEREND GENTLEMEN.

IN or about the year 1882, or at various dates earlier and later than that, your attention was directed to a number of people calling themselves "The Salvation Army," under the leadership of one "General Booth," and you thought it your duty to express your opinion with regard to their proceedings. You took professedly for your example upon that occasion a great doctor of Jewish law, named Gamaliel, and either making his very words your text, or saying that you would act in the spirit of them, you summed up your view of the duty of all whom you could influence towards the said Salvation Army in the recommendation, "Refrain from these men and let them alone."

Now I confess that at the time I was extremely astonished that anyone who professed to be a believer in Jesus Christ, should voluntarily place himself in the position taken up by this great Pharisee towards the first Apostles. I should have imagined that anyone believing in the teachings of Christ would have remembered that the great sin against which He threatened eternal indignation was that of refraining from and letting alone these very men when they were poor and strangers in need of friendly recognition, sympathy and help!

And, moreover, I wondered at the strange assumption of many of you in addressing to congregations or assemblies

of ordinary citizens the words used by a member of a legally constituted council in speaking to those who, along with himself, were invested with legal authority. The question before the Council and Gamaliel was whether they should kill the men who first preached Christ in the streets and market-places, and the recommendation of the learned counsellor was that the men should be absolutely left at liberty to go on with their work; whereas in most cases you addressed the advice for which you wished to claim the sanction of his wisdom and authority to people who had no legal or other right to interfere with the action of any of their fellow citizens.

When you told your convocations, your unions, your congregations, your committees, your public meetings or your private circles, to refrain from The Salvation Army men and let them alone the only proper meaning of your words was that they should not only omit illegally to assault, or improperly to slander the poor men and women whom many beat, stoned and kicked in your streets, but that they should altogether keep away from them, neither listening to their words nor lending them countenance or aid of any kind until it should be seen whether their work came to naught, or whether it succeeded.

In many cases your advice was just as influential with those whom you addressed as was that of Gamaliel with the Council. It is quite true he induced them to let the Apostles go without either killing or imprisoning them; but he failed to prevent them from going on beating and forbidding them "to speak in the name of Jesus." Many of your hearers did both these things also. In some cases you failed even to obtain so glorious a result as that, for those of your hearers who had the power either to send men to prison or to prevent their being sent there, understood your advice in such a way as to "refrain from" sitting on the Bench when a poor Salvationist was to be brought

before it, or to "let them alone" with the option of paying a fine which it was well known they would not pay.

Had you been "had in reputation among all the people," had your advice had weight with the nation generally, the result which many of you have hinted at as highly probable would no doubt have followed from it, and the work of The Salvation Army would have been brought to naught or overthrown. But happily you were, as a rule, entirely without influence of a religious kind with the masses of the people, who so far from refraining from The Army have continued to crowd around it, and have given it, heartily and generously, sympathy and support, which you and your hearers have refrained from doing.

But do not suppose for a moment that I write to accuse, reproach, or abuse you. I only recall these facts in order clearly to define the persons to whom I write, and by recalling your attention to the great blunder you made in the past, to assist and entreat you to repair that blunder before it be for ever too late. The Salvation Army having been born of God, and led and sustained by Him all along, cannot be overthrown, and is altogether independent of you. So far as in you lay, when it first burst upon public view in the society surrounding yourself, you prevented it from obtaining any assistance. That was perhaps a great blessing to it, for it might not have had so much help from God as it has received had the favoring smile of men been more generally granted to it. But now I beg you to look at its position in view of your own words, and then to ask yourselves what is your present duty with regard to it.

The advice of Gamaliel was that the Apostles should be allowed to go on preaching Christ without let or hindrance, since, he argued, it would in due time be seen whether they were persons giving themselves out to be somebody like Theudas and Judas, or whether they were workers together with God. Now if this was what you intended in

your advice with regard to The Salvation Army, I will suppose even so short a time as four years ago, what do the facts show at the present moment ?

And, first of all, let me tell you that if you assume to advise others how they should treat the men of The Salvation Army, or if you are in a position in which it is natural and proper that others should look to you for good counsel as to their conduct on any public matter, then it is your duty in the first place to learn from those men themselves what is their purpose and what they teach. How few of you have ever done this you well know ; but I leave the past, and I urge you, as you value your own souls, to do now what you have refrained from doing so long. If you will not go to these poor men and women where they are, invite at least one of them—I will not ask you to invite a dozen—to come and stand before you and explain why they speak in the name of Jesus, and what they say. One such interview will do more to raise you to the level at least of the great Jew whose counsel you have so travestied and whose name you have so degraded by connecting it with your conduct, than anything else I can imagine.

But supposing that you either will not or cannot take as much trouble to acquaint yourself with The Salvation Army as the greatest men in Jerusalem did to learn the facts about the Apostles, I will ask you at least to consider solemnly the following facts :—

Five years ago, when the advice to refrain from The Salvation Army, and let it alone, first began to be given by influential men, that Army consisted of 251 Corps, under the command of 533 poor men and women, who were as destitute of money, friends, and learning as the Apostles, and who were beaten, spoken against, and despised almost as generally as they were. The counsel which those men and women received from their General and his wife, and from one another, was that they should go on witnessing

for Jesus, out of doors and indoors, in season and out of season, by speech and song, by dress, flag, music, printing, and in every possible way to the utmost of their power. The work to which they were thus counselled to devote their lives has been carried on daily since then without any material change, and has neither been overthrown nor come to naught. On the contrary, it has been so blessed and owned by God Himself that to-day this Salvation Army has 1,552 Corps instead of 251, and 3,600 Officers instead of 533.

This enormous multiplication of the work has not been produced by some sudden and extraordinary events. It has all come about by steadfast perseverance in doing, saying, and suffering exactly what the 533 were doing, saying, and suffering five years ago. Now I demand of you to answer in your own hearts, even if you will not dare to answer more publicly, the question which you yourselves raised when you told the people to wait and see whether this work were of God or whether it were of man.

The great Gamaliel, when he made his famous pronouncement with regard to the Apostles, had probably only heard of them for a few weeks at most, and, so far from wishing meanly to wait until he saw them succeed or otherwise, before pronouncing for or against them, he really stood up as their protector in a moment of terrible danger, and argued—not that they were to be judged absolutely by their success in gathering or keeping a crowd of persons under their influence, but that this would effectually prove whether they were honest men or impostors, as to which he really might not at that time have had much opportunity to judge. He may, for aught we know, only have heard of them as men who had set the whole city in an uproar, who had actually led others jumping and shouting in the Temple itself, and who were a curious mixture of all classes. If he had been told of the real character of Ananias and

Sapphira, and other men and women who had taken "a very prominent part" in the services, he might very reasonably have had serious doubts as to their moral character. But he had independence of mind enough to proclaim before their infuriated enemies that they might after all be men of God, and that those who in any way opposed them might be opposing Him. His argument was that, even supposing them to be impostors, it was entirely unnecessary to take legal action against them, seeing that their human schemes and works would inevitably, in that case, come to naught, if they were simply let alone.

Now, I am willing to stand firmly by these great principles of eternal truth. Had the leader of The Salvation Army been a self-seeking man, "giving himself out to be somebody," or had this spirit been prevalent to any great extent in the Officers under his command, then unquestionably this work and counsel would long ago have come to naught.

Even if no Salvation Officer or Soldier had ever been prosecuted, imprisoned, beaten, stoned or kicked; even had no Corps been turned out of its meeting place, and driven forth or hounded about from street to street by mobs; even had no slanderous reports been spread against The Army by press and pulpit, by infidel and Christian; even had The Army enjoyed plenty of funds instead of being strained at Headquarters, and at every point from day to day to pay its way; even had no great law-suits been brought against it or its leaders, and no great attacks been made on their reputation by false brethren or others, I say that even then the mere wear and weight of the every-day struggle to put away sin, and drag sinners from the seat of the ungodly to the penitent-form, would have so utterly wearied out, sickened and exhausted The General and all his helpers that this counsel and work would have come to naught in the completest sense long ago.

But instead of coming to naught it has come to an International Congress in which working people of no less than eighteen countries and colonies of the world will come together, representing tens of thousands like themselves, who are possessed with the old apostolic idea and purpose of witnessing before the whole world to Jesus as a Prince and a Saviour, who gives repentance and forgiveness.

Oh, that I could search you out to a man and a woman, and confront you with those witnesses who within the last five years have seen certainly not less than 250,000 poor sinners in broken-hearted penitence come out in the presence of multitudes of others publicly to confess their sins and to seek forgiveness! Oh, that I could place you before those companies, whether large or small, to whom you have either spoken or written about "refraining from" The Salvation Army and letting them alone; and that I could constrain you in the presence of these great undeniable facts to answer: whether this work be of God, or whether it be of men! But no, I cannot reach you, I can hardly hope that these words will come before the eyes of many of you, for as a rule, you have been determined that whatever others may do, you at least will "refrain from these men, and let them alone." You would not be seen near one of their meeting places, and no publication of theirs shall, if you can help it, ever be seen in your dwelling!

But to such of you as may read these lines I do say, in no bitterness, but in earnest desire that you may do what is right, remember, I entreat you, that the day is coming when with Gamaliel and all his fellow-counsellors, and with the saved drunkards and harlots from every nation, who are assuredly entering into the Kingdom of God, you and I must stand before the Judgment-seat of Christ. When that day comes shall it be said that you refrained from these men and let them alone, or that as soon as they came, strangers to your town or village, you took them in; that

when they were without means to buy food you freely entertained them ; that when their uniforms were worn out with work for God you paid for clothing for them ; that when they were sick or in prison you knew enough about them to be at once aware of it, and cared enough about it to go and see them ? Which shall it be ?

I have seen some of these men and women, even in this great London, without a building to meet in, and without a home to go to, while churches and chapels, schoolrooms, mansions, warehouses, and cottages stood empty by the hundreds, which but for advice such as yours might have been opened to the "strangers," who only asked for the privilege of renting some of them in order to gather the lost ones in ; and the same sad sight has been witnessed in cities, towns, and villages all round the world. I have seen poor men and women who had given up freely some rest day, after a hard week of toil in the workshop or factory, spending their last pennies to get a little needed refreshment between services in full view of thousands of comfortable homes, where but for advice such as yours they would surely have been warmed and fed for their work's sake. I have seen these men and women turn out in the severest wintry weather in thin, worn-out garments, while probably all the rest of those who professed to be witnesses for Christ in the town were sheltering by the fire, well clad and warm. How many thousands of these would surely have been moved by pity to give of their abundance to their poorer brethren but for such advice as yours ! I have seen these men, ay, even their chiefs, sick in body and sick at heart, under the crushing burden of slander, misrepresentation, and contempt, added to the every-day labor and suffering they had undertaken for others, when they might have been cheered, encouraged, and helped by persons of influence who knew they were right, but who, under the influence of your counsel, resolved to let them alone

本
年
正
月
初
四
禮
拜
晚
定
期
六
點
半
鐘
在
嘩
喇
囉
口
三
軍
兵
房
總
督
大
人
講
書
理
外
委
富
員
水
清
列
位
良
朋
齊
集

OUR

FIRST CHINESE BILL.

Issued at Sydney, New South Wales.

Translation.

JANUARY 4th, 1886,

Sunday Night 6.30.,

IN THE

WATERLOO JUNCTION,

No. 3 Barracks,

WILL BE

A MEETING BY THE CAPTAIN.

Sergeant Lung Fue will invite all friends
to be there.

I have seen men and women who, for preaching Jesus in your streets, have been sent to prison, and who were neither visited in any way by you when there, nor recognised, except it were in scorn, praising God that they had been counted worthy to suffer for His sake. You, and only too many who have listened to you, have refrained from them, and let them alone; but I charge you before God that you beware how you continue in such a course!

“Ye cannot overthrow” the counsel or the work of these men. When you stand up or sit down in your splendid places of worship they will still be preaching the Gospel to the poor in some back slum or attic or “Glory-Shop.” While you write and read your cold-blooded essays upon them they will be writing, with tears and cries upon the heart of God and His poor outcasts, records that will last for ever. While you ride out in splendour to your assemblies, to your money-making and your pleasuring, these poor men and women will be trudging on, through mud and rain, through ice and snow, or it may be over burning sands or pavements, to carry glad tidings to sad, sinful hearts that you have left to perish. When you lie down to rest and to dream of your own advancement, in the world or the church, these men and women will still be fighting on somewhere for the salvation of the poor.

For this work is of God, born in His Fatherly heart, bursting out, by no human scheme, in Heavenly power and beauty under the influence of His Holy Spirit upon simple hearts in every nation, sustained and carried forward, in spite of every difficulty, by His Almighty power. Ye cannot overthrow it; but beware, I say again, ye counsellors of indifference and of selfishness, beware! “lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.”

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.
Amen.

R. One of these men.

XX.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

THERE would be no hope left for us on the day when we began to seek honor one from another rather than that which comes from God alone, and it is only of those who are gone to reap the honors of Heaven that we venture to speak freely in tones of admiration. Even amongst these it would be extremely undesirable to make any absolute selection. We shall probably be astonished to find in Heaven amongst the foremost of our old friends some of whose apparently commonplace everyday doings but little was said or thought while they were on earth. Taking up any "War Cry" that is published, you find nowadays an account of some Soldiers "promoted" during the week, and too often half a dozen lines suffice to contain the story of faithful service, extending over years, which has just concluded. True the next few lines generally tell of a tremendous Soldier's funeral, frequently witnessed by thousands of townsfolk with respectful interest, and that in itself speaks a volume as to the humble life that is missing. But the close limits of space will only permit me to introduce a few specimens of the men and women who in various divisions of The Army have nobly done their part in the war, and, after having been faithful to the end, have gloriously gone to swell the number of the overcomers in Heaven.

And first among these I must mention Mrs. Collingridge, who was the leader of the first band of women speakers organised in the Mission.

When Mr. Booth commenced his East-End services she

with her husband came to the meetings held in the dancing room, New Road, when that was the only Hall occupied. She had not courage at that time to pray or take any part in the public services, and it was not until she had lost both her children by death, that she was led completely to give herself up to the service of the Lord, and to let Him use her lips as well as her life to show forth His praise. It was at a Holiness meeting held in the Old Woolshed, Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, that Mrs. Collingridge gave herself up to do and bear anything for Christ. And from that day she was ready to speak, either in the open air, the cottage, a Mission-hall, or a Theatre, in the midst of friends or foes.

For a long time she labored without receiving any fee or reward. But so blessed were her endeavors, not only in leading the lost ones home, but in stirring up other sisters to labor in the same way and in organizing their efforts, that it seemed desirable to obtain more of her time than would have been possible, consistently with her family duties, without providing help in these latter for her. She was, therefore, with some difficulty, persuaded to accept a small sum weekly to enable her to hire help at home, and she thus became the first paid worker in the Mission, and continued for five years to devote the greater part of her time and energies to all sorts of missionary labor.

She was never strong, having a particularly delicate chest, so that whenever she took cold she had an unpleasant cough. Yet in the streets she was able to command crowds of the roughest at any time, and indoors she was felt to be a mighty power. Perhaps she could not be better described than as one of the first women who were determined to win. It was no longing for publicity or notoriety that attracted her, for it is not so much of her public work, blessed and glorious as that was, that one hears, as of the victories she won from garret to garret, and from door to door, as she

pressed on, resolved never to give up a victim of sin down to the last hour, if it were possible to reach him with the message of mercy. When, at last worn out, she died amongst old friends, away in a country village, it was in the joy and peace which are the portion only of those who overcome. A few hours before her death she sang one of our favorite street choruses, only changing it into the first person singular. What a triumph for the first of our female leaders to die singing—

“Oh, I am going to wear a crown,
To wear that starry crown.”

And how could a story of The Army be finished without mention of John Allen? As we have published his life in full, it is not necessary to say much of it here, and yet from first to last it stands out a striking demonstration of the truth of all our principles, sufficient to support them if there were none other to be found.

“Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old fellow,” shouted the leader of the meeting at which John Allen was converted, now Colonel Dowdle, to a careless on-looker, as the great big navy rose from his knees, shouting and praising God for Salvation, after weeks of agonising conviction through which he had passed since he heard the Mission people at the East India Dock gates, and the General in the Oriental Theatre; and so manifestly was that foul-mouthed, drinking, fighting blackguard a child of hell, that all who lived in the neighborhood might well look in wonder upon him, as he came out fearlessly to stand up in the streets alone, or in company with others, to tell of Salvation. For ten years afterwards he toiled with the energy of a lion and the devotion of a martyr to drag others like his former self to Christ, and almost to force them, whether they would or no, to walk in the right way.

Well might he have aspired to be a minister, for with a wonderful natural eloquence, a strong simple common sense,

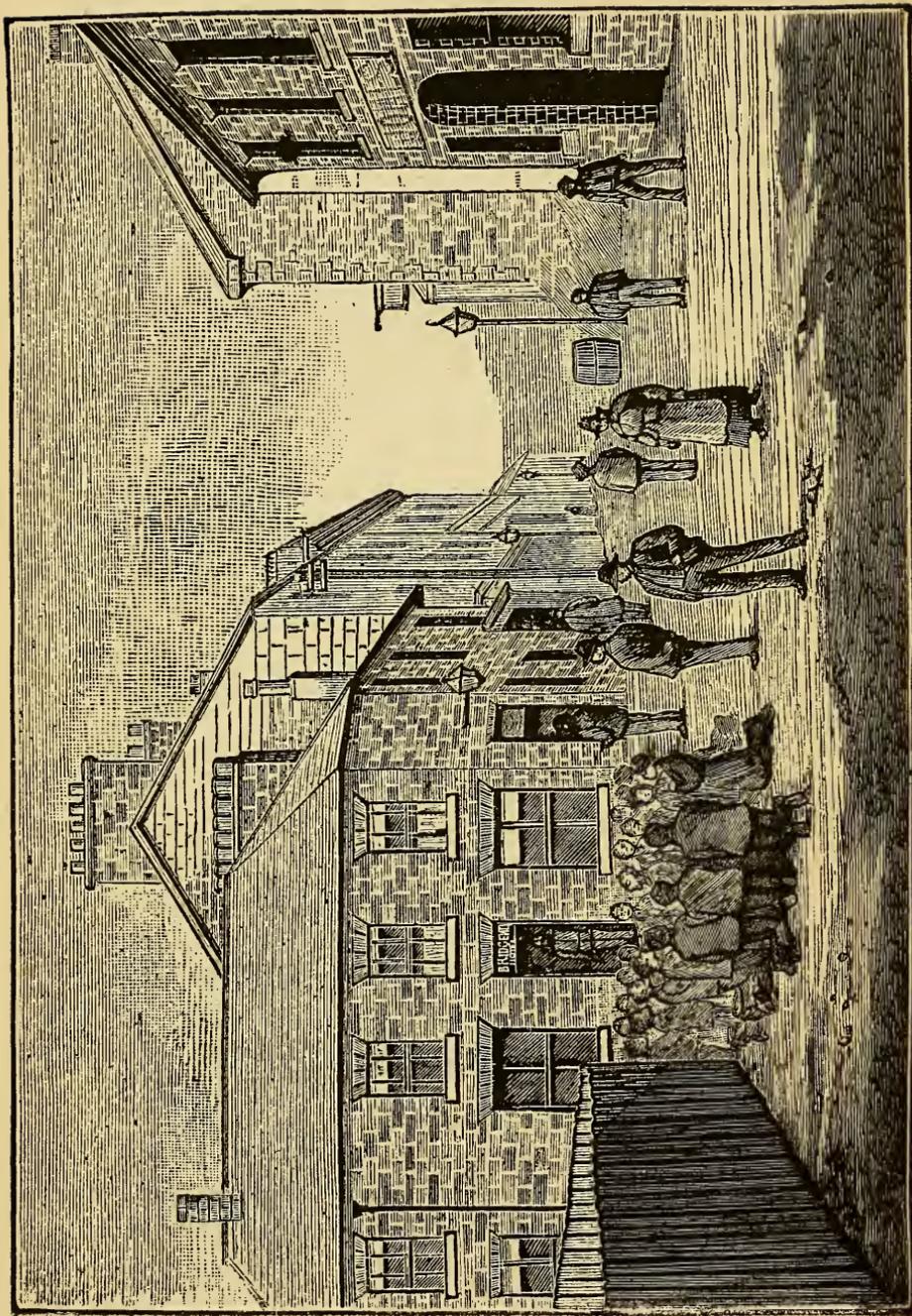
and the desperate energy of a soul fully convinced, he could hold audiences of thousands as few men can; but he lived and died a Soldier of the sapper type. It was within a few months of his death, and when in command of our Portsmouth Corps that, with his own hands, he labored to make a Salvation barracks out of the old stores in Salisbury. He would toil on at the work as close to the hour of meeting as possible, and then after a hurried wash and cup of tea, rush off to do more eternally valuable spiritual service.

His dying was as glorious as his living. For months he lay in great suffering from typhoid fever and its effects, and, although reduced to great weakness, exclaimed to The General when he visited him, "I am the happiest man in Portsmouth." The Chief on a subsequent visit asked him, "Shall I tell the people that when your feet were in the cold river you found Jesus as good?"--"Better! better!" exclaimed the sick man.

"Better than His word," shall I tell them? "Tell them, tell them, tell them," he replied, with all his accustomed emphasis. "Give my love to all the brethren. I shall see you all again in the morning."

His last words were "Jesus, my Saviour!" and the great six foot Soldier died at thirty-five years of age, far more truly falling for his country than any of the poor fellows who perish of fever on some foreign campaign.

No less glorious was the career of Captain Louisa Lock, who commenced her work as a Soldier of the Hackney Corps at fourteen years of age, and went out as an Officer at sixteen. Of her services at Sunderland, Seaham Harbour, Blyth, Devonport, Leeds, Gateshead, and at Northwich it is impossible here to speak at length. Suffice it to say that in spite of frequent weakness, she was the means of leading hundreds of drunkards and others to the Saviour, persevering night after night amidst all



LOUISA LOCK "OBSTRUCTING" THE VILLAGE SQUARE.

weathers, with her open-air work at some of our most northern stations.

It was at Pentre in South Wales that she was to suffer for Christ the most, and win her most distinguished victory. She was already in a very exhausted condition, sometimes remaining in unconsciousness for hours together after conducting services, when all at once an attempt was made to silence her voice, in the open air at any rate, altogether. While kneeling in a large space opposite a public-house at prayer, at ten minutes past six on Sunday evening, a police officer came over from the house, and took her name with those of several others. The man who was actually engaged in prayer at the time of this interference had been for years before notorious for his wickedness, so that when the case came for hearing many rejoiced to have it on police evidence that Bowen was praying. It was considered however to be proved that these people actually obstructed the Bridgend Square for a certain number of minutes that Sunday evening, and Captain Lock and her five Soldiers refusing to pay the fine, or have it paid for them, were sent to Cardiff jail for two days' hard labor.

Thousands saw them depart. Prayer and other meetings of a sympathetic kind were held in every place of worship in the valley on the Sunday, and it was estimated that not less than 20,000 persons turned out at various points along the line to witness their return.

In 1880 Captain Lock was married to an Officer, but a few months later it became evident that consumption of a rapid kind had set in, and at the beginning of March, 1881, not yet twenty-one years of age, this noble woman died, after having proved as few have done how much can be accomplished by one short tender life, fully devoted to the world's Salvation.

Of a very different type was John Price, one of the ruffians transformed into a gentleman in The Army's early days.

“I was, in general,” said he, “drunk twice or three times on Sundays. The Sunday I was convinced I was a sinner I had been drunk twice. For some months before I was converted I could not sleep at all unless I was drunk, very seldom going to bed without cursing and swearing until I went to sleep, and woke up the same in the morning, waking everybody in the house with my cursing and swearing sometimes. Even in the night I have often had the police called in for ill-using my wife. On one occasion she ran down to her mother’s with her face bleeding, but I went to bed. When I awoke I saw my wife was not there, so I went out and got drunk. I came home, got a large carving knife, put it up my sleeve, and went down to her mother’s with the intention of killing her ; but they saw the knife, the police were called in, and I was taken off.” On that memorable Sunday evening, after two drunken bouts, while standing at his door, the singing at an open-air meeting drew him to listen to the speaking, when a brother came and induced him to go to the Hall, where that same night he sought and found mercy.

Five months later he began speaking in public at a street corner, opposite a public-house to which he had often gone, and from which one of his old companions immediately came out to offer him a pint of beer ; but from that day till his death, ten years later, he never ceased to labor indoors and out, publicly and privately, for the salvation of drunkards. Toiling to support his family day by day, he never grudged any leisure time, any strength or money he could possibly spare to help in securing the salvation of others. Suddenly, strangely and gloriously the end came. Taken ill at his work one Wednesday, no one thought of danger till the next Monday morning, when at five o’clock he sprang out of bed, and said to his wife, “I’m going home.” He bade his eight children good-bye, telling them he should be gone to Heaven before they came home from

school at dinner-time. When asked a few hours later how it was with his soul, he said, "Triumphant! triumphant! triumphant!" His last words were, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and then, when all power of speech was gone, he waved his handkerchief round his head in triumph till his strength completely failed, and on the tenth anniversary of his conversion he went to Heaven.

Scarcely less suddenly came upon us the other day the loss of Mrs. Captain Murray, better known as Captain Hannah Clarke. Seven years ago I remember that brave girl, one of three who were all afterwards distinguished in the field, and who at that time were to be seen calmly facing one of the roughest audiences even The Salvation Army ever gathered together; that crowd of thieves and ruffians whom The General's second son, now Marshal Booth, had got into the Manchester Temple. Hannah Clarke was one of the witnesses for the defence when the Marshal was charged before the Manchester magistrates with obstructing the street, on which occasion she made the deepest impression on all engaged in the prosecution, and better still, she was one of those who that same night, after he had been sent to prison, stood where he had stood, and marched where he had marched, with inspectors of police, and I know not how many more lookers on.

Becoming an Officer at the age of nineteen, Captain Clark did noble service in various towns for the following eight years. In Aberdeen, when she received messages from ruffians that they would kill her if she turned out into the streets again, she would take her Lieutenant by the hand, and after they had knelt together, and put themselves once more specially under the Lord's guidance and protection, go out as usual to suffer all that might come.

In 1885, she was married to Captain Murray, and after the birth of a child in January, 1886, became very ill. We

hoped that in answer to prayer she would be spared to us ; but although there seemed to be a great promise of recovery, a sudden relapse brought her life to a close, on Sunday evening, 7th March. She had warmly saluted the Corps as they marched past the house that afternoon, and had said to her husband, when he asked her at tea-time if she was willing to go anywhere for God,

“I have gone already, and I am ready and willing to go anywhere again for Jesu’s sake.”

Immediately after tea, he had gone to his open-air meeting, and she to her bed, when a fit of severe coughing suddenly brought her life to an end, and looking up sweetly she said, “Oh, Lord, I do believe,” and went to be with Him.

It would not do to forget the glorious men and women belonging to The Army abroad, who have lived and died like so many of their comrades in the old country.

On the 29th December, 1885, our Canadian Army lost one of its most useful Officers in the death of Staff-Captain Madden, commanding the Kingston Division. He was a Canadian who recognised the great Divine Mission of The Army, and felt bound to give it his help to the uttermost. When he joined the fourth Corps at Chatham in 1882 the work in Canada was of course only beginning ; but, having satisfied himself that it was the work of God, he abandoned without hesitation the prospect he had of becoming a Minister, and gladly gave himself up to go as a Cadet to the Toronto Corps in February, 1883. His intense devotion, and still more his wonderful usefulness in leading hundreds to Christ wherever he went, caused his rapid promotion, until in September, 1884, he was placed in command of the Kingston Division. All through the winter he fought a glorious fight, leading in the attack on Montreal, where he suffered both hard blows and imprisonment while founding the work out of which has now grown another

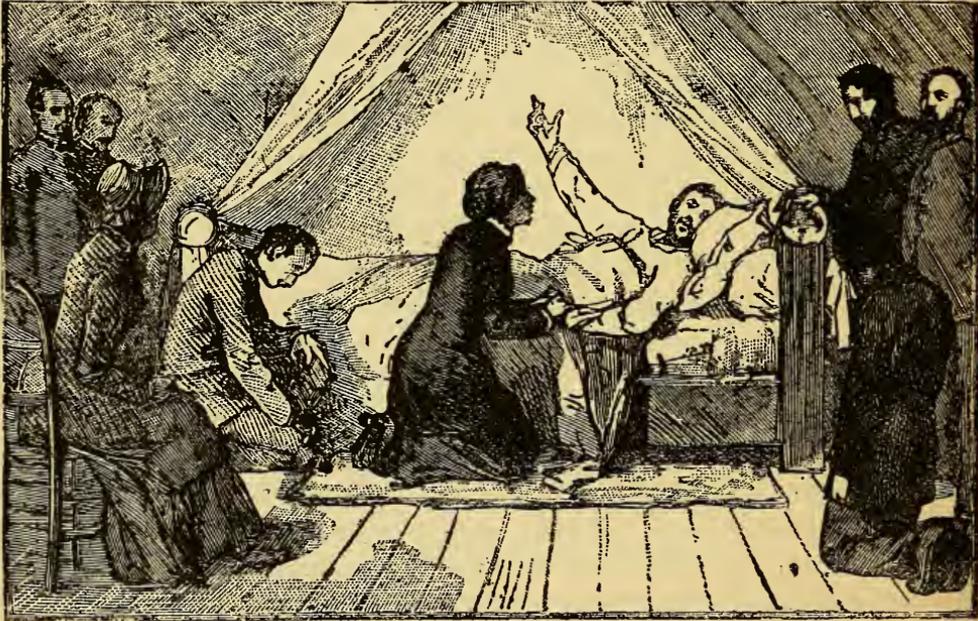
Canadian Division. That winter of intense suffering and desperate effort proved too much for his strength, and in April, 1885, he had to be relieved of his command. After months of intense suffering, borne with all a soldier's calmness, he peacefully fell asleep.

The first Swiss Officer absolutely to lay down his life for the world was Louis Jeanmonod. It was while in Germany, far away from his home, that he received a letter describing The Army as a set of clowns, whose meeting places were being smashed with hatchets. On returning home, some months later, he offered a glass of drink to a former companion, who said, "I never go into public-houses now," and induced him to go and hear the "clowns" for himself. So much was his conscience alarmed at the first meeting that he vowed never to go again; but, after days of agonising conviction, during which he could neither eat nor sleep, he was saved, and, after faithful service for some time, went to Paris as a Cadet. Here he showed the utmost devotion in every department of the work, and especially in night visits to the low cafés (visiting one hundred cafés in a day), holding in one evening as many as twenty short meetings between two o'clock and midnight. One Friday night he was placed at the door of the Hall to prevent anyone who had not the right from entering the Holiness meeting. Hearing a knock, he opened the door to see who was there, and immediately a rough fellow butted him with his head very violently on the right side. Louis was able, however, to close the door, when he and his comrades heard the ruffian say to an accomplice, "Pass me the knife, and if he opens again he won't hold another meeting." The next day Louis went out, as usual, selling "*En Avant*" in the streets, but returned in the evening exhausted, and went to bed, to rise no more. After a night of dreadful suffering, the doctor, who was called in, declared the case to be one of pleuro-pneumonia, and, after lingering in agony

till five o'clock on the following Thursday evening, Jeanmonod died. His was, indeed, a glorious death!

"They told me," said he, 'You will do better to stay with your father and mother;' but no, it is the Lord who calls me to work for Him. I was going to be sent out on the field to-morrow or the day after, but the devil has hindered it. Now Lieutenant, I will sing something."

"And you will take a Hallelujah to all our comrades in Heaven?" asked the Maréchal.



"Amen, we are arriving, it is good to sing—sing
 'Thou art love, my God. '"

His face beamed with joy while they sang, and then he said,

"I have had the victory, it is magnificent, beautiful," and with the words "It is too beautiful" on his lips, the young saint of twenty went off to wear his crown. Was

he a martyr? The doctors say "No." They say that there was disease on that right side; but neither in his Swiss mountain home, nor in connection with all his night winter work in the streets of Paris, had he ever complained of any pain there, until the day after he received that blow. But it is not worth while to argue the matter. He gave up his life to save others, and his life on earth is gone.

When The Army's work began in Lawrence, Mass., U.S., Faith Jeffrey went "to see the funny folks," who soon led her to be a good Soldier, fighting in the open air and indoors at almost every meeting in all kinds of weather. When called out to become an Officer, her father, who was a drunkard, said he would shoot the Captain if she took his daughter away from home; but, instead of doing this, he came to his daughter's farewell service, when he was deeply convinced of sin, and knelt with her on the railway platform on the eve of her departure, while she pleaded with her arms round his neck that he would give his heart to Jesus, and the same night "drunken Charlie" was transformed into "Happy Charlie." After some months' glorious service at various stations, she was taken seriously ill at Newark, New Jersey. She asked to see one of the Divisional Officers, and upon her arrival at her bedside, she brushed away the tear she saw rolling down the Officer's face, saying, "Bless you! Go for the world! go for the world! Tell my comrades to be true," and then sang--

"Fight and die, and never run away."

She was constantly expressing herself satisfied with Jesus. Everybody being still in the room, she said--

"What are you so quiet for? You are too quiet. Pray! pray!" Divisional Officer Shirley said, "Fire a volley!" and the dying girl joined heartily in the Amens of the rest. Her last words were--

"I fought--fought--fought, gained victory--victory--victory!"

XXI.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT ALL?

“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.”

Such were the words of Queen Victoria to Mrs. Booth, by which she shared in our rejoicings on the seventeenth anniversary of The Army celebrated in the Alexandra Park, August, 1882.

This was immediately after the great Archbishop Tait, as well as many others of high degree, had been showing their practical sympathy with us in the great work in which we were engaged. It was rather fashionable than otherwise to speak well of The Army just then, but only, thank God, for a short time. Since then it has rather been the fashion to speak of us as though, having reached our highest point in 1882, we had ever since then been gradually decreasing, and so steadily approaching an entire disappearance.

The facts and figures to the contrary seem to make but little impression however often repeated, and yet, whatever others may say or think, we are unable to discover any symptom of decline in the fact that, whereas at that 1882 celebration we had 320 Corps, under 776 Officers, holding 6,220 meetings a week, we have now 1,552 Corps under 3,602 Officers, holding 28,200 meetings every week.

Far be it for us, however, to rest satisfied with mere outward progress, however striking it may be in our opinion,

for that would be to measure ourselves by ourselves, and perhaps by-and-by to be pronounced "not wise."

To the 3,600 men and women who have given up their lives to this war, it must be a matter of the deepest concern what the prospect before us really is, especially since there are still to be found so many critics, professedly friendly or otherwise, who confidently predict that The Army will not last.

God will not change.

There can be no question in the mind of any honest observer that blessing He has blessed, and multiplying He has multiplied The Army, and if so The Army's lasting or not lasting must be a matter of the deepest concern to Him. And surely no one can question that wherever He sees The Army fulfilling the conditions which have secured for it so conspicuously His help in the past, He will continue equally to help it in the future. Therefore it seems to me there can only be one question for us to consider: "Will The Army continue to love and fight for souls in the future as in the past, or will it grow weary of the struggle, or give way to the spirit of ease, of pride, or of self, and sink down into a respectable carelessness, so forfeiting its title either to be called a "Salvation Army" or a "Christian Mission?"

God has said, "After the fathers shall be their children," and at twenty-one years of age it is time for us to look and see how far that promise is already being fulfilled in our midst. As to The General himself, it must surely be too late in the day for any intelligent man to persuade himself that he is likely to alter his course, after such a twenty-one years as the last, to say nothing of the twenty-one previous ones, which he has described to us, and to take up some new plan. But what about his children? They are mostly old enough now, not only to have shared for some years prominently in the war, but actually to have been slandered to no small extent like all the rest.

The overwhelming labors of his position have for a long time now kept the Chief-of-Staff to a most regrettable extent out of sight, so that comparatively few of those who know The Army have any opportunity to meet the man who is ceaselessly occupied from year's end to year's end in directing all the details of its management. He lives thus as it were a buried life, a sort of living death of incessant business, that others may live a life of soul-saving. Now, consider. This man is thirty years of age, and as we have seen has shared his father's burdens and labors in this work for twenty of those years. The whole system of The Army revolves around him as a sort of fixed pivot. Is it within the range of human imagination that he should, at some future time be content to let The Army cease to exist, or to fight as it does at present?

Suppose we pass to the eldest daughter, Maréchale Booth, who began her public ministry by speaking to a crowd which she had helped to gather opposite, "The Cat and Mutton" public-house, Hackney; whose first great series of services after years of smaller ones was held at Whitby, to assist our first Captain so-called, Elijah Cadman, who went year after year, in spite of great bodily weakness, from theatre to theatre, and from barracks to barracks, preaching to masses of the poor, and then went as contentedly, when the call came, to preach to comparative handfuls of the poor of Paris, where she has been seen with her cadets visiting and praying in the vilest of singing cafés. Will the woman who has lived this life for ten years, who has been expelled from two Swiss cantons, and imprisoned in one, rather than turn aside from it for a day, ever be content that The Army should not last, or that it should become the affair of a few respectables?

Then we come to the second son, Marshal Booth, known already so widely amongst our Officers in Australia and America, as well as in this country, that it would seem

most ridiculous for anyone to question whether he is likely to go in for a quieter life! The man who set himself to gather together thousands of the lowest and roughest men in Manchester into a respectable building in a respectable street, and did it; the man who joined in hunting out the victims of the devil from some of the vilest haunts of sin in Australia and New Zealand, is surely not the one who is to turn aside from his father's steps, and seek some more respectable career!

Shall it be the third son, Commandant Herbert Booth, perhaps the best hated of the three at present, because the most prominently engaged for the last two years in pushing the war in this island? This is the man who, as a school-boy, spent his holiday time in searching Bristol to find us a Barracks, and led The Army into the old wooden Circus, where it was soon to gather a crowd with whom the police of that city declared themselves powerless to deal. This is the man who has, more than anyone else, directed, systematised, and got into print the songs and music of The Army. More than any composer or musician who ever lived, he has already linked together plain, popular songs of Salvation with popular, some would say, vulgar music. During the past twelve months he has devised and carried out marches of our Cadets through the country, extending over thousands of miles, marches executed in spite of every difficulty and hitch, with glorious soul-saving effect amid towns and villages alike. It would be easy to imagine him always detested by people of refinement; but can anyone conceive of his growing into dislike for the low crowd, or being content that The Army should march no more?

The second daughter, Emma Booth, is claimed as a "mother," probably, by more poor girls than any person of her age. With (latterly) her younger sister, Eva, she has spent six years chiefly in the company of Hallelujah Lassies, fresh from the factory, the field, and the kitchen, whose ex-

perience of the intense affection and care bestowed upon them by these two daughters of their General has led them to return that love with a fervor that no stranger could have believed possible. These two, who as singers or speakers, have been listened to for nine years by audiences that have crowded the largest buildings in the Kingdom, and who have found a ready welcome in the homes of the rich, have always preferred to spend their days amongst "the girls," and have led The Army to go more than ever into the cellars and the garrets of the most wretched neighborhoods. Try to imagine them, if you can, seeing with contentment our congregations covered with broadcloth, our march through the back slums abandoned, and a new and "less objectionable" system introduced than that which the Hallelujah Lasses established!

And still there are more of The General's family to follow, when age and strength permit.

"Yes, yes, it's all the Booths, we know all that," do I hear some one say?

Well now, just suppose that this common reproach were perfectly true; including the insinuation which is its real sting, that the whole Army is a mere business concern so to speak, conducted for the benefit of one family. How should that affect our thoughts as to the work and the future of The Army?

In the spring of 1886, when all England was ringing with the speeches of great or little men talking against one another, with regard to the happiness of the Irish people, one glorious Quaker was visiting the poorest of them, distributing thousands of pounds' worth of seed to provide food for the people. Was anybody in England or Ireland mad enough to object because it was one man who, voluntarily and without reward, made it his work to save thousands of families from starvation? What if a family were to make it their business in life to turn the homes of

the drunkard and the unbeliever into homes of love and prayer and faith! Would the result be any the less satisfactory if the family were absolutely a business firm instead of being, as all who have taken the trouble to inquire well know "the Booths" to be, a company of self-sacrificing devotees to the good of others? Ten thousand happy homes would be just as beautiful, and just as much a joy to all honest men, if it could be proved to-morrow that the work of producing them had been a family speculation. And as to its lasting, who does not know that the vast fabric of English commerce has been built up largely by families who generation after generation have "stuck to the business"?

"Curse those Booths, there's no end to them," exclaimed a man while passing our Headquarters the other day; and the man was right, and will no doubt prove to be right as to his facts for many years to come.

But why dwell so much upon this fact so familiar to both friends and foes? Why, but that it contains within itself a guarantee as to what God will do, and as to what The Army will do in the future. Remember that most Salvation Army families are too young yet to demonstrate equally well the fulfilment of God's promise. But what has been done in one case God will do in tens of thousands of other cases. There is not a Salvation Army father or mother in the world who is not praying and trusting and laboring that their children may grow up like young Booths around their table. Already the coming race who have been Salvationists from childhood begin to appear here and there. In five years any one really acquainted with one Corps knows that we shall have hundreds of them who have grown up to look upon the position and work of a Salvation Army Officer as the great prize of life.

And then think of the influence of The General's children upon our Officers and upon the rising race in every country. It would be impossible to guess to how

how great an extent the four last-named have moulded the character and shaped the life of those who for the last six years have become the leaders of The Army in all parts of the world; and although the sad history of the Kingdom of God in all ages forbids the hope that all will remain for ever true to the vows they made to God in secret, and the promises they shouted publicly when under those blessed influences, we cannot imagine the unfaithful remaining in The Army and changing it from what it is to something entirely different.

For better or worse this vast organisation has been constructed with one single purpose, to which every being in it has at one time or other declared him or herself enthusiastically devoted, and nothing pleases me more than to observe that whenever anyone begins to cherish some second object, they begin at the same time to disconnect themselves from The Army.

The man who wants money, quietude, troops of friends, and admirers, is sure to find out before long something that he objects to very much in The Salvation Army. In proportion as his selfish wishes increase or are thwarted, he "sees more and more clearly" how very wrong it is for The Army to do so-and-so, and when there appears to be an opportunity for him to do well for himself, he leaves us, and we may consider ourselves very happy if he does not become a more or less pronounced enemy.

Of course I do not overlook the awful wrecking power that such men have and use to the damage of The Army and the loss of precious souls. How easy, alas! it is for a sleek-faced self-seeker, with "honeyed words, to deceive the simple!" How easy for the man who for years has been solemnly declaring,

"We'll fight beneath our colours till we die,"

to persuade a whole corps who have learnt to love and trust him that it is their duty to join him in desertion, and

then in open opposition (all under the cloak of religion, of course). But as this story has shown, The Army has weathered such storms at their fiercest, and has come out purified and strengthened a thousandfold as the ultimate result of the very efforts made to destroy it.

But thank God such cases have become the very rare exception. The latest known case was an attempt made by an Officer in charge of a whole Division; yet he could not get one of the sixty-eight Field Officers under him to accept the situations, which "for conscientious reasons," he offered them. And with every year and every extension of The Army it will become more and more difficult for wreckers to succeed in their horrid work of throwing off the line of single-eyed devotion to God and souls, lives that have once been devoted to Him.

If then The Army is not only able by God's help to overcome every opposing influence without, but so strong to resist the still more powerful attack of enemies within, surely its future cannot but be one of ever growing prosperity. But what are the signs of the times?

Is there any evidence in connection with The Army's meeting-places of coming respectability? It is of course true that the New Barracks which have been built for The Army in no less than 155 localities in the United Kingdom, at a cost of £206,380 are, in outward appearance finer than the warehouses, lofts, and other extraordinary meeting-places, for which they are substituted. But we never tolerate the idea of building unless to accommodate larger numbers, or because of the enormous burden of rents with which the poor people would otherwise have to continue to struggle. When we do build it would always be in warehouse, circus, or engine-shed form, but for the requirements of Local Boards, who insist upon an expenditure on outside appearance, which we would fain avoid. But if oppressed with any misgivings as to the tendency of

these new Barracks, you have only to look inside one of them, after it has been occupied a year or two, to satisfy yourself that the new place has become the spiritual home of a multitude of the poor.

And on the other hand, thank God, the occupation of the roughest and strongest places goes on faster than ever. I do not remember to have heard of The Army's turning a piggery into a place of worship before 1886, and the very last building actually arranged for in the great Metropolis is a foundry, as to which I heard the Chief giving the most absolute instructions to have it left to the utmost possible extent just as it was, excepting of course necessary cleaning and whitewashing.

Has The Army lost any of its old-fashioned energy as to the method in which it occupies such Barracks as these or turns them to account?

Let us have a look at one of our latest advances. Canterbury, the Headquarters, so to speak, of British Christianity, has a population of 20,000. There are a cathedral, sixteen churches, twelve chapels and mission halls, forty-three clergymen of various ranks, a college full of missionary students, fifteen ministers, missionaries, and bible-women. There are also 155 public-houses and twenty drink-selling tradesmen.

The Salvation Army sent into this city in February, 1886, a couple of young girls, and when a party of their comrades came over from Whitstable and elsewhere to celebrate the opening of their Barracks (formerly a rag-shop) in White Horse Lane, they were savagely attacked near the railway station, and many of them seriously hurt by a howling mob, over whom nobody seemed to try to exercise any control.

I need not say that this brutal treatment neither slackened the energy nor hindered the success of our 706th English Corps. Their Barracks were crowded night after night,

and, in spite of every difficulty, 100 sinners came out to the penitent-form seeking mercy within the first three weeks. But we have yet to hear that any religious or other authority in that city has expressed any pleasure at the commencement of a new effort for the spiritual benefit of the untamed part of the population, or any regret that those who came to make it were treated much as they might have been a thousand years ago. On the contrary, we have seen the very police who permitted ruffianism to go unchecked on the opening day, bring up one of our sisters, along with two men, for the crime of "obstructing" Knott's Lane for twenty minutes on a Sunday morning, although it was admitted that not one of the inhabitants would come forward to complain of any obstruction, and that the crowd gathered was perfectly quiet and orderly. Captain Ann Kirby was sentenced for this offence to pay five shillings fine, or go to prison for seven days. She did neither. Who paid the fine? We may know some day. Certainly none of our friends. We still preach in Knott's Lane.

We have thus met, near the old rag shop in Canterbury in February, 1886, the same sort of treatment that our Officers have had to encounter all through The Army's history, on the South African diamond fields, in San Francisco, in Portland, Maine, and in many other cities of the United States, as well as in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and have overcome in the old style, and with the old glorious results.

But is it all the same thing over and over again? Has The Army exhausted its discoveries as to new methods of arousing the attention of the people, or leading them in the right way? On the contrary, inventions were never multiplied so rapidly as during the opening months of 1886. A complete change in the shape, size, and form of the "War Cry," making it a sixteen-page penny weekly instead of a halfpenny bi-weekly;—marches or rides by 'bus,

van, or jaunting car of eleven Companies of Cadets traversing most of the counties of England and Scotland within two months, and holding 1,780 meetings;—a system of portable tents called “booths,” for use in villages where no building of any kind can be hired for service;—and last, not least, the organisation of Naval Brigades, by means of which, in less than two months, The Army flag has been hoisted on some fifty vessels engaged in fisheries round the British coast, whose Captains undertake to hold services on board on every possible occasion. Such are a few of the general novelties within the last few months.

But a casual glance at any copy of the “War Cry” will show how continually Officers and Soldiers are doing that, which to them, at any rate, is entirely new. Here, for instance, an Officer has met with an unusually fair-minded Board of Guardians, who permit him to visit, pray, and speak with the paupers; there it is the Secretary of a Corps whose employer sends him one day to the office of a distillery, where he manages to address the workmen about their souls; yonder, in the far North, a Soldier is found waking up 140 of his comrades early on Sunday morning for kneedrill by tapping on their windows with a long pole. In short, there is everywhere the real eternal life, that is ever bursting into fresh forms or conquering fresh difficulties.

But what comes of it all? Does the enormous multiplicity of effort produce results of corresponding size? How can we tell? Suppose we were to ask the same question about the whole work of the Lord Jesus Christ in this world? Should we not all acknowledge with shame and sorrow how very meagre a return He has received for the outpouring of His own blood, and the showers of blessing bestowed upon mankind ever since the world began? What is more important, should we not all sadly confess how miserable and small has been our own response to all His tender mercies? Yet we venture to say that He not only continues to bless

the world because He loves to bless it, but because He thinks it worth while to do so. We might easily be discouraged were we to look on the one side at the thousands saved, on the other at the many millions gone beyond the reach of Salvation within the last twenty-one years, at the enormous crowds that listen, and the comparative few that obey.

But one startling fact to which attention has been called this year by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, is surely enough to indicate to us that a work has been done, and is going on, of a far more extensive kind than we have at present any idea of. The British revenue from intoxicating drink is £7,830,000 less than it would have been this year had the people continued to drink as much in proportion as they were drinking ten years ago; and as this is only the calculated loss of revenue, it represents an expenditure on drink of £46,980,000 less than would have been made last year had not a great change in some way been brought about. The Chancellor proceeded to show that it was not trade depression which had produced this result, since there had been a still more striking increase in expenditure on useful articles. Of course, we cannot claim all the credit for this vast national improvement, and a mere increase of decency and morality would not in itself be a satisfactory result for those to look upon whose work it is to proclaim the one thing needful. But is not this a big straw indicating that God may be using our efforts to turn upon the whole people a pure language to an extent of which we can form no idea from a mere count of heads?

And yet, could we properly look at the extent of our organisation alone, that might in itself be sufficient to fill our hearts with astonishment and gratitude for all that The Army has come to already, and with illimitable faith as to what God will make it come to in the future.

Twenty-one years ago we see a minister, full of doubt as to his power to gather or deal with a single congregation of

the vast outside multitude, for whose salvation he was ready to give his life. To-day we see under his command the largest standing army in the world, composed of just those very people conquered and captured by the love of God, occupying eighteen countries and colonies. In each of these countries we see a Commanding Officer who will not rest satisfied short of the salvation of the entire people placed under his care, and there is not one of these who is not also desirous of extending his attack to some other country as well.

We see under these eighty-five Divisional Officers, each having the command of a more or less extensive tract of country, into every corner of which they are ceaselessly striving to extend The Army's work. In the United States alone, there are eighteen such Officers, of whom Commissioner Smith says that within the next fortnight they would establish seventy-two new Corps, had they the 144 Officers required for the extension.

Well, and what about the supply of Officers for the command of the Corps? We have already 3,602, of whom hundreds were sent to Stations in the United Kingdom between the 1st January and the 1st May, 1886. In the counties of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridge alone, there have been produced during the last twelve months no less than 250 Officers, and the supply of Soldiers eager to give up their whole lives to the work without guarantee of salary or promise of a settled home, but with the certainty of a life of toil and hardship, is far beyond the possibility of our utilising them under our present arrangements. One of our oldest and most cautious friends assured me the other day that he was positive he could recommend, after the careful and exhaustive enquiries into character, love of hard work, &c., which we insist upon before accepting candidates, 200 in the course of the next twelve months from one Division alone. This would give, taking a like pro-

portion from each Corps in the United Kingdom, a total of 4,000 in one year. We shall reach that number yet.

And these Officers, be it remembered, are men and women whose fitness for the work has been closely tested in some cases for years in connection with the Corps ; a very large proportion of them now-a-days have previously won and held the rank of Sergeant, which demanded of them that they should be examples to their comrades in every respect, and that they should oversee some department of the work of their Corps, or some portion of the town in which they lived, visiting new converts, and doing as their commission puts it, " as nearly as their leisure time and opportunities will permit, the work of an officer."

All this vast organisation, as has been explained in our chapter on finances, is made as nearly as possible locally self-supporting, and although, as we have just remarked, its expansion may continue to be terribly cramped and hindered by want of money at the various Headquarters, yet even under this continual crippling, we have seen how The Army has been led in five years. I will not attempt to estimate what its progress will be in another five, for I do hope that the past affords no real measure on which to base such a calculation. Here is undeniably the most gigantic organisation of working people, in their youth and strength and manhood, for extending the Kingdom of Christ that the world ever saw.

It has attained its majority, but that is all. Its great world-life is, so to speak, but beginning.

But it is not in its numbers, in its machinery, in all its past victories over every sort of opposition, or in the resolution of every Soldier in its legions to conquer all, that I see the surest sign of its future triumphs.

The strength of The Army is in its God, and in its love of fellowship with Him.

I have never heard of a poor man's religious society before, which twice weekly held meetings for the express purpose of self-examination as to purity of heart and life, or which continually induced great companies of working people to spend whole nights in prayer. That an Army mainly composed of people who have lived most of their lives in the utter neglect of God should be found faulty in many respects; that time after time, and in place after place it should be exposed to the greatest danger of being led astray in this direction or in that, of yielding to discouragement or unbelief on the one hand, or of self-confident idleness on the other, is inevitable; but against all this The Army has found its unfailing remedy in prayer. It has been by faithful prayer more than anything else, that each little handful from the first one onwards, has been enabled to stand against every foe, and to go forward from strength to strength.

What will come of it all?

I HEAR THE ANSWER

swelling up from myriads of hearts to God this very night. I hear it from those who have left homes of wealth and comfort to toil for life amongst the dirt and misery of the back slums. I hear it from the poor drunkard of past days kneeling to-night with his wife and children in the clean, beautiful home into which salvation has, for the first time, introduced them. I hear it from the weak lassie struggling against pain and weakness in the close atmosphere of a building crowded with ruffianly men who interrupt her every sentence. I hear it from the devoted father locked up in a prison cell away from his family and his Corps for having preached Jesus in the streets. I hear it from the hospital-bed where a saved thief lies dying, happy in His Saviour's love. I hear it from the vast assemblies *συναγωγαὶ* of the largest buildings in England and

the Colonies. I hear it from the Swiss Corps whose Barracks have just been wrecked, and who are met in cottage rooms more joyously than ever. I hear it from the North American Indian saved at our meetings, and wandering amid the all but inaccessible fastnesses of his northern home. I hear it from the Hindoo Soldier, gloriously independent of Barracks as he kneels beneath a palm tree. I hear it from The General of The Army, and I hear it from the poor Soldier mother in the little room up a back lane, where, unable to get to meeting, she kneels to join her prayers with those who are there, by the side of her sick child's cradle. There is but one answer from all alike, and as it rises on the strong wings of faith to the Throne of God, I think I can hear it taken up and borne along in thundering chorus by the hosts of Heaven,

THY KINGDOM COME !

That is what will come of it all.

R.



XXII.

THE TRAINING HOMES.

“I was first attracted by the band when I was in a public-house drinking a pint of beer. I drank it off and went to the barracks; there Captain S—— told me if I did not get converted I should go to hell. I went again and again till God’s spirit took hold of me, and one night I found peace. I used to carry on in the meetings if anyone spoke to me, and call them everything that was bad. The first lad who came to speak to me about the love of God I up with my fist and knocked him over the form. I never hardly went without getting beer first, and they used to fetch the police into me. I was well known with them. I used to mock the Officers with eye-glasses on in front of the march till I felt my eyesight getting bad. I began to think God was doing it, so I knocked it off. I never would read the Bible; the one I had I pawned for five-and-six, and spent the money in drink. All I cared for was a song-book, dancing, and ‘free-and-easy’ in public-houses.”

Five years ago we set ourselves to solve the problem as to how such men as the one here described—a Cadet not very long since in the Training home—could, with their sister comrades, receive such a training as would consistently, with the principles of The Army, fit them for a life long struggle with the strongholds of sin.

We were terribly conscious of the fatal results of mere intellectual training, and fully realised the danger of spoiling

that simplicity in our Officers, which is so great a power, by anything like a "college" system. But we were bound to recognise the fact that here were hundreds upon hundreds of God-touched hearts burning with zeal to be soul-winners, to whom a short period of training in Bible truth and the rules and regulations of The Army, in elementary education, and in personal devotion, would be of immense advantage.

To understand the need that called the Training Home into existence, the position of a Salvation Army Field Officer must, with all its responsibility and unparalleled opportunity, be fully realised. Here is the poor man straight from the workshop, who, before The Army rescued him, thought hardly ever of his Bible, to say nothing of reading it; or there is the factory lass, who since the age of fourteen has been accustomed to stand by her loom, and associate with ungodly companions, previous to her conversion, caring for little but pleasure. Both of these called by the voice of God to a life of toil in saving souls, requiring the utmost grace and wisdom, and fraught with innumerable consequences to the eternal interests of mankind. Who can estimate to such as these, the value of a few months' training, under the immediate eye of those whose experience has made them quick in the detecting of weak points, and capable in instructing upon matters the most necessary for success in soul-winning?

Five years ago next November the first Training Home for women was opened at Gore Road, Hackney. Miss E. M. Booth was the principal then, as now, and from the threshold of that house have gone forth holy women who have shaken large towns from their public-houses to their cathedrals, reaping a harvest of thousands of souls.

Devonshire House was opened four months later than the lasses' home was established, and was the first abode of a "Training Home Lad." Here, under Mr. Ballington

Booth, many were sent into the battle who have since risen to make a mark upon the world. It is more than encouraging to hear these oldest Training Home lads and lasses speak of the blessings and triumphs of those early days.

There are those who "have their doubts" about the reality of Salvation Army conversions, and the spiritual life of Salvation Soldiers. To these, what an answer is the Training Home! One week within its walls would effectually put to flight any such false idea. Who could watch these hard, rough, unrefined men and women throughout one single day, observing their willing obedience, their love and self-sacrifice for each other, and above all their constant zeal and undying earnestness in the service of the souls of men, without being convinced once for all that none but the Spirit of God could have wrought such a change, and created such examples of righteousness and devotion? Many a time, when standing at the head of the "Long Dormitory," at midnight, listening to the half-muffled heart-breathed prayers rising from the "boxes," where men, "alone with God," were making their intercessions audible above the heavy breathing of the sleepers, has my heart received much blessing, and I have turned from the darkness of the dormitory to the light of my own chamber, made spiritually stronger by the consciousness that God has taught lips, once stained by oaths and blasphemy, "how to pray."

Of the 2,609 men and women who have passed through the Training Homes since their establishment up to the present time to serve God in nineteen of the different nations of the earth, we believe, without exception, each would proclaim their thankfulness to God, and their hearts' gratitude for the privilege of entering. "There is no place," says a letter that lies before us, just received from a Training Home lad, asking to be allowed to occupy one of the Cadets' dormitories during the Congress, "where it would give me greater pleasure to stay, seeing that

endeared to me by so many blessed recollections." Yes, indeed, the recollection of the heavenly sunshine, and the God-given manifestations of His will, as well as the power to fulfil it in the weakest breast, has brought new strength in many a storm, and fresh courage in many a conflict.

Six months is not a long period in which to give a man or woman an opportunity of learning to grapple with the stern realities of such a life as that of a Salvation Army Officer. And necessarily the Training has to be more with the foundation of things. If our Cadets don't go out educationally equipped they leave us with a true knowledge of God and of man, and with the ability to bring the one to the other.

Nothing that savors of self can possibly have any agreement with the spirit of the Training Home. "Selfishness and the Salvation Army won't mix," said one of its Officers. And every Cadet knows, before many weeks have passed, ever so much better than he understood when he signed his forms, that if he has come into The Army with any other motive than for the glory of God, or with anything less than a consuming zeal for the salvation of souls, he has missed his way. "Sir," said a man to me, whom I had called to my room to ask him about taking a position in a foreign land, "when I came to the Training Home, I left off for ever choosing for myself. God led me here, and He will lead me aright now. I am willing to go anywhere, or to do anything you may think best." No wonder then that God has owned and blessed the efforts of the more than 150 pioneers who have gone from the midst of us charged with this spirit to plant our flag all round the globe.

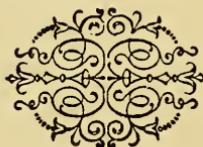
And what shall we say of the huge company God has sent from the gates of Clapton to be the servants of the souls of men, and to uplift Jesus and His salvation in the darkest places of the earth? We can only turn from them and the multitude of sinners reached and rescued through

their instrumentality to the millions left in darkness and sin, with new encouragement, realizing that above and beyond all the God-given triumphs of the past, shall be the victories proclaimed by the harvest of souls which our Clapton lads and lasses shall reap in the future.

Through the Homes at Clapton! how many hearts to-day
Are linked together by a chain that never can decay!
A chain quite indescribable, a chain of untold length,
A chain whose hardest testing time has but increased its strength.

When to a snow-clad country, or 'neath a tropic sun,
To tell the old, old story, a T. H. lad has gone,
When hearts and flesh have failed us, what timely aid has come
Through God-sent recollections of a God-blessed Training Home!

H. H. B.



FIELD STATE,

JUNE 8th, 1888.

	CORPS.		OFFICERS.
England and Wales	1167	International Staff.. ..	243
Second Grade Corps	10	Field Staff, 71; J.S. Staff, 25	96
Scotland and Ireland	117	T. H. Staff and Scribes ..	43
Welsh Corps	8	Cent. Div. Staff and Scribes	28
Slum Corps	15	Depot Officers.. ..	54
		Rescue Staff and Assistants	70
		Scribes and Specials ..	44
		FO's. (including Slum & J S)	1711
		Candidates in Field ..	186
		Cadet Officers.. ..	287
		Cadets in Depots	452
	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>		<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>
	1317		3214
	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>		<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>
		OUTPOSTS,	
France and Switzerland ..	86	291
Sweden	38	.. 19	142
United States and California	260	.. 99	717
Canada	321	.. 101	869
Australasia—			
Victoria	57	150
New Zealand	48	130
South Australia	47	256	97
New South Wales	77	.. 302	185
Tasmania	11	28
Queensland	16	52
India and Ceylon	40	.. 16	215
South Africa and St. Helena	65	180
Germany	6	12
Italy	1	4
Holland	10	.. 2	38
Denmark	6	27
Jamacia	3	9
Norway	4	.. 2	18
	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>		<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>
Total Abroad	1096	3177
	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>		<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>
Grand Total	2413	.. 548	6391
	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>		<hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/>

Number of services held weekly in the United Kingdom.. .. 22,000
 or at the rate of over one million one hundred thousand for the year.

FORM OF A LEGACY TO THE SALVATION ARMY.



I Give and Bequeath unto WILLIAM BOOTH,
of 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., The
General of THE SALVATION ARMY, or other The
General of the Army for the time being, his successor,

*the sum of**

*The sum to
be expressed
in words at
length.

pounds sterling, free of Legacy Duty. And I direct the
said legacy to be paid out of my pure personal estate,
applicable by law to the payment of charitable bequests.
And I further direct that, if necessary, my assets shall be
marshalled so as to leave such pure personal estate, or a
sufficient part thereof, applicable to the payment of the
said legacy, and any other charitable bequests I may give.
And I hereby charge all my personal estate not applicable
to charitable bequests, and in aid thereof my real estate,
with the payment of my funeral and testamentary expenses
and debts, and all legacies and payments given or directed
by this my will, or consequent thereon (except charitable
legacies), in express exoneration of my aforesaid pure
personal estate, so far as may be necessary for securing the
payment in full of the said legacy to The Salvation Army
or of any other charitable bequest, but not further or
otherwise.

FIELD STATE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

29th May, 1886.

CORPS.

United Kingdom	..	920	Canada	175	
France and Switzerland		36	India and Ceylon	16	
Sweden	8	Australasia	177
United States	200	South Africa	20	
Total..	<u>1,552</u>

OFFICERS.

United Kingdom	..	2,129	Canada	500	
France and Switzerland		121	India and Ceylon	42	
Sweden	20	Australasia	327
United States	422	South Africa	41	
Total of Officers	<u>3,602</u>

Services held every week, 28,200,

OR AT THE RATE OF ONE MILLION, FOUR HUNDRED
AND TEN THOUSAND, THIS YEAR.

PROGRESS IN THE TWENTY-SECOND YEAR.

Nothing could more gloriously demonstrate the true character and force of The Army than the fact that the foregoing results of 21 years' work were followed during the next twelve months by increases of 660 Corps and 1,705 Officers, bringing up the totals to 2,212 Corps and 5,307 Officers.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE GENERAL.

SALVATION SOLDIERY. A Series of Addresses and Papers descriptive of the characteristics of God's best Soldiers. Eight Illustrations. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN; or, How to make the Children into Saints and Soldiers of Jesus Christ. Cloth boards (Limp), 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

THE GENERAL'S LETTERS; being a reprint of The General's Weekly Letters in the *War Cry* of 1885, together with Life-like Portrait of the Writer. Paper, 1s.; cloth boards, gilt, 2s.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR FIELD OFFICERS. 656 pages, strongly bound in red cloth; price 5s. Every Officer, field and local, should have a copy of this book, and every candidate should possess one. Great care has been bestowed upon its compilation, and it is, without doubt, the most wonderful book ever published by The Salvation Army.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

LIFE AND DEATH. A series of unpublished Addresses, mainly to the Unconverted. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH AND STATE. Subjects: The Salvation Army: Its Relation to the State, to the Churches, to Business Principles: Its Future; Answers to the Main Points of Criticism on the so-called "Secret Book." Paper covers, 6d.; cloth boards, 1s.

PRACTICAL RELIGION. Contents: Compel them to Come In; Strong Drink *versus* Christianity; Heart Backsliding; Female Ministry; The Training of Children; Dealing with Anxious Souls; Worldly Amusements and Christianity; Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY. Contents: Aggressive Christianity; A Pure Gospel; Adaptation of Measures; Assurance of Salvation; How Christ Transcends the Law; The Fruits of Union with Christ: Witnessing for Christ; Filled with the Spirit; The World's Need; The Holy Ghost. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d. cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

GODLINESS. Contents: Saving Faith; Charity; Charity and Rebuke; Charity and Conflict; Charity and Loneliness; Conditions of Effectual Prayer; The Perfect Heart; How to Work for God with Success; Enthusiasm and Full Salvation; Repentance; Addresses on Holiness; Hindrances to Holiness. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

HEATHEN ENGLAND AND THE SALVATION ARMY. (Fifth Edition.)

This book contains full description from life of the utterly godless condition of millions of the inhabitants of the British Islands, of the origin and history of The Salvation Army, and its General, together with hundreds of examples of the value and success of the various operations which it carries on. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY

The "WAR CRY,"

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

This newspaper now appears in a NEW and ENLARGED FORM, ONCE A WEEK price ONE PENNY. The largest illustrated religious weekly in the world.

It consists of sixteen pages, sixty-four columns, and contains the latest intelligence of the progress of Salvation Army work in all parts of the world. Also contributions from the General, Mrs. Booth, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and others; stories of wonderful conversions; and of Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Rescue Homes. Sent, post free, direct from the Publishers, for thirteen weeks, for 1s. 8d., or 6s. 6d. per year.

The "LITTLE SOLDIER,"—The Children's "War Cry." Price one halfpenny. Every Saturday. The only children's Salvation Newspaper. Containing reports of our children's meetings, stories of conversion in childhood, &c., with numerous illustrations. Sixteen pages. Sent post free direct from the publishers for thirteen weeks for 1s. 1d., or 4s. 4d. per year.

All Orders to be addressed to "The Secretary for Trade," 96, Southwark Street, S.E. P.O. Orders to be made payable to WILLIAM BOOTH.

Salvation Army Printing Works, 96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Publications of The Salvation Army.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

PRACTICAL RELIGION. Papers on "Training Children," "Worldly Amusements," "Woman's Right to Preach," "The Uses of Trial," etc. Price, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d. Several of the above Addresses are also published separately, price, 1d. each, or 6s. 6d. per 100, post free.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY. Containing amongst others, Addresses on "Witnessing for Christ," "Conditions of Successful Labor for Souls," "Being Filled with the Spirit," etc. Price, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

GODLINESS: Being a Report of several Addresses at St. James' Hall, London, in 1882. Price, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

LIFE AND DEATH. Containing a series of Addresses, mainly to the Unconverted. Price, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

POPULAR CHRISTIANITY: Being a Series of Lectures delivered in Princes Hall, Piccadilly, on the following subjects: "The Christs of the Nineteenth Century compared with the Christ of God." "A Mock Salvation and a Real Deliverance from Sin." "Sham Compassion and the Dying Love of Christ." "Popular Christianity: Its Cowardly Service *versus* the Real Warfare." "The Sham Judgment in contrast with the Great White Throne." "Notes of Three Addresses on Household Gods." "The Salvation Army Following Christ." 198 pages, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, bevelled boards, red edges, 2s.

ADDRESSES TO BUSINESS GENTLEMEN.

Subjects: The Salvation Army: Its relation to the State, to the Churches, to Business Principles; its Future; Answers to the Main Points of Criticism on the so-called Secret Book. Price, cloth and gold, 1s.; paper, 6d.

HOLINESS: Being an Address delivered in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, London. Price, 1d.; 6s. 6d. per 100, post free.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST. Price, 3d. monthly; post free, 3½d; 3s. 6d. per annum. Under this title are issued Monthly, the newest Songs, gathered from all parts of the world. Each issue contains Eight pages of Music, with a beautifully-designed Cover, and the form is such as to allow of the Numbers being bound in Yearly Volumes.

Publications of The Salvation Army.

BY THE GENERAL.

THE GENERAL'S LETTERS : Being a reprint of the General's weekly Letters in the " War Cry " of 1885, together with Life-life Portrait of the Writer. Paper, 1s. ; extra cloth boards, gilt, 2s.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN ; or, How to make the Children into Saints and Soldiers of Jesus Christ. Price, limp cloth. 1s. 6d. ; cloth boards, red edges, 2s. 6d.

SALVATION SOLDIERY : A series of Addresses and Papers descriptive of the Characteristics of God's best Soldiers. With eight Illustrations. Price, 1s. ; cloth boards, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

HOLY LIVING ; or, What The Salvation Army Teaches about Sanctification. Price, 1d.

HOLINESS READINGS. By the GENERAL, Mrs. BOOTH, the CHIEF-OF-STAFF, Miss BOOTH, and others. Being extracts from the " Salvationist " and the " War Cry." 200 pages. Price, paper, 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d. Strongly recommended.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

HEATHEN ENGLAND AND THE SALVATION Army. (Fifth Edition.) This book contains full descriptions from life of the utterly godless condition of millions of the inhabitants of the British Islands, of the origin and history of The Salvation Army and its General, together with hundreds of examples of the value and success of the various operations which it carries on. Paper covers, 1s. ; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

CAPTAIN TED : Being the story of the Holy Life and Victorious Career of Captain Edward Irons, of The Salvation Army, drowned at Portsmouth, 1879. Paper covers, 6d. ; cloth boards, 1s.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS' SALVATION ARMY. Filled with thrilling incidents of the War, and giving what has been so long desired by many friends, a Sketch of The Salvation Army work from its commencement. Paper, 1s. ; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Publications of The Salvation Army.

THE "WAR CRY." The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army, consists of sixteen pages, sixty-four columns, with illustrations, and contains the latest intelligence of the progress of Salvation Army work in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. Also contributions from the General, Mrs. Booth, and other members of their family; stories of wonderful conversions; interesting accounts of the work of the Slum and Rescue Brigades, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Rescue Homes; original Salvation Songs; Lives of prominent Salvation Officers, with portraits and other illustrations. Every Saturday. Price, 1d.; post free, 1s. 8d. per quarter; 3s. 3d. per half year; 6s. 6d. per annum.

THE "YOUNG SOLDIER." The Salvation Army Children's "War Cry." Sixteen pages. Largely illustrated. Price, $\frac{1}{2}$ d., or post free to any address, 1s. 1d. per quarter.

"ALL THE WORLD." A Monthly Magazine devoted to the record of Salvation Army work in all lands. Price, 2d.; 3s. per annum, post free.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

THE SALVATION SOLDIERS' GUIDE: Being a Bible Chapter for the Morning and Evening of Every Day in the Year, with Fragments for Mid-day Reading. This book contains almost all those portions of Scripture which would be read as lessons in a public service. The four Gospels are harmonized, the historical books of the Old Testament condensed, and the genealogies, the Levitical law, and the portions of prophecy referring to particular heathen nations are omitted, so as to bring the book down to pocket-size, in a type easily readable in the open air. 570 pages. Price, limp cloth, 6d.; red cloth, red edges, 1s.; superior red leather, gilt edges, gilt lettering, 2s.; red French Morocco, circuit edges, gilt, 2s. 6d.

CALLED OUT! This little book gives interesting accounts of many different kinds of work done by the Cadets in training. The narratives of the journeys taken by the men on the march, and the women in the omnibuses and waggonettes, will interest all kinds of readers, as well as give a good insight into the practical nature of the work our officers are expected to do. It would be difficult to put into the same compass a greater number of arguments in favor of our means and measures than are contained in this small book. Price, 6d.; cloth, 1s.

Publications of The Salvation Army.

DRUM TAPS: Being a Series of Sketches illustrative of the Army's peculiar operations for the rescue of the "Lapsed Masses." By E. R. S. Illustrated. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

HOUSE-TOP SAINTS: Being a collection of most interesting incidents in connection with Salvation work. Price, paper, 6d.; cloth, 1s.

LIFE OF CHAS. G. FINNEY, The American Revivalist. A New and Revised Edition. Price, 1s.; cloth boards, 2s.

ALL SIDES OF IT. By EILEEN DOUGLAS. Being a number of Sketches of the Army's work, showing how from the lowest depths of sin it is possible to rise to the highest platform of Divine grace, and live for the salvation of others. Price, 3d.

DOCTRINES OF THE SALVATION ARMY, 6d., post free.

ALL ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY. Price, 1d. or 3s. 3d. per 100, post free, for distribution.

LIFE LINKS in the Warfare of Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Price, 6d.; post free, 7d.

SALVATION ARMY MUSIC. For Soul-saving Services, Open-air Meetings, and the Home Circle. Cloth, limp, 2s. 6d.; cloth boards, red edges, 3s. 6d.; leather, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.; leather, circuit edges, 5s. 6d.

THE NEW MUSIC BOOK: Being Volume II. of Salvation Army Music. Price, limp cloth, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

SALVATION ARMY BRASS BAND MUSIC
Books, for the various instruments composing a Full Brass Band, and containing eighty-eight of the most popular tunes in general use, both for indoor meetings and open-air work. Printed on extra thick paper and strongly bound, Price, 9d. each part.

The foregoing may be obtained by order of any Bookseller, Railway Bookstall, or Newsagent. Also of the Officers of the various Salvation Army Corps, or direct from the Publishing Department, 56, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

269 B645

CLAPP



3 5002 02025 1828

Railton, George Scott
Twenty-one years' Salvation Army : under

BX 9715 .R34

Railton, G. S. 1849-1913.

Twenty-one years' Salvation
Army

