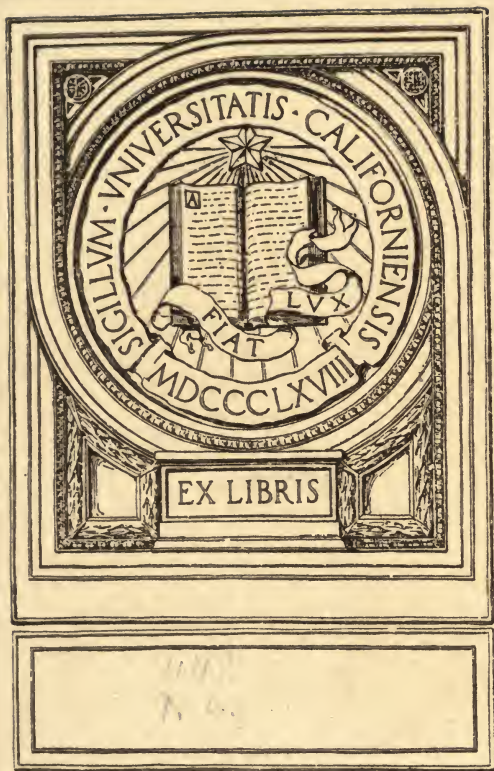


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GENERAL BOOTH
AND THE SALVATION ARMY







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GENERAL BOOTH
AND
THE SALVATION ARMY



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The General.

GENERAL BOOTH
AND
THE SALVATION ARMY

BY
A. M. NICOL

HERBERT AND DANIEL
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LONDON, W.

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PREFACE

I BELIEVE there exists a peculiarly wide need for such a review of the operations of the Salvation Army as I have attempted to give in the following pages. My credentials for thus adding to the literature upon the movement are as follows: For nearly thirty years I was closely associated with its leaders, and more or less actively employed in advancing its religious and social endeavours.

I began my Salvationist career in the capacity of Treasurer of a small Corps, and finished it a Commissioner in its ranks. I may claim, therefore, the right to describe, review, and, in a friendly spirit, criticise the teaching and work of the Army.

When I entered its ranks I was promised no guaranteed salary and no "soft job" at any of its Headquarters. Those entitled to my respect predicted that I should suffer in health and in reputation, and that I might prove a dismal failure as a Salvation Army Captain. I cheerfully accepted these risks, however, as also did my partner in life. The aims of the Army appealed to us; its achievements dazzled us. We sold up a little home and parted with lovable friends to embark upon this problematical career.

The actual step came about in this way: While

sitting in my office one day a telegram was handed in. I had just finished reading a thrilling newspaper description of the trial and imprisonment of eleven members of the Army at Forfar. A hot sense of shame flushed my cheeks as I read the verdict of the magistrate, and I longed to take part in the struggle for religious liberty in that town. The telegram ran as follows :—

“ Serious fight at Forfar. Officers imprisoned. Can you take their place at once ?

“ BRAMWELL BOOTH.”

The receipt of that telegram gave me one of the happiest thrills of my life. I felt as proud as if I had received the V.C. for performing some act of valour on the battlefield, and it was with a stinging sense of regret that I was prevented, owing to a business agreement, from complying, there and then, with this call to suffer for Christ's sake. Within a month, however, of the receipt of that telegraphic call to action, I was placed in charge of an Army Corps at Kilsyth, in the South of Scotland, clothed in all the dignity of a Captain of the Salvation Army ! My first week's salary amounted to the interesting sum of 1s. 1½d., the best week's wage that I had earned up to that time ; so I then reckoned !

The apartments provided for us were in keeping with the stipend. With a chaff sack on which to sleep at night and lacking the usual cooking requisites, we—that is my wife and I—pocketed our discomfiture,

and diffused smiles among the ten soldiers who formed our fighting battalions.

I did *not* prove a "dismal failure" at Kilsyth—at least so I was informed by the Headquarters officials of the Army.

I was next given the command of work in a poor and squalid district of Middlesbrough, an appointment which I hailed with pleasure, having the notion that there was then more practical heathenism to the square inch in that northern hive of industry than in any other part of the United Kingdom. But I did not succeed at all well at Middlesbrough. I was stationed in the midst of too much poverty to be content with the means at my disposal for aiding its victims. Then I was confronted with the failure of the Army to retain its converts. It was here that I received my first disappointment in "revival" work, to which I attached the utmost importance, and by which I hoped the world would eventually be introduced to a reign of peace and righteousness.

Major James Dowdle and other successful officers of the Army had been stationed in Middlesbrough and had gained altogether 10,000 converts, but the strength of the three Corps in the town did not exceed 400, and many of the members belonging to the Corps wore no uniform, only attended meetings on Sundays, smoked tobacco, and were worldly in their attire. The officers in the district were given to complaining, quarrelling with their leaders, flirting with girls, and contracting private and official debts. The members of the Corps did not live at peace among themselves.

They were divided into cliques, and when they spoke of their experiences of the grace of God at work and at home, they would "hit" at their fellow-soldiers and create an uncomfortable feeling in the meeting.

I remember on one occasion—it was a Holiness meeting—a female soldier (who was in the habit of shouting "Hallelujah!" when the officer said anything that pleased her) saying, "God is against hypocrisy, and there are hypocrites in this meeting," and pointing with her finger to a woman whom I considered singularly well balanced in her disposition and consistent in her home affairs, said, "and she is one of them!" These people made the loudest professions and did the least work. Still, if I did not make the Corps a success, the experience was profitable.

My next appointment was to staff work as *aide-de-camp* to Major Thomas Blandy, of the Eastern Counties. Then followed the Divisional commands of Scotland and London, which filled four years of my time. On the whole I did not care for this side of staff life; I was not adapted for it.

The appointment as the First Foreign Secretary was more congenial to my tastes. In this position for three years I witnessed remarkable demonstrations of the application of the Army's methods of evangelisation to the continent of Europe.

The conclusions that I arrived at then I adhere to still. In Latin-speaking communities the Army's methods failed. They were too English, too vulgar, too much of an outrage upon the generally accepted idea of the worship of God, and the confession and

absolution of sin. People at first came in crowds to the gatherings of the Army, and not a few were drawn to the penitent form and attracted for a season to the service of the Army. But the Army had nothing, and still has nothing, to offer the lapsed children of the Roman Catholic Church who were or are restored to faith in God by means of its services. A meeting of the Army in Italy or France, for instance, is the same in spirit, character, and method as it is in Drury Lane or Newcastle. The leaders of the Army—not including the General—have an innate aversion and prejudice to Roman Catholicism, and it is therefore not surprising that after twenty years' work in France the Army is in a worse condition numerically than it was at the end of its first ten years.

The explanation is simple. It took General Booth twelve years in London to find an answer to the cry "How to reach the masses?" But neither he nor his officers spent ten days in France studying the same question from the standpoint of the Frenchman. "The Army was a success in England, and it must be in France!" So they concluded, and having commissioned its best officers to apply an English ritual to the people of a Catholic-minded nation, and one which these same officers could not alter without obtaining the consent of Headquarters, it is not surprising that the result, so far, is—failure.

Where the Army succeeds in France the recruits are generally gained from people who have been influenced by Protestant teaching. The Army will have to learn Latin before it understands the magnitude

of its task, and to unlearn its creed and code of discipline, if it is to lift, religiously, the masses of the people out of their metaphysical and materialistic apostasy from the faith of their mothers and fathers. But all this by the way.

In the same capacity of Foreign Secretary I visited other parts of the Continent, such as Scandinavia, Germany, and the Netherlands, and found that where the Army operated upon a Protestant stratum its officers met with a response similar to that in England.

I also accompanied the General to India, Japan, Canada, the United States, South Africa, Palestine, and other parts of the world, and as, during part of this travelling career, I also acted as Editor-in-Chief for the Army's periodical literature, it follows that I could scarcely fail to understand and appreciate the Army's great work and its Herculean attack upon evils that are as old and as tenacious as sin.

Two years ago I ceased to be an officer ; it is unnecessary to enter into the circumstances which led to that severance. In no way do they reflect upon the General or any of his officers. I may be permitted to say, however, that in bringing before the public this impartial picture of the life of General Booth and the work of the Salvation Army, my sincere wish is that it will disseminate a more reliable knowledge of the movement than is usually obtained from ordinary sources.

Up to the present the public estimate of the Salvation Army has largely been based upon gratuitous reports and laudatory reviews by persons who have

not had the advantage of a practical, close, and continuous acquaintance with its principal operations. I hope that I may not be considered egotistical when I say that I possess these advantages.

Now, after two years' study of the movement, from an impartial attitude, I see it in, I hope, a clearer and fuller light.

Within the narrow limits of the space allotted to me, I have attempted to deal directly and indirectly with such pertinent questions as the spiritual authority of the General and the teaching which this organisation is inculcating in the minds of tens of thousands of children and youths.

General Booth claims for himself an authority that no Catholic would dream of ascribing to the Pope of Rome, or Mahomedan to the Prophet.

The system of the Army is an interesting study in these democratic days, and I try to explain and illustrate its application to the various departments under the control of the Chief of the Staff.

The Army has recently been adversely criticised and the divisions in the Booth family drawn across the path of the present. I hope that I shed some new light upon these matters.

The General refuses to tell his friends the census of the Army in England and throughout the world; but I have felt that the time has arrived when the facts should be made public property. For doing so, I shall be held up to a measure of contempt by former comrades, though I am inclined to think that I shall have rendered the Army the best service I ever did

by what I have done in this matter. The Army has far more to gain than lose by keeping this subject no longer in the dark.

These pages constitute, therefore, the sincere tribute and judgment of a candid friend upon the Salvation Army. No ulterior motive has inspired the effort, and I would not have attempted it had not many old comrades and others asked me to embody in some form the story of the Army's evolution as I have seen it. It is launched with the earnest hope that it may prove of interest, enlightenment, and assistance to all who are concerned for the success of every honest endeavour to ameliorate the moral and social conditions of the unfortunate and vicious classes of society, and that it may encourage the faith of all who are engaged in the service of God and man to hold fast the first principles—faith in God and the “salvability” of even the most abandoned sons and daughters of man.

A. M. NICOL.

GENERAL BOOTH

AND THE SALVATION ARMY

CHAPTER I

GENERAL BOOTH'S RULING PASSION

Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Army Chief—Chartist Movement versus Methodism—The Moral of Fakenham—A High Day of Salvation—Wounding the General—Dialogue and Prayer with Mrs. Asquith—What is the Salvation Army?—A Stupendous List—East London and the Discovery of the General's Destiny

“ I CAN never look upon suffering of any kind without asking myself two questions : What is the cause of it ? and what can I do to alleviate the sufferer ? This habit has become a second nature with me.”

In these words General Booth replied to a question put by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, when that Colossus first inspected the Salvation Army's Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh, Essex.

Mr. Rhodes was deeply interested in this Colony as an experiment in dealing with and reforming the derelict labour of the city. It was called, under General Booth's Darkest England Scheme, “ The Home

Colony," and was created to further the physical and moral regeneration of poor and submerged men who had previously undergone a probation in the Army's workshops and "elevators" in the City Colony.

The linking of the two Colonies impressed the South African statesman as based upon sound principles, and as the two men—one who thought in Continents, and the other in Conquests which he determined to achieve for the Master he served—walked about the Colony, they saw the promise of at least a most useful effort.

All around them were tramps, hooligans, broken-down clerks, tradesmen, doctors, lawyers and other professionals, employed in making dams, wells, and outhouses, as well as engaged in various branches of market-gardening and farm-work. The fact carried with it a splendid moral and a great possibility, and the characteristic question that Cecil Rhodes put to his host was, as near as I can now remember, "Tell me, Booth, how is it that the submerged miserables appeal to you?" General Booth's reply, given in the words of my opening paragraph, pleased the statesman. It revealed the man.

They had met before, however, at Cape Town, when Cecil Rhodes was Premier of the parent Colony, and when the Salvation Army's Social Redemptive Scheme was just beginning to assume shape and form. General Booth, who was journeying to Australia by the long sea route, called at Cape Town, and was received by the Premier at Parliament Buildings.

In the course of a long conversation they exchanged views upon the future of the English-speaking race and of South Africa. With amazing frankness, Mr. Rhodes declared that his own ambition was to paint the whole of the map of South Africa red, from the Zambesi down. He traced the line of his plans on a map hanging on the walls of his office, and then dilated upon the permanent and material benefits that would accrue to South Africa and the Empire should his dreams ever be realised. "Our destiny," he said, "is to rule this continent."

General Booth was charmed with Mr. Rhodes. Here was a man who saw visions and dreamed dreams. Here was a man with power behind him, with wealth and position and influence, by which he could translate his dreams into realities. He honoured and admired him, for despite his protestations of cosmopolitanism, General Booth is at root an Englishman, and a genuine believer in the superiority of the British race. He is English, but English with an overwhelming passion for the conquest of the world to Christ.

When Mr. Rhodes had finished the outline of his ambition for South Africa, he turned to the General and said, "Now what do you think of my dream?"

The General replied, "The dream of a Cæsar, sir; but," with characteristic egotism, he added, "what do you think of mine, Mr. Rhodes?" And the General proceeded:—

"I dream day and night of making new men out of the waste of humanity. To me men, especially the

worst, possess the attraction of gold mines. The greatest sinners are the greatest sufferers, and I want to have a hand at their salvation.

“You are determined, I gather, to conquer this continent. I too have an ambition. It is to conquer a Dark Continent of human misery and sorrow. Quite recently I was moved to make a closer survey of this continent. I will not weary you with the statistics of its population and doings, nor the motives that led me into it. I was simply drawn thither by the attraction that the poor ever exercise upon me.

“It is pretty well known that at the time I was spending frequent intervals by the bedside of my dying wife, and it may be that the sight of her suffering made me feel more deeply for the sufferings of others. At any rate, when it was especially cold at nights my mind went down to the Thames Embankment and speculated as to what I could do to alleviate the miseries of the homeless crowds that I had seen there.

“I went through the Starvation World. You do not know much of that world, Mr. Rhodes, in this sunny land. What a world it is!—aggravated by the fact that it need not exist.

“Then I looked at the Vicious World—the drunkards, gamblers, harlots, and the poor spendthrifts. Here I saw men, women, and children by the thousand, who were redeemable and savable.

“I travelled through the Criminal World. Oh, these habitations of crime! I never look upon a prison without an inward shudder and a longing to get through the doors and do something for the men shut up there like wild animals. For there must be a way of delivering them.

“Then I turned to my own people, the people whom

God, I believe, has given me. I asked them to go into these dark worlds with the Light of God, the compassion of the Christ, and the touch of our common humanity, and to say to the miserable denizens of these worlds, 'Come with us; here is work for you and shelter for you, and hope for you. You need not starve, if you will but work. You need not commit suicide—there is salvation for you.' ”

Then the Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army drew a picture of his own people battling with the breakers of vice, launching their Social Lifeboats, and saving men, women, and children, and passing them on, after a period of training, to a New World. After a pause, he wound up an appeal to Mr. Rhodes with this question: “And why should not South Africa be that New World?”

Mr. Rhodes was stirred by the eloquence of the social evangelist before him. He was not accustomed to listen to such a story in his private room at Parliament Buildings, but he held his emotions with the bit of an iron will.

“General Booth,” he observed, “I perceive the difference between us. You are first a Christian and then an Englishman, whereas I am an Englishman first and last, General.” Then, lifting the pointer again to the northern latitude of Rhodesia on the map, he said, “If I can help you with a slice of land up there, let me know when you are ready.”

And the two men parted—General Booth to wander through the world a little longer with his Lamp of Hope, and the Colossus to apply his intellect to his

Empire-building projects and die and be buried among the Matoppo Hills.

The two incidents accentuate, I think, the constitutional difference that often exists between one great man and another. Rhodes was a Napoleon of Empire : Booth is one of humanity. The Imperialist rightly divined the man when he declared General Booth to be "first a Christian," for without that key to his character the leader of the Salvation Army becomes an intricate human puzzle. The phraseology and mannerism of the Methodist evangelist have long since lost their influence upon the personality of the Salvation Army General. He is an old man now, in quest of more power for his organisation. That passion has led him up the giddy flights of fame, and yet, as he told Mr. Rhodes, and tells men in all walks of life, "I was once very wicked, very wicked indeed."

He cheated at marbles when at school, made love to a pretty girl, and pursued the inclination of a not very generous disposition. Then he got converted at the age of fifteen, and as in the case of St. Paul, the effect of that experience was to change the whole current of his thought and ambition. The vain youth of fifteen became a preacher at that age.

He took religion with Puritanic seriousness ; he recollected, after his conversion, that he had not paid a schoolmate a sixpence that he had won unfairly at a game of marbles. He searched the pages of the Scripture for all texts having a bearing upon the doctrine of restitution, and confessed to his companion

his sin and restored to him the sixpence! He apologised to the girl with "a pair of blue eyes and golden ringlets" that he had been playing with her affections, and begged her to forgive him! He read Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* at nights after the household had gone to bed, and testified to his parents in the morning that he was "saved from hell and the fear of the grave"! He organised mission parties to preach the Gospel to the loafing, argumentative crowds at the Meadow Flats of his native town. Methodism introduced him to class meetings, preaching services, prayer meetings, and an occasional fortnight's revival mission. But all these only seemed to touch the fringe of the world of misery, to the needs of which, even in these days, his eyes had been partially opened.

"What shall I do with my life?" he asked himself many a night. He saw the failure that his father had made of his. He considered the rich—what had wealth done to save men? Young as he was, he was given to dreaming over the state of the world, and was often a sympathetic listener to the oratory of the Chartist leaders, who had many ardent followers in the town of Nottingham. He had discussed with his companions the Chartist programme of Political Reform, and when he became "a decided Christian," Chartist principles shrank, in his judgment, into so much mere polish of the outer evils that the leaders deplored.

He stood on the sidewalks of his native town and watched long lines of working men and women march past, waving banners, demanding higher wages, less

number of hours of labour, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, and other political reforms. He saw Democracy in the travail of a new birth, and heard their leaders denounce the grinding tyranny of Capitalism. He was moved, stirred, agitated. Something ought to be done. The people were starving, and children were crying for bread. He had heard with his own ears the same cries, and he was forming the theory that the State as such ought to become a veritable Moses to the enslaved and poverty-stricken operatives of the Midlands.

He recognised in Feargus O'Connor an evangelist of Reform, and had young Booth come in personal contact with the zealots of the Chartist movement, it is more than likely that the history of this period would have contained a stirring chapter upon the exploits of William Booth as a political agitator.

But it was too late. Methodism had captured him. His conversion had confused his reasoning faculties. There is no bigot like the dogmatic theologian. William Booth could not see, and does not see now, that the spirit of progress can permeate the smoke-room of a workman's club and even the caucus of a political party. He had imbibed strong individualistic beliefs, such as "the soul was the citadel of moral strength." To capture that, to have it commanded by the Captain of Salvation, was infinitely more important than votes, or parliaments, or comfortable dwellings, or reasonable wages. The local Gamaliels of Methodism had inoculated these maxims into the very fibre of his being, and the idealism of the Rev. James Caughey—an American

evangelist who made a great stir in Methodist circles at this period—swayed Booth's imagination, and it came to pass that he emerged from the political sensations of his times and the influence of Anglicanism in which he was reared, a fervent, narrow, madly enthusiastic Methodist. He was a Methodist first and last. To him, Methodism was God's chosen instrument for the salvation of the masses. He afterwards declared :—

“ I worshipped everything that bore the name of Methodism. To me there was one God, and John Wesley was His prophet. The story of his life was my chief romance. No human compositions were comparable to his writings. The hymns of his brother Charles formed part of my soul's daily menu. All that was needed in my judgment for the general betterment of the world was the faithful carrying into practice of the letter and spirit of Wesley's doctrines. Change a man and he will soon change his circumstances. Reform must be preceded by regeneration. I cared little then for forms and ceremonies. What I wanted to see above everything else in the world was an organisation with the salvation of souls as its supreme and all-consuming ambition, worked upon the simple, earnest principles that I had embraced, and which, to some extent, I had seen successfully applied. When I am dead, and posterity passes its verdict upon William Booth, I hope that I shall be remembered as a soul-winner.”

∨ That is the ruling passion of the creator of the Salvation Army, to satisfy which he has organised a huge engine of ecclesiastical power. Paradoxical as

it may sound, the Salvation Army is governed by more creeds, orders, forms, ceremonies, and regulations than any other religious system on the face of the earth. Yet the passion of its founder for the salvation of men remains unabated.

Here is an illustration of the failure of organisation *per se*, on the one hand, and on the other hand the grandeur of his passion for souls in its dogmatic assertiveness. A day's service had been organised at Fakenham, in Norfolk. A big marquee had been secured with the object of attracting the motley visitors to that town on the market-day. A large staff of experienced officers had been drafted from London and Norwich to aid the General in making the experiment a success. The district was billed and circularised. Everyone was confident of a great success. In anticipation of a large ingathering of penitents, a Registration Room was attached to the rear of the tent. Altogether fifty officers were appointed to the respective duties of orderlies, "fishers," and registration sergeants.

The first of the day's services began at eleven. Everything was in order. The doorkeepers were at their posts. The aisles were laid with matting to silence any noise that might be caused by the passage of the visitors to the tent. Staff officers, field officers, and local officers were everywhere. In a word, the organisation was perfect. Only one factor was needed to complete the success of the enterprise—people, and they were conspicuous by their absence! The total attendance did not exceed a hundred all told! The

service did not draw. The Norfolk farmers remained in the market to dispose of their produce and stock.

The consequence was a death-like silence in and around the marquee when the worthy General drove up in a carriage and pair to the side entrance. An old Salvation campaigner, he took in the situation at a glance. "Well, Lawley, what have we got here?" he asked his stage-manager.

"Not much, General," meekly replied that burden bearer.

The General frowned. (He accepts failures with bad grace.)

The meeting proved an utter fiasco. The General spoke in jagged sentences, snappishly complained about a draught on the platform, ordered a woman to stop fanning, an officer to assist a mother with her boy, and spoke to Colonel Lawley in a gruff and snarly manner about his soloing. No one at the close of the gathering came to the penitent form, and the meeting ended without ceremony or feeling.

So far, then, all this organisation only served to magnify the cruelty of the failure. The General was wroth. His face was like a clouded sky, and thunder and lightning were in his eyes. Poor Staff Officers! They were as dumb machines in the presence of the General when called into a small tent at the rear of the marquee.

"What have I made this Salvation Army for?" he cried, looking sternly at the provincial officer, the man officially responsible for the disaster. "Have I raised you men to positions of influence in the world,

and covered your epaulettes with stars, to curse the thing that God has permitted me to give form to? Am I dependent upon you? God can do without the Salvation Army, and I am not beholden to it. I can wipe it off the slate to-morrow, and I would do so without a pang of regret if I thought that it would become a glorified corpse. You Staff Officers *feel* no responsibility. There is not one man among you who will come forward now and say, 'General, I am the man that has let you down.' If you thought you had a hand in it, you would at once begin to excuse yourselves."

We stood as if in a judgment hall listening to our doom, for the General exercises a curious terror over his officers at times. The old man seized his hat and walked briskly to his carriage.

"Shall I come up for you for the next meeting?" asked the docile Lawley.

"No," cried the General. And he went away from that failure wrathful and sorrowful, and dictated a letter to his Chief of the Staff, in which the following notable comment was made upon the morning service :—

"We are developing the Field Organisation overmuch. The divided responsibility of the Provincial Officer and the Divisional Officer is depriving the concern of sense of *direct* responsibility. I can find no one here who will accept responsibility for the failure. Will you? We must go into this thoroughly when we meet."

Poor old man ! To do him justice, his keenest disappointment was in seeing no one at the penitent form. For the apple of his eye is the penitent form. It is the barometer of the movement and the instrument by which the General weighs the value of his own efforts.

General Booth's Sundays are high days and holidays. He preaches in the morning from such texts as "All things are possible to him that believeth," and at night from "Be sure your sins will find you out." After an address that usually lasts from forty to sixty minutes, Colonel Lawley steps to his side and in a pleading, silvery tone of voice asks for

"volunteers. Who will be the first man or woman to leave his or her seat and walk up here and kneel down at this chair and ask God to blot out the past? We are waiting for the first—the first to surrender. Now is the time! Come! God is here. The Spirit has been striving. You are found out. Your sins are making hell in your lives. Come to my Lord, and He will turn the hell into a heaven. Come, come!"

Someone comes. He is led by a sergeant along the aisle to a row of seats on the stage arranged for the penitents. Shouts of "Hallelujah" rend the theatre where the General's Sunday meetings are usually held. The drummer will probably whack his high-sounding instrument, and the General will rise to his feet, leap to the rail, and cry, "I see another, Colonel, and another! Blessed be the Lord! The angels must be rejoicing!"

Then, while the stream of voluntary seekers for

salvation descend from the galleries or walk from the pit—few come from the boxes and dress-circle—the audience, assisted by a lusty brass band, will sing with boyish gusto :—

“ Oh the prodigal’s coming home, coming home,
 No more to roam :
 He is weary, wandering far away from God,
 He is seeking his Father’s face,
 And longing for His grace,
 Oh, the prodigal’s coming home, coming home.”

Varied by loud praying, piano-like soloing, rapturous singing, volleys of “ Amens ” and “ Hallelujahs,” the number of penitents is duly counted and announced from the stage to the audience, and the veteran leader seems lost in the revelry of the scene. It is one of the most extraordinary sights in the religious life of the country, and the General thinks that it is here where one should try to learn what the Salvation Army is.

His penetrating eyes—now dim with age—comprehend the entire situation. No evangelist ever lived who could tune his harp to the moods and emotions of an audience as does the General. He holds in check any tendency of a meeting to become uproarious, and quickens its enthusiasm when it flags, passes kindly encouragements or reproofs to the musicians and staff officers, interrupts his Colonel, interjects a word of appeal now and again to the undecided, paces to and fro the stage, smiles, waves his arms, claps his hands, and when the number of penitents reaches the hundred, he ties a neckerchief round his throat, turns a suggestive look to his valet, and steals re-

luctantly away from the scene of salvation and is lost behind the wings of the stage! He plunges his arms into a big fur-lined coat, and sinks into a chair, quite delighted.

“Ah! this has been a good day,” he will say. “One hundred and ten is it now? Good! Is the cab ready? Thanks! Now for bread and milk. Good night! Tell Lawley to believe for another century.”

When the last “Amen” is shouted, and the last refrain is sung, the Colonel—perspiring and voiceless—pronounces the benediction. But he has still a sacred duty to perform. The Prime Minister of His Majesty’s Government is supposed to summarise the debates in Parliament each day for the personal benefit of the King; and in Queen Victoria’s reign this custom was scrupulously observed. In General Booth’s Government his personal Adjutant would be metaphorically shot if he failed to acquaint his Chief at the end of such a meeting as I have described with the grand total of penitents—no matter how late the service or how far the tired Colonel will have to travel to his master’s billet.

It was at Liverpool that I once volunteered to fulfil this function for my colleague. It was very late when I arrived at Sefton Park, but the maid had received instructions that when an officer called he was to be shown at once to the General’s room. I accordingly stepped gently inside.

“I have brought the number of penitents, General,” I said.

The old General was snugly tucked between the

bedclothes, and his valet was fast asleep in the next room.

“ Well, what does the paper say ? ” (The number was marked on the margin of a page torn from a hymn-book.)

I read it as Colonel Lawley had written it.

“ 185—*Hallelujah ! Johnnie Lawley !* ”

“ Beautiful ! ” ejaculated the General. “ But we ought to have had the second century, Nicol. We ought. Did that backslider get through ? Did he ? That was a good case. And what about the man separated from his wife ? Was there a reconciliation ? You don’t say so ! Reconciled at the mercy seat and embraced each other in the Registration Room ! Glory ! That will make a good story for *The War Cry* ! No, write the whole story out for me. It will do for me to tell Lord A—— when I see him on Tuesday. I’ll sleep well to-night. God is good ! I hope you are writing something hot for *The War Cry*. 185—185—Jesus—Jesus ! ”

And before I had closed the door and wished him “ Good night ” the great evangelist was asleep.

I was once unintentionally guilty of wounding the General in a tender spot and unexpectedly revealing the depth of this passion for a Salvation meeting.

We were voyaging to Australia and called at Colombo. During the sixteen hours that our steamer lay at anchor in the harbour, the General, by arrangement, went ashore to conduct a small social meeting. The staff accompanying him—Colonel Lawley, Brigadier F. Cox, and myself—were thankful to learn on

landing that the Ceylon officer had not succeeded in securing a hall suitable for a Salvation meeting, and I quite frankly gave vent to my feelings by saying, "Thank God!" I had my reason for doing so.

Instantly the eyes of the General darted fiery anger upon me. As we ascended the gangway on our return to the ship, the General whispered to me, "Nicol, come down to my cabin in five minutes' time."

When I entered, the General closed his cabin door and in a stern manner said, "You cut me to the heart this morning!"

I had forgotten my ejaculation, and stood amazed, and replied, "Then I am unconscious, General, of having done so."

"You know that Salvation meetings are my meat and drink—they are the wine of Paradise to my soul."

I assented.

"Yet you had the audacity to say 'Thank God!' when you heard that mild-mannered Colonel ashore tell me that there was no Salvation meeting for me in Colombo. What did *you* mean? Are *you* a backslider?"

The cause of his resentment was thus made clear. I replied with some spirit: "I know what you mean, but I am unrepentant. For the last fourteen days you have scarcely been able to crawl out of your cabin, General, and a Salvation meeting in Colombo would have been madness in your state of health. It might have been attended with a collapse on your part; and I have too healthy a horror of that possibility not to express my feelings as I did ashore. The

Chief of your Staff is your son. He is my master, and if anything serious happened to you, General, I should be shot in Trafalgar Square ! ”

“ What about that ? God would crown you with honour. Never raise a little finger against your General saving souls. Leave that business to the devil.”

Here, then, you have the real General Booth, the man whose passion for saving men from the Hell that he believes in, and the Hell that men make for themselves, brooks no obstacle or interference. All the same, I was very glad that there was no such meeting !

The General loves to talk and sing of salvation when alone. I have often known him to absorb a whole hour of his time singing and reciting, in company with his personal staff, old Methodist and Ranter hymns that were in vogue fifty years ago. He would enrich the singing by associating some hymn with an incident in his career, or the conversion of some noted “ character.” He is a charming conversationalist.

At the end of the recreation, he would lean back in his chair, and, closing his eyes, speak reverently to God. Here is one of the prayers that he thus breathed on the way out to Australia :—

“ Give us souls, Lord. We live only for that. What is the good of sermons and chapels and meetings, and marchings and voyages, if we do not win men to Thyself ? Lord, we are dissatisfied at the rate at which we are progressing. There must be a more excellent way for reaching the hearts of the people.

Give us another view of Calvary ! It is full of mystery to us. To be loved by God, to be counted worthy of living with God at last. Oh, my Lord, how can we praise Thee ! Bless the Army ! Save it from minding high things. Keep us humble. Save the poor, and bless the people on board this ship ! ”

The General is the same everywhere. If he is travelling in the train he is sure to concern himself, provided there is half a chance of doing so with propriety, with the spiritual welfare of his fellow-passengers.

On his way to the West of England, the wife of the present Prime Minister, then Miss Margot Tennant, the idol of an admiring society, occupied a place in the same compartment. The General caught sight of the book in which she seemed absorbed, and in an artful and tactful manner opened a conversation with the stranger. Both were at once favourably impressed with each other, and with that charm with which the distinguished lady can enter upon the discussion of almost any subject, the leader of the Army felt that he was in the presence of a woman of no ordinary intellect. In a few minutes they were exchanging views upon the value of the Christian religion to the heathen, the supernatural in Christianity, the stability of the Salvation Army, its failure in some villages with which she was familiar, and the efficacy of prayer. I took notes of part of the conversation, and think the following transcript is in the main correct :—

Miss Tennant : “ Do you not encourage the sin of presumption in permitting your soldiers to testify and

pray—no doubt sincerely—extemporaneously? Why do you not teach them a collection of prayers?”

The General: “We should first have to teach them to read, and in the progress I am afraid they would lose their zeal. [Miss Tennant smiled.] The fire would die out. What is prayer? The cry of the child for its mammy is a form of prayer. The sigh of a broken heart is prayer. The quick, repenting confession of a soul convicted of sin, if only expressed in ‘My God!’ is an effectual prayer. The prayer of a ritual is only helpful to the soul in harmony with it, or whose experience it interprets to the heart for the time being.”

Miss Tennant: “How can the spiritual life of a soul grow unless thoughts are expressed to the soul, as in the Book of Common Prayer? I may be wrong, General, but one of the reasons for the lapse of so many that begin the Christian life well and then fall away, as in the case of the converts of the Army in the village to which I refer, is because real religion does not sink very deeply into their nature.”

The General: “Remember the pit from which they have been dug, their homes and surroundings. Let me tell you of the home life of one of the noblest soldiers that I know about in this Salvation Army.” And the General proceeded to describe the conversion of a man whose wife was in and out of prison, and yet who treated her as if she was a saint. “And he cannot read or write, or count figures except by the help of his ten fingers. As to lapses, the Churches go up and down; even in politics we hear of ‘backslidings,’ ‘slumps,’ and ‘landslides.’”

At which Miss Tennant merrily interposed: “Oh, quite so, General Booth, and these all add zest to the politics of the hour; but do tell me what is the secret of the remarkable unity which one sees everywhere in the Army.”

The General was fascinated with the originality of his questioner, and plunged into the story of his own experience until it was time for Miss Tennant to change at Swindon Junction. In a moment the General was on his knees, remarking as he knelt down in the compartment, "My secretary here will assist you with your baggage. There is time for a little prayer."

Earnestly the evangelical General besought the Lord to enrich the lady's soul with a plenitude of grace and a lifelong choice of Christ and His Cross.

Miss Tennant was not at all displeased at the novelty of her experience, and when I handed her rug as she entered the compartment of another train, she exclaimed, "What a charming old man is your General!"

On returning to the General, I found him scribbling away for dear life a letter for Miss Tennant, intended to answer with more deliberation than he could bestow at the time some of the questions raised in the train.

"I wish she could see Emma" (his daughter), he said. "A woman of the type we have met is destined to fill a leading place in society. If she could but see what a career of usefulness she might have in the Army, we might get her to abandon society and join us in lifting the world to God."

But it was too late. Shortly afterwards the newspapers announced that she was engaged to Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith!

This aggressive character of General Booth is occasionally imperious; Charles Haddon Spurgeon would have called it rudeness, and Mr. Dwight L. Moody

would have described it as "applying the Gospel with the help of the hammer." He prays with all his hosts, and if in the press of business the sacred benediction is left to the last moment, he will turn the vestibule or hall of the house into a sanctuary for prayer.

He does not forget the maids or the servants. In Cape Town the black servants were regularly kept away from a family altar of devout Christians with whom the General stayed, on the ground that they might be tempted to steal while they knelt at their devotions!

"Bring them in," said the General. "My secretary will do the watching while I do the praying."

While waiting to be received by one of the Governors of Australia, he asked the *aide-de-camp* about his soul.

"Are you saved?" he asked. Fortunately the young Englishman replied in the affirmative, but whether diplomatically or sincerely I cannot say.

At the close of a long interview with New York pressmen, the General asked if he might pray with them; and a wag at once replied:—

"Sure, General, if you think it will do any good." And the boys assented to the request and the sentiment of their colleague.

"Oh, Lord," prayed the General, "bless these boys here. They have been useful to Thy servant. Save some of them. Thou knowest we are in need of some smart, consecrated, up-to-date men with pens dipped in the love of God. Perhaps there is one here. Bless the editors of the papers that they represent. May they be fair and daring directors of the right. Save them and help us to live for the good of others."

The wag responded with a hearty "Amen!" and sidled up to the General with this observation: "I belong to the staff of the —, and I think my editor will be sure to seek your acquaintance."

"Why?" asked the General.

"Because he told us yesterday that the editors of New York were past praying for."

"Ah!" replied the General. "That is a sure sign of grace. Tell him that on Sunday night I am having a meeting for the biggest sinners in New York." The editor was present!

But what is the outcome of it all? As I have remarked elsewhere, if the Salvation Army is not religious, it is nothing. It is worse than nothing. It is the most colossal hypocrisy that the world has known.

Well, something has indeed come out of it all. Something that the world scarcely realises. Much good and some evil have emanated from it. The passion of the General for the salvation of men has been expressed in the Salvation Army. That is the answer, the supreme answer, to the question. But what is the Salvation Army? The stock reply to that interrogation is that "it is an organisation formed and controlled after the fashion of an army to press upon the world the salvation of God and to promote the holiness and happiness of men." But that answer is not enough.

We read of the General moving about the country in a motor-car, preaching at wayside places, being received by Town Councils, calling upon Cabinet

Ministers, taking luncheon with Royalty, flying off to the ends of the earth on some campaign, repeating stale anecdotes and making the usual promise of a new enterprise for dealing with paupers or prisoners.

But *that* is not the Salvation Army. In all that we have simply the propagandist at work, spreading the knowledge of its history and the part that he has played in making it.

Then we see it represented at street corners by an old "blood and fire" flag, a big drum, a shrieking testimony by a converted boozier or kitchen-maid, and the inevitable collecting-box. But the impression that one may gather as to the character and ramifications of the movement from that small brigade would be unfair.

We read a good deal about it from time to time in the newspapers. As a rule these reports are parochial and snippety. The real Salvation Army has scarcely been discovered by any of its investigators, while its leaders have been too preoccupied seeking funds to meet their current necessities, and so self-centred in their faith as religionists, that they have not had the time to sit down and ask themselves the question, "What are we doing—not what are we making? What thoughts are we instilling into the minds of the people who accept our leadership, as the Jews of old accepted Moses and David and Solomon? Our agencies and activities multiply year by year, but what manner of men are we presenting to the Commonwealth, and what will be the moral and political power that we shall exercise in course of time?"

As to the magnitude of the organisation, the following remarkable list of separate and distinct departments will come to some readers in the nature of a revelation, to others as a shock :—

CORPS OR EVANGELISTIC AGENCIES.

Drunkards' Brigades.	Medical Corps.
Visitation Leagues.	Police Court Missions.
Young People's Leagues.	Convict Missions.
Anti-Smoking League.	Bands of Love.
Women's Leagues.	Sunday-schools.
Ambulance Brigades.	Corps Cadets.
Good Samaritan Leagues.	Training Colleges.
Literature Heralds.	Staff College.
Musicians.	Physical Drill Classes.
Singing Brigades.	Bible Leagues.
Home Leagues.	Factories of many kinds
Property Associations.	Wood-chopping shops.
Investment Boards.	Old Clothes shops.
Reliance Bank, Ltd.	Paper-sorting Mills and
Assurance Society.	Paper Exporters.
Wholesale and Retail Tea	Shelters.
Dealers.	Poor Men's Metropolises.
Instrument Makers.	Embankment and Winter
Bicycle Agents and Re-	Relief.
pairers.	Farthing Breakfast
Printing and Lithography.	Funds.
Periodical and Book Pub-	Free Breakfast Depart-
lishers.	ment.
News Agents.	Consolation and Counsel
Shipping Agents.	Counsellors.
Booking Offices.	Lifeboat Brigade.
Emigration Associations	Emigration Welcome
(International).	Homes.

- Loan Agency.
 Anti-Suicide Bureaux.
 Hand-loom Manufacturers.
 Boot and Shoe Makers.
 Grocers.
 Intelligence or Detective Agency.
 Distress Relieving Department.
 Lost Relatives Department.
 Sick and Wounded Department.
 Homes of Rest.
 Tourists Agency.
 Prison Gate Brigades.
 Parole Officers.
 Sisters of Mercy.
 Receiving and Rescue Homes.
 Maternity Homes.
 Hospitals.
 Orphanages.
 Boys' and Girls' Reformatories.
 Land and Industrial Colonies.
 Brick Works.
 Poultry and Piggery Departments.
 Market Gardening.
 House Proprietors and Agents.
 Small Holdings Association.
- Missions to the Heathen.
 Missions to Lepers.
 Missions to Thieves.
 Medical Missions (Foreign).
 Finance Brigade.
 Grace before Meat Box Department.
 Candidates' Department.
 Spiritual Specials.
 Travelling Commissioners.
 Kindergarten Leagues.
 Slum Crèche.
 Education Department.
 Accountants' Department.
 Examination Department.
 Travelling Inspectors.
 Travelling Bands.
 Red Hot Crusaders.
 Buttonhole Sergeants.
 Bakeries.
 Dressmakers.
 Tailors, Carpenters, Joiners, French Polishers, etc.
 Contractors.
 Drapery Stores.
 Pedlars.
 Commission Agents.
 Etc. etc. etc.

The following is the disposition of Forces at the close of 1910 :—

Staff and Field Officers	16,000
Officers engaged in social work	1,800
Local or Unpaid Officers, including bandsmen, treasurers, secre- taries, and various orders of ser- geants	58,000
Corps and Outposts	7,500
Social Agencies	1,900
Magazines and Periodicals	60

All the outcome of a mind possessed and obsessed by one idea ! All within forty-five years, for it was not till 1865 that the General looked upon the moral and social wilderness of East London and came to that momentous resolution to solve the problems that then presented themselves to him as his life's work.

Empty churches and crowded gin-palaces met him everywhere he went. Imprisoned in bastilles of squalor and vice were thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and children, for whom religion had no attraction whatever, and among whom morality was next to impossible. That was the vision that he beheld. That was the state of affairs that held him bound to the slums and the hovels of the vicious. He resolved, as the world knows, to labour there till he discovered a way by which he could at least arrest their attention to the Gospel he took to them.

One summer evening, in the year 1865, he felt the burden of the task before him. It was night when he finally decided to bide no longer for what he had been

accustomed to define as a "call." He rushed home and told his wife:—

"Darling, I have found my destiny!"

That faithful partner listened to his description of the vision, and "together," he says—the act has often been told—"we humbled ourselves before God, and dedicated our lives to the task that it seemed we had been praying for for twenty-five years. Her heart came over to my heart. We resolved that this poor, submerged, giddy, careless people should henceforth become our people and our God their God as far as we could induce them to accept Him, and for this end we would face poverty, persecution, or whatever Providence might permit in our consecration to what we believed to be the way God had mapped out for us."

Remarkable man! Noble woman!

In that hour was the Salvation Army born.

Next day the Rev. William Booth ceased to be a Methodist and travelling evangelist. He walked down to Mile End Waste, and selecting a convenient spot outside "The Blind Beggar Tavern"—a tablet now denotes the place—he cried with a loud voice to the passers-by, "There is a heaven in East London for everyone who will stop and think and look to Christ as a personal Saviour!"

The people paid little heed to the tall, dark stranger. His was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. But William Booth's will was made of invincible metal. "I will make you listen to me," he said to himself after his first defeat. And he did.

He "ploughed the sands" of East London for more

than ten years, and then he saw the light which led him, step by step, up the ladder of fame, till he became the friend of princes and statesmen, without losing his head, or dissolving the vow that he made by the side of his partner, to live for the moral and spiritual emancipation of the people, especially the worst. *General Booth's ruling passion is a love of men.*

He thus aims at the improvement in the temporal affairs of man through and by means of a spiritual state in which the will of God is supreme. The soul is the man, the body but a machine, the value and end of which are in proportion as it is regulated by a spiritual mainspring.

CHAPTER II

A MODERN CATHERINE OF SIENA

Points in common with Saint Catherine—Mrs. Booth's first Sermon—A stormy Recitation—Excommunicated from Methodism—Mrs. Booth's Love Match—A classic Love Letter—Her Views on Sex—Her Government of Home—Martyrdom—The Loss to the Army—A Husband's Tribute

WILLIAM BOOTH, with all his passion for souls, could not have reached the point at which he conceived the idea of making an Army but for his partner in life—Catherine Mumford, destined to be the Mother of the Salvation Army—who showed as a girl the possession of a sympathetic nature and an innovating will.

One day, while walking along the main thoroughfare of Ashbourne, her birthplace, she was attracted by a rush of people toward an ordinary "drunk" case: a policeman was dragging a man in a state of intoxication to the police station. A cynical look marked the gaze of the onlookers. Boys and even girls were giggling at the sight; but Catherine Mumford's frame shook with pity. She had not long joined a Junior Temperance Society, one of whose rules was that members should never pass jokes at the doings of the drunkard, but rather do all they could to induce the victim to sign the pledge.

She was thus confronted with an opportunity of

fulfilling the spirit of her pledge, and, quick as lightning, she ran to the side of the man and persisted in being permitted to accompany him all the way to the police station! Perhaps he had a little girl at home who would do the same, had she been present. Perhaps, if she only walked with him, the Spirit of the Lord would answer her prayer that the man would repent and seek the grace of God to change his heart. Perhaps grown-up people would think of doing more than they did for the salvation of the drunkard.

These were the thoughts that passed through her mind as, with hoop and stick in hand, young Katie Mumford walked to the police station, and whispered into the ears of the stranger a word of pity and hope. In that impulse of compassion we see the first awakening of a humanitarianism that was to arrest the thought and concern of the Christian world to the needs of the modern slaves of alcohol. In the years that followed Catherine Mumford stood by the side of hundreds of inebriates and guided them into havens of hope.

In some respects she accomplished in the nineteenth century what Catherine of Siena did in Europe in the fourteenth, and for the peace and prosperity of her Church.

The two Catherines had much in common. Both were born of devout parents and in provincial towns of their particular fatherlands. Both were endowed with distinct natural powers of persuasion, tact, and literary and oratorical ability. They had the same gaiety of spirits, were passionate lovers of birds and animals and flowers. Both were gifted with rare

insight into human character and the predilection of the statesman ; and both succeeded in changing, to some extent, the religious trend of their times.

Catherine of Siena persuaded the Bishop of her diocese to permit her to wear the habit of the Order of St. Dominic when presented to the Court of Gregory VI at Avignon, at Genoa, and on her memorable visits to Rome. She stood before the Princes of the Church and reasoned with the Pope upon the sins of the Fathers and the need of simplicity and faith in God.

Catherine Booth raised the respect for the blue serge dress and the coal-scuttle-shaped bonnet of the women members of the Salvation Army. By the logic of her addresses throughout England, her attacks upon the Laodiceanism of the Church, she, like Catherine of Italy, aroused a storm of religious passion, but, like her also, she overcame the prejudices and bigotry of her times, and brought from that gracious lady Queen Victoria an acknowledgment of the good that the Army was doing and a prayer for its success.

She did not live to see her son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, numbered among the guests at the Coronation Service of King Edward, in his uniform as the Chief of the Staff of the Salvation Army. She was deprived of the honour of accompanying her husband to Buckingham Palace, where the General unfolded to King Edward and Queen Alexandra the story of how he and his wife submitted themselves to what they believed to be the call of Heaven to abandon their Church, and take to the poorest and the vilest of society the Gospel of the

Son of Man. Unlike the saint of Siena, Mrs. Booth did not stand before the crowned heads of Europe, but she paved the way for the uniform of the "Blood and Fire" to be accepted and respected at these Courts.

Both had the gift of fiery and indignant speech, "They will not listen to me," said Catherine of Siena on one occasion, "but they *shall* listen to God." And she lived to see the mistresses of vile men acknowledge that she spoke with the unction of the Holy Spirit. "Her speech was like an impetuous torrent," and the same may be accurately applied to the Mother of the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Booth was a fighter. She compelled attack and was merciless in defence. When her husband was asked by the Conference of the Methodist New Connexion if he would comply with the vote of the Conference, which required that he return to ministerial work and give up his evangelistic practices, for which he was clearly best adapted, his wife, who had been an attentive listener to the debate, cried, "Never!" and at the close of the sitting husband and wife left the Church of their hearts, not knowing where they should go or who would lend them a helping hand to carry out the conviction that they were destined to do something drastic for the uplifting of their fellow-men.

St. Catherine of Siena was persecuted and her life was threatened. I am not sure whether Mrs. Booth was privileged to encounter the ruffian thirsting for her blood, but I do know that she faced the tumult and ferocity of mobs again and again because of her

denunciations of brewers and publicans, whom she compared to pirates and Iscariots! She was no better received in reality by the Established Church of her times. She exposed what she called the hollowness of their pretensions as shepherds of the flock and railed at and denounced the worldliness of the Church. Bazaars and sales of work were abominations in her eyes. Sporting parsons, debating preachers, and lackadaisical guides of the souls of men stirred within her a fountain of fury, which led her to use language that would not be tolerated in the Army to-day, for no organisation is more addicted to some of these evils—if evils they be—than is the Army itself. Mrs. Booth was, like the other Catherine, a searching, careful, eloquent, and yet exasperating speaker. She had the analytical quality of Mrs. Annie Besant and the womanly grace of the late Frances Willard, of America. She studiously prepared all her addresses, and drew enormous audiences from all classes of society. Some of her triumphs as an orator were remarkable. I knew of one man who came to hear her speak with the object of delivering an attack upon the doctrines of the Army in the public press next day. At the close of her oration he apologised to the lady and handed her a cheque for £1000! She silenced more enemies of the Army in one day than her husband and his forces did in twelve months.

And yet, like St. Catherine of Siena, her first attempts at public work were marked by the most nervous and hesitating experiences. The story of her first effort to speak in a public gathering is told by herself. It

occurred at the close of one of her husband's Sunday-evening meetings in the Bethesda Chapel, Gateshead, in the year 1860.

“I was, as usual, in the minister's pew, with my eldest boy, then four years old. I felt much depressed in mind, and was not expecting anything in particular, but as the testimonies proceeded I felt the Holy Spirit come upon me. That experience cannot be described. I felt it to the extremity of my hands and feet. It seemed as if a Voice said to me, ‘Now if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to my own soul as well as to the people.’ I gasped again, and said in my heart, ‘Yes, Lord, I believe Thou wouldst, but I cannot do it.’ I had forgotten my vow. It did not occur to me at all.

“A moment afterwards there flashed across my mind the memory of the bedroom visitation, when I had promised the Lord that I would obey Him at all costs. Ah! then the Voice seemed to ask me if this was consistent with that promise. I almost jumped up and said, ‘No, Lord, it is the old thing over again. But I cannot do it.’ I felt as though I would sooner die than speak. And then the Devil said, ‘Besides, you are not prepared. You will look like a fool and have nothing to say.’ He made a mistake. He overreached himself for once. It was this word that settled it. ‘Ah,’ I said, ‘this is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be made a fool of for Christ. Now I will be one.’

“Without stopping another moment I rose up from my seat and walked down the aisle. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid,

bashful nature. He stepped down and asked me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I replied, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise that he could only say, 'My dear wife wishes to speak,' and sat down. For years he had been trying to persuade me to do it. Only that very week he had wanted me to go and address a little cottage meeting of some twenty working people, but I had refused.

"I stood—God only knows how—and if any mortal did hang upon the arms of Omnipotence, I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm, but it was a Divine one which held me up. I just stood and told the people how it came about. I confessed, as I think everybody should who has been in the wrong and has misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ. I said, 'I dare say many of you have been looking upon me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God. But I have come to realise that I have been disobeying Him, and thus have brought darkness and leanness into my soul. I have promised the Lord to do so no longer, and have come to tell you that henceforth I will be obedient to the Holy Vision.' "

What a striking likeness between the two Catherines is here presented! Both heard Voices, both saw Visions. One was called to be a healer of bodies and souls in the dark ages of Christianity and to take to the highest spiritual Courts of Europe stirring messages of peace and unity. The other was called from the pew of a Methodist church to become the harbinger of a great crusade in the nineteenth century, one that was to loosen the tongues of ten thousand women, to proclaim a gospel of emancipation for their sex,

and to be, as her religious compatriots have claimed for her, the Mother of many nations !

The memory of this woman is held in loving commemoration by Salvationists throughout the world. And well it may be. The bare record of her work reads like a volume from the lives of the world's greatest reformers.

She was born at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, on the 17th of January, 1829. Her parents were Methodists. Educated at home, she formed opinions adverse to boarding-schools, and on many subjects adopted a narrow and bigoted view. Her mother had strong Puritanic ideas, and implanted in her daughter an unnatural horror of making statements that were not literally and strictly correct. Before she was twelve years of age she had read the Bible through from cover to cover no less than twelve times ! Her father being a strong Radical, and her sympathies running in the direction of a somewhat bigoted interpretation of political liberty, she was opposed to the Catholic Emancipation Bill. As a work of literature she admired the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but resented the strain of Calvinism that runs through that work. She was passionately fond of reading historical books, and there was not a standard work on Methodism that she had not thoroughly mastered before she was eighteen years of age. She was converted at the age of sixteen, and it is from this epoch that she becomes interesting.

After her conversion she became an enthusiastic Methodist, lover of the Class Meeting and the Bible Class.

There were two great foes, in her judgment, to the welfare of mankind that had to be dethroned if the world was to make any real progress, and much of her diary is taken up with references to them. One was Calvinism and the other the conservatism of Wesleyan Methodism. Election and predestination were synonymous with rank spiritual degeneracy. Wherever she went she felt a Divine call to denounce these heresies.

The other obstacle to the happiness of mankind was the inquisitorial attitude of the Methodist Conference to the Reform agitators, that culminated in one of the biggest secessions that have characterised the evolution of Methodism. She was on the side of the Reformers, though not so much on political grounds as spiritual. She considered that if the laity were given a keener interest in the affairs of the Church, and Methodism were purged of some of the drags on progress, Methodism would shake England. She espoused the cause with zeal, for which she had to suffer the penalty of not receiving a renewal of what Methodists call the "Quarterly Ticket"; in other words, she was excommunicated.

In a few sentences of a letter to her mother we can understand the vigour with which she played her part as an agitator :—

"I am indignant at the Conference for their base treatment of Mr. Burnett. But I quite expected it when he gave a conscientious affidavit in Mr. Hardy's case. Well, it will all come down on their own pates. The Lord will reward them according to their doings, if they only persevere a little longer. Reform is certain."

Alas for her hopes. The Reform movement ended in controversy, and when Catherine Mumford, now settled with her parents in London, saw the sequel to the agitation in a state of antagonism to the original denominational mother, she was bitterly disappointed.

“I had hoped,” she wrote, “that we were on the eve of a spiritual revival. Instead of that everything was conducted very much in the ordinary style, and I soon became heartily sick of the spirit of debate and controversy which prevailed to such a degree as to cripple the life and power of the concern.”

In the meantime an event was to happen which was to change not only the whole current of her life, but to answer her highest aspirations after a revival of spiritual life. Catherine Mumford was to meet William Booth, who, espousing the cause of Reform on the same ground, was now in London, and though engaged in business, spent his leisure in promoting the cause of Methodism in and around the metropolis as a local preacher. He hoped that some day he might be able to enter the ministry. But a heresy-hunting minister discovered in young Booth the elements of a very disturbing factor, at least so he unjustly thought—for Booth was only eager for the spiritual regeneration of Methodism—and he too was expelled from Wesleyan Methodism, an act of bigotry that, as Mrs. Booth would say in her homely way, “would come down on their own pates.”

This stroke of adversity was attended, however, with far-reaching results. A Mr. Rabbitts invited

William Booth to take over the direction of a Reform Chapel, and introduced him to Catherine Mumford.

An amusing conversation between Rabbitts and Booth on the salary question arose. Asked as to how much he could live upon, Booth replied, detailing his domestic and other requirements, "I can live on 12s. 6d. per week," for which sum he was willing to relinquish business and become the mission-pastor of this new Reformed-Methodist Church.

Mr. Rabbitts admired his spirit, and dazzled his friend by guaranteeing for twelve months the sum of £1 per week. Mr. Rabbitts was then a prosperous merchant, but he never made a happier investment than when he engaged the future General of the Salvation Army at that sum, for the principal sequel to the transaction led to the meeting of this Nottingham Methodist and Kate Mumford, of Ashbourne, she being a member of the Church to which Mr. Booth in this bargain-making manner was called.

Miss Mumford "took" to the "new man." She was impressed more with the man than the matter of his discourse, for he seemed to be swallowed up with the old-time zeal of Methodism rather than with the college type of preacher; and after hearing him for the first time, she remarked to her mother that "if all the Methodist preachers were like young Mr. Booth there would have been no Reform movement."

Well, in the course of time these kindred spirits met one evening at the house of Mr. Rabbitts, with a company of other Reformers, the object of the host being to promote social intercourse among those who were

having an uphill battle with old friends who had now become religious opponents.

At this meeting Mr. Booth was asked to render a favourite temperance recitation entitled "The Grog-seller's Dream." Delivered with the sincerity of deep conviction, and with a dramatic gesture that seemed to transform the dream into a realism of the actual and debasing effects of drunkenness, the company did not, strange to say, express any manifestation of favour with it. The General has said that there was an embarrassing pause when he sat down.

The meaning of this was afterwards disclosed when a member of the gathering asserted that the moral of the recitation was overdrawn, an opinion that found an echo in other members of the company. Mr. Rabbitts himself was not a teetotaller. An unrehearsed debate on the *pros* and *cons* of drink followed. All the stereotyped arguments in favour of the traffic were expounded by upholders of moderation and the convenience of liquor for revenue purposes. Miss Mumford, who possessed rare debating power, joined the discussion, and after asking a few inconvenient questions of the supporters of alcohol, she replied first to one argument and then another. One was that the Bible upheld the use of drink. "And where do you find it?" she asked. "Two kinds of drink are referred to in the Scripture, one intoxicating and the other unfermented." "You say that you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament. How do you know? Are you sure? It has been tried and proved a success in some countries, and since the

sale of drink has been banished from villages with which I am familiar, drunkenness and crime have decreased. And as for the revenue—what would become of a man if he were to suck his own blood and eat his own flesh? How can a kingdom flourish that lives upon the destruction of its subjects, and that draws its revenues from their very graves? Christians use alcohol? Do they? Well, the more the pity, for it would be almost as easy to get up a revival in hell itself as in a Church whose members support the traffic, and some at least of whom may well be supposed to be slaves of it also.”

No wine was drunk at the supper which followed. But an impression was made among the company that if the declaimer against drink and the ardent defender of individual and national temperance should ever be drawn into a closer union than that of Church fellowship, the world would have to reckon with an English Gough and a voice that would make the traffickers in drink tremble.

It was their first meeting. It may not be strictly correct to say that Cupid's dart found a happy asylum in the bosom of the fair Catherine Mumford; but the affinity of their predilections on this subject remained throughout their lives, and together they eventually founded an Order of Purity, the Salvation Army—a leading plank in whose platform is that its members are all pledged total abstainers.

Within a few months of that casual meeting the young minister became engaged to Catherine Mumford. Their personal attachment to each other, the delibera-

tion with which they considered the possibilities of their union, the spirit in which they dedicated their lives to each other, and contemplated a partnership in the light of their obligation to God and the salvation of souls, form together one of the most sublime classics that ever were written in the book of history under the much-abused chapter of LOVE.

It was on the 15th of May, 1852, that the two met to finally settle or dissolve the proposal that, poor though Mr. Booth was, and uncertain his path as a minister of the Gospel, they should unite in heart and soul for time and eternity. They brought their reason to bear upon their circumstances, and after kneeling together in prayer, committing their lives to the special leading of the Divine Spirit, they parted not only betrothed, but, as will be seen in the letter which Catherine Mumford wrote to her lover a few days after, pledged to make their union, whenever God should put His seal upon it, the ladder up which they should climb to higher experiences of the Spirit of Christ and service in His cause.

“MY DEAREST WILLIAM,

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

“Most gladly does my soul respond to your invitation to give myself afresh to Him, and to strive to link

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

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

“If indeed we are the disciples of Christ, ‘in the world we shall have tribulation,’ but in Him and in each other we may have peace. If God chastises us by affliction in either mind, body, or circumstances, it will only be a mark of our discipleship ; and if borne equally by us both, the blow will not only be softened, but sanctified, and we shall be entitled to rejoice that we are permitted to drain the bitter cup *together*. Satisfied that in our souls there flows a deep under-current of pure affection, we will seek grace to bear it with the bubbles which may rise on the surface, or wisdom so to burst them to increase the depth, and accelerate the onward flow of the pure stream of love, till it reaches the river which proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb, and mingles in glorious harmony with the love of heaven.

“The more you lead me up to Christ in all things the more highly shall I esteem you ; and if it be

possible to love you more than I now do, the more shall I love you. You are always present in my thoughts.

“ Believe me, dear William, as ever,

“ Your own loving

“ KATE.”

From that hour, right on through years of vicissitudes, trial, contumely, and holy warfare, these two hearts remained steadfast to the double pledge and consecration of that summer evening. Mr. Booth passed from London to Spalding, in Lincolnshire, where he was worshipped for the devotion of his labours and his success as a Methodist minister. He had thoughts of entering the Congregational Ministry and began to prepare for college ; but on being presented with a book of theology which he was informed he would have to master and accept as the standard of teaching upon the thorny topic of election, he in a fury of indignation threw it from one side of the room to the other, and vowed that he would sooner starve than be guilty of proclaiming the doctrine.

In all these uncertainties he was supported by the counsel of his friend, and at this stage of their friendship one can perceive again the resemblance of the ancient and modern Catherines to each other. Catherine of Siena was essentially a peacemaker and a counsellor, and when peace failed she could wage war. Mrs. Booth was the same. But for the circumspection with which she studied the subjects that underlay the dedication of her companion to the service of the Church, he would often have acted impetuously. Then, her intellectualism, even at this critical period in her career, was

marked by originality with respect to matters that were then far from being so popular as they are to-day. We have already seen her courage upon the question of temperance. She was equally pronounced on the dignity of women and the equality of the sexes, and if she were alive to-day she would be one of the foremost defenders of the political emancipation of her sex. Her views are worth quoting :—

“That woman is, in consequence of her inadequate education, generally inferior to man intellectually I admit. But that she is *naturally* so I see no cause to believe. Never yet has woman been placed on an intellectual footing with man. All man-made religions neglect or debase woman, but the religion of Christ recognises her individuality and raises her to the dignity of an independent moral agent. . . . I love my sex. I have no sympathy with those who would alter woman’s domestic and social position from what is laid down in the Scriptures. But on the subject of the equality of nature I believe my convictions are true.”

Her sarcasm for the attitude of the Press toward woman was biting. “I despise,” she said, “the attitude of the English press toward woman. Let a man make a decent speech on any subject, and he is lauded to the skies. Whereas, however magnificent a speech a woman may make, all she gets is ‘Mrs. So-and-so delivered an earnest address.’ ”

Catherine Booth lived to write her signature to the first commission that a woman received as a Salvation Army leader, and to have these views embodied in an



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A FARTHING BREAKFAST AT A SLUM POST.

organisation that literally gave expression to them by appointing women to the charge of territories where, in the judgment of the General, they showed the qualifications for leadership. For example, Miss Booth is now in command of the work of the Army in America. Women are at the head of many secular as well as spiritual departments, and hundreds and thousands are in charge of Corps, where they command men and order them to do just as they think fit in the interest of the Army. And judged by that standard for which the Army has a fanatical devotion, numbers, they are as a whole a greater success than are the men.

We need not follow in detail, however, the sequel to the union of this singularly religious couple of Methodists. It is the common heritage of the Church of Christ. Their dissatisfaction with the circuit life of their Methodist Church led Mr. Booth to be appointed as a Connexional evangelist. The disturbing effect of that position gave offence to many ministers and produced a party feeling on the question of the employment of evangelists within the Church. This culminated in the decision of the Conference to replace Mr. Booth in circuit work, and, as we have already stated, led to the final separation of Mr. and Mrs. Booth from Methodism. They wandered about the country as evangelists, proving their fitness for the office in the usual way. In the year 1865 they came to London. Mr. Booth started an East London Revival Mission. Out of this grew the Christian Mission, and after ten or twelve years' experimenting after the line to adopt that should attract the non church and chapel going

classes to religious services, the Salvation Army was created.

The part that Mrs. Booth played in this evolution was only equal to that of her husband. I have no doubt that but for her he never would have succeeded as a Methodist minister. But for her he certainly would not have gone to Spalding. But for her he would again and again have compromised on matters of principle or what seemed to her matters of principle. In a word, but for Mrs. Booth, there would have been no General Booth and no Salvation Army. He was the prophet, and she the philosopher of his life. He loved the field, she the conference room and the platform. He caught the attention of Bill Sikes, Mrs. Booth won the confidence of the thoughtful and the aggressive spirits of her times. His style of preaching was gladiatorial, hers argumentative. The General was made to lead men, Mrs. Booth to persuade. Both were needed to bring into being this remarkable organisation. No innovation was ever made in its methods or measures until Mrs. Booth was consulted.

She was largely responsible for the abolition of the Sacraments in the Army. Her voice was raised in favour of giving up the christening of children. She invented the "hallelujah bonnet." She formulated the first code of rules for the training of cadets. She it was who conceived the idea of a world-wide movement and gave tone and rule to the literature of the Army. Had she had her way entirely, however, there is no doubt that she would have disapproved of much that is now being carried on in the name of the

organisation. But she was wife as well as partner in the great business to which they had consecrated their lives. When she differed, as she often did, from the views and proposals of her husband, she—the moment a decision was arrived at—loyally supported him, and woe be to the officer who afterwards discussed instead of carried out his decision!

She shouldered the responsibilities of her large family with courage and independence. She supervised their education with an almost painful and Puritanic rigour. She kept them from contact with worldly Christians and insisted that their dress should in all things reflect the principles of the parents. She was a severe disciplinarian and a stout opponent of the religious system of education. Under her inspiration, and largely at her dictation, the General wrote a voluminous book on the training of children, one of the most unpractical things that he ever put his hands to. The pen that wrote it was William Booth's, but the hand that guided the pen was that of his good wife. But, if extreme in tone and out of harmony with the average circumstances of the people to whom it was addressed, the principles have to some extent been acted upon, though on matters of dress, furniture, books, companionships, entertainments, the Army itself has fallen away from the standard set forth in the book. Mrs. Booth never adequately realised the great gulf that exists between a home like her own and that of the average London householder, and therefore she missed the chance of giving a proper lead to the teaching of the Army upon the duties of parents.

Mrs. Booth finished her career in the spirit of a martyr. Just as the movement was entering upon the stage at which it was recognised with toleration and favour, and just as it was about to face the problems that arose out of its own success, Mrs. Booth was pronounced to be the victim of that scourge which still defies the skill of men. She was stricken with cancer.

The feeling when that announcement became the common property of the Army was something similar to what a nation experiences when the news of some great catastrophe follows a succession of victories. I was at the Headquarters when the Chief of the Staff took a few of the leaders aside and communicated the sad news. There have been some dark days there. That was a dark day when the same officer handed to his Commissioners the cable that told of the sudden death in a railway accident of his beloved sister, Mrs. Booth-Tucker. She was the *beau-ideal* of her father's heart, the joy of her friends, and the hope of the Army for many things. She was cut down in an instant, but at a time when the movement could more easily spare her than when Mrs. Booth was called to enter the fiery furnace of affliction.

The General never needed the wisdom of her counsel more than at the time she was passing through the valley. He was athirst for more power for the Army. There were evidences that the spiritual side of its operations was on the wane. Reaction was setting in. The boom of the Army's novelty was dying down, and with it came up some serious problems. The world

was moving, too, in the direction of a more humane treatment of the poor. The spirit of self-government was reflected in the creation of the County Council. The questions of temperance, the housing of the people, the necessity of more open spaces, and the technical education of the artisan class were forcing themselves to the front. The evils, which up to then were largely discussed as being essentially moral, were being viewed, and rightly viewed, as economic in their cause, and therefore to political economy and Parliament men began to look for redress.

The Church was helpless. It had proved its unfitness to handle what is now called the social question, and there were officers in the Salvation Army, as well as supporters, who predicted the failure of the Salvation Army unless it adapted itself to the ethical movement, signs of which were multiplying almost daily. Among these officers was Mr. Frank Smith, of the L.C.C., then a popular Commissioner of the Army. He knocked at the gate of the Army and pleaded for a larger Gospel, and begged the General to go deeper down with his Army of Salvation to the help of the struggling poor and the starving and homeless.

At this moment Mrs. Booth was wounded, mortally wounded, on the battlefield. The blow was staggering, and some feared that the General would sink under it. But here again Mrs. Booth became his philosopher and friend. She gauged the situation with statesman-like grasp. She resolved that she would adhere to her place as long as it was possible to do so. Her resolve put nerve into her heart-stricken husband and drew

from the Army expressions of renewed devotion. The cloud had its silver lining, for, as the General has often remarked since, "the sufferings of which I was a daily witness of my dear one gave me somehow a tender solicitude for those that were confined within the region of what I call 'Darkest England.'" The great Social Scheme was conceived, planned, and launched in the sanctuary of suffering at Clacton-on-Sea, where Mrs. Booth died on the 4th October, 1890.

Mrs. Booth in her death, as in her life, was heroic. She bore pain with the resignation of Christian fortitude. Not once did she complain of the mystery of the dispensation. She thought of the war to the last, and her last message to the Army is treasured as its chief heritage. Her funeral and the Memorial Service at the Olympia attracted 100,000 people. The Press were unanimous in proclaiming the justice of the appellation that she was "the Mother of the Salvation Army."

Mrs. Bramwell Booth had not then earned for herself the reputation that she now is entitled to. Mrs. Booth-Tucker had kept herself largely free from the higher councils. The Chief of the Staff was absorbed in the administrative avalanche of work that was thrown on his shoulders by the Social Scheme. The Army drifted, and while shelters were being opened, centres being equipped, and the Farm Colony at Hadleigh was being got ready for the reception of the submerged, the spiritual interest of the Corps received a blow from which it has not yet recovered, and probably never will.

The Foreign Service demands made a great drain

upon the leaders of the Army in Great Britain. The result was that nearly all the big Corps in England suffered at the hands of poor leadership. It was comparatively easy for the Army to start a Corps. For a season it lived upon the reputation of the successes that were secured by breaking fresh ground. Old ground was neglected. The consolidation of new Corps was only partially attended to, and, as I have said, the Social Scheme, while it raised the prestige of the movement, and incidentally silenced the cynical critics and vulgar opponents of the Army, was responsible for untold mischief in the Corps. Everything was sacrificed, and at the very worst hour, for the success of the scheme, and the General aggravated the situation by undertaking long trips abroad and confining the principal part of his addresses to expositions of the social work.

It was at such a moment as this in the fortunes of the Army that Mrs. Booth would have been invaluable. She had the insight of a seer to signs of declension. She could detect, with the scent of a bloodhound, the track of the disturber, and great therefore was the loss to the Army by her death. To this day those who were familiar with her influence over the General, and who knew the skill she could display in devising ways and means for counteracting the evil effects of even a good policy, applied with too much haste and inexperience, mourned over the desolation that followed everywhere.

In all the cities where the Army was doing excellent work along its spiritual lines—places like Bristol,

Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Hull, Newcastle, and Bradford—the decline was manifest, and I am afraid that in these centres of population, if a census of attendance were taken of the Army gatherings, the revelation of its thinness would startle even the members of the Army itself.

Mr. Bramwell Booth has been doing his utmost to regain the position and to make up for the numerical set-back by an improvement in the quality of the average soldier and officer, but he is practically single-handed. So that once more I return to the lamentable and irretrievable loss that was sustained when, in Abney Park Cemetery, the mortal remains of the Army Mother were laid to rest. The tribute that the General gave his beloved partner on that occasion was a worthy monument to the memory of this modern Catherine of Siena.

As to the influence Mrs. Booth exercised upon the religious world, it is somewhat difficult to estimate. The denominational leaders of English Churches are not very liberal in their distribution of praise or acknowledgment of work done outside their own border. So far as I have been able to read the effect of the life of Mrs. Booth upon the thought of her generation, there can be no question but that it was deep and far-reaching. She was the first of great women preachers. She placed woman on an equality with man in the service of the organisation which with her husband she created, and she lent her influence to much legislation that had for its object the lessening of public houses and the abolition of the Contagious Diseases Act.

On the movement of the Army it was incalculable and will live as long as the Army itself exists. Her greatest power was in the example she set before her people. It is impossible to fix upon one particular scheme of great proportion that may be directly ascribed to her genius and to her alone. The hierarchical character of the Army prevents that being done. The discovery of one becomes the property of all. The achievement of a Commissioner Booth-Tucker and the suggestion of an obscure officer are alike merged in the general result to the Army as such. That may be for good or evil. In any case, Mrs. General Booth was a great Englishwoman who raised herself and her husband from obscurity to one of the most extraordinary platforms that have been erected for the diffusion of religion after the standard of the Salvation Army, and she adorned her profession with a life that was one beautiful and lifelong comment upon what she preached.

No greater tribute could be given this modern Catherine of Siena than what fell from the lips of her husband at her graveside :—

“ If you had had a counsellor, who in hours—continually occurring—of perplexity and amazement, had ever advised you, and seldom advised wrong ; whose advice you had followed and seldom had reason to regret it ; and the counsellor, while you are in the same intricate mazes of your existence, had passed away, you would miss that counsellor.

“ If you had had a friend who understood your very nature, the rise and fall of your feelings, the bent of

your thoughts, and the purpose of your existence ; a friend whose communion had ever been pleasant—the most pleasant of all other friends—to whom you had ever turned with satisfaction, and your friend had been taken away, you would feel some sorrow at the loss.

“ If you had had a mother for your children, who had cradled and nursed and trained them for the service of the living God, in which you most delighted—a mother indeed, who had never ceased to bear their sorrows on her heart, and had been ever willing to pour forth that heart’s blood in order to nourish them, and that darling mother had been taken from your side, you would feel it a sorrow.

“ If you had had a wife, a sweet love of a wife, who for forty years had never given you real cause for grief : a wife who had stood side by side with you in the battle’s front, who had been a comrade to you, ever willing to interpose herself between you and the enemy, and ever the strongest when the battle was fiercest, and your beloved one had fallen before your eyes, I am sure there would be some excuse for your sorrow.

“ Well, my comrades, you can roll all these qualities into one personality, and what would be lost in each I have lost all in one ! There has been taken away from me the delight of my eyes, the inspiration of my soul, and we are about to lay all that remains of her in the grave. I have been looking right at the bottom of it here, and calculating how soon they may bring and lay me alongside of her, and my cry to God has been that every remaining hour of my life may make me readier to come and join her in death, to go and embrace her in the Eternal City.”

CHAPTER III

THE MAKING OF A GENERAL

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Banging Theology against the Wall—
A Vision of East London—"Can you say the Lord's Prayer
in Latin?"—The Converted Milkman—The Burkers—The
Volunteer Movement makes the Salvation Army—The Outcome
of a Revised Sentence

WE have seen, in perspective, the two personalities who had much to do—in reality had all to do—in creating and forming the Salvation Army. The one possessed the essential prophetic fire, the other the philosophic mind; the General had a Napoleonic vision of conquest, his wife a keener and more accurate sense of the fitness of measures to the object of their consecration. But for the correcting, deliberative nature of Mrs. Booth, the General might have adopted a Philistine policy for his organisation; and but for the masterful hand of the General, the Army might and probably would have developed into a big and useful mission, but only a mission, which, however, Mrs. Booth might have favoured.

When on that memorable midsummer night they resolved to turn the East End of London into the base of an experiment to compel the people to listen to their message, they really set out to make an Army. The idea had not taken shape in their calculations, but the

intention was there at least to form some organisation, of which they should have sole control. They were wearied with the circumlocution of committees, conferences, congresses, and big central headquarters. They would, if successful, be their own parliament, executive, and directorate—all in one. They would train their children to follow in their footsteps. It therefore followed that when the necessity of securing the services of a helper for the Mission arose, the General undertook the responsibility of paying his salary. The contract placed the Rev. William Booth in the relation of a master to the evangelist. When a second and third and thirtieth and thousandth helper was required, the same principle was maintained, and if he should live to see the millionth officer commissioned, that officer will stand in relation to him as a paid official. This form of proprietorship is far from dead in the General's mind.

It will therefore be necessary to trace the progress of William Booth with a little more detail, if we are to find the historical as well as the personal equation of the movement, for the generalship of the General of the Salvation Army was manufactured in the Sandhurst of his clerical and evangelistic life.

He inherited, I admit, part of his acquisitive, commanding spirit. The parents of General Booth belonged to the middle-class society of the town of Nottingham. His father was a house-builder who succeeded in making a small fortune, and then in losing it. He over-specified in house property; and when a fall in values occurred, owing to a sudden reverse in

trade, Mr. Booth found himself unable to meet his creditors. But he was a strong man.

The influence of that misfortune saddened the family, and young William in particular. After his conversion, William considered that his parents, especially his father, made the adversity an excuse for neglecting the claims of their souls, though at best the Booths were nominal Church people. General Booth did not derive his spiritual inspirations from his father. The resolute determination of the mother, however, to make the best of the father's misfortune left an indelible impression upon the son. He admired his mother and believed in her native wisdom and shrewdness.

In after years he spoke of the formative effect of his home life upon his character in these words :—

“ I learned the habit from my mother never to state a fact unless I was *sure* that it was so. I maintain that it is not enough that someone says so-and-so, and another believes it, for you to pass it on as gospel. Do you *know* that it is so? When an officer comes to me with a statement which he offers me as correct, I invariably ask him if he *knows* that it is reliable. Can he tell from his own knowledge or investigation that it is correct? There are three classes of people in the world—the ‘hope-so’s,’ the ‘think-so’s,’ and the ‘KNOW-so’s.’ I like the latter. My mother was a thorough woman, and the attribute that I most admire in men is thoroughness.

“ I learned to practise this virtue through the example of my mother. My wife possessed the same characteristic. When engaged in trying to solve the

problem of some soul in distress, she would give to that task her very best. If she were sewing a button on my vest, she acted on the same principle. My mother was thorough; my wife was thorough; and I hope that I have some of the same precious metal in me. If I am not satisfied with an address that I have drafted, I will revise it again and again, and not put it aside until it has been rewritten or corrected ten, fifteen, or twenty times. I like to do my work well, whether it is placing a stamp on an envelope or saving a soul. Thorough work will last till the Judgment Day and after."

William Booth's conversion was another formative factor in moulding the character of the future leader of the Salvation Army. We have already indicated the influence of that experience in his private life. The effect of it upon his career was equally revolutionary. It stirred within him a passion to become a preacher. A band of young enthusiasts met occasionally in a small room of the Methodist Chapel in Nottingham for private meditation and counsel, and it was at these unauthorised gatherings that the rebel in William Booth was first awakened. His incursions upon the Meadow Flats gave no offence to the pillars of the Church till young Booth and his gang brought "the fruit of their labours" to the church doors on Sunday nights.

Instead of welcoming Booth, and harnessing him to work with responsibility that might have tended to cool the ardour of his spirits, the local leaders of Methodism objected to ill-clad, dirty, and debased "stockingers" entering the circuit chapel and filling

up the pews usually set apart for the elect of the fold! "It was so horrid, impudent, and dangerous. Suppose all were to follow this young man's example, they would drive respectable people away from the house of God!" These and other arguments resolved the functionaries of the chapel to decide that when Booth and his singing, processioning tatterdemalions came up from the Flats on a Sunday night, to admit them only by the back door that led up to the top corner in the gallery. They were religious Machiavellians. The resolution, when given effect to, made a martyr of the embryo evangelist. The majority sided with the decision of the leaders, but the minority, the truest successors of John Wesley, the outdoor evangelist, thought the young man had the spirit of the Gospel. Booth's boys, it is true, were noisy and violent in their language and unwise in their diplomacy, and they consequently somewhat spoiled a reputation that otherwise would have triumphed over the little ecclesiasticism. Still, the fact that the fathers of his adopted Church did not see the needs of the poor people as he did made a painful impression on young Booth. He wept, prayed, and gnashed his teeth.

Commenting on the incident, he stated:—

"In making my choice, with my companions in this guerilla warfare, I see now that I then apprehended, almost without knowing it, that the Church of my ideal must be aggressive. I had little sympathy with the go-to-meeting, easy-going class of Methodist, and the action of the leaders in sending me round by the back door of the chapel planted in me the seed of

rebellion against the complacent and stereotyped form of things from which it is now too late to deliver me.”

But did Methodism make a mistake in sending the lad round by the back door? It will, I think, be conceded that the decision of the local leaders constituted one of those tactical blunders that eventually work for the good of that other or greater Church whose borders are not delimited by Church polity or doctrine. It was a mistake that made William Booth a more intense friend of the social black sheep of his native town and developed in him that egotism which in time was to make a mark upon the religious life of England.

At twenty William Booth came to London and worked as a clerk to a respectable pawnbroker in Clapham, and here the rebel was ripened in him. The nature of his occupation brought him in close touch with the people. He saw into the tragic side of life and the many honest and legitimate diplomacies that are resorted to by the poor in their fight with poverty. He was an observer of other tragedies not so commendable, and in his secret moments he made vows to God that if ever he were free to mould public thought he would do something to expose the “ nefarious doings of the privileged classes of society ” and invent some plan for helping the distressed. He had to wait nearly forty years, however, before he realised that ambition, though the few years he spent behind the counter of a pawnbroker’s shop were not wasted. The shop formed one of the colleges at which he graduated

for that ministry that depends less on learning than compassion for its success.

In this position he was tortured with his conscience as to Sunday labour. He would not submit to it. And so he and his master quarrelled, and eventually he left his employment. That was a dark day in his life. On the day that he parted with his bread and butter for conscience' sake he had not the slightest idea as to where he would obtain work or be greeted with a word of sympathy. Meditating upon his prospects, he was walking along Clapham Common one evening, with only a sixpence in his possession—literally the last he had—when he met a poor consumptive woman carrying a big burden. He stopped and spoke to her, and learned that she had to support a large family by charing, and with Tolstoian recklessness he handed her his only sixpence and gave her his blessing, bade her submit to her circumstances in the faith that God would not forsake her even when her feet entered the long valley of death. Instead of daunting the young Nottingham Methodist, these adverse currents in his life only served to make him long to come to nearer grips with the lot of the unfortunate.

Then the Methodist controversies of the hour helped to develop the spirit of protest within him. The rancour of Methodism during the Reform agitation had, as we have already observed, disappointed him. He was intolerant of controversy. He is to this day. This partly explains why he has abstained from discussing such subjects as the limitation of the drink

traffic. He has his own views on that question, which are opportunist rather than reformatory.

In this he differs from his late wife. She was for no compromise. With her, drink was of the Devil, and every public house a manufactory of sedition, murder, rapine, and every other form of evil. She would, she once declared, hoist a black flag on the chimney of every brewery and drinking-saloon in the land, as a sign of the death-distilling poison from the sale of which their proprietors gathered their ill-gotten gains. Not so William Booth, the practical man of affairs. You cannot make water run uphill or a nation sober by Act of Parliament.

This is by the way, however, and only to point out that in the making of the first General of the Salvation Army, who must be more or less a model for all others who shall come after him, his arbitrary characteristics were strengthened by his social environment.

His self-assertiveness was dramatically displayed in his first attempt to study systematic theology. In 1854 he was urged to stop evangelising for a time, and qualify in the ordinary way for the ministry by submitting to a well-mapped-out course of study. He reluctantly consented ; he had lost all faith in the colleges of the Connexion as a training-ground for a zealous ministry. His future wife was of the opinion that eventually the gain of a carefully digested study of theology, philosophy, and Church history would be advantageous to Mr. Booth, and that decided him. But he stumbled at the first attempt to master the Greek verb—not that the actual learning presented any

serious obstacle to him—but he failed to appreciate the relation of Greek to the salvation of the people. “I did not see it then, and I do not see it now,” he will tell you, as a man who speaks with some authority. “What advantage has Greek been to me in my efforts to solve the problem of arresting the attention of the masses to the Gospel?”

To sharpen his point, he tells this story:—

“An old member of the Christian Mission was given to express her feelings rather frequently and loudly in the meetings. One day she was more boisterous than usual. At the end of the service a rich, pompous, and college-educated man approached her, and in a disdainful and patronising air observed, ‘Your interruptions disturb me. I am studying the work and I need quiet. Are you familiar with the Scriptures?’ The happy soul made no answer.

“The learned man went on: ‘Can you, for example, read the Lord’s Prayer in Latin, which we must do in order to see the beauty of its petitions?’

“The good woman gave him his answer: ‘No, sir, but I can say, “Thank God, I am saved!” in English!’”

The General has no superstitious veneration for education unless it is conducive to utilitarian ends. The Free Libraries, for instance, are in his opinion far from being a gain to society.

He relates this story of a Swedish professor who was present at a meeting of the Army, in Upsala I think. It would appear that he remained to the “after” meeting—that is, the latter part of a Salvation service,

in which personal efforts are made to induce the unregenerate portion of the people to decide for Christ, and kneel at a penitent bench in front of the stage and there pray for the forgiveness of sin. Throughout the meeting sergeants or "fishers for souls," as they are described, speak to one here and another there, just as they are led to do so by the signs of concern on the faces of the people, from which they conclude that they are anxious to be saved.

On this occasion a woman "fisher" thought she saw signs of spiritual unrest printed on the face of an elderly gentleman, and she approached him with the usual interrogation:—

"Are you saved, sir?"

The old man's face underwent an immediate change of expression and colour.

"How dare you? Do you know to whom you are speaking? Do you know who I am?"

The Salvation lass did not.

"I am," he continued, placing strong emphasis upon each word, "the professor of therapeutics at the University!"

The girl for a moment looked astonished and then pitiful.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded, "the dear Lord can save the chief of sinners!"

General Booth is no fetish-worshipper of the great civilising fulcrum of the age. Nevertheless, in that ordinance of self-denial, the study of theology, he might have conquered his prejudices but for the book which his professor ordered him to thoroughly master.

To his amazement William Booth discovered that it was one sustained argument in favour of Calvinism, and he turned from it at once as if it had been deadly poison. He lifted the treacherous thing, and with Lutheran-like rage threw it against the wall, soliloquising, "I would sooner starve than preach such God-dishonouring theories as that so many people were predestined from all eternity to be saved and damned." And in this way ended the first and only effort on his part to study theology as laid down by the Church.

Shortly after he settled down to the work of the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, when he had not the opportunity—he would describe it as a temptation—to study theology, though, by the way, the training of officers for the Salvation Army is attended with, among other things, the study of a most exhaustive curriculum, including an examination upon theology as he, General Booth, has outlined it for the candidates for officership in his Army.

In another sense, there was no "settling down" to the regular work of a Methodist minister. Mr. Booth, as such, was as unconventional as he was as an evangelist. An old member of one of his Churches at Gateshead thus described William Booth as a minister:—

"He was very popular, and he filled the chapel, though he was always in trouble of some kind. He did not get on with his office-bearers until he mastered them or got rid of them—then things went forward all right.

"Everyone loved Mrs. Booth, she was so sweet and

beautiful, and we liked Mr. Booth, though some did not see eye to eye with him on many points. He was more fitted to fill a church than to feed it. He drew crowds by the style of his preaching. He used to do what we call in the North 'rant a deal.' I have seen him on a Sunday night draw a picture of a soul going down to the burning pit. His mannerisms in the pulpit were such that he could almost make you see what he was describing. Once I heard him preach on a shipwreck, suggested, I think, by the foundering of a vessel just outside the bar at South Shields. The chapel was packed in every part, and Mr. Booth was unusually in earnest. He pictured the ship being thought out, planned, built, equipped, and sent to sea. Then he stopped and made a comparison between the ship and a man's life. There was a defect in Mr. Booth's imaginary vessel, as there is in human nature. The vessel was caught in a storm, and owing to this defect, was driven among the breakers and crushed among the rocks. As Booth imagined the wreck, with the waves dashing over her, the crew clinging to the rigging and crying for help, people were moved.

"Some sighed, some wept, some cried, 'Oh, God!'

"Then the lifeboat appeared on the situation. There were cheers as first one and then another of the mariners were rescued; William Booth almost jumped out of his pulpit, he waved his handkerchief and shouted, 'The Lifeboat is Christ. He is in this chapel to-night to save you, you, you! You are among the breakers of sin. See, another wave is coming! Affliction is coming, loss is coming, death is coming. How will you do then?'

"And he leant over the side of the pulpit and pictured once again the crew being saved, and asked how many that night would jump into his spiritual lifeboat. The

perspiration rolled down his face, and as he descended from the pulpit and gave out a hymn very few people rushed to the doors. The fear of God and death and disaster was put into their souls, and many came to the communion-rail to be prayed with. Mr. Booth was a man on fire for the salvation of souls, and if he could not win them one way he would try another."

Another and even more dramatic evidence of the rebel in the General was forthcoming when he and Mrs. Booth refused, or rather defied, the vote of the Conference that required their return to circuit work, after having had a run of success as a Connexional evangelist. We have already commented upon that, in the making of our modern Catherine of Siena. So far as the circumstances influenced the General, they brought him a step nearer to the assumption of the rôle of a militant evangelist. He felt, with the breath of liberty which he drew when he parted from the Conference, that in future he would be responsible alone to his God and to his conscience. He could go where he chose and do whatever was right in his own eyes. It is true that he knew not what turn to take, and he had no real friend who would encourage him to pursue his evangelistic crusade; but he was free!—free of the domination of an ecclesiasticism that throttled individual liberty and was blind to the working of the apostolic spirit in one of its most devoted servants. It was not the freedom of democracy that thrilled his soul. It was not that he was converted to the principle of self-government. No; that ideal was smashed when

Mrs. Booth shouted from the gallery of the Conference Chapel in Leeds, "Never!" All their Reform notions were then finally and for ever exploded. All their reading of Wesleyan rule and Church polity proved of no avail to them in that hour. They determined to be their own masters, and, as I have hinted, the incident brought Mr. Booth considerably nearer to the uniform of the Commander-in-Chief of the organisation that was destined to shake the world by reason of its sensationalism in method, leadership, and aim. The General was forming rapidly under the black-coated garb of a Methodist parson.

We need not follow Evangelist Booth to Cornwall, or to the north and south of England, visiting chapels in the capacity of a Moody or Richard Weaver. Suffice it that wherever he went three features distinguished his campaigns :—

1. The ministers were as a rule unfavourably disposed to his propaganda. They considered that the interference with the routine of circuit work caused by his missions, associated as they were with late and exciting meetings, was detrimental to the permanence of Church life.

2. Great crowds were attracted to his preaching and the ministry of Mrs. Booth, whose lips were now touched with the torch of a burning eloquence.

3. The number of converts was exceptionally large. Other evangelists preached with more grace, erudition, and circumspection; other evangelists caused less friction; other evangelists were broader and more sociable; but as a friend of the Salvation Army

once observed at Cardiff, "Booth got the converts. He filled the church and gorged the communion-rail and vestry with enquirers."

4. The mission was usually followed up by "damp-
ing" efforts. At Brighthouse the minister, as soon as Booth closed a successful meeting there, announced that he would preach a series of addresses to the young converts, and he chose for his text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!" The sequel was a stampede of Booth's converts.

The man who was eventually to regard evangelistic effort on business lines was not likely to lose sight of the moral of all this, and at the end of eight years of evangelising Methodist Churches, Booth was just as much out of joint with his own evangelistic work as he had formerly been with circuit work. The rebel was well developed in him when he landed for the third time in the course of his career in London. He was then clear about three things:—

"I was satisfied that the methods of the average Methodist Church were out of date. They had ceased to attract the people to the chapel, at any rate in the city. A tract and a sombre-looking handbill were not calculated to either cause the enemy to swear or pray. Then I was not satisfied with the chapel itself, with its dull grey walls, detached life, class pews, and high-toned preaching far beyond the thoughts of the people. I was dissatisfied with my own work. I saw grow under my ministry, warm, loving, soul-seeking Christians, and then I saw them chilled, neglected, and killed. I rebelled against the repetition of this work, and when I saw East London in the year 1864-5, I formed a

resolution to try something on the line of a perpetual revival, and so started the East London Revival Mission.”

At last the Rev. William Booth was in command of his own, or within grasp of that despotic power which he always describes as benevolent in intention, practice, and aim. The East London Revival Mission was not, however, a great success except for its educational benefit. It showed him that the methods he adopted, say, in a district like Hanley would not do among the slummers and costers and dock-workers of the East End. He realised that he would have to get further away than ever from the appearance of the black cloth, but how to do it he failed then to see. All the time he was watching the effects of his preaching, Mrs. Booth's meetings, and the results of the labour of men and women whom he employed to assist him. Among these were Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and even Plymouth Brethren—altogether a heterogeneous collection of evangelistic failures. Booth chafed at the results, and he was more than once tempted, not to abandon preaching and evangelising in East London, but to despair of ever finding a way into the hearts of the people. He could not get their attention.

The East End then was socially dead; the only evidences of life that it afforded—and then a life that, to him, was worse than death—were Whitechapel Road or Ratcliff Highway on a Saturday night, and Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning. The civic conscience was poisoned by vestryism and corruption. The police were only concerned about the detection of

crime—the new policeman with his tender respect for “His Majesty the Baby” had not arrived. The publicans and bookies were the twin governors of East London, and the ground landlord and the brewery kings, the monarchs who fattened on the poverty, vices, and fears of the people. It was the happy hunting-ground for the novelist and journalist. A royal princess or a duke’s daughter would occasionally patronise it with a flying visit, and eloquent sermons would escape the lips of bishops and mission preachers as to the gross moral and social darkness of East London; but they had not the courage to admit what he mourned over like a dying prophet, that all, alas! failed to make the people think for themselves.

What could—what *could* he do? He changed the name of the Mission to the Christian Mission. He engaged people as evangelists of his own make, and they were more successful. He next tried preaching in theatres, warehouses, under railway arches, and, more frequently, at street corners, in alleys and lodging-houses, and still success tarried. Financial matters tried him. The claims of his family were increasing, and his own health at times awakened anxiety in Mrs. Booth. His committee, or conference, bored him. Like Mark Twain, he was longing for a committee of one, and he, the boss of the show, to be that one. Even many of his converts disappointed him.

When they found that the Christian Mission required assistance, and that they were expected to give, and not to receive, the typical East End convert of those

days called it mean and Booth anything but a gentleman. The Churches bestowed a kindly interest in the experiment he was making, but it was more negative than practical. A few friends, such as Mr. George Scott Morgan, of *The Christian*, the late Mr. T. A. Denny, and the great Earl of Shaftesbury, patronised Mr. Booth's efforts, and to some extent their encouragement cheered Mr. and Mrs. Booth in their apparently fruitless quest for the philosopher's stone.

At the end of ten years the Mission had opened some twelve halls and was employing twenty evangelists—women as well as men—and there were a few hundred members, mostly of the chapel-going and mission-hall order. Still, his personality had made a mark upon them, and his dictatorial training of lay workers had evolved a new order of missionary in East London. The members obeyed him. If he asked them to follow him to a street corner and give their testimony, they would as soon have thought of refusing him as if the Angel Gabriel had issued the request.

Then, again, Booth's meetings were magnetic. By this time he had thrown overboard a good deal of his Methodistic cargo. His ship was lighter, and he was sailing light, under a fair breeze. His meetings were free, easy, testifying. There were no dull moments in them, and no long sermons, except when he or Mrs. Booth preached to a set congregation, and then they took their time—in fact, preached longer than they were accustomed to do when acting as evangelists under Church rule.



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SUNDAY FREE BREAKFAST, BLACKFRIARS.



- But what added special novelty to his mission was the type of convert whom he succeeded in enlisting under the banner of the Mission, and it was while in this pioneer stage of his work as the founder of the Salvation Army that he learned the value of a sensational announcement. A "converted pigeon-flier" would always arrest the motley gatherings in Brick Lane. A "converted burglar" would draw anywhere, especially in Donkey's Row. A "converted, clean sweep" attracted the humble cottagers on both sides of Mile End.

And here I may be pardoned if I pause to introduce a couple of sketches of these "attractions." Afterwards, when the Salvation Army was spreading like a prairie fire throughout the land, Mr. Booth was asked by some wiseacre, "Where will you get your preachers from?"

The General replied, "From the ale-taps and drinking-saloons and skittle-alleys." It was a bold reply. But it was a reply for which he could point to his comparative success.

A milkman, for instance, made a sensation. He was announced to speak at a meeting as "the milkman who had *not* watered his milk since he joined the Mission!" The milkmen in the district were attracted to that meeting, and it may be accepted that if Professor Longhead had been announced to discourse upon the ethics of Christianity, his appeal to that fraternity would have fallen flat.

Among the milkmen present at the meeting was one who *did* adulterate his milk, and spent the greater

part of his earnings in drink. He took a seat at the back of the hall, and as he studied the character of the actors, as he called the converts on the platform, he concluded, what more sober-minded people have done, that the whole thing was a money-making game, and he settled down good-humouredly, half drunk as he was, to see how the game worked.

When the time came for testimonies, up jumped the milkman, greeted with applause, "Hallelujahs," and voices, "How much the part, gov'nor?" and "Has the milk got converted, Bill?"

The leader was unperturbed, and the milkman, closing his eyes, seemed to be engaged in prayer: an act which the milkman at the rear of the hall thought hypocritical.

Then the following speech was made:—

"Friends, you all know me. You know what a miserable wreck I was six months ago. Look at me to-night. (Hear, hear!) And what's done it? Salvation. (Hallelujah!) I take my wage home to the missis now. I don't get up in the morning now with a head as heavy as a ton of coals. (Laughter and 'Praise the Lord!') I gets up with a merry heart, and sometimes sing:—

"I will tell you what induced me
For the Better Land to start,
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness,
Overcame, and won my heart.'"

And the motley audience started singing this old Ranter song. The leader paced along the platform, shouting, "God can make honest milkmen of you if you will *let* Him."

Then the milkman resumed :—

“ Look here, friends, I’ve made no mistake. This is a genuine piece of work. The Lord did it, and I know it, for I was there when it was done. (Laughter and ‘Hallelujahs.’) Salvation takes the love of the booze out of you. Since I knelt down at that ’ere plank in front of the hall, I have not tasted a drop of four ale. (Sensation.) You look a bit sceptical, mates. But here is my old girl on the platform, and I’ll ask her if she ever caught a whiff of booze in my breath since I gave my heart to the Lord.” The wife jumped to her feet and said, “ I give you my affidavy that my old man is all right.” And there were volleys of “ Amens ” and “ Hallelujahs.”

When the interrupters had spent their expressions of pleasure, the milkman at the rear was convinced that the performance was very well done, and as soon as a comparative calm had set in, he too jumped up and asked the speaker, “ What do you get for the job, mister ? ”

The elder confederate in the trade at once shouted back, at the top of his voice, “ Peace of conscience, mate, and you can have the same at the same price.”

“ Peace of conscience.” Ah ! that was just what he hadn’t got. That night the drunken milkman knelt at the mercy seat and went home resolved to have this peace. And what became of him ? In a word, he became the pioneer of the best work that the Salvation Army has outside Great Britain. The milkman prospered, emigrated to Adelaide, and on finding that there was no Christian Mission, or rather Salvation

Army, there, he turned his colonial shanty into a Salvation Hall on Sundays, and by inviting his neighbours and passers-by to hear what the Lord had done for him, he gathered a few like-minded spirits around him, and these formed themselves into a Hallelujah Band. He then wrote the General, begging him to send out officers to take hold of the work. The old East London milkman could start the work, but he had not the ability to keep it going.

Now, some people have the notion that in the extension of the Salvation Army, General Booth has from time to time, according to the supply of funds, ordered one here and another there, to open fire upon this place and the next place, and thus moved the Army round the world. That view of the exercise of the General's military authority is superficial.

General Booth in his aggressive work has only gone as far as others have suggested to him was safe. Others have made opportunities, and he has simply seen them and made the most of them. It was so with Australia. He grasped the significance of the milkman's work at the first opportunity, and never was General Booth's judgment shown to better advantage than when he selected "Brother and Sister Barker"—afterwards Colonel and Mrs. James Barker—as the first officers in command of Australia. They were of the people, and East London Christian Mission converts. They had the spirit of testimony rather than of preaching, were in intense sympathy with the moral, social, and spiritual needs of the people, and were profoundly sincere.

An ordinary Headquarters would have chosen educated and experienced officers. But General Booth knew his Australia, and that the Army could not compete with the intellectualism that he then perceived was gaining ground in the churches of the Colonies.

James Barker caught on. The places of shame in Melbourne and Sydney were startled by the coming of the Salvation Army, and within twelve months of the landing of these strange English officers, the Colonies received them with open arms and hailed them as saviours of the worst. James Barker became a friend of all classes; his word on matters connected with convicts, reformatories, and social questions generally was for years law. And all this and more was the outcome of the testimony of the saved, sober, and honest milkman.

Who will deny that General Booth was warranted then, with these and other remarkable evidences of reformed lives, to persevere as he had gone on? He was attaining what the Red Indian calls the "scent." The Christian Mission was doing more for him than it was doing for the world, and the old Methodist evangelist grew in self-assertiveness.

In these days he proclaimed his right to govern. His addresses, or such parts of them as found their way into the *Christian Mission Magazine*, showed very clearly that the Rev. William Booth as superintendent was the life and essence of the organisation. He made rules as to attendances, the conduct of class meetings, the responsibilities of exhorters, the visitations of

men and women workers, finance, taking halls, holding sacraments, and the other ordinances common to Methodist bodies. The language of the Mission was militant and defiant. Here is a sample :—

“ We are at war. The Devil knows it. The publicans know it. They are crying out against us. We are at war against sin. It is the scourge of hell, the curse of earth, and is sending millions to hell every year. We are at war for God. Go forward. Lift up your banners. Show on whose side you are.”

So much had the influence of the Mission, by the time it had reached its tenth birthday, exercised upon the members, that they dropped the appellation “ Super ” when referring, in a familiar manner, to the head. They preferred the term “ General.”

There were other formative influences. The current events outside the Mission—“ in the world,” as Christians say—were circulating a military atmosphere. The Rifle Volunteer movement was very much in evidence, as the Territorial has been in recent years. Political and patriotic addresses inflamed the public mind as to the necessity of the movement in case of the country being embroiled in a foreign war. “ Are you a volunteer ? ” was a question on many lips. It was immortalised in music-hall songs and formed the text of many sermons. The Christian Mission, in its printed references to its own work at this time, showed that it was influenced in its nomenclature by what was going on outside its borders. Evangelists would often use the query, in appealing for decisions at a meeting, “ Come forward now ! One volunteer is

worth ten pressed men. Be a volunteer for God and Salvation.”

One day General Booth resolved to review the operations of the Christian Mission, and issue an appeal to the public for funds to extend the beneficent character of the work to other towns. A young man, called Mr. George Scott Railton, the son of a Wesleyan minister, an able writer and an enthusiast for a militant policy at all times, was General Booth's secretary, and the two started to collaborate the review. As they proceeded, the resemblance of the Christian Mission to the Volunteer movement for the defence of the country impressed itself very forcibly upon the Superintendent of the Mission. He drafted out the comparisons. Both were originated from a conviction of duty, the strength of both was made up of ordinary people, both were officered by civilians, both believed in authority and obedience, and both were voluntary. Neither officers nor men were paid for their services, and both were successful movements.

Summing up these characteristics, the General, with the aid of his secretary, revised the article. One phrase ran, “It will thus be seen that the Christian Mission is a Volunteer Army—an Army of Salvation.”

“I think we can improve upon that sentence, Railton,” remarked Mr. Booth to his secretary.

The General read the sentence again, and striking his pen through it, he amended it as follows:—

“*The Christian Mission is a Salvation Army.*”

And at that moment the Rev. William Booth may

figuratively be declared to have first seen the light as the General of the Salvation Army. The General of the Salvation Army was at length, after a long, wearying process of vicissitude, bitter disappointment, rebellion, failure, and success, in command of a people that he had made out of the fag-ends of chapelism, the cast-offs of missions, converts from drunkenness and gambling—all more or less ready to obey him on any matter under high heaven.

What would he do with the increased power? How would he mould the opportunity in the interests of the cause that had eaten so deeply into his heart? The General was made; what sort of Army would the General make? We shall see.

CHAPTER IV

THE MAKING OF AN ARMY

A World-wide Ideal—The *raison d'être* of the Deed Poll—Doctrines settled for ever—A Sect of Sects—Powers of the General—Expansion by Growth, not Dictation—How Germany was Invaded—The latest Deed and the thin end of the Democratic Wedge—If a General become Bankrupt, what then?—Applying the Powers under the Trust Deed to the making of an Army—The Havoc of a New Despotism

“ WITH such a name as the Salvation Army to conjure with, and with such consecrated men and women as had gathered around me, it would have been comparatively easy for me to have kicked up a fine ‘hullabaloo’ in the country, when I entered upon the business of making the Salvation Army. And I have no doubt that I could have attained a certain kind of reputation. But my object was not to make a sensation : it was to make an organisation.”—GENERAL BOOTH.

Whatever opinions may be held as to the wisdom of many of the methods he employed in doing so, General Booth has been as good as his word. His Army is a real army. There is no make-believe about it. It is to be seen in places scattered over one half of the civilised world and in heathen lands.

One will meet it wherever one travels. Since I have entered another fold, I have found its representatives

waiting on my doorstep in a far-away mining town in the wilds of Tasmania ; I have had my footsteps dogged for a subscription to its funds in the depth of an Australian bush ; I have been confronted with its heralds of salvation in *cafés* in Berlin and Brussels ; and when I have tried to escape its attentions on a holiday, the lass with the tambourine and the collecting-box has turned her irresistible eyes upon me for an offering to the cause !

Go down to the slums of Lambeth to-night, and you will find a sister of tender years, versed in the science of hygiene and filled with the electrifying magnetism of love, tending the sick and imparting comfort to some lost sheep, as he lies in racking pain and with the death-haze in his eyes.

I have watched an Italian navvy in the top flat of a New York tenement look wistfully into the face of his little wife and only child, after he has been told the fatal word that death would soon put an end to his struggles with consumption. I have seen the Salvation lass take the place of the absent priest, and remove the crucifix from the wall and hold it to the lips of the dying member of another fold.

I have stood outside an American saloon and taken part in an appeal to the "toughs" that were upholding a shattered and battered wall in more senses than one. I have felt the piercing Alaskan wind go through me as I have studied the situation and heard an officer in her "hallelujah" uniform plead with tears in her eyes for the reform of her beer-sodden congregation, and then I have seen first one and then another quit the old

trusting-spot and kneel in the snow and ask the Salvation girl to pray for them. Yes, it is an army, and no mistake. Walk into the Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, and put the most obvious question to the man on the door, and you will feel that he is under the magic spell of the master mind on a higher floor. Ascend a little higher and ask the man with the Colonel's crest on his collar a few questions bearing on finance, and you will discover how very much a man under orders he is. It is an army in more than in name, and General Booth has made it.

How did he do it? After what model? And will it last?

General Booth tells us :—

“It was not my intention to create another sect. I sometimes think that, if Providence had not placed this work in my hands, I possess some of the gifts that would have qualified me to promote the union of Christendom. Nothing was further from my intentions than to do anything that would multiply the differences between professing Christians. For that reason we have abandoned the administration of the Sacraments and all ritual that is supposed to contain some intrinsic or mystic virtue. We are not a Church. We are an Army—an army of salvation.”

In these words General Booth has explained his relationship to the Churches, and it will be observed that he does not deny the necessity of a Church, or that there must be some authority which creates and controls a Church.

General Booth, it must be remembered, had to do something to give a legal foundation to his organisation. He was acquiring property for a specific and public purpose. That property had to be protected from any diversion to other and unworthier objects, and for the promotion of that object for all time. He was compelled to take action from the hour when he saw that the movement was likely to be one that involved the collection and expenditure of voluntary contributions of the general public, and it cannot be too well known that the General treated the matter with the importance that it demanded, took into his counsel expert legal advice, and settled the provisions of a Constitution by means of a Trust Deed registered in Chancery.

But before considering the Army's Constitution upon its merits, it is desirable that the position in which the General found himself should be clearly stated. Whatever action was taken had to be expeditious, for if it only met the exigencies of the moment and provided for the sole trusteeship of the property and the control of the Christian Mission being vested in the head for the time being, the Deed could be added to and enlarged later on if circumstances arose that rendered such a proceeding advisable. So that a Foundation Deed and a Religious Trust Deed were registered on the 27th August, 1878, or only a little more than a year after the Salvation Army received its christening, such as I have described.

General Booth did not let the grass grow under his feet before he secured himself and his enterprise against

schism, or the attack of parties who might for various reasons have sought to undermine the work that started under popular auspices. It was quick work, too quick perhaps.

Generally speaking, the legal instrument of the Army partakes in its character of the circumstances under which it was drafted, without showing any serious corresponding consideration of probable difficulties.

What were these circumstances? First, the servile and ignorant class of officers by whom the General was supported. Excellent evangelists, no doubt, but without any experience of law or business: content if they had bread and butter and a chance to preach and pray for the salvation of sinners. Apart from his eldest son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and Mr. Railton, and Mrs. Booth, of course, the General had no one in sympathy with his object capable of giving an independent and thoughtful criticism upon the principles that he wished to embody in his first Deed Poll. He saw, or thought he saw, that it would be in the best interests of the Mission for the present and the future that a people, moulded in this groove, should have a Constitution that gave the General for the time being unlimited powers, and that settled, once for all, the doctrines that should be taught and the objects that should be furthered by the Army. Such a Constitution, he believed, would avoid the questions on which other denominations had split.

In the face of his own refusal to obey the dictates of his Church, here was a man in the nineteenth cen-

ture making an organisation that vested in one man authority to do with flesh and blood practically what he liked, send them where he thought best, dismiss them when he chose, and not even promise to give them any remuneration, and a host of other drastic things ! The General was truly made after a fashion that the Cæsars might have coveted in their time.

Then the General had to guard against mission and Church friends, whose advice was always reactionary. They hovered about his meetings, talking the rankest anti-Salvation Army doctrines to his converts, torturing their poor and ignorant minds about Baptism, the Second Coming, the Sacraments, and Holiness by Faith, and so forth, while all the time the new General was struggling to inculcate the theory that none of these things was worth the weight of a row of pins, when contrasted with the opportunity that had arisen for saving souls and setting them on fire with a passion for the salvation of the souls of others.

What more natural, then, than that the General should think of tying up his organisation for all time with the doctrines that, in his opinion, were essential to salvation ? He would save his successors from the agony that he was experiencing, and we have that attitude amply illustrated in the strange instrument that sets forth, in legal language, the objects of a work that was to develop into a kingdom, and which the General has hopes will swell into the dimensions of an empire.

General Booth submitted his imperial ideas to several of his friends ; but with the exception of

Mr. J. E. Billups, of Cardiff, one of the signatories to the Deed, they all with one voice pronounced the scheme dangerous and ambitious. They pointed out that if he legislated for the future on the assumption that the Generals that would follow him would be as reliable as himself, he would be going straight against the teaching of all human experience—from the jealous hour between Moses and Aaron to the “fall-out” between Paul and Barnabas; but the General was obsessed with the Army idea. He had already found Biblical references in support of its foundation principles, and he was tasting the first-fruits of that power for which he had longed ever since he was driven from the front entrance of the Methodist Chapel in Nottingham.

The opinions of some experts in Trust law were discarded; the advice of his brothers in the cause was ruled out of court. Was he not making a *new* organisation? and was not the material from which he was making the organisation the most ignorant that any man ever had to handle?—and so he acted upon the theories that were propounded by Mr. Railton and half-heartedly supported by his wife at private conferences in their home at Gore Road.

The first Deed Poll, or rather the religious Deed Poll, is not a long or difficult article of ecclesiastical furniture to understand. It consists of about thirty clauses only. The object of the Christian Mission is defined as:—

“to bring under the Gospel those who were not in the habit of attending any place of worship by preaching in the open, in tents, theatres, music halls, etc.,

and whereas divers Halls or Meeting houses, School rooms, Vestries, lands, buildings, and appurts situate lying and being in various parts of Her Majesty's Dominions and elsewhere have been or are intended to be and hereafter may be given and conveyed to certain persons in such Gifts and Conveyances named and to be named upon trusts for the purposes therein and herein mentioned or any of them and generally for promoting the objects of the said Christian Mission under the direction of the General Superintendent. And whereas in order to render valid and effectual such trusts to remove doubts and prevent Litigation in the interpretation thereof or as to the terms used therein to ascertain what is the name or title and what are and shall be for ever the doctrines of the said Christian Mission and also in order to preserve the system of the said Christian Mission generally by means of a General Superintendent it has been deemed expedient to make and execute these presents."

There are three momentous declarations in this Deed Poll. The first I have indicated. The doctrines are declared, and to be "FOR EVER" those preached by the Christian Mission, and are substantially the same as those embodied in the Articles of War.

The second endorses the despotism of the General of the Salvation Army for the time being, and gives him power to select and appoint a successor.

"Thirdly that the said Christian Mission is and shall be always hereafter under the oversight direction and control of some one person who shall be the General Superintendent thereof whose duty it shall be to determine and enforce the discipline and laws and

superintend the operations of the said Christian Mission and to conserve the same to and for the objects and purposes for which it was first originated.

“The General Superintendent shall have power to expend on behalf of the Christian Mission all moneys contributed for the general purposes of the said Christian Mission or for any of the special objects or operations thereof but he shall annually publish a Balance Sheet (duly Audited) of all such receipts and expenditure.

“The General Superintendent shall have power to acquire by Gift Purchase or otherwise any Hall or Meeting house School room Vestry Land building and appurts and any seats fittings furniture or other Property whatsoever which *may in his judgment* be required for the purposes of the said Christian Mission and to build upon such land or alter or pull down any such buildings and to hire on lease or otherwise any land or buildings and to lend give away let sell or otherwise dispose of any such property land or buildings as he may deem necessary in the interests of the said Christian Mission wherein all trustees shall render him every assistance and he may in all such cases as he shall deem it expedient so to do nominate and appoint trustees or a trustee of any part or parts respectively of such property and direct the Conveyance or Transfer thereof to such trustees or trustee with power for the General Superintendent to declare the trusts thereof and from time to time if it shall seem expedient to him so to do to revoke any such trusts or the appointment of such Trustees or Trustee and upon such revocation the same Property shall be conveyed or transferred to such persons or person and upon such trusts as he may direct but only for the benefit of the said Christian Mission.

“Fourthly that the said William Booth shall continue to be for the term of his natural life the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission unless he shall resign such Office.

“Fifthly that the said William Booth and every General Superintendent who shall succeed him shall have the power to appoint his successor to the Office of General Superintendent and all the rights powers and authorities of the Office shall vest in the person so appointed upon the decease of the said William Booth or other General Superintendent appointing him or at such other period as may be named in the Document appointing him.

“Sixthly that it shall be the duty of every General Superintendent to make in writing as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment a Statement as to his successor or as to the means which are to be taken for the appointment of a Successor at the decease of the General Superintendent or upon his ceasing to perform the duties of the Office such Statement to be signed by the General Superintendent and delivered in a Sealed envelope to the Solicitor for the time being of the Christian Mission but such Statement may be altered at will by the General Superintendent at any time during his continuance in Office upon a new Statement being signed by him and delivered as before mentioned to such Solicitor as aforesaid.”

General Booth, in the name of consistency, never perpetrated a more inconsistent act than when he gave his signature to this piece of paper. Just think of it! He was anxious to avoid the creation of a Church, the basis of whose Constitution is doctrinal and ecclesiastical. He was a declared opponent of

sects and sectarianism, and yet he puts his name to a document that is nothing if not ecclesiastical and doctrinally controversial. He built his claim to be declared the first Superintendent of the Christian Mission, and then General of the Salvation Army, on the assumption, among other things, that what had been accomplished by the aforesaid Mission entitled him to become a religious Pharaoh. He may be right, but it has not yet been proved in a court of law that his pretensions can be supported by the law except in so far as the Deed Poll identifies him as the General of the Salvation Army for the time being in his capacity of the sole trustee. The Salvation Army is not an incorporated Society, and until someone arises and contends that a General has diverted funds from the object for which the Society was instituted, or until a number of officers demand an amendment of the doctrines or appeal to Parliament to have them amended, we shall not know the value of the Foundation Deed of the Salvation Army. For my present purpose the point is immaterial. The great question is that the General of the Salvation Army bound the organisation before it was many months old to preach and declare for ever such doctrines as the following is an example of :—

“ We believe that our first parents were created in a state of innocence, but by their disobedience they lost their purity and happiness and that in consequence of their fall all men have become sinners totally depraved and as such are justly exposed to the wrath of God.”

The General threw away the book that Dr. Cook, the professor, put into his hands as a student for the ministry. Young Booth tossed it against the wall of his lodgings in disgust. He said he would sooner starve than preach the doctrine of election. He was a rebel in those days. Now that he becomes the High Priest of a new Order he falls into the trap that has destroyed so many noble-hearted leaders of emancipatory movements. Had he paused to consider what the effect of that one clause would have on the future, he would have repeated the act of his indiscreet days. But, alas ! no. The old Methodist was not dead in him, and just when he had reached a Pisgah from which he might have seen how to deliver his coming Army from the Dissenting doctrine of his times, he puts his name to a set of doctrines that neither the second nor third nor any other General of the Salvation Army can qualify, amend, or end. The Army is committed for all time to this doctrine and many others equally contentious, and some of which Staff officers no more believe in than they do that Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

A knowledge of Greek may not be necessary to make a successful preacher, but does General Booth contend that the enforcement of the doctrine is likely to help him or does help him when he speaks to the convicts in Dartmoor Prison or to the hill tribes of India ? Is the formal acceptance of the doctrine necessary to salvation ? If not, on what ground did the General bind his successors and the hundreds of thousands of soldiers that follow his Flag to these declarations, all of which have to be signed by them before they

can be escorted into the inner councils of the Army ?

It is difficult for the leaders of the Salvation Army to answer these questions, all the more as they know that in countries like America and Australia, if they were to enforce them, they would rend these contingents in twain and scatter the soldiers like a pack of straying sheep. It is on this rock I fear a day will arrive when the Salvation ship will strike. But as it is past amendment it is more charitable to hope that the day will be long in coming, and that by that time the Salvation Army Staff will be in a position to ask Parliament to establish a precedent and banish all such tests from a movement that shines best when trying to imitate Christ. Why, if General Booth had preached, while in Japan, such doctrines as the one quoted, he would have been hissed off some of his most interesting platforms. While the Constitution is based on this foundation it is useless trying to keep up the pretence that the Salvation Army is not a sect : it is the most exclusive and pronounced sect among all sects.

But this is not all. In the Deed Poll the same principle is applied to the General's privileges and powers. He is not elected to that office—he is selected by his predecessor. He is not subject to any rule or regulation except the conditions imposed on him by the Deed Poll. He is General for the term of his natural life, and he holds the right—the sole right, the arbitrary right, the most arbitrary right—of selecting his own successor without the advice,

counsel, or other direction of any council of the movement.

As one would expect, the development of the Army, with the acquisition of the Congress Hall, Clapton, leasing of large theatres such as the Grecian in City Road, London, and equally capacious and heavily rented properties in the provinces, indicated that something more than a Deed empowering the General to purchase, hire, sell, and generally control and dispose of property would be necessary. When the Army extended its field of activities to the United States, France, South Africa, and other countries, it was felt that the Deed generally would have to bear a much larger significance to the office of the General and provide for certain contingencies. Hence a third Deed was registered in Chancery on the 4th October, 1906, confirming the powers vested in the General and extending the powers specified in previous Deeds, the object being to "minimise the possibility of doubt, dispute, or litigation" arising out of the incomplete character of the original Trust settlement. This formed the *third* alteration of the Trust within twenty-five years, all at the suggestion and by the authority of one man. Except for the fact that the work was experimental, and there were no signs at the time that the second Deed was drawn up (by which the Christian Mission was merged in the Salvation Army) of the potentiality of a great world-wide organisation, this tinkering might have occasioned Mr. Booth and his friends some anxiety, and the public interested in the welfare of the new movement serious misgiving. The

circumstances were altogether without precedent. Even the General himself admits that he had no idea that the venture would take such ramifications and evolve such possibilities as it did. As he has frequently remarked:—

“The Salvation Army was not made to a plan. It was a growth, not a dream for a well-thought-out scheme. The life within it is largely responsible for its advance. I did not say ‘Now is the time to go to Germany,’ and then appoint men and women to seize a *café* and start preaching salvation in Stuttgart. The principle of what led us to begin operations in Germany has prompted many other developments in the Salvation Army. A German strolled into a Salvation Army Hall in the Bowery of New York and gave his heart to God. He imbibed the spirit of the Army from the officer who dealt with him about his spiritual condition, and shortly afterwards he wrote to me that he felt that he ought to devote his life to the salvation of his Fatherland. I took that letter to indicate the line of Providence with respect to Germany, and ordered the German and his wife to Zurich and there learn more about the Army. He came, and in the course of time was commissioned to open Stuttgart and then Berlin. In that incident you have an illustration of the growth of the Salvation Army. It was not made to the plan of the General according to the whim of an ambitious fancy.”

Under the latest Trust Deed (1906) provision is made for the appointment of a General in the event of a General for the time being becoming incapacitated for that office by reason of lunacy, bankruptcy, or unfitness. The introduction of that provision marked

a great stride in the direction of a modification of the system under which General Booth hoped to perpetuate, establish, and extend the work when he changed the name of the Christian Mission to that of the Salvation Army. It was tantamount to an admission that he had already failed as an autocrat, and that events had taken the government to some extent out of his hands. It was an admission that certain eventualities might occur which would place the property of the movement in danger, in fact, that is virtually declared in the opening words of the latest Deed—an interesting corollary to the fact (almost ludicrous if it were not so serious) that a movement that is divinely conceived and that, according to its leaders, is founded on “the principles of everlasting truth and righteousness,” has to be protected from possible disintegration by the uncertain arm of the law.

Then there was still another confession of weakness in the Trust revision. By it the thin end of the wedge of the democratic principle was driven into the very foundation of the organisation.

How could a General be declared a bankrupt or an imbecile without some intervention on the part of an officer or a number of officers? And how could a successor to a deposed General be appointed without the exercise of an authority that was not, till this Deed was made, strictly founded on the military principle?

Here was a problem that brought the General and his advisers up against a radical departure from the

principle of the first Trust Deed. That Deed placed *all power* in the hands of the General. It gave the General for the time being power to appoint his successor without reference to anyone or to any council. He could name him from motives of caprice, or jealousy, or personal ambition. This Deed, on the other hand, recognised the fallibility of even a General of the Salvation Army. If a son could desert the colours, if a Commissioner could commit some offence by which he forfeited his place in the war, or if a Colonel could lose his reason, then a General of the Salvation Army might fall a victim to like circumstances. With that reasoning—so obvious that it is remarkable that at the start of the Christian Mission no provision is made for it when the first Deed was registered—the General was advised before the assembly of the Great Council of the Army in London in 1906 to register a Deed correcting and including these and other omissions. And it was all done privately, quietly, and legally.

Now under this larger legal instrument a High Council is provided for, composed of all the Commissioners on the active list, for dealing with the circumstances that would follow in the event of a General becoming unfit for his office. What will happen then is this: A declaration to the effect that the General has been declared unfit will be sent by the Chief of the Staff to all the Commissioners. Then the High Council, in harmony with rules for its constitution, assembly, procedure, decisions, and dissolution which are elaborated in the Deed, will be

called together in London or some convenient place, and the removal of the General and the appointment of another General in his place voted for according to a nine-tenths majority. Here one will naturally ask, If the High Council is, in the opinion of the framer of this Deed, capable of removing a General and appointing a successor under such trying circumstances, how comes it that the General, when he was preparing it, did not include the lesser and easier duty, namely, place the power in the High Council (to which it is, I believe, bound in time to revert) of always appointing the General, instead of relying upon the dangerous expedient of a General naming his successor and lodging that name in the pigeon-hole of a solicitor's office ?

The question is not a personal one. The omission of such a provision is suggestive of the elemental character of the General, and of that aversion to democratic ideas that lies behind all that the General has devised for the Army in matters of government. The Army is not based on a trust of the people. It is established on the theory that the members cannot manage their own affairs. They must be controlled. "One man is born to lead and nineteen to follow." So declares this oracle of a benevolent autocracy, though it has not occurred to the General, who is but a man after all, that it removes from his successors the temptation to do wrong by placing the selection of a leader in the hands of the twenty. Are they not likely to be actuated in their collective capacity with less bias and with more accuracy of judgment than one man, who must

be to a large extent the creature of the circumstances of his position ?

However, there it is. The selection of the second General will not, according to present appearances, be attended with any complication. I point out in another chapter that there is only one man in the organisation qualified to fill the office, provided his health does not fall to pieces under the strain of the responsibility and the events that are sure to arise during the first years of his generalship. I refer to Mr. Bramwell Booth.

But it is not the first successor to the General that is under consideration, nor the third, nor the fourth. It is the principle. Those who have watched the Army for the last twenty years fighting against the spirit of democracy of the age, and reluctantly conceding to Corps—and only to Corps—small powers of self-management from time to time, cannot but regret that the leaders of the Army have not made it their business to ally themselves more with the affairs of the nation and the civic life of the community, for they are too astute in their instincts, to say the least, not to discover that the organisation of the future that is to lift the people religiously and socially is that which springs from and is controlled by the people.

There are two elements of serious danger in the Trust Deed of the Salvation Army. It is absolutely without any elasticity for meeting the possibility, or probability, of the great rising democracies—such as Germany, Canada, and Australia—asking for and demanding self-government.

What would happen to-morrow if, for example, Miss Evangeline Booth and her Staff despatched a deputation to London to point out to the General that the time had arrived when, in the interests of the Army in the United States, they should have transferred to them, as a right, the full and unfettered liberty to manage and control their own affairs? Such an act could not, by any process of reasoning, be described as a sin against the moral law or the higher law of spiritual development. But under Salvation Army law it would be anathematised. The General would at once denounce the deputation as rebels. America, as under the Trust Deed of the Army, possesses no right, and can never be granted the right, to govern themselves, except in the measure given to them, in common with what is given to other countries, by rule and regulation, and these rules and regulations are in entire harmony with the absolutism of the office of the General and a form of infallibility which is described in the next chapter.

The question very properly arises, Will the next generation of Salvationists at the Antipodes?—will the devotees of political liberty in the United States?—will the champions of the People's Rights that are springing up all over Germany?—permit such a system of religious government to last for ever? Here lies serious danger Number One.

The second feature of the Trust Deed which must inspire apprehension has its foundation in the doctrines that must, according to this Deed, be upheld for all time, and propagated and enforced. Not a

comma in their make-up may be altered at any time, not even by the General himself. These doctrines are as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

This Deed makes it binding on the General and all his successors and all the followers of his successors to proclaim and maintain the doctrine, for example, of everlasting punishment for all who are exposed to the wrath of God, and according to this Deed and to the creed which the first General has laid down for all time in the Deed, everyone who is not "born again" is exposed to everlasting punishment.

It is open for any member or members of the Army to raise an action at law for the maintenance of this doctrine, if sufficient evidence proves that the doctrine is not being taught in the colleges of the Salvation Army. What would happen if the contrary came to be preached, Heaven only knows.

The "Wee Frees" stabbed the Free Church of Scotland to the heart by their action, and the day may not be so far off when Salvationists of the old school may make it rather awkward for the Salvation Army by demanding the enforcement of this and other doctrines of the Army in more than one disturbing way. It may have been legally necessary to include these doctrines in the Deed in order to show cause why General Booth should assume complete control of the Christian Mission, but all the same, here lies danger Number Two.

Other dangers lurk in the Constitution of the Salvation Army which time alone will discover. For instance, the power to mortgage, sell, and acquire

property for and in behalf of the Salvation Army by the General for the time being.

In no other religious or philanthropic organisation is *one man* vested with such a power. We have to go to semi-civilised States to find a parallel for such an autocracy, and it is very questionable whether the position is modified in any way by the assertion of what is at present a fact : that the General cannot sign a mortgage or buy an inch of ground without conforming to a system of check which the General has embodied in the rules and regulations for the management of Headquarters. But then the General who made these rules can unmake them, and make others to fit in with purposes that, while ostensibly sound, may conduce to the attainment of sheer personal and illegal acquisitions.

But whatever fears the Constitution of the Army may inspire among its friends, it has been framed, signed, and sealed after mature deliberation and consultation with some of the most eminent counsel, including Mr. H. H. Asquith and Mr. Haldane. Like all other legal instruments, it will have to be tried by the inexorable law of time, and must be left to look after itself when the day of battle is proclaimed against it or against some of its strange, out-of-date conditions.

The Deed is only one, though an important one, of the many methods that the General has employed in the making of his Army. Without such an instrument he could not have acted as he has done, or instituted the system of government that is at once the

surprise, envy, and criticism of the world. The Deed in itself does not make an army. It is what General Booth does with it that makes an army.

One of its immediate effects was the recognition of the General as the dictator of the movement. He commissioned men in his name to do certain acts that made him at once master and monarch of a kingdom. He carried out the Deed as it affected the collection and expenditure of moneys, the purchase of property, and the creation of agencies for promoting the object of the Deed. And, most important of all, he framed rules and regulations that virtually determined the conscience, conduct, and destiny of men. Has General Booth been a wise and just steward? How has he used that power? Has its application to the affairs of the Army been attended with gain to its members and the community in general?

The answer to these questions, of course, is the Salvation Army itself. On the whole, I think he has exercised his power, if one is to accept his right and privilege to assume the power, with remarkable fairness. But it would be useless to deny, on the other hand, that in the exercise of his power he is religiously responsible for bringing about a great deal of social and moral distress throughout the world. Mrs. Booth had a favourite saying, "You cannot improve the future without disturbing the present," an obvious commentary that is only applicable to measures that are truly beneficent in aim and character.

I will content myself by giving two illustrations of what I mean. In making his Army, General Booth

thought it wise to accept men and women to act as officers without sufficient training, and to bind them to leave the ranks quietly without calling upon him to make good any financial claim whatever, in the event of these officers being declared, by him or his accredited agents, to be "failures." Here are sample clauses in an agreement which they sign :—

"Do you perfectly understand that no SALARY or allowance is guaranteed to you, and that you will have no claim against The Salvation Army, or against any one connected therewith, on account of salary or allowances not received by you ?

"Do you engage not to publish any books, songs, or music except for the benefit of The Salvation Army, and then only with the consent of Headquarters ?

"Do you promise not to engage in any trade, profession, or other money-making occupation, except for the benefit of The Salvation Army, and then only with the consent of Headquarters ?

"Are you aware that Field Officers are responsible for their own doctors' bills unless they arrange otherwise with their D.O. ?

"Do you engage to carry out the following Regulation as to PRESENTS and TESTIMONIALS ?

"Officers are expected to refuse utterly, and to prevent, if possible, even the proposal of any present or testimonial to them."

But what do would-be officers care for a clause of this character ? They are called by God, or think they are ! They cannot fail—the thought is God-dishonouring. And so, in their zeal, they apply for the work, and in their zeal and eagerness for officers to meet

the needs of Corps, the leaders accept them, only to discover in time that very many are unfitted for the work.

The result of this method of treating men and women may do very well in building a dam, but not in the business of saving souls. What followed, then, to pronounced failures? Hundreds of them have found themselves without money, friends, or prospects; many with their health shattered, and some with families dependent upon them. We all know—the General knows—of not one here and there, but of a vast army of men and women who have suffered in consequence of this one-sided agreement, which was no doubt drawn up and applied with the best intention in the world.

Then take the making of rules for the guidance and conduct of the soldiers and local officers. Some of the provisions of these rules have turned men and women who were rescued by the Army from lives of debauchery into veritable blasphemers, their after-state being very much worse than their first.

A rule exists that no local officer—be he bandsman or doorkeeper—shall use tobacco. He must be a non-smoker. Before he can be entrusted with a commission, he must forswear smoking in all its forms, the mild cigarette as well as the bulky meerschaum.

Now when that law was first promulgated the Army had hundreds of local officers who were in the habit of indulging in a whiff of the enticing nicotine—good fellows, who worked hard for the Army, and were looked upon in their towns as trophies of grace—shining lights in the cause of God. Some were con-

verts of years' standing, and had spoken before the General and received his blessing.

Then a day came when they were told that they must step out of the band, lay down the trombone that they loved to see-saw through the streets, unless prepared to sign a blue paper in which they pledged to abstain from smoking!

The object was no doubt good. It was devised to raise the tone and character of the bandsmen, and it has, I suppose, done so, although, in correcting one habit of self-indulgence, I am not sure that the Army is not responsible for creating two other evils. Has any man—General Booth or the Pope of Rome—the right to socially penalise other men because they are guilty, if guilty they be, of this indulgence? At any rate, the rule acted like the sword of a despot. I knew a Corps at Spennymoor, in the North of England, where a band had in it some splendid men who used tobacco. They were miners, and thought nothing about it. It was not associated in their minds with any vice. When the Divisional Officer visited that Corps with the object of putting the rule into force, the men rose in rebellion.

One man tore off his red guernsey and became vehement with passion. "Call that religion? Where in the Bible does it say 'Thou shalt not smoke'? Who gave the General power to punish men who do not see eye to eye with him with regard to smoking? This is worse than priestcraft!" His mates applauded him, and fifteen men that day left the Salvation Army, some to return to the devil, some to wreak their ven-

geance upon innocent wives and little children, and the whole of them to be branded by the Divisional despot as backsliders, and to be told that if they ever returned to the Army it must be *via* the penitent form!

On the other hand, the Salvation Army is made, and in commercial parlance, is "a going concern." It is led by a real General who, as the next chapter will reveal, believes and teaches that he is a real Pope to his people.

CHAPTER V

IS GENERAL BOOTH INFALLIBLE ?

General Booth's Spiritual claims—Headquarters always true and right—"Fundamental Rules"—Why are one class of Officers paid and another unpaid?—Strange Alliance of Secular and Spiritual Arms—General Booth's Universal Kingdom—The Army Padlocked—Children taught Heresy

THE General of the Salvation Army is, in his own sincere belief, as divinely appointed to the control of the movement that he has created as His Holiness the Pope is to the care of the children of the Roman Catholic Church. And as by the Constitution of the Salvation Army its first General claims that the same seal of Divine approval will be stamped upon all future leaders of the organisation, it is essential to examine with care the character and comprehensiveness of this spiritual claim.

The Salvation Army will have to be tested by a new process. The ability of its commanders, and even the benevolence of its motives and the philanthropy of its operations, have already been well tried, and the gain to the Army itself has compensated it for any temporary check that it has sustained in consequence of these trials. The day must come when its ethical and ecclesiastical position will also be sifted

like wheat. Escape from such a crucible is as unlikely as it is undesirable. The history of all organised endeavours to make a new religious force shows that sooner or later such an ordeal is inevitable. Up to the present, however, no sign of dissension on the subject of the Army's claim to spiritual power on the earth has arisen.

Perhaps the time has scarcely elapsed for the vulnerable side of its Constitution to be attacked or tried. The Army is in some respects still in the stage of propaganda. It has all the advantages and disadvantages of youth. It is being led by a Napoleon. Its people have not yet begun to think independently, or with one eye upon to-day and the other upon to-morrow, except as to finance. Its buildings, with their trust settlements, are raised to last as long as the world. The training of officers is being gradually remodelled, so as to meet not the needs of the world, but the internal exigencies of the movement. Why, then, should the Salvation Army concern itself about the trial of its Constitution and such dry subjects as the ground of its religious pretensions? The officers point to the statistics. The soldiers have their meetings and entertainments and musical days and nights. The sun shines on these halcyon days. Why bother? Why anticipate the storms that may arise over any discussion in the future as to the Army's theology or the divinity of the General's commission to rule men as a Pope? The General, when he is not serious, is always humorous, and his followers prefer to banish the disagreeable and applaud the old man when he

delivers himself of this stock platform reference to the subject :—

“They say that the Salvation Army is a despotism and a religious hierarchy, and that I am a despot, who dwells in a lordly mansion, eating his food out of golden vessels and riding about in an expensive motor-car. (Laughter and applause.) And they call me a Pope. (Laughter.) And so I am! The word Pope means papa (laughter)—and I am your Papa!” (Cheers.)

But seriously what does that imply?

In the year 1905 the Army held the biggest International Congress in its history in London. In a temporary mammoth wooden structure erected in the Strand, it conducted meetings attended by delegates from every country where the Army is at work. The Press of the Empire chronicled the proceedings, and for three weeks the streets of London were enlivened by the presence of dusky sons and daughters of the Near and Far East, dressed in the dazzling attire of national and primitive fashions. The Army was then at the zenith of its popularity; and from the King on the throne to the street shoeblack, the panorama of this Congress formed a popular attraction.

The real business of the Congress, however, was transacted behind the scenes. Private councils were held at which only officers were present, and without previous conference with subordinate leaders or impartial enquiry, or in fact any serious discussion, the General—covered with the glory of the triumph of the assembly, and fresh from his audience with King Edward—delivered a series of momentous addresses.

They have since been revised and passed as the Nicene Creed of the Salvation Army. They bear the *imprimatur* of the General in Council, and leave no manner of doubt as to the sacerdotal claim of the General and the Army to be considered and accepted as viceregents of the Most High God. I question if any such deliverance was ever uttered, except by men of the type of John Alexander Dowie, the originator of the Zion movement, with its Mecca at Chicago. But General Booth is no impostor, and his followers, though largely blind worshippers of their Moses, are disposed to accept his word as the Word of God Himself. The document is accordingly of the first importance. The majority even of his staff officers are far too busy to ponder over the significance of the printed declarations, to which they subscribed a special assent at the Congress of 1906. For example, if one were to urge, as an objection to alliance with the Army, that the General claims for himself and his International Headquarters the principle of infallibility, he would be reminded that the General has declared again and again that he is not infallible. In theory and practice, however, the Army maintains that claim.

Dealing with the "Necessity for Government," the leader of the Salvation Army made this deliberate and astounding statement at the Congress named :—

"So far as my knowledge extends, there is no fundamental rule in force amongst us which, measured by the everlasting principles of truth and righteousness, can be truthfully described as unjust, or as anything approaching it."

Did ever man claim for a creation of his own such a reputation? The affirmation on the very face of it presupposes the operation in the mind of the leader of the principle of verbal inspiration. Of course, there is a vagueness about the term "fundamental rule," and without a specific illustration of what the General means by that phrase, I may be guilty of passing an unfair comment upon the character that he ascribes to the myriad rules that he has framed for the guidance of his soldiers and officers. But, *a priori*, the vital principle of his right to reduce to rule and regulation the laws of truth and righteousness, and to enforce these rules as if they were part and parcel of the "everlasting principles of truth and righteousness," was not discussed by the General at the Congress. He claims, by Divine right, to be General of the Salvation Army; but does this claim carry with it the obligation to make laws for men, and to impose penalties if these same man-made rules are adjudged to have been broken? That is an important issue that was conveniently ignored. The General compares his organisation to an army, and he gives it the title of an army. He borrows illustrations from the organisation essential to the construction of a railway, the navigation of a ship, and the prosecution of a huge business, so as to enforce the wisdom and rightness of making laws for deciding the conduct and character of men and women engaged in his service for God and man!

He enters the realm of conscience with the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" of his generalship. His code of rules forms a Working Bible to the Army, and

the will of subordinate leaders constitutes a veto upon the moral standing of the officers in directing Corps.

To violate a rule—whether administrative or fundamental—is to disobey the Army, and to disobey the Army is to disobey God.

In language as clear as dare be put into cold type, this claim, as I shall show presently, is enjoined and applied every day of the week ; and yet we are asked to believe that the fundamental rules of the Army are in harmony, one and all, with the “everlasting principles of truth and righteousness.” Let us see if this can really be upheld.

It is “a fundamental rule,” for example, that no officer in the Salvation Army shall have a guaranteed salary. How is that rule carried out ? It is no exaggeration to say that it is more honoured in the breach than otherwise. Staff officers *are* guaranteed their salaries. *No officer at International Headquarters ever went without his salary*, and all the salaries are fixed according to rank and position, with an automatic system for increasing the scale according to the report of their departmental officers and the officers' length of service.

On the other hand, it will come in the nature of painful surprise to those who do not know that no such guarantee and sliding scale have even been dreamt of for another class of officers—the field officers. In the field, *where the real work of the Army is carried on*, hundreds of officers work without any salary at all ! They do not know at the end of the week whether they

will have five shillings or twenty shillings to draw, *and these officers are the élite of the movement.*

If an officer is appointed to a Corps that happens to be in debt because it is unable to meet the rent (largely determined by the amount of the mortgage resting upon the hall), it is "a fundamental rule" that, if he cannot raise the rent, he must suffer by sacrificing part of his salary! If he is a married man, and has a family to clothe and maintain, no difference and no allowance is made. An Ensign at the International Headquarters may be drawing two pounds per week, but an Adjutant on the field who has done twice the length of service, and is undergoing hardships that the Headquarters Ensign little dreams of, may face a trying week-end with only fifteen shillings. This anomaly can on no principle of fair play—not to mention the everlasting principles of truth and righteousness—be sustained for a moment, and yet it has been in force for over thirty years!

International Headquarters, to my personal knowledge, has lost some of its best officers by persisting in retaining this disparity. How can the General claim then "that there is no 'fundamental rule' in force amongst us which, measured by the everlasting principles of truth and righteousness, can be truthfully described as unjust or as anything approaching it?" I have no hesitation in declaring that this "fundamental rule" is more than unjust: it is tyrannical.

Let us take the General's comparison of the railway. The staff, we will suppose, are all employed in a central

establishment in Queen Victoria Street. Their salaries are regularly paid. But what would happen, as the returns came in week by week—tabulating the number of passengers carried by the system and the tonnage of the freight—if the directors settled that the guards, porters, ticket-clerks, ticket-collectors, inspectors, stokers, and engine-drivers should only be paid full salary if the receipts warranted it? What would be the sequel to such a decision, if the company determined not only to pay their staff according to scale (independently of whether the receipts were up or down), but to actually raise their salaries from time to time? We can imagine that something more serious than a strike would be resorted to, to bring the tyranny of the directors to a final and ignominious end.

This comparison is not one whit overdrawn. The railway company is the Salvation Army; the directors are composed of the Executive Staff of Headquarters; their subordinate staff are their assistants; the guards, collectors, etc., are the field officers, the men and women who literally supply the hard cash by which Headquarters pays the salaries of the Commissioners and their staff, and who are, in point of ability and devotion to the highest interests of the Army, incomparably superior to the staff. And yet this rule, this “fundamental rule,” is in harmony with “the principles of everlasting truth and righteousness”!

I could cite a score of other illustrations of glaring inequalities on questions of principle. The

fact is, General Booth committed the mistake at the beginning of the Christian Mission of making this principle a condition of evangelistic service, and seeing certain financial advantages in it, he has clung tenaciously to it. But perhaps the worst feature in connection with its application is the arguments that are used to buttress up the custom. The following is the defence of an Assistant Field Secretary :—

“The non-guarantee of salary acts as a sifter. We find out by it whether men are in the Salvation Army for a living or for love of souls. It supplies a spur to field officers, many of whom had no idea of responsibility or the management of business when they entered the Salvation Army. It is necessary if the Army is to pay its way. It is true that it works hardly upon married officers with families, but they have the luxury of sacrificing something for the good of the cause.”

This defence of one of the grossest tyrannies glorified in the name of sacrifice will be clear to anyone who thinks twice of the Army as an autocratic democracy, and I only dwell upon the illustration in order to expose the illogical assumption of the General's infallibility, and the injustice and unrighteousness of the system which has been created and established by him and labelled as essentially Divine.

But the claim of infallibility is extended to the righteousness of the very *administration* of the Army.

The General goes on :—

“And as with our rules and regulations, so it has been with our administration of them. *I know of no*

official action during the whole of the Army's existence that has had the countenance of International Headquarters, which has been contrary to the principles of strict truth and justice."

No wrong has been done at the International Headquarters, so far as the decision of its Executive is concerned, during the last forty years! Forty years of moral infallibility! Truth, and strict truth, has marked all its declarations in the official organs of the Army! No official sanction has ever been given to an unjust financial arrangement! Justice has been meted out without partiality or respect of man or station! In that shrine of lofty disdain for the rights of the individual when they collide with the interest of the organisation, scores of officers have expressed their condemnation of executive rule and left its precincts rather than submit to the same. Courts-martial and courts of enquiry have been held into the conduct and service of officers. But all through, and without an exception, no countenance has ever been given to anything contrary to the principles of truth and justice!

The only answer to such an unprecedented declaration is, that it is not true, and that no one—except those whose eyes are blinded by the heresy that the Army can do no wrong—will accept it in any other light than that this claim reveals the operation of a delusion that began to assert itself from the day that it dawned upon the General that the Army would become a huge success.

Success has been deified and idolised and canonised. Consequently we have such Papal-like statements as

the following, delivered to his staff in that memorable year :—

“The Staff Officer is the responsible governor under the Salvation Army system. It is to me, your General, as we have seen, and as you all knew before my mentioning it again, that God has delegated, by His grace, and in the order of His providence, certain responsibilities, authorities, and powers.”

But this is not all. The General bases the doctrine of a despotic hierarchy upon a mixture of rank materialism and spirituality. He pools the gains of the one and the other and calls them *all* Divine, and then demands, on the strength of the position thus secured, that the staff officer shall proceed to govern the consciences of those who subscribe to the Army's tenets. The contention is so emphatically elaborated that I quote fully from the General again :—

“Where are we to-day in this matter? Three or four things stand out boldly as we look round.

“1. We have seen that the Army is a great fact.

“2. The Army has attained a position of prominence in the world, and exercises a great influence over what is good in it, and an influence nearly as great over what is bad.

“3. The Army has come into possession of certain wealth—money, property, estates, businesses—and has at command various other sources of power.

“4. A very large number of persons have united themselves under the Flag, and have more or less intelligently undertaken to contend for its principles, to advance its interests, and proclaim its truths. And we stand related to these persons as trustees for the

preservation of the principles to which they have given themselves.

“ 5. A smaller, and yet comparatively speaking a very large number of persons have given their whole lives to the Army. They have no object to serve on earth but the advancement of the great work they believe God had entrusted to the Army. They wait upon us for direction. They are willing to order their lives according to our judgment. Their whole future is placed under our control. The highest ambition entertained by many of them respecting their children is that, under our guidance, they may live and suffer and die to carry out our plans.”

Such a combination of the spiritual and secular arm of authority, created by the genius of man, and held to be a nation, so to speak, in the comity of God's empires, is, to say the least, the most remarkable assumption put forth by any man who discards the law of Apostolic Succession.

And to this theory of Divine sanction and appointment General Booth enjoins a high standard of obedience. He states :—

“ The Staff Officer who realises my ideal will faithfully and persistently insist upon the observance of our laws. To this end he will seek to understand those laws himself. We have already explained the meaning of law. Laws are rules, made and issued by authority, for the guidance of conduct, and have behind them the sanction and support of penalty, and the power to execute it. He should know the principal laws of the Army, and especially those relating to his own department and its work.”

But why all this elaboration of circumstances, which General Booth interprets as forming the foundation of an organisation in which he stands in the relation of a Pope to his people, and for whom is claimed the right to frame laws for the "guidance of the conduct" of so many thousands of the human race? In defining the great object of it all General Booth is fortunately explicit. His object in amassing wealth, procuring estates, establishing trades and businesses and other sources of power, is thus set forth:—

"My object is to carry out the wish of Jesus Christ in the creation, organisation, *and universal extension of a Kingdom.*"

That there may be no mistake as to the secular character of this kingdom, we are informed that "the Kingdom" is not merely one for "starting a revival, and a great work that would last for a season, but the building up of a kingdom in which God shall reign as long as the world endures."

Here, then, we learn that the destiny of the Army is intended to comprehend the rule of men according to the domination of a system which, for pretension and despotism, outrivals anything of which the world has had any experience in modern or ancient times.

General Booth is engaged upon forming a kingdom of which he is king, and his successors will be kings appointed in an arbitrary manner: a kingdom without representative councils, parliament, or similar legislative institutions. The Constitution of the Army is so dogmatic and binding for all time, that if at any period

in its progress a number of its leaders were to petition for the right to elect the General by ballot, or to appoint delegates to represent the various interests of the organisation, the General for the time being would have no power to grant such a petition. He must act within the terms of the Trust Deed, and that Deed requires the maintenance of the Constitution as it will be bequeathed to posterity by the first General. A padlock is placed upon the future of the Army. A thousand years hence, if the Army is then in existence, it will be the same, organically, as it is to-day. No provision is made for the alteration of its foundation in harmony with the discoveries of science or the experience of its own leaders. It is a stereotyped and unalterable instrument; for good or evil, there it stands.

Does the Salvationist realise that it is this for which he is sacrificing his life? Do the supporters of the movement take in the fact that the philanthropy of the Army is only a means to the attainment of this end? General Booth is quite right when he contends that he is not creating a new sect or denomination. Nothing so narrow and parochial ever entered his mind. We must give him full credit for the colossal design, which for the first time is disclosed to the public in the above extracts, of forming a great rival to the Roman Catholic Church. He went to Rome for his ideal. He says, in effect :—

“I find that the strongest religious power on the face of the earth is centred in the See of Rome. I will mould this organisation on the same model, only adding

to the legal and ecclesiastical and disciplinary power of the General as its Pope. The Pope of Rome claims the right to use the temporal power as the viceregent of God, but he has lost that arm. The world has deprived him of it. I will attain to it by using the very arm that has wrought such mischief to the Roman Church. I will frame a trust deed, have it enrolled in Chancery, and by the power that that deed vests in me and whomsoever I shall appoint to succeed me, I will amass wealth, buy estates, and acquire a Kingdom and a world-wide Empire."

And General Booth is doing it. He is more than a Pope : he is an Emperor, and can say to his Commissioners what no Czar or Kaiser dare. He can command them to go where he bids them, and frame laws for the guidance of their lives, right down to what they shall eat and drink and wear. The German Emperor pleaded with his staff in one of his addresses to abstain from the too-frequent use of alcohol. General Booth forbids the man that beats the big drum to touch the accursed thing. He is an autocrat of autocrats.

General Booth is inciting the enthusiasm of the present generation of Army converts with the secular doctrines of his office and the material aims of the organisation. He has placed in the hands of his sergeants a Catechism or Directory for their guidance in instructing the children who attend the Sunday-schools of the Army. They are told how to pray morning and night. Here is the evening prayer :—

“ Oh Lord, I thank Thee for Thy mercies to me this day, and for the good things Thou hast given me. Bless all the poor little children who have no home and no friends, and keep our Army, and help it to tell all the world of Thy love. Bless my dear father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and help us all to love and serve Thee. Keep me in the night, for Jesus Christ’s sake.—Amen.”

A beautiful child-prayer, marred by the omission of any recognition of other folds beside the one to which the child belongs. The omission is intentional. The aim of the Directory is to inculcate the Empire idea of the Army’s religion. It is to train the young mind into the synonymous meaning of God and the Army. God is, as we have read, to reign in the Kingdom which the Army is bringing together, though in reality it is the General for the time being. And this doctrine is carefully taught to boys and girls from five years up. Here are a few extracts from the Children’s Directory :—

THE ARMY

1. Does God wish you to go into the Army ?

God wishes me to go to the Salvation Army Meetings as often as I can.

2. Has God sent the Army to show you how to get saved and be good ?

God has sent the Army to teach me how to be saved and to serve Him.

3. Must I obey my sergeants in the Army ?

I must obey my sergeants or teachers in the Army.

4. Must I love or pray for them ?

I must love and pray every day for my sergeants or my teachers in the Army, and try to help other children to do the same.

5. Will God be angry with me if I do not carry out what I am told to do for the Army ?

Yes, God will be very angry, with me if I disobey my officers who seek my salvation.

We have here the embodiment of the Army's doctrine of infallibility applied to the teachers of little children. The Army has been sent by God to show them how to get saved. There is no acknowledgment of other means, in this question at least, not even the Bible itself. Sergeants—as a rule ignorant men and women, the majority belonging to the domestic-servant class—are held up to the imagination of children of tender years as God's infallible priests, who have to be obeyed without qualification. God is represented as being angry if the mites do not do what they are told by the Army. The Army is thus raised to the platform of the Decalogue, and to disobey it amounts, I repeat, for all practical purposes, to disobedience to the Almighty God.

The same recognition of the Army's standing is more carefully and powerfully enforced in the "Articles of War," a document which I offer no apology for reproducing *in extenso* :—

THE SALVATION ARMY

Articles of War.—These articles must be signed by all recruits who wish to be enrolled as soldiers.

Having received with all my heart the Salvation offered to me by the tender mercy of Jehovah, I do here and now publicly acknowledge God to be my Father and King, Jesus Christ to be my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit to be my Guide, Comforter, and Strength ; and that I will, by His help, love, serve, worship, and obey this glorious God through time and through eternity.

Believing solemnly that The Salvation Army has been raised up by God, and is sustained and *directed* by Him, I do here declare my full determination, by God's help, *to be a true Soldier of The Army till I die.*

I am thoroughly convinced of the truth of The Army's teaching.

I believe that repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and conversion by the Holy Spirit are necessary to Salvation, and that all men may be saved.

I believe that we are saved by grace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and he that believeth hath the witness of it in himself. I have got it. Thank God !

I believe that the Scriptures were given by inspiration of God, and that they teach that not only does continuance in the favour of God depend upon continued faith in, and obedience to Christ, but that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be eternally lost.

I believe that it is the privilege of all God's people to be wholly sanctified, and that " their whole spirit and soul and body " may be " preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is to say, I believe that after conversion there remain in the heart of the believer inclinations to evil,

or roots of bitterness, which, unless overpowered by Divine grace, produce actual sin; but these evil tendencies can be entirely taken away by the Spirit of God, and the whole heart, thus cleansed from anything contrary to the will of God, or entirely sanctified, will then produce the fruit of the Spirit only. And I believe that persons thus entirely sanctified may, by the power of God, be kept unblamable and unreprouvable before Him.

I believe in the immortality of the soul; in the resurrection of the body; in the general judgment at the end of the world; in the eternal happiness of the righteous and in the everlasting punishment of the wicked.

Therefore, I do here and now, and for ever, renounce the world with all its sinful pleasures, companionships, treasures, and objects, and declare my full determination boldly to show myself a Soldier of Jesus Christ in all places and companies, no matter what I may have to suffer, do, or lose, by so doing.

I do here and now declare that I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, and from the habitual use of opium, laudanum, morphia, and all other baneful drugs, except when in illness such drugs shall be ordered for me by a doctor.

I do here and now declare that I will abstain from the use of all low or profane language; from the taking of the name of God in vain; and from all impurity, or from taking part in any unclean conversation, or the reading of any obscene book or paper at any time, in any company, or in any place.

I do here declare that I will not allow myself in any falsehood, deceit, misrepresentation, or dishonesty;

neither will I practise any fraudulent conduct in my business, my home, nor in any other relation in which I may stand to my fellow-men ; but that I will deal truthfully, fairly, honourably, and kindly with all those who may employ me, or whom I may myself employ.

I do here declare that I will never treat any woman, child, or other person, whose life, comfort, or happiness may be placed within my power, in an oppressive, cruel, or cowardly manner, but that I will protect such from evil and danger so far as I can, and promote to the utmost of my ability their present welfare and eternal Salvation.

I do here declare that I will spend *all the time, strength, money, and influence I can in supporting and carrying on this War*, and that I will endeavour to lead my family, friends, neighbours, and all others whom I can influence, to do the same, believing that the sure and only way to remedy all the evils in the world is by bringing men to submit themselves to the Government of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I do here declare that I will always obey the lawful orders of my Officers and that I will carry out to the utmost of my power all the Orders and Regulations of The Army ; and further, that I will be an example of faithfulness to its principles, advance to the utmost of my ability its operations, and never allow, where I can prevent it, any injury to its interests, or hindrance to its success.

And I do here and now call upon all present to witness that I enter into this undertaking, and sign these Articles of War of my own free will, feeling that the love of Christ, Who died to save me, requires from me this devotion of my life to His Service for the Salvation of the whole world, and therefore wish

now to be enrolled as a Soldier of The Salvation Army.

Signed.

Address

Corps

Date.

All Converts have to subscribe to this profound and controversial document before they can be enrolled as soldiers of the Army. The parts I have placed in italics clearly lay down as the conditions of a good soldier in this Army the following :—

“ That they must abandon their lives *for ever* to the Army.

“ That they must give all they have got to it.

“ That they will carry out its orders and regulations.

“ That they believe the Army to be directed by God, whether it takes to selling tea, or investing money in Japanese four and a half, or in dragging the submerged out of the gutter.”

It must not be imagined, however, that side by side with this sacerdotal teaching as to the sacredness of the Army, the infallibility of its rules and regulations, and the divinity of the appointment of its leaders, there is no enforcement of virtue and good works. The Children’s Directory is mainly occupied with the inculcation of the blessings of truth, purity, and love. The “ Articles of War ” point the signatories to a high standard of conduct. The one contention is that the liberty in which these virtues can best shine has been divorced from their teaching and practice, and a

system has been organised which is made synonymous with God Himself. Hence the Salvation Army is a poor and profane imitation of the faith and authority of the Church of Rome, with an avowed aim, of which the public is ignorant.

CHAPTER VI

A TRAVELLING POPE

General Booth's Parish—Before the Japanese Emperor in Salvation Uniform—Kissing Jerusalem Lepers—"Bread and Milk, please"—Life on Board Ship—"General" Moses—"A Son of Humanity"

ANTHONY TROLLOPE describes Cæsar as doing "all from policy," and there is a Cæsar-like range of mind in the leadership of the Salvation Army. It is stamped upon the projects and imprinted on the nomenclature of the Salvation Army. The missionary magazine of the organisation is named "*All the World.*" The twin-motto of every officer commissioned to evangelise mankind is "Go for souls, and go for the worst," and "*The world for Christ.*" These express the spirit and spiritualised imperialism of the movement. It has a great policy of conquest. Some monarchs preach the Divine Right of Kings. General Booth preaches the Divine Majesty of the Salvation Army :—

"In the fitness of time came the Messiah and the Christian Dispensation, under which we live, and out of that there came forth—you might say was born—in Whitechapel, in the city of London, in the year of grace, a Saviour-child, which is known among men to-day as The Salvation Army. It has had a wonderful history, and in nothing has that history been more wonderful than in the marks it bears of Divine guar-

dianship and blessing. . . . I can discern in all its trials, in all its changes, in all its triumphs, the finger-marks of God.”

The leader of this body of admittedly ignorant and yet consecrated men and women asks the world to believe that the Army as such—not merely its principles, but IT, is divinely led in all its changes. When one knows that a minute issued by Headquarters to-day may contradict one which has been in operation for months, and that some of the changes have been attended with a waste of money and others have caused dissatisfaction among officers, the assumption requires, to say the least, a large draft of confidence from the ordinary reader of ecclesiastical history.

Let me cite one “change.” When the late Colonel Bremner was appointed to the direction of the Army’s Trade Department he was encouraged by General Booth’s special encomiums. This officer opened grocery stores, pork factories, medicine shops, and a host of other secular industries and places of business. For many months the official literature of the Salvation Army was saturated with flaming headlines, intended to justify this amalgamation of the agony of Calvary with the sensational advertisement about “Every penny profit helps to save the world.”

As a matter of fact, this Quixotic attempt to put in the foundation of a communistic interest based on monetary gains from secular callings ignominiously failed. But it must not be forgotten that General Booth not only authorised this development of Salva-

tion Army trading, but gloried in it, and that he still runs a department for the wholesale and retail sale of Tea. In every issue of *The War Cry* the biggest line in the advertisement pages will be—"Drink Triumph Tea."

To some these facts will savour of blasphemy. But it is only fair to the General to state that, like Cæsar, he has a world-wide policy for the Army, and that he holds that there is nothing secular in the Kingdom of God. Everything in that kingdom is sacred, and his motives determine the character of his acts.

If a pork butcher happens to be a sidesman of the Church of England, no one will imply that he is any less religious when he is putting an end to the life of an animal to meet the taste of man, than when he is acting as a steward in the Lord's House by passing around the offertory boxes to the worshippers. (I am stating the General's theory.) Then General Booth aims at being independent of appeals to the world for funds to carry on his propaganda. He hopes that his successors will amass such property as will enable the organisation to employ its earnings so as to make it absolutely free from the thralldom of the collecting-box. His ideal is a self-created Endowment Fund.

And when one remembers that this man, with his sacerdotal beliefs, has made four voyages to Australia, eight visits to the United States, travelled all through India, toured many of the countries of Europe, as if they were but extensions of the railway connections of his native land—and that he has visited every town and hamlet on a white motor-car, preaching sal-

vation, declaring that the Salvation Army was made in heaven, and that in all its changes and so forth it bears the "finger-marks of God," we are bound to acknowledge that to him in reality the world is his parish.

He views Holland as an average vicar of the Church of England would weigh up the opportunities of a small mission hall in an out-of-the-way village. A trip to America gives him as much concern as a sermon would do to the Archbishop of Canterbury in Edinburgh, simply because the mind is under the spell of this world-conquest. He is no traveller in the ordinary sense of the term.

It was during a campaign in Switzerland twenty years ago that I awakened to his Cæsarism. We were travelling *en route* for Lucerne when his son-in-law, then Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, jumped from his seat and cried :—

"General, oh, what a magnificent view there is here of Mont Blanc !"

I at once rushed to the window, to revel in the magnificence of the aspect. I saw the General frown.

"What has that to do with saving souls ?" replied the warrior evangelist.

We were dumb (at least I was), and it took me long before I could solve the riddle of the sarcastic reproof. Mr. Clibborn argued the matter with his leader, but I fancy that at the end of the debate the son-in-law decided that when it came down to Salvation business, the old man was General first and father-in-law on rare occasions !

Here, then, we see this wonderful tourist bending the forces of civilisation—steam, electricity, railway tracks, and ocean greyhounds—to the design of a Salvation Cæsar. And we see too that, whether he gives his benediction to the opening of a small-holding experiment or a soul-converting campaign in Japan, he is thinking of to-morrow and the relation of the Army's system to the greater Army that he dreams of for the whole world.

In one of his most inspired moments he delivered an address to his Staff upon the Salvation Army of the future. He called it a vision. And among the forces that he saw at work were :—

Homes for the Detention of Tramps.

Transportation Agencies for Removing Slum Dwellers from one part of the world to another.

Steamers owned and chartered by the Salvation Army for the purpose.

Stupendous factories, splendid stores, colossal workshops, and vast industrial enterprises.

Inebriates' Home for "men and women who drink distilled damnation in the shape of intoxicants."

Rescue Operations of many orders for the deliverance of fallen women.

Land Colonies evolving into Salvation cities.

Orphanages becoming villages and Reformatories made into veritable paradises.

The working out of my idea for a World's University for Humanity.

A Salvation Citadel in every village, town, and city.

I can see this old prophet like a seer standing among his faithful Staff delivering this finale to the vision :—

“And now in the very centre, as it were, of this heavenly plain, I see a vast amphitheatre, surrounded by lofty hills, stretching up far away beyond the power of eye to follow, all lined with the mighty throngs of human beings. Human once, but they are now celestial. . . . But who are they and whence come they? They are Salvationists. They were Salvationists on earth: they are Salvationists for ever. You can see it. They wear the uniform. You can hear it. You have heard them sing before.”

I have said the General of the Salvation Army thinks in worlds. It is not inconsistent with his ideas of the celestial world that he thinks in eternities, and if in heaven there are no red guernseys and big drums, I have a notion that the General will feel rather out of place. At any rate, we have in these extracts from his deliberate, if somewhat metaphorical, orations the key to his world-campaigns. And if I try to describe one of these campaigns I shall describe all, for the General follows in all one line of action.

The Salvationism of the traveller will be clearly understood when I state that when the General received an invitation to the Palace at Tokio to be introduced to the Emperor, the arrangement well-nigh broke down because the General had neither morning nor evening dress. The Acting Ambassador could not see how he could, with propriety, appeal to the Japanese Court for an exemption. Any explanation might be liable to misunderstanding. There was no time for the

smartest tailor in the city to make one, and even if there had been time, I have a notion that unless received in his Salvation Army regalia the General would have diplomatically extricated himself from the dilemma.

Fortunately, a smart Salvation Japanese, Brigadier Yamamura, one of the ablest literary officers in the Army, suggested a visit to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. There was a parley between the Salvation Army Brigadier and the Japanese statesman. The Minister suggested that the good General should endeavour to borrow a suit for the occasion.

“But,” said the Salvationist, “he is taller than any European in Tokio, and then think what the English would say. If King Edward received General Booth in his red guernsey our illustrious Emperor will consider himself in good company.”

The argument was convincing, and so the General entered the sacred grounds of the Mikado in his “Blood and Fire” habiliments, while the Acting Ambassador and other officials wore the regulation Court dress. Report has it that the Emperor thought the General’s uniform the most attractive of all present at the function, his own included !

The moral of which is that in all things General Booth is a Salvationist. His travelling *impedimenta*, reading, companions, and itinerary are all fixed so as to advance the cause. The only time I knew him to thoroughly relish sight-seeing was during a flying visit to Jerusalem in the year 1906. The customary visits to the Jordan, Bethlehem, Olivet, Bethany, and the

Church of the Sepulchre were gone through with a zest which seemed to indicate that, for once, the General was lost in the man. But it was only for a season.

Gethsemane, like a well-kept suburban garden, appealed to him. Around its high walls were decrepit, semi-nude, demented-looking lepers, with their piteous eyes and extended arms, begging for alms. General Booth, reminded by the conservatism of custom despite the flight of time, and his first impressions of New Testament reading, stood and exclaimed, "Here we have the garden of the Lord and the stricken of man: the symbols of the Divine and the human."

A leprous-stricken old man stepped forward, crouching and crying, "Backsheesh, good Englishman."

The General beckoned him to come near, and as he handed the beggar a copper, he bent down and, to the consternation of the company, kissed his hand! The lepers, Syrians, Russian pilgrims, and dragomans, as well as his Staff, were amazed.

"Who is he?" asked a Russian, who could speak English.

I tried to explain in a few words, and then the identity of the General with Christ's cause dawning upon him, he rushed forward just as the General was in the act of entering the garden, and said:—

"Come, sir, come, oh! come to my country!"

In the garden itself the General was mute. He knelt under the ancient sycamore and cried in a tearful voice:—

"Oh God, we are tempted to think that Thy bloody sweat, Thy agony on the tree, is all in vain.

Who is sufficient for these things? My God. . . . My God ! ”

He next ascended Calvary. There his spirits seemed to rise with the rarefying breeze that was playing upon the green hill, and as his little party sang,

“ Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all ! ”

he turned to Colonel Lawley, and said :—

“ We must have a soul-saving meeting in Jerusalem to-night.” And he did.

When in Japan, he had no time to enter into the temples and discuss with the doctors of Buddhism the moral and social well-being of the Empire ; no time to get into raptures over Fuji ; no time to explore the landmarks and monuments of the race, nor even study first hand the Europeanisation of the industries and habits of the people. He had only time to preach and save souls, and turn every minute not spent in fulfilling his supreme mission into one long note of interrogation.

And yet he is a constant seeker after facts about people, their occupations, habits, religion, as well as all about the topics upon which he is directly concerned.

He is a careful preparer of his campaigns. An exhaustive correspondence takes place before he decides upon visiting a country. When the decision is arrived at, schedules as to arrangements are sent out to the Territorial Officer, who has to detail

everything that the General requires for each day and in each town. His billets have to be carefully selected with respect to accommodation, distance from meeting-places, or mode of travel, whether by rickshaw or cab; the times of meeting, the size of hall, and its freedom from traffic and other noises have all to be specified.

An important item is the menu. The General in his latter years has adopted a vegetarian diet, and it follows that his hostesses have to be advised as to what he takes for breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper—he has no dinner in the conventional sense.

An incident in connection with one of his continental journeys led him to adopt this arrangement. The millionaire inhabitant of the town, on hearing that the Army's Chief intended to visit the place, applied to have the honour of entertaining him. The invitation was accepted: the General has a weakness for millionaires—in a purely philanthropic sense, of course. He believes that by relieving them of some of their superfluous wealth he can add to their interest in the affairs of the world.

Well, the train was late in arriving, and the General had to drive from the station direct to the place of his public engagement. After the meeting, tired and disappointed with the day's itinerary, the General hoped that his new millionaire friend would relieve the monotony of the day. He entered the supper-room, gorgeously illuminated and filled with the celebrities of the neighbourhood, including "my lord the Bishop," the Burgomeister, and heads of the

University. Introductions over, the host made a formal speech of welcome, and when the General sat down on his right, he said :—

“ Now, General, make yourself quite at home. We have everything here, and I have engaged a special *chef* from Paris to cook your food. Now, what will you have to begin with ? ”

I was present at that sublime moment. The General looked at his secretary and then at the table, with its glittering gold and silver dishes, and in the most polite manner in the world apologised for his secretary.

“ He ought to have known my little weaknesses and informed you as to their nature. I am rather a tiresome eater. I take very little for supper.”

“ Here is some light soup or salmon, General. And what will you say for a drink—light national wines, or the best vintage from France ? ”

“ No, thank you, sir,” replied the General. “ If you please, just a small basin of bread and milk ! ”

I will not attempt to describe the looks of the guests. A tragedy was written in the distressed contractions of the millionaire’s face.

That night General Booth resolved that a similar mistake should not be made again ; hence the secretary’s duties included the despatch of a detailed menu previous to his visiting a town, which is a subject, however, that has often given the General’s hosts and hostesses more anxiety than all other responsibilities of entertaining.

General Booth is a good sailor. His voyage to Japan formed one long round of industry at sea as well as

on land. There is a sense, however, in which he is extremely punctilious and hard to please. The proximity of his cabin to noisy passengers, or some grating and disagreeable disturbance during the night, will irritate him, and his secretaries will be commissioned to remove the cause, or the captain will be appealed to to provide a more congenial cabin. I have known the General change his cabin three times in the course of a single voyage.

On one voyage a cabin near the General's was the rendezvous of after-dinner card-parties, and the fortunes of the game would be attended with more hilarity than was congenial for the old General, then deeply engaged in the compilation of a special brief.

I was commissioned to appeal for a modification of the entertainment. Not being quite successful, we were treated to a dissertation upon the difference between the discipline on board an American ship as contrasted with an English. Still, on the whole the General is not, considering his age and the position he occupies, an awkward passenger, and he receives the best hospitality that can be procured on board ship.

His life on board is interesting. He travels first class. He generally has two cabins, one for himself and another next to it for the patient secretary-valet. The one room communicates with the other by an electric bell. Both cabins are fitted with the essentials of an up-to-date office, stationery racks, typewriting machines, etc., and the General works on an average ten hours per day while at sea.

His rule is to call his secretary about 8 a.m., when he

has tea specially made for him, from a blend which the General carries with him wherever he goes. Needless to say, the brand is the one that he is anxious the public should accustom itself to in the interests of the Army's missionary cause. The profits derived from the sale are hypothecated to this section of the work. At this tea, generally taken in bed, the secretary is present, for during the night it is almost certain that the General will have had some thought upon a branch of the work upon which he will desire to expatiate and, for the sake of form and entertainment, solicit advice.

After this mean refreshment the General spreads his papers out for the day, takes ten minutes' walk on deck, and returns for prayers. Prayers are times of ordeal as a rule. Their utility is dependent upon purely temperamental conditions. If the General is in one of his aggressive moods, or fancies that his unworthy Staff are in danger of being contaminated with their superior surroundings, he will certainly find occasion while the Scriptures are being read to tender wholesome warnings as to the evils of luxurious living and the demoralising effects of the deck. I remember being caught in the act of playing quoits, and for days I was held up as a woeful specimen of the ease with which one can take the first step on the slippery slope of backsliding! Nevertheless, the prayers are characteristic of the General.

Scripture is read on the rotary principle, and the General is certain to pass some remarks upon the reading.

"Higgins," he would say, "you are inclined to be



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monotonous. Your tone of voice is too uniform. Put a little more feeling into it. Cox, you have an excellent voice, but at times it is too dramatic. Forget that you have such a fine instrument and read a little bit quicker. Nicol, you drop your voice. Where did you get that emphasis from? Scotland, I reckon. Not so fast, brother. Remember your stops."

His impromptu comments are always unconventional. One morning the selection related to an incident in the life of Moses, a favourite Bible study of the General's. Interrupting Higgins in the reading, he leant back in his rocking-chair—specially made for him—and mused thus :—

"What was Moses? A Bishop, or a parson, or a General? Whatever he was designated, he had his troubles with his temper, and his mother-in-law, and the manna. He must have had a dull time in that wilderness, though it must have been a good drill-ground for the submerged tenth of his day. Poor old Moses! I wonder if he was ever harassed by critics and pessimists and pressmen! Without the discipline and hardness of the life I can't see how Moses could have made a people—do you, Higgins?

"The British Colonies object to my submerged. They want money, and men who have been to the Board Schools. They are mistaken. Men, when drilled in habits of industry, and who have become habituated to work, are the class that will turn the earth to advantage. Moses made the best farmers and the best fighters the world has ever known or ever will know—out of slaves! We are all mistaken as to

what the poor can do. The battle of the next century will be between brains and character.

“If I were a betting man, I would put my money upon the man of character. Where did Moses get his political economy and statesmanship from? The land, the land, the land! And there is more common sense to be picked up on a farm than at Oxford or Cambridge. Let us pray! Cox, lead. And be short, and don't use big words.”

Sometimes the prayers of his Staff vexed his soul: if one were too religious, he would overhaul it afterwards; if too loud and overdrawn, as Lawley's would be, he would say:—

“We are not going to hold a meeting on board to-night, Lawley. Remember that the Lord expects that you will put your head as well as your heart into your petitions.”

Lawley would only smile, or say:—

“General, if I didn't let my heart out, there would be no Johnnie Lawley.” And the General would pass on and say, “He is hopeless!” But in an aside to a member of the Staff he would add:—

“I like Lawley, but don't let him know that I said so. He would have swelled head for the rest of the voyage.”

After prayers, a stroll; not long, but sufficient to make him eager to get back to his sermon-making with a new *verve* for work. He rarely cultivates the social side of life on board ship. The majority of passengers bore him. He considers the life that the average first-

class passenger leads detrimental to body and soul. The General, therefore, is not sought after like other celebrities. The passengers on board the *Minnesota*—the ship that carried us to Yokohama—were an exception, however ; they had the American weakness for a genuine sensation, and when it was found that the Salvation Army Chief would spend his seventy-ninth birthday on board and that a little maid would also celebrate her natal day on the same date—the 10th of April—a bevy of American ladies prepared a monster cake and after dinner persuaded the General to talk on the lesson of his life.

But the General was as smart as the Yankee ladies. When he had finished his address and cut the cake and made an appropriate speech in honour of the little American girl, he slyly turned to his lady friends and hinted that it was usual to receive gifts on such an interesting day. The ladies were for a moment taken by surprise. The ship was rolling. The ceremony had lasted longer than was expected, and passengers were making for the companion-way ; but a happy thought occurred to one, and the ladies rushed into their cabins and seized various articles—one a soap-dish, another a jewel-tray, and a third a fancy coal-scuttle ; and armed with these extemporaneous offertory-boxes, they “ bombarded ” the saloon and deck, and the funds of the Army were that night enriched by some twenty or thirty pounds. It was a happy and profitable birthday !

Sometimes an opportunity arises for the General to show his magnanimity. A fireman died and was

buried at sea, and when it was ascertained that he had left a widow and two children, his Staff were instructed to procure liberty from the chief officer to pass the hat round in aid of the bereaved, and being adepts at the business, they collected £90 and handed that sum over to the Company to invest in the widow's interest: a good act that, curiously enough, broke down the prejudice of the scion of a noble house in England then on board, who ever since has been a consistent friend of the Army.

Another aspect of the General's appetite for evangelising the people is his readiness to conduct religious services on board. What a picturesque sight it is to see the veteran preacher standing amidships among the third-class passengers, proclaiming in his strong, resonant voice the story of salvation! The scene makes a living mosaic in the evangel of the great globe-trotter. Men and women and children, sailors and stewards, lend him a hand by "singing up, mates," as he calls them. First-class passengers lean over the rails of the upper decks and survey the living picture. Something like the solemnity of the grave creeps over the motley audience when the patriarchal-looking preacher removes his hat and reveals his snow-white head, and then, with closed eyes, raises his voice in prayer, "for the dear ones at home, and for courage to endure the trials and responsibilities that await us in the land to which we are sailing, the officers of this good ship, the crew, the stewards, and the passengers"; and as he cries, "Lord, we are all journeying to another port. Have we got the correct chart? Have we got

the right captain on board? Is our ship weather-proof? Are we insured against the dangers and quicksands of the world?" the Sunday-evening service has a mellowing effect, as if the old man knew something about the reality of the other world.

I have spoken to many people who have heard the General on land and have never been moved by the eloquence of his gospel, but they have acknowledged that the night they heard him on the water they were convinced that the evangelist had the ring of the prophet about him. It is certainly the case that the nearer you get the General of the Salvation Army to the people, the clearer shines the spiritual light and touch that the man possesses. I have listened to him in college, lecture-hall, and assembly with impatience, but never once have I listened to him without soul-pleasure when he has spoken in a shelter or at a street corner, or at a railway station, or "down among the thirds" of an ocean greyhound.

The greatest traveller in the world, it is impossible to tabulate the mileage he has covered since the night he pledged his word to his bosom companion to live only for the salvation of the world. In his eighty-second year he is still travelling. As I write he has begun a journey on the continent of Europe that would stagger a man in his prime. Within thirty days he will conduct twenty meetings and deliver twenty lectures in the principal cities of Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and finish in Rome with an exposition of the movement's relation to Church and State. His Holiness the Pope draws an ecclesi-

astical fence around St. Peter's, and beyond that he will not travel. General Booth, a self-appointed Pope, has contracted the world to a parish. In that parish he moves about with apparently as much ease and method as a priest does in an ordinary English parish.

The influence of these pilgrimages upon the imagination of his people has exercised a sort of supernatural charm. They have made the Army feel in its component parts that its General belongs to no land or people in particular ; they have confirmed the part of local men in the sanity of its ideals. The General is a persuasive, masterful diplomat ; and the campaigns have yielded great moral and spiritual results.

Excepting in one or two countries, however, he has not launched any scheme that was born of the sorrow and need of that particular country. The " Darkest England " scheme was at least an honest and great attempt to show a more excellent way of dispensing charity and supplying work for the poor of England. But he has not attempted to found anything original in Germany or Holland or France to grapple with their particular social evils. Then the Army has failed to do anything on a large scale in South Africa, and in Eastern, Western, Central, and Northern Africa ; it is unrepresented in these great divisions of the great continent. The " Blood and Fire " banner has not been unfurled in Siam, China, the Philippines, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Greece, Spain, Persia, Brazil, Mexico, Palestine, and other parts of the world ; and in many of the semi-heathen countries where the Army is represented it has scarcely taken root. In a few

it is only kept alive by the moral influence of social agencies.

In the countries visited General Booth is invariably officially received by the highest representatives of the State. Kings, Queens, Presidents, Governor-Generals, Premiers, and Cabinets have honoured him, especially since he was received at Buckingham Palace by the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra. His figure is never mistaken for anyone else, and the common people salute him wherever he is as one of themselves. I have been on board a train in a prairie State when it was held up by a gang of navvies "just to get a look at the old man," and I have stood by his side while he has addressed ten thousand people at a railway station, while his train waited till he had finished. "You are not an Englishman," a French philosopher told General Booth in Paris—"you belong to humanity"; and the General acts as if humanity belonged to him.

CHAPTER VII

THE BRAIN CENTRE OF THE ARMY

International Headquarters—Trunk Departments—The System of Reporting, Councils, and Secretaryship—Past Failures at Supervision—Disagreements and the General's Veto—Details of the Daily Life

As a mere study in the creation of a modern business, the Salvation Army Headquarters is worthy of an important place in the commercial world. The late Mr. Justice Rigby described it, in a speech at the Mansion House when General Booth was first welcomed there, as a useful commercial college for young men, and it certainly provides the key that unlocks the door to the organisation of the movement.

It is situated in the middle of the south side of Queen Victoria Street, and therefore conveniently placed. It is six-storied and embraces a frontage of three hundred feet. Besides a book and uniform store, the premises are occupied by the Salvation Army Reliance Bank, the Salvation Army Assurance Society, the Salvation Army Citadel Co., Cashier and Accountant's, Subscribers', Finance, Foreign, Home, Property, Legal, and Secretarial Departments, all of which are connected by telephone and a system of special messengers with other trunk departments in London, such as the Men's Social Department in Whitechapel, the Head-

quarters of the Women's Social Department in Mare Street, Hackney, the International and Staff Colleges at Clapton, the Trade Department at King's Cross, the Printing and Lithographic Departments at St. Albans, and the big Emigration Offices on the opposite side of Headquarters.

It is the Brain Centre of the Salvation Army.

In 1881 the General resolved upon transferring the Headquarters of the Army from Whitechapel to 101 Queen Victoria Street. Now the Army possesses the lease of the premises stretching from 78 to 107. Only occupying a portion of this extensive range of City offices, the Army is able by letting to practically sit rent free, the increased increment and the enhanced rentals enabling the Army to do so. At the time of the transfer there were employed eighty officers and employees; now there are 270. The numerical difference is accounted for by the progress of the Salvation Army and the steady centralisation of the Army's administration.

When I entered the ranks, the United Kingdom was divided into big divisions under officers who possessed larger powers than are exercised by more responsible officers to-day in other countries. A futile attempt was made to manage the field affairs by Provincial Secretaries, representing the Home or National Headquarters, but that savoured too much of the "London firm," and was so cumbersome that it had to be hurriedly abandoned. Then the country was divided and subdivided into provincial and divisional commands, the former being subservient to the latter.

There grew up under this system such an array of secretaries and such a breakdown of the principle of direct responsibility, that if it had continued there would have been internal rebellion. It therefore proved a failure, though affording at the same time a striking illustration of the inherent attachment of the leaders to a masterful supervision.

Under the plea of developing the Army on the principle that every responsible officer should have an understudy, inspection and super-inspection became an intolerable burden, and the transaction of business was often turned into a burlesque. I have known an officer to wait three weeks for a decision upon an ordinary request that would now take but three days to obtain. A Field Officer had indeed at this period of the Army's direction as many as five or six masters. He had his divisional officer, and under him two other officers connected with the young people's or junior work, and his "P.C.," as the chief Field Staff Officer was named. His mail-bag was always packed with letters from Divisional Headquarters relating to most trivial matters and written without any appreciation of local circumstances. Here is a tiny illustration of the red-tapeism that this triple system of supervision led to :—

"DEAR CAPTAIN,—We are in receipt of your returns and deeply regret to observe that you have, for the second time since I was appointed, sent me the Sergeant's form improperly filled in. How is this? God bless you!

“ . . . Ensign,
“ Young People's Secretary.”

Yet the officer addressed was in charge of a village with only seven soldiers and drawing a salary of 3s. 6d. a week ! The British War Office could scarcely compete with the Salvation Army at one time in its regard for Saint Red-tape.

The Divisional Officer who had the direct superintendence of eighteen to twenty corps had to report practically everything that took place in each corps to the "P.C." or Provincial Commander, who generally had the direction of four or five Divisional commands. Then the Provincial Commander had to report extensively to the Commissioner in charge of the field affairs in London, and the Commissioner had to report to the Chief of the Staff, and the Chief of the Staff to the General !

Let us suppose that an officer desired to become engaged to be married to a soldier of his corps. What took place ? The Field Officer had first to acquaint the Divisional Officer, who in turn had to report to the Provincial Commander. A delay would ensue in order to give the Provincial Officer time to enquire into the character and qualifications of both parties. Apart from the wisdom of such a proceeding, this invariably meant the delay of some weeks, it then being the rule for Provincial Commanders to make such enquiries personally.

If, for instance, he should discover that the young woman was not likely to become a successful Field Officer, he possessed the power to say so to the male officer and advise him accordingly. Many a love match has been broken off in this way, the underlying

reason being that the interests of the Army are superior to those of the individual.

If, on the other hand, the Provincial Officer was satisfied that the engagement, viewed from the standpoint of the probable success of the parties as officers, and officers only, was likely to be suitable, the Provincial Officer would then report to the Home Department. Think of it!

Here, again, months might transpire before London agreed to the engagement. In the meantime, human nature being what it is, what if the young man, eagerly waiting to know his fate, broke the rule which forbids his courting while in charge of a corps to which his *fiancée* belonged? Suppose he saw her somehow, it could only be to explain that he must not kiss her, or show any evidence of affection, till Headquarters informed him of their good pleasure on the matter! If he went beyond that boundary and paid her a visit of consolation, and were it repeated and considered too frequent in the estimation of some busybody, and the conclusion of that busybody were to get to the ears of the Divisional Officer, that superior would advise an immediate farewell of the Field Officer, for the Divisional Officer is always on the side of preserving the peace of the corps. Individual interests, when they clash with the corps, are always over-ridden.

But, as I have stated, this treble-barrelled system of administration had to be modified. Mr. Bramwell Booth saw that, if it served any good purpose at the time it was introduced, it had outlived its usefulness,



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MR. AND MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

and he threw it overboard. The Provincial Command was dissolved, and the Commanders rewarded with secretarial positions at the National Headquarters. The divisions were enlarged and redistributed, and younger men placed in charge of them with the titles—titles count for righteousness in the movement—of Divisional Commanders. They were also promised increased powers of direction; but as a matter of fact their responsibilities have been largely curtailed. They are now principally inspectors and reporters.

It will thus be gathered that the brain power of the organisation is highly centralised, and when it is added that Great Britain is no longer treated as a separate command, as is Switzerland, and that instead of a Commissioner being in charge of its affairs, Great Britain is controlled by the Chief of the Staff, with the aid of a Commissioner, it will be seen that that leader must be a man who wields considerable influence, and it is to him, Mr. Bramwell Booth, belongs the credit of the development of the International Headquarters along these lines.

There are eight trunk departments at the International Headquarters, more or less independent of each other, but all dominated and to a large extent directed by Mr. Bramwell Booth in his capacity as Chief of the Staff. These are: the Foreign Mission Department; the Home or National Department, which superintends the affairs of the corps or spiritual societies in the United Kingdom; Finance and Subscribers Department; Property Department; Assurance Department; Literary and Publicity Department;

Emigration Department; while other important departments embrace the Young People's League, Candidates for Officership, Trade, and Training. Then there are Expenditure Boards. These were instituted to scrutinise and check the expenditure of all the departments and promote the general economy of Headquarters.

At one time the expenditure of International Headquarters was very indifferently supervised. The duties of these Boards are defined by special minutes signed by the Chief of the Staff.

The principal department at International Headquarters, usually presided over by one of the most reliable officers in the Army, is of course the Foreign. The First Foreign Secretary was Commissioner Railton, who twenty-five years ago conducted all the correspondence with the aid of a couple of clerks and a man to see to the despatch and reception of officers from foreign service. To-day the Foreign Office numbers about fifty officers of various grades, including clerks and travelling agents. The world is divided into sections to suit the working arrangements of this Office. One Under-Secretary has the manipulation of the business relating to the Army's operations in Europe; another America and Canada, and so forth; and these officers are responsible for carrying out all the routine affairs connected with their departments. The heads of these minor departments have at one time all been on active foreign service and are familiar with several languages. (It is a curious fact that, with all the linguistic ability represented in this Missionary Department of the Army, Mr. Bramwell Booth has not

opened a European and Oriental Translation Bureau. There is money in it !)

It is not an uncommon sight to find men and women from the uttermost parts of the world on the floor of this Foreign Office, speaking or writing in various languages. The streets of Jerusalem at Pentecost witnessed the first miracle under supernatural Christianity. Here, in this heart of London, one may discover men and women who when they entered the Salvation Army could not parse a sentence in the English language, talking perfect Hindustani, Javanese, Japanese, and the leading tongues of the continent of Europe. It is a school of languages, whose avowed object is, as we have learned, the conquest of the nations of the earth to the Cross of Christ.

The idealism of the Salvation Army permeates all the departments, and it may be frankly acknowledged that the Foreign Office of the Salvation Army reflects the wisdom of the man who has been its chief organiser. It is altogether a well-thought-out piece of mechanism, and worth considering in view of the international aims of the Army.

Let us see then how the international interests are guarded. Attached to the Foreign Office is a body of Travelling Commissioners who tour the world in the spiritual interests of the Army. Their chief objects are to fan the flame of the spirit of the one, world-wide, undivided Salvation Army, teach the doctrine of Holiness, hold spiritual councils with officers and soldiers, address public gatherings upon the general work of the Salvation Army, extolling, in particular,

its social branches. Occasionally—it all depends upon the status of the Commissioner—an International Travelling Commissioner may be commissioned to make an enquiry into the state of the Army in the country visited, in which case he is afforded an opportunity of stating his views to the Chief Officer on the spot, that is in the event of the Travelling Commissioner's report being of an adverse character. But this custom is dying out. There is too much of the element of the policeman about it, and it is resented not only by the head men, but by the younger fraternity, who are disposed to stand less and less interference on the part of officers not ordinarily clothed with the garments of administrative authority. These Travelling Commissioners are overrated men. Their journeys are reported in the *War Cry* as if they were making history, and always with a big brushful of adjectives. Confined to a spiritual sphere they are welcomed and do good. Beyond that sphere they are incapable of doing anything but mischief.

The Foreign Office itself is the chief recording angel of the organisation. Not a week passes but an officer from another country visits London, and it is the duty of the Foreign Office to see that that officer is met and entertained. It keeps a paternal eye upon the visitor during his stay, and acts toward him, if necessary, the part of a benevolent inquisitor. The visitor's information respecting the country from which he comes is tapped and supplied to the Chief of the Staff, and if it is considered of special importance to the General himself, who—if the lower powers think that in the

interests of the country concerned he is likely to make a useful man in the future—will invite him to tea at his own house. A *précis* of these interviews is made out and pigeon-holed, but woe be to the visitor if, when he returns to his own battleground, he finds that the Foreign Office has reported to his superior the substance of what he said when in London! On the whole, however, this method adds strength to the Army. The Foreign Office is also responsible for seeing that the most is made of the visits of foreign officers for stimulating missionary zeal among the corps at home. The Foreign Office directs the visits of the General to countries outside Great Britain, and stimulates enthusiasm for the movement and for the needs of the mission field in regions beyond.

The purely business relations of this office with the Chief of the Staff and the General illustrate the operation of the General's veto. A mass of departmental matters are left to the decision of the various Boards at the Foreign Office. Their functions are limited to passing accounts and discussing questions of transfers, reports, censoring the official newspapers of the Society, and examining proposals of increasing or decreasing the Staff abroad. A minute is kept of all the decisions and recommendations arrived at, and copies supplied to the Chief of the Staff. As the Chief of the Staff is directly represented on all these Boards by one of his secretaries, and as he is the officer deputed to analyse the minutes from his (the Chief's) standpoint, it follows that Mr. Bramwell Booth is kept well posted up with the routine of the Foreign

Office, and, if the vigilant secretary "spots" anything that is not "just so" in the minutes, he draws the attention of his master to it, and thus his place on the Board is justified. In fact, such is the control of the International Headquarters by the *via media* of private secretaries, that the great executive Chief knows what is going on in all departments day by day, and often hour by hour. The channels for receiving information are many, but for imparting information, few.

The Chief of the Staff is the real head of the Foreign Office. He also presides over its main deliberations once or twice a week, and oftener should necessity arise.

For these sittings elaborate reports are carefully typed, and on each item on the agenda the departmental view is set forth. The Chief can thus see at a glance where his men are on any given subject. Much time is wasted in trying to save time, a feature which I have observed in other religious societies.

Again and again I have seen a shameful waste of time and money upon these preparations. A week in an up-to-date house of business in the City would convince Mr. Booth—great organiser as he undoubtedly is—that he overdoes the use of red tape, and sterilises the independent thinking of subordinate officers.

The Commissioner of the Foreign Office and his Assistant Commissioner take an active part in the discussions at these councils, as well as the direct representative of the country whose affairs may happen to be under review.

The subjects discussed are : financial and property, discipline, large appointments, special developments, inspection and auditorial reports, and from time to time points of policy.

Matters of importance suggested at these Boards are deferred for the judgment of the General, and, if there is any difference of opinion upon a line of policy or the standing of a first-class officer, it first manifests itself at this particular council. These differences are, of course, reported to the General always by the Chief ; and when he calls his son and Foreign Commissioners together, such is the commanding influence of the General that he usually succeeds in carrying the Staff with him, and his verdict is accepted and carried out most loyally. The differences are no longer mentioned, even although strong feeling may have marked the discussions at Headquarters.

For some years past, however, a habit has been cultivated of avoiding the unpleasant as far as possible. The General is now unable to endure long and harassing conversations, so that matters of first importance have practically been decided by the Chief of the Staff himself.

But the General is still *par excellence* the master diplomatist and peacemaker. I have known the keenest difference of opinion on important subjects to exist between father and son, more particularly where members of the family have been concerned, a subject on which the General is naturally sensitive.

It is well known that at one time deep feeling prevailed as regards the policy pursued by Commander

Booth-Tucker, when that officer first had charge of the Army's missionary work in India. He adopted extreme "native lines" of propoganda, requiring English men and women to live in native quarters, dress and eat as natives, and even wear caste-marks on their foreheads and fakir-coloured uniform while begging from Europeans at their homes or among the ships in the various harbours.

In the name of self-sacrifice and a death-consecration for the salvation of India, delicate European ladies were subjected to degrading conditions of life. Not a few suffered martyrdom or became incapacitated for continuous labours among the lower castes—where the great bulk of the Army's work is carried on; some died from enteric, cholera, and other Oriental diseases. Commissioner Railton denounced these methods at the councils named, and his views were shared by the majority of officers in India and others at home.

To all appearances the General upheld the policy adopted by his son-in-law, and passed some severe strictures upon Church missionaries who ventilated in English newspapers their views on the use of these extreme methods. The General's daughter, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, adopted the attitude that her husband, having spent most of his days in India, knew more about the essentials of a successful campaign than any other officer in the Army.

But as week after week and month after month passed on, and telegrams flashed the news to England that some zealous officer had succumbed to disease, though in reality the deaths were believed to have been



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caused by the semi-fanatical adherence to habits of living afterwards proved to be too arduous for the very natives, the feeling on the subject deepened.

Commander Booth-Tucker published figures—he is an adept at percentages—to show that the Army's death-rate among its officers was no higher than that of other missionary societies. Thus he widened the breach between the two parties at home. I confess to having defended the policy simply because it appeared to be endorsed by the General, and in those days that was my be-all and end-all. Once I tried to place the alternative view before him, and for my daring was denounced as a disturber of peace at the International Headquarters. Officers who resigned in India rather than submit to the degradation of these lines were called traitors, and men like Colonel Musa Bhai, a native officer, who proclaimed that the way to the heart of India was along this new and more excellent way, were exalted as saints; and to this day a Colonel Weresoymia—a brave, spiritual soul—is held in sacred remembrance for his devotion to the very methods that partially led to his untimely death.

It was a critical period in the Army's history. The outside world was unaware of what was going on; but if this system had been persisted in, it is no exaggeration to assert that there would have been no Salvation Army in India to-day, and that the forces of the Army in Australia, Sweden, America, and Canada would have been dispersed. For from all these countries officers had gone forth to the Army's mission field in India, and comrades at home were receiving private correspond-

ence from them testifying to the dissatisfaction that was felt throughout India.

In this crisis the General acted with great astuteness. He dealt a death-blow at the whole system, but not till the right moment was reached for doing so. He debated the question with his advisers, temporised, minimised and immortalised the losses of officers, and exalted the gains to the Army arising out of the undoubted fact that a certain entrance to native thought had been obtained by the tribute the Army paid to India in discarding the names and dress and food of the mighty Sahib. And then he promised that he would go out to India and study the subject for himself on the spot. This proved a master move. From that very moment all dissatisfaction in England came to an end, for officers respect the General's judgment, when he really sets to work to understand a question. They felt sure that when he got to India he would denounce the begging of rice from natives, living in huts, and the adoption of social practices that were both insulting and degrading to the tastes of white men and women. He did so. More reforms were introduced into the Army's work in India than had been dreamed possible by those who had criticised the methods of Commander Booth-Tucker. So one by one the system was either modified or abandoned. Even the huge properties that had been leased in Colombo, Madras, and Bombay were ordered to be abandoned. Money was literally thrown away in bricks and mortar by those who preached and proclaimed the doctrine that to save India the white man must abandon his

trousers, and bring Jesus Christ and His Gospel to its millions in the garb, spirit, customs, and idioms of an Oriental.

There is nothing which answers to a Grand Council at the International Headquarters of the Salvation Army. It is only when some serious internal trouble or the occasion for some social function arises that the chief officers are called together. There is no assembly that regularly meets, or other well-defined and established institution which may be called the International Headquarters' own.

The Field Officers have their officers' meeting once a month or once a fortnight, and there is an annual meeting of all grades of officers presided over by the General or Chief of the Staff ; but although the great burdens of the Army are carried by the National and International Headquarters under one roof, the Chief of the Staff directs, rules, and commands each department. The tendency of his policy for the last twenty years has been to let one department know as little as possible what the other is doing ; and that applies to heads as well as subordinates. Hence, while exhibiting the appearance of a strong organisation, there is a peculiarly real exclusiveness about International Headquarters which noonday prayer-meetings and occasional spiritual conventions have failed to remove.

The Assurance Department is a thing apart from the life-stream of the Headquarters as a whole. This semi-separateness also enters into the private life of the officers. The Chief of the Staff has tried several plans to control that, so as to exert the greatest possible

personal influence over their lives at home and at the various corps throughout London to which they belong, but these efforts have only served to make the officers wary and chary about imparting information about themselves.

A Commissioner Pollard, a man of singular departmental ability, and enjoying the confidence of the General and Chief of the Staff—unhappily he is no longer connected with the Army—tried his hand at monthly meetings at which a certain amount of information was imparted to the Headquarters staff and certain changes were explained, but he could not sustain the departure. Then several attempts were made to hold spiritual gatherings under the direction of leading officers; but that led to gossip and comparisons as to the *personnel* of the leaders, and that fell through. Then the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth took to meeting the departments separately. That was more effective, but on general rather than on particular grounds.

A form was introduced on which an officer had to state how many meetings of the Army he attended during the week and what part he took in them and so forth. That has proved also a dismal failure.

From time to time the Chief of the Staff has been perturbed by the manifestation of certain evils, such as the proportion of officers who would appear at business out of uniform, the number of novels found in the offices, and the whisperings of clandestine visits of officers to places of questionable amusement. For example, I myself was once guilty of accompanying a

distinguished officer to the Lyceum to enjoy and profit by seeing Henry Irving play "Thomas à Becket." But, alas ! we were found out !

Other officers went regularly but were not reported.

The Chief of the Staff never quite forgave me for that lapse, and I cannot blame him, for one officer with a Bohemian temperament could not but corrupt the men and women who were being trained to a life of separation from these and other worldly attractions, and I hereby tender him my sincere apologies for this and other departures from grace, and hope that he is more successful now than heretofore in securing an organic as well as a spiritual unity in his own creation. For Headquarters is essentially Mr. Bramwell Booth's affair.

The business habits of the Staff are commendable. The officials are, as a rule, punctual and industrious. Office hours are from 9 a.m. till 5.30. The officers are paid poor salaries, and many have a hard struggle to make ends meet. Sickness and misfortune necessitate appeals for grants, which officers resent, as they come before Boards whose members are not very scrupulous about their allusions to these appeals.

There is an elaborate system for revising salaries, and if there is a department that deserves sympathy, it is the Board that has the task of considering the recommendations of the heads of departments for the increase of the salaries of their staff, which takes place in December of each year. About the end of the year they generally display a weakness for curtness of language which is understood only by those who are

familiar with the religious temperament. It is curious that people who make a loud profession of being wholly and solely given up to the war are generally the loudest in denouncing the remuneration which they obtain for their noble services, and are the first to rush into correspondence with the Chief of the Staff if in their opinion their increase amounts to only 1s. 3d. per week instead of 1s. 6d.

Connected with Headquarters are no cricket, bicycle, or football clubs. No encouragement is given by the Chief of the Staff to healthy outdoor games or rifle or gymnastic exercises. The consequence is a not altogether large proportion of anæmic men and women. The officers reside in districts like Walthamstow, Penge, Clapton, etc., where the Army has large corps. The officer or young boy or girl employee—officers in embryo—have to be up early in the morning and rush off by workmen's train for the City, where they lounge about for an hour after arrival, and enter the office, as so many in London have to do, half dead with *ennui*. Their work allows of little if any real healthy exercise. A "slushy" lunch and cup of tea in the afternoon, and as soon as they reach home and have partaken of a not very invigorating meal they have to hie off to a meeting, which is generally held in a stuffy atmosphere. That meeting concludes as a rule about 9.30 to 10 o'clock, and after the meeting there are the temptations to young people to gossip or sweetheart. And so one may be pardoned for raising a voice against the rigid attempts that are made by this and other religious houses in the City to impose a code of morals

that violates all sense of proportion, and ignores the conditions that make for physical robustness and independent thinking.

A creditable exception applies to a Staff Band, which makes incursions into the country twice or thrice a month, and occasional trips across to the Continent. A smart set of fellows, under the *bâton* of a veritable Sousa—a man whom Bernard Shaw described as the livest man on this side of the Atlantic—this Band has saved many men for the Army. The bond of music and comradeship has kept them together ; and if a few cricket and football clubs could be organised in the same spirit, Mr. Booth would not have to lament, as he has to do, the loss of promising young men who know what is transpiring in the outside world, and know too that it is not half so black as it is painted by the votaries of a cult to whom all who do not swear by their *shibboleths* are on the wrong road.

Altogether, the Headquarters is a worthy tribute to its creator and director, and these observations are only intended to accentuate the fact that, with all its grace, the Salvation Army in Queen Victoria Street is a very human affair after all.

CHAPTER VIII

SALVATION ARMY SAINTS

Professor Drummond and the Mysterious in Religion—Jacob Yonker—His Conversion and Work—His Will—Hedwig von Haartman—Her Letters—Her Work—Jack Stoker—His Conversion—His Work

IF Professor Henry Drummond's theory of the mysterious in religion is sound, then the Salvation Army supplies a valuable contribution to the study of that principle of Christianity. He maintained that

“Salvation in the first instance is more connected directly with morality. The reason is not that salvation does not demand morality, but that it demands so much of it that the moralist can never reach up to it. The end of salvation is perfection, the Christ-like mind, character, life. Morality is on the way to this perfection: it may go a considerable distance toward it, but it can never reach it. Only life can do that. For the life must develop according to its type; and being a germ of the Christ-like, it must unfold into a CHRIST.”

These are things hard to be understood by the man of the street. The sceptic asks: “Where and in whom are the signs of this Christian life? If Christianity has in it such mystic power, let us have *proof* of it.” The man of the world doubts the presence

in humanity of what Drummond calls "something with enormous power of movement, of growth, of overcoming obstacles, to attain the perfect." The Church believes in the presence of the Divine, and if men's vision of the spiritual were not so blind, they would behold the clearest evidence of its uplifting sanctifying energy in the image of God reflected in the penitence of, say, an Italian peasant before his father confessor, as well as in the beautiful lives that have been carved out of rough human granite blocks by the peculiar tools employed by the Salvation Army.

No review of this movement would be complete if it omitted a reference to some of the lives that it holds up as its patron saints. Let us look at one or two. The first was "made in Germany." Jacob Yonker, a "man of the world," who fought for his Fatherland at Sedan, entered business, made it a lucrative success, and then became sick of the materialistic end to which everything around seemed to be tending, his own life in particular.

A *Heilsruf* (*War Cry*) fell into his hands, and that piece of literature impressed him. A Methodist at the time, a devout Sunday-school worker, a model employer of labour, and a total abstainer, he had not attained to the perfect life as Drummond defined it.

Did the Army show the way to it? Its journal declared that it was possible, and so he went to Basle and there studied the Corps life of the Army. To his amazement, he discovered common people absorbed with a passion for the salvation of souls! Here, at last, he found—so he thought—a people who under-

stood the practical meaning of the Cross, and a "call" came to him to follow the Army.

He severed his actual connection with business, attached himself to an Army Corps as a plain private soldier, came to London to complete his salvation education; and of his experience at this time he wrote :—

“ When I went out for the first time in a red jersey, it was a terrific death for the old man. And when I came to riding fourth class, where I had always gone first or second before, I certainly felt it; but there is so much opportunity to work for God. When you get among the very lowest, as soon as they see the uniform, they say :—

“ ‘Hullo, here comes the Salvation Army; you must get converted.’

“ And when you get amongst the most intelligent they know too that the Army is not there as a Christianity of controversy, but as an agency to compel people to come into the Kingdom.

“ Another time when we met with some friends, one said to me, ‘Oh yes, the Army may be very well in its way, but why need you have gone into it?’ ‘One thing is clear to me,’ I said, ‘the world has got too many capable men, but for God’s Kingdom men are wanting.’ ”

Mr. Yonker was commissioned as a captain by General Booth at Clapton, rose to be the second-in-command of the work of the Army in Germany, regularly devoted the major portion of his profits from his investments to the extension of the Army’s work in his Fatherland, and by the sweetness and saintliness

of his life drew many people to see the Army and religion in a sympathetic light. After devoting twelve years' service to the Army in Germany he fell dead while attending the funeral service of a brother officer in Berlin. After his death his last will and testament proved a document of extraordinary interest, and the truest comment upon the spiritual influence of the Army upon his life :—

“The amounts of which mention is made in this paper proceed from money which I have received, or am still to receive, from the Dorsteiner Foundry in Dorstein for selling them my patent right on the Brick Press Machine which I have invented, and which was constructed according to my design. In fact, I put the whole of the proceeds from this business on this account.

“Already years ago I resolved in my heart to give the whole profit derived from this machine to God ; that is to say, to the work of God, and indeed have already assigned it to the Salvation Army, years ago, for its work in Germany, also all profits up to the present connected with it. After the duties on this capital have satisfactorily been paid, I desire that the whole capital should remain for the Salvation Army in Germany.

“I therefore keep this paper dealing with the matter, and have arranged for a separate account to be kept by the Berlin Commercial Association. All profit and interest derived from this money, or from securities bought with the same, come into this separate account and are reserved for the above-named purpose.

“I intend to yearly bestow the interest for the work

of the Salvation Army, and, if necessary, also to take from this capital, though I would like to preserve this as a special reserve for the Salvation Army.

“At my death I desire that the total amount of this separate account shall come to the Salvation Army, and I bequeath this therefore herewith to General William Booth, in London, and in case of his decease to his eldest son, the Chief of the Staff, Bramwell Booth, to be used for the work of the Salvation Army in Germany.

“Should any of my heirs regret this action of mine, they may read and think over the following :—

“1. God has, by means of the Salvation Army, brought great blessing to my soul, and I owe, next to God, much thankfulness to the Salvation Army.

“What I do is a small matter in comparison with the great salvation which I have obtained by the grace of God in the victory over self, the world, and the Devil, and testimony of a heart cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ.

“2. God has, by means of the Salvation Army, brought great blessings to our ‘Fatherland.’

“Not only in that thousands have already been saved from sin and hell, and that the Social Work has been the means of blessing hundreds in body and soul ; but what is still more, many have through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army experienced the blessing of full salvation from sin, and a life of constant victory through Jesus Christ. They are living witnesses to this that we are, and can continue to be, more than conquerors—they show it by their words and life, and from their lives proceed continually blessings for others. They will communicate this spirit to others, and the fire when helped up will spread itself. This I certainly expect, and for this I pray.

“Also the Salvation Army has been a blessing for most of the churches and associations, in that it has spurred them on to do and dare more for God and souls, and to act more fearlessly for Jesus and His Kingdom.

“3. Since the day on which I commenced to do some work for God, and especially from the time I began to lay aside a definite part of my income (for many years about a tenth) for His work, God has not only blessed me in my soul, but also in earthly store, and if I have done something more for Him He has returned it to me manifold. It stands as a miracle before my eyes, and I am not able to describe how I see and feel about it.

“Through giving I have not become poorer, but richer; I mean, as I write it down here, in actual cash.”

An organisation which can turn such a human type into the fine gold of a noble consecration has surely got hold of the ideals that must and ought to keep alive the old fire of enthusiasm for the reign of God in the lives of men.

And if we turn to Finland we shall, I think, trace the operation of a similar spirit. Hedwig von Haartman is, to the common people of Helsingfors, and Borga, what Father John of Kronstadt was to St. Petersburg. Of this gifted lady a Finnish soldier of the Salvation Army wrote :—

“She came to us as Jesus came. Her life was a constant inspiration to us. She came to us as an angel of heaven. She was so different from us men—who had lived wicked lives, plunged in drink and sin, with

wretched godless homes. How should we dare to draw back and shun persecution while she went forward ? ”

This woman warrior of salvation gave up a comfortable home and friends, aristocratic and refined society, to follow the Army. At a time in the history of Finland when religious liberty was receiving its political *quietus* from the Russian Pobiedonosteff, she donned the Salvation Army uniform and descended to the “dives” of Helsingfors, and with the companionship of a guitar, and a few timid men-mortals, sang and testified of Drummond’s “enormous power,” of the grace of God to make the bad good and the vile virtuous and unselfish.

Dragged before magistrates and Governor-Generals, ordered to desist from proselytising her fellow men and women, waylaid and assaulted by lewd men, deserted by friends who fancied that she was imperilling the cause she had at heart by the measures that she adopted, she followed what she believed to be a Divine light. The modern lady was merged in the lover of the debased and abandoned. Imperturbably she sang songs, preached salvation, and won Finnish families, drunkards, harlots, thieves, anarchists, and infidels to a professed faith in the Son of God as their personal Saviour, and saw evidence of Drummond’s power in a change of conduct and conversation.

We obtain a glimpse of this life in those sacred epistles that daughters exchange with mothers. This is one :—

“ I have not seen any of my relations as yet at any

meetings. I perfectly understand that, to begin with, they will not like us. But that is not what we are striving for—to be liked. Our wish is to make people think, and this they would begin to do if only they would come and listen to us quietly for a little time.

“You ought to see our platform, mamma! Our men soldiers look so nice in their red jerseys, and the women with their bonnets. God bless them! Many of them are so truly given up to God, and therefore spreading blessing around them. Some have even offered themselves as candidates, to be later on received as cadets.

“Last Sunday’s meetings were most wonderful. When the evening meeting was over they all sat quite undisturbed, and we had literally to beg them to leave.

“Yesterday I visited two families in which last Saturday a man and woman had been saved. It was a very beautiful visit. The relations told how changed they were in their lives. The man had come home in the evening, and kissed his little child and his wife, whom he had before knocked about.

“The wife was so glad that the next day (Sunday) she came to the hall and said to me, ‘I really love these meetings.’

“But, poor new converts! They have a hard fight to endure, for everyone around them—not only the unsaved, but even the Christians—say, ‘Don’t go there; the whole thing is but a pack of lies.’”

And this “life” affords delight, from a strange source, if we understand Hedwig von Haartman rightly. This is indicative of something more than a skilful strategist and tactician :—

“God has still helped us, although in many ways things are very difficult. The Devil plans and plots what he can do with us. And now, during the last days, he has attacked us in a new way—that is, through the roughs. They have been absolutely dreadful both inside the meetings and—when they were not allowed in—outside as well.

“We considered the thing and prayed to God for help and wisdom, for we saw that the mistake was in a sense with our own people, who have not been as patient and loving with the roughs as they ought.

“So all at once I got an idea. That was to have a meeting entirely for roughs. Every single one was allowed in, and they were given all the front seats, while the soldiers sat either behind or among them.

“You should have seen the change that came over these dreadful men! They were so well behaved, they listened so attentively, and when the invitation was given seven of them came out and knelt at the penitent form. It made me so happy!”

When she saw the work of the Army established in Finland, sickness overtook her. She passed from the crush and responsibilities of the battlefield to the silence and mystery of the sick-chamber. Her experience of the transition is embodied in counsel to her faithful lovers in the bonds of her kingdom :—

“I had such an intense joy in coming this summer to Finland. I have rejoiced as perhaps never before in my life. Then came this severe illness, and all my feelings went, and I saw and felt only suffering and pain and the shadow of death. But I am walking wholly by naked faith, for I know that Jesus has

promised to be with me every day and every hour, and that my Redeemer liveth and will triumph over dust.

“I send you one farewell greeting, and say to you, perhaps such times will also come to you, and maybe they will come directly after some great joy.” (She had been recently married to a scholarly Swiss Salvationist.) “Then do not slacken your faith; even though you can see nothing and feel nothing, you will have the victory.

“I thank you for your prayers, and ask you to press on. I would like to meet you all again in heaven by and by.”

She too died like Jacob Yonker, of Germany, bequeathing to her Fatherland a legacy of service, full of tender compassion for the oppressed. Hers was a truly noble life.

Students of psychology and the religious idea may discount the conclusion to which I have come, that lives of the type described are the outcome of the “enormous power.” At any rate, they may not be prepared to ascribe to the Salvation Army organisation any particular gift or influence for making character of this order. And they can certainly point in support of the contention to the fact that in the cases cited both Jacob Yonker and Hedwig von Haartman were instructed from their youth up in the knowledge of a spiritual life; that they had acquired considerable experience in the service of God before they donned the scarlet jersey and hallelujah bonnet of the Army; and that their steps may have been dictated by a measure of egotism or at least dissatisfaction with the lethargy and spiritual deadness of their religious sur-

roundings. A concatenation of circumstances produced in them an impulse which the Army acted upon, and thus they became devotees and martyrs for the cause.

This reasoning—so common in considering religious experiences—is, I suggest, superficial, though for the sake of argument I am prepared to accept it, premising that it is certainly a remarkable aspect of both their lives that, possessed of a natural robustness and independence of character, they adhered to their faith in the Salvation Army to the end. No one will question the purity of their motives or the lustre of their consecration to the salvation of their Fatherland. Why should we, then, not give them credit for finding in the work of the Army, and in the acceptance of its teaching, all that they claimed for it ?

But we will look at an Englishman's life that was not at one time permeated with any higher inspiration than the gratification of his animal instincts. Perhaps a brief sketch of his spiritual development from a condition of moral " tadpolism " to the full-grown altruist will be of more service to the enquirer after the secret, if it is a secret, of the Salvation Army's power to turn men of one type into men of another.

Here is Jack Stoker, for example. By what power was this man made to see ? By what power was he subdued from being a man in brute form to one of the most lovable and gentle of men ? He was a pitman, illiterate, drunken, and abandoned by his friends. He married a happy Northern lass, and within twelve months Jack was a widower, with a tender baby on

his hands. He took to drinking and horse-racing. He drank and lost heavily. He would work for a week or fortnight, and then with the proceeds—perhaps about ten pounds—would carouse in public houses till every penny was absorbed in drink and in betting. His companions were foul-mouthed scoundrels, a bull-terrier, and his young child, which he invariably carried wherever he went except to the pit. He would roll it up in a shawl, tuck it in the corner of an ale-shop, set his dog to guard it, and then drink till he was drunk. One morning he was discovered in a field where he had slept all night, and inside his overcoat was his child!

A parson once attempted to reason with him.

“I couldn’t understand the gentleman,” he said.

“He spoke in parables.”

“What do ye want me to dae?” I asked.

“Read your Bible,” he said.

“I canna read,” I told him.

“Then come to church,” he advised.

“I hae nae claes,” I answered.

“Ask God to help you.”

“I am always daeing that, sir, so help me God.”

The parson gave him up.

The police were his best friends. They winked at many of his revelries, and it is said that their reason was not altogether philanthropic. Jack Stoker had a couple of fists that had made deep impressions upon the faces of several members of the force, and they were merciful!

He was invited to attend a Salvation Army meeting, conducted by one of those sweet Salvation lasses that

have done more to redeem the Salvation Army from dryness of soul than they get credit for. Jack and a few more of his mates sat and listened with respect, he with his dog as usual. Dogs are allowed inside Salvation Army places of worship under certain circumstances. This was such an occasion. No one had the pluck to object to the notorious "Jack Stoker" taking his dog with him into that mission hall.

After the service was concluded and the men adjourned to their rendezvous, a discussion arose as to the qualities of the woman preacher and her sermon. All were agreed that the sermon was clever, but no one quite understood the meaning of the text, "When the prodigal came to himself."

"Dost thou know Scripture, Jack?" Stoker was asked.

"That I do," he replied, although he had never read a line of the Book.

"Well, what does that text mean, Jack—'come to himself'—that we canna guess at, lad."

"You must have been badly brought up," he replied. "It is as plain as thy speech, mate. Why, the poor de'il had got so far down that he had pawned everything to his very shirt. He came to himself!"

And the men gravely accepted Stoker's interpretation of Holy Writ and called for a pot of beer.

The hallelujah lass heard of the story, and gave it forth that Jack Stoker would be brought to the Lord. God had given her the assurance that he would be saved.

Jack treated the Captain's prediction as a great joke,

and drank more and more on the strength of it. One Saturday evening he was so intoxicated that he rolled into his dog-kennel and made it his bedroom for the night. When he awoke next morning with a dry, parched tongue, an aching head, and a miserable feeling because he had neglected to attend to his little child, he struggled to his feet, and just then he heard the band of the Hallelujahs go past singing, "Oh, you must be saved to wear a crown!" A big ball of emotion swelled up in his throat, and scarcely realising what he was doing, he strolled into the Army hall, and at the close of the service Jack Stoker was on his knees praying!

It is difficult to find the appropriate term to describe a cross between a prayer and an oath, penitence and ignorance. But whatever word defines it, Jack Stoker declared, "I'll drink nae more. I'll try and be a good man and a kind father to my child. Aye, God help me, that I will!"

Next morning Jack, to the surprise of his mates in the pit, landed at the seam without cursing. They fancied that he was sick.

"Thou art not thyself to-day, Jack," one remarked.

"Thou'rt reet, lad," Jack said. "I went to the Hallelujahs last night, and I made up my mind to be good, and I don't know, lad, how to begin. I hae nae picks. They are all in pawn."

"I'll lend thee one of mine, Jack," said one of his chums, glad for the sake of the town that he was going to turn over a new leaf.

"Na, na, a Christian ought not to borrow, lad,"

Jack replied, so careful was he to recognise at the start that Christianity, as he understood it, was to be measured by good conduct.

Within three years this illiterate and drunken miner was preaching to one of the largest congregations of men in the North of England. Now married to the lass that predicted that he would be saved, General Booth had the courage to commission them to catch the souls of his class in the town of Sunderland.

In that town is a monument to the memory of General Havelock. It can be seen, from its altitude, a considerable distance away. There is another monument, but it is invisible, and yet worshipped by many who at one time degraded their bodies, cursed and persecuted and maimed their wives, and pawned their children's boots for beer. To-day they are peaceable and clean and Christian citizens, and they are those who bless the day that ever Jack Stoker came to Monkwearmouth. When he left at the word of command to go elsewhere Sunderland wept. The Mayor gave him the Godspeed of the town, and hundreds of reformed men and women sang one of his favourite songs of salvation as the train took him away to another battleground in the Army.

And as I write, he and his wife lie dying in a Yorkshire hospital, their faces radiant and their hearts calm with the peace of God. They have fought a good fight, and are about to finish their course with ten thousand blessings on their heads. And what I wish to emphasise is not the man's work, but the man. He is the greatest wonder. As an interpreter of Scrip-

ture, as a human well of compassion for the inebriate, as a successful winner of souls, he has few equals in this organisation ; and when he is called to his reward the nation will not go into mourning, and the great newspapers of the land may not even chronicle his death. But what will the publicans and sinners think ? And the happy wives and bairns in the North of England ? Aye, and the angels in heaven ?

Will the Salvation Army continue to raise up such men and women ? On that depends not so much their religion as how they apply it. That an "enormous power" accompanies the Army's preaching no one will deny. What is frequently forgotten is that the life begun in men is often throttled or destroyed by the very means employed to bring it about.

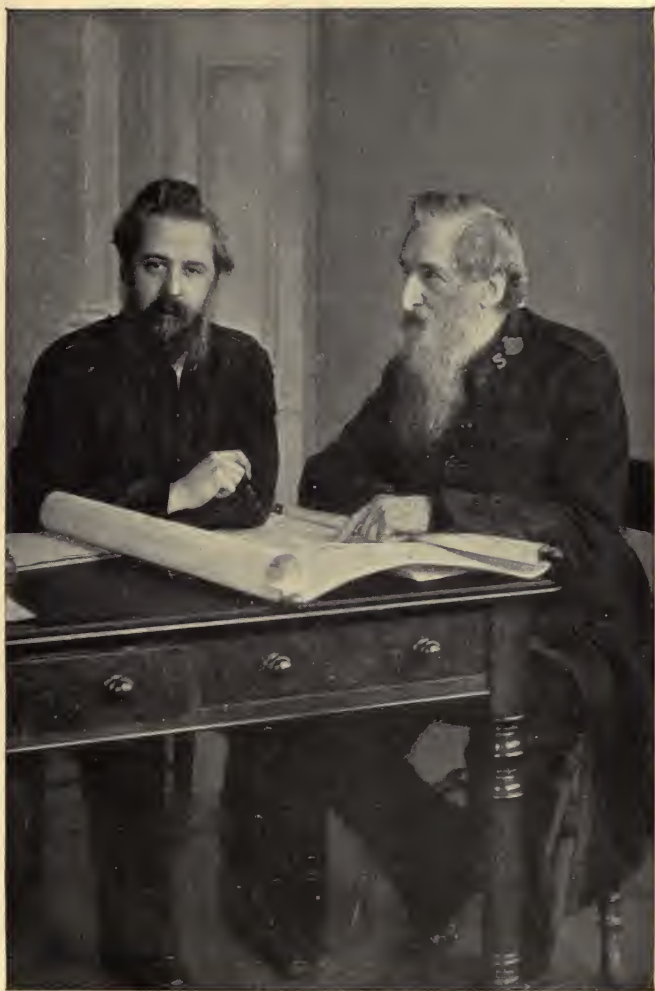
CHAPTER IX

SOCIAL SALVATION

The Social Scheme—The Farm Colony—*In Darkest England and the Way Out*—£104,000 subscribed in a few weeks—Some Criticisms—Some Encouraging Features—Some Recent Developments

IN the year 1891 General Booth startled the world with an announcement that the Salvation Army would organise a great Social Scheme with the object of rendering shelter to the homeless crowds of our large cities, establish depots for supplying out-of-works with temporary labour, open labour exchanges, poor men's hotels, drunkards' homes, prison-gate brigades, slum posts, rescue homes, women's shelters, maternity homes, hospitals, a poor man's lawyer, and a whole network of agencies for inspiring the miserable and sunken masses of society with the idea that no one need starve, or steal, or commit suicide while physically able to perform sufficient labour to meet the cost of his food and maintenance. All these agencies were to be co-ordinated or grouped under two departmental heads, one for the women's wing and the other for the men, the whole to be called a City Colony, and to be administered by Salvation Army officers.

The second part of this Social Scheme was to be called the Land or Farm Colony, to which men were



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THE GENERAL AND MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH
DISCUSSING THE FARM COLONY.

to be transferred and restored to at least a measure of moral and physical stamina in the City Colony. On this Farm Colony, or community, there were to be all sorts of small industries, but the chief occupations would be those connected with market-gardening and general farming. This Colony was also to combine training for men who should be transported to another land, which was to be named "The Over Sea Colony," where they were to be placed upon an independent footing, given land to cultivate or permanent work suited to their ability, the moral idea being that the colonists would obtain a real start in life. This Colony was to be established upon co-operative principles, the Salvation Army to hold in perpetuity the title-deeds, so that it would exist wholly and solely for all time for the benefit of the submerged tenth.

There were to be no religious tests. The complete scheme was to be managed by the Salvation Army, without representatives from outside Associations. The colonists would, as a mark of discipline, be expected to attend one Salvation service a week, and General Booth stated that as the Army was unsectarian, the entire effort would be free of the least semblance of proselytism. He humorously declared that an infidel could participate in all the benefits that his scheme might confer upon him, and that he could "live and die and be buried as an infidel, and have a stone over his grave to say so, provided that he paid for it."

The whole scheme was detailed in the book entitled *In Darkest England and the Way Out*, a book that

proved an enormous success and which was translated into several languages. The profits derived from the sale amounted to considerably over £10,000, which the author, General Booth, generously handed over to the Darkest England Fund. The book itself was written, and to some extent inspired, by a warm friend of the Army, Mr. William T. Stead. He had followed the Salvation Army from its inception, and criticised it in a friendly spirit from time to time. If the General requires a defender on the Press to-day he can always rely upon the facile pen of Mr. Stead.

The time was opportune for launching such an enterprise both as it related to the Army and the spirit of the times. The work of the London County Council had revealed to the Churches that charity was not making very serious inroads upon the immorality and social degradation of the slums. It was beginning to illuminate the civic conscience as to insanitation, bad housing, and the parasitic classes that roamed about the docks, bridges, and other resorts of the homeless. Trade was also dull and the cry of the unemployed was heard in the land. The spirit of Poor Law Reform was in the destructive stage of progress. Yet no one seemed able to propound a new scheme impregnated with the humanity and imagination necessary to make it a success. Noble philanthropists like Shaftesbury and Peabody had appeared on the scene of despair from time to time, casting rays of light upon the dismal plight of the overcrowded and out-of-works; but their schemes lacked comprehensiveness, unity of organisation, and the men to carry them to a logical

triumphant success. Then, again, the scouts of Labour and Socialist parties were at work, and though they were derided by the Press and looked upon as visionaries, it is now conceded that they served to accentuate the growing discontent against the dole system of dealing with the necessities of the poor. They focussed the attention of the public upon the need of a more scientific and economic treatment of the evils from which they suffered.

At the psychological moment General Booth of the Salvation Army stepped forward with his great social scheme.

But other circumstances were at work within the organisation which almost forced the leader of the Army to devise an effort that should run side by side with the spiritual work, for enabling the officers to effectually deal with men and women in distress who asked the ordinary Captain for aid. Here is an example of what I mean :—

At the close of a Sunday meeting which I conducted in Colchester just before the "Darkest England Scheme" was launched, ten persons knelt at the penitent form. Two of these were confirmed inebriates. One was the wife of a well-known man and the mother of seven children. She was clearly a case for an inebriates' home, and the first for a more stringent reformatory. But the Salvation Army had no such institutions. Of the ten penitents two more belonged to the tramp class. A young man had embezzled a sum of money and had run away from home, while another was a woman who could only be dealt with

n for social

in a hospital. Now, all that I could offer this miniature company of degenerates was the consolation of salvation. It is easy to argue, as some theorists and preachers do, that the function of the Church is not to repair the moral wrecks of our economic system; but when you are confronted with repentant fellow-mortals, cursed by heredity, a demoralising environment, and the contaminating effects of drink and other evil habits, what is the Church for, I ask, if it is not to take such by the hand and help them to lead a better life? Aye, and help them by more than pious words and lofty counsel.

The Salvation Army was even more helpless in this respect than the Churches. It claimed that it was specially raised up by God to rescue the lost, and to a large extent it was apparently succeeding in enlisting the attention of these classes. Many of its converts, the stories of whose reformation enriched the literature of the movement, encouraged the hope that the Army was the only reply to the despairing and forlorn. And yet, except for a few rescue homes and a home for the reception of ex-prisoners, and one or two shelters and Slum Posts, the Army was doing next to nothing but holding meetings every night and all day on Sunday. Help for submerged people was dependent upon the charity of an individual soldier or a friend, the worst form of charity that can be administered both in its results and effects upon society.

As an officer who knew the mind of the field officer, I fearlessly asserted that the Social Scheme, when it was introduced, meant the salvation of the Salvation

Army. We hailed it as a relieving force to an army in an awkward situation. The fact is, the organisation was beginning to stagnate. The interest in its methods had begun to wane. The cessation of persecution had left it without a theme for exciting public sympathy. Attendance was down. Soul-saving was down. The membership was a most fluctuating quantity, and the Army was hampered financially.

The dramatic introduction of a new policy with the bold challenge that the Army Chief would, if the money were forthcoming, eventually rid England of pauperism, and establish a system that would stamp out the evils of the casual ward and drain our social morass of its pestilential parasites, was seriously accepted by a section of the public. The Army itself was wildly enthusiastic about it. It revived the spirits of the organisation. Everywhere the subject was talked about and discussed. Nonconformist chapels were thrown open as they had never been before to officers of any and every rank, to lecture upon the General's Scheme, whether they knew much about it or not. The Scheme was debated in clubs, literary societies, and conferences of Poor Law Guardians, and when the General formally launched the effort in the old Exeter Hall, he stated that if the public would provide him £1,000,000 to establish the experiment and supply him with £100,000 per annum, he would demonstrate the success of the scheme he had described in his book *In Darkest England and the Way Out*. Money for the experiment rolled in. Within a few weeks £104,000 was subscribed, and it seemed to some as if the de-

spised, ridiculed, and persecuted "Corybantic Christianity" of the Salvation Army was to evolve a solution for the socially submerged classes of the cities, while political economists indulged in either airing or confounding theories.

Before dealing with some of the objections that have been brought in recent years against the Social Work of the Salvation Army, it is but rendering General Booth and his associates the barest justice to enumerate what he has actually accomplished during the last twenty years :—

Shelters for the poor and destitute, 30; High-class Hotels for working men, 15; Factories, Workshops, and other industries, 30; Farm and Industrial Colonies, 5; Cheap Food Depots, 20; Labour Exchanges, 30; Small Holdings experiment, 1; Young People's Reformatories, 5; Emigration Offices, 10; Anti-Suicide Bureaux, 5; Lost Relatives Department, 1; Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, 10; Special Relief Agencies (such as Food Depots on the Embankment, local efforts arising out of strikes, etc.), 20; Receiving and Rescue Homes, 90; Maternity and other Hospitals, 5; Inebriate Homes (both sexes), 2. When one remembers, however, that there was a falling off in the donations of the public toward the maintenance of the experiment three years after the initiation of the scheme; that the Army has had to contend with trying obstacles in obtaining suitable buildings in the cities for its shelters; that it has had to select, train, and develop officers from the ranks of the Army who could combine business management with religious

zeal; arrange and rearrange their plans to fit in with the increasing and exacting demands of local authorities; combat the criticism of friends and enemies of the scheme; learn bitter and expensive lessons from the failures of individual experiments—the above table of results forms as remarkable a document as the tabulation of the Salvation Army's progress as a whole.

The Salvation Army reporters have not failed to magnify—unduly, I suggest—these results, and one of the methods by which they do so is in the embodiment of a schedule in the annual reviews of the Social Scheme. This schedule always gives the number of meals supplied at the cheap depots, the cheap lodgings for the poor (the Army has no free shelters), meetings held, receipts from the poor for their food and shelter, number of applicants for work, and so forth; all of which is misleading and unscientific because of the fact, admitted by officers, that the shelters are frequented by a class two-thirds of whom are regular attendants, just as there is a class who regularly make the common lodging-house and casual ward their nightly habitation.

This characteristic of the Army's reporting is universal, and to be deplored on public grounds. The Army has yet to understand the A B C of impartial writing and diagnosis, a defect that is simply a concomitant of the leader's platitude that "we have no time to record failures—we are too busy consolidating victories." As if a true statement of failure, and a careful study of the lessons to be derived from failure, would not be beneficial to the cause concerned and the progress of

the reform. But there it is. The defect has become a disease. I defy anyone to search through the deluge of literature issued from the Salvation Army Press and find in it one single impartial report of any of its operations in any land. Where a semblance of impartiality is introduced it is covered by so many generalities that nothing definite can be ascertained from it.

In Mr. Harold Begbie's book *Broken Earthenware* this defect in the Army's reports is frequently brought to notice. I know personally every one of the converts whom Mr. Begbie has, with vivid descriptive talent and a philosophic temperament, depicted in that book. But it will surprise those outside the Salvation Army who have read that book—it will surprise no one inside—to be informed on the authority of one who suggested the publication of such a work, that it is *not* representative of the character of the work of the Army Corps in London. For every thief that came under the ministry of the Army in Notting Dale, twenty went to the devil, and some became worse than ever. That Mr. Begbie omits to tell. For every drunkard reformed, for every tramp made to labour, and for every trophy canonised in that work, there have been hundreds—I say so with deliberation and after renewed investigation of the Corps—who did not materialise into honest, industrious, sober men and women. I say so with deep regret; and I say so believing, at the same time, in the basic principle that the author referred to has so graphically upheld. But what a loss to the Church and State, and to the Army itself, it is that Mr. Bramwell Booth, when he instructed

Mr. Begbie to study his "broken earthenware," did not at the same time give "the other side." Was it fair to that author's reputation as a student of psychology and moral phenomena? I only recite this instance to emphasise the painful deficiency in the Army's general reporting, and the uneasy feeling one experiences when one reads of millions of starving people fed and housed and redeemed through the instrumentality of the Social Scheme.

This does not prevent one, however, from recognising the unique boon that the Social Scheme has been to the science of sociology, to say nothing of the untold blessing it has been to an uncounted number of individuals.

It has been my privilege to hear the General in public and private, times without number, talk critically of the Social Scheme, and expound his dreams for its development. It would be injudicious on my part if I disclosed what I felt to be confidential in these talks. Neither he nor any great leader of men ought to be quoted when thinking aloud. I shall discard, therefore, what he has said in moments of severe retrospectiveness about the Darkest England Scheme, and confine myself to the following combination of several conversations in different parts of the world:—

"I never think of it but what I repeat what I have said about the parent of the Social Scheme—the Salvation Army—it is not what it is, or what it has done, that provides me with the happiest reflection: it is what it *will* be. If a man is drowning, what is the first instinct that prompts us? It is the sense of

humanity. We do not stop to enquire if he is a Russian, or a German, or an infidel, or a Protestant, or a Catholic. We do not ask if he ever stole or lied, or even took the life of his fellow-man. We at once try to save him. That is my argument for the shelter. If there are men in our big cities without shelter, or barely the means to procure shelter, I say stop theorising and discussing the effects upon the social and political cults of the hour. It must be right to help him. Therefore help him. Why do I make him pay for his shelter? Because the best way to save a man is not to try and do it for him, but make him do it himself. What next does that man require? Hope. He reached the position I describe because there is no chance in the labour market, no chance for him at the labour exchange, no chance with his friends, and no chance with the Church or the State; only the workhouse or the casual ward, and he is not old enough perhaps or beaten down enough to seek these asylums of the State.

“ Well, we meet that man with a kind word and a promise to do our best for him. That is more than he will get on ‘ the road,’ or from the swell that throws him a sixpence to get rid of him. Then what next? Work, work, work, and again work, the most desirable and often the most difficult thing to obtain. That is why I consented to open paper-sorting shops and small light industries. I have nothing better to offer them. If I had, it would be at their disposal. The remuneration is small, I admit, but I do not admit that the paper-sorting department of the Army is an ordinary factory. If it was, I would tell my officers to go into the open labour market and select the ablest men and give them the trade-union rate of wages. It would pay me to do so—expert labour pays. But these men are not able to do the work of experts,

and therefore the remuneration is fixed according to a scale determined by what we can afford to give after allowing for management and oversight. If a profit should, after all, be made out of the sorting-rooms, well, even the poor fellows need not grumble, for they can have the satisfaction of knowing that it will go into the department for dealing with them in another way."

"And what next? Salvation. I do not sail under false colours. Nine-tenths of the men who float down the stream of unemployment are first drawn into it by their own folly or wickedness. Hence my officers are trained to conduct meetings calculated to impress the men with the truth—that a God of mercy and power is ready to help and save them. If that is proselytising, then I am a proselytiser. I declared that was my intention when I wrote *Darkest England*. Read it. Here it is:—

"'I have no intention to depart in the smallest degree from the main principles on which I have acted in the past. My only hope for the permanent deliverance of mankind from misery, either in this world or the next, is the regeneration or the remaking of the individual by the power of the Holy Ghost through Jesus Christ. But in providing for the relief of temporal misery, I reckon that I am only making it easy where it is now difficult, and possible where it is now all but impossible, for men and women to find their way to the Cross.'

"It is charged against the scheme that we aim at making it self-supporting. How unreasonable! Has not the world had enough of the dole system and of indiscriminate charity? The recipients of our charity, in addition to criticising the work as a whole, protest that we make money out of the shelters and some of

the industries. It is not correct. But what if it were ? The fact supplies the best answer to those who label my plans Utopian. Millions are spent upon the Poor Law, and yet at the end of the year the poor are still with us in even larger numbers. Under my method, now in operation for over twenty years, the men either pay for their shelter or work for it, and if I had more money I could, on the principles that have been demonstrated so successful, take hold of other, if not all grades of the poor (with the exception of the enfeebled, who should be kept by the State in a condition of health and comfort), and make them work for what they consumed, and pay a fraction towards the maintenance of the institution under which that opportunity is afforded them.

“ I feel much the same about prisoners, tramps, incorrigibles, and rogues, a proportion of whom ought to have their civil rights entirely forfeited, until they were certified, after treatment in a colony, established for the purpose, that they were fit to be released. There is a deal of false sentiment as to the rights of man. A man has, I contend, a right to live, a right to have an opportunity to work, to be educated, and generally to possess the means of a healthy existence. But, if man, by his persistent and repeated misconduct, forfeits any of these rights, or shows that he will not profit by what society, through the law, inflicts upon him, then he ought to be deprived of his liberty until such time as he gives evidence of the return of mental and moral sanity.”

With which the majority of political economists will agree. The questions that have been raised of late, however, are scarcely touched by the General in this and other defences.

Perhaps the most indefensible thing about the Army is that it does not condescend to answer perfectly legitimate criticism. It circumvents, postpones dealing with, or only partially replies to points, and these of the least importance. It does anything and everything but face straightforwardly an attack upon its work.

Mr. John Manson, in his *Salvation Army and the Public*, has exposed the social work to a most analytical examination, and no one can read his comparisons between what was promised in the original plan, and what has been carried out, his dissection of balance sheets and returns, his rather merciless exposure of the shelters, factories, and the farm colony, without realising the danger that will confront the Army when the Social Scheme comes to be weighed in the scale of results, as it must be some day.

With many of the criticisms in that book I have no sympathy. Mr. Manson has the skill of the man who is clever at pulling down, but who cannot build. Besides, he ignores the operation and power of the Divine Spirit. He has nevertheless presented a serious indictment of the Army, and one that has caused much grief to friends and officers and believers in the integrity of the leaders of the Army. His book ought to be answered; but up to the present all that the public has received from the General, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and other responsible leaders of the movement, in the form of reply, are denials of the general truth of the book, and captious and frivolous allusions to the man in the official organs of the Army Press. Outsiders—Premiers, Judges, Mem-

bers of Parliament in numbers—have been called in to render testimony to the value of the work, and essays have been published by Mr. Arnold White, Mr. Rider Haggard, and Mr. Harold Begbie, more or less interesting, and confirmatory of much that is good and beautiful in the lives of officers and converts.

But no man of any weight has examined the work with a friendly and critical eye. Not a criticism germane to the value of the scheme as a national institution has been examined in the light of facts. Mr. Rider Haggard's latest book, which professes to extol the shelter as an agency of salvation, moral and social, does not contain a single instance of one who has been permanently helped to an independent livelihood—not one!

Now, General Booth, in this singular attitude toward the public, is scarcely true to himself. He has shown that he can be brought to reason by the compromise entered into with the trade unions over the notorious Harbury Street carpenters' shop. It was alleged that sweating was practised there—I know it was. The Army officials argued to the contrary, and I am rather ashamed that I was among the number. But the facts proved too stubborn for the leaders of the Army, and an arrangement was come to by which both the men and the Army will, I think, eventually be the better. Why, then, does the General only answer attacks when he is driven to the wall? Personally, I could never understand it when I was officially defending the organisation, inasmuch as the Army has a reply, if not convincing, at any rate sincere and

X Just

reasonable, to almost every assault upon its general position ; and if it would only acknowledge the justice of some of the criticisms upon particular departments of its social work, the public would, I believe, feel ever so much happier than it does as to the reality of the work. As it is, there is an uneasy feeling that all is not well with the Army, for which the leaders are entirely to blame. If a census of opinion could be taken to-morrow on the question—provided the census secured the officers immunity from scrutiny—the verdict would be in favour of replying to the attacks that have been made upon the trunk departments of the Social Scheme.

I finish these observations with a personal testimony. Ever since the Army started social work I have been a constant and sympathetic student of its developments in all lands, and this is my deliberate verdict upon the whole scheme of social salvation reform :—

1. That the Salvation Army by taking up social work conferred a distinct boon upon the community. It has lifted the study of sociology into a warmer atmosphere.

2. That the Salvation Army, by introducing social auxiliaries to its campaigns for the salvation of the sunken masses of the people, has awakened the Churches of Christendom to a more practical conception of its mission in this century. The leader in the van of social progress in the Churches has been, during the last twenty years, the Salvation Army. Till the book *In Darkest England and the Way Out* appeared, the Churches generally were asleep on social questions.

3. That the Salvation Army has been unwittingly the best argument in support of State Socialism. It has accentuated discontent, confirmed the wail of the exponents of Socialism, and by failing to secure the co-operation that the leader desired—by which he asserted he could deal a death-blow at pauperism—the Army has supplied the Socialists with a powerful weapon in favour of their programme.

4. That in departing from his individualistic theories, and going in for the wholesale management of submerged humanity by means of shelters, metropolises, and colonies, General Booth has forced the pace of State interference with the general social conditions of the poorer classes of the people.

5. That the Social Scheme has forcibly illustrated the utter helplessness of present methods to rid society of the evils which foster destitution, vice, and idleness. The official organ of the Army admitted, at the opening of the year 1911, that despite better trade and the decline of unemployment, as registered at labour exchanges and verified by trade-union returns, the distress in London was as great and as acute as ever.

6. That the Army has not faced the logical conclusion of the experience that it has gained in dealing with the submerged masses, with the result that it is perpetuating failures, and deceiving people with the idea that all it does for the poor is beneficial, whereas much that it does is injurious to the poor.

7. That the proportion of men socially and permanently redeemed from destitution is infinitesimal when compared with the time, labour, and money expended

upon their reformation. If the Army were to alter its return forms so as to tabulate the number helped, and the number permanently restored as the outcome of that help, the results disclosed would prove to be disappointingly small. The Scheme as a social restorative is, indeed, a failure. As an ameliorative agency it is a success.

8. That the religion of the Salvation Army is a greater failure, if tested by results, among the men's social agencies than in any other branch of its operations. The general idea about the Salvation Army is that the nearer that it gets to the most abandoned classes the more wonderful and the more numerous are the converts. It is a sad admission to pass on to the world that the opposite is really the case. The results are fewer. General Booth would almost break his heart if he knew the proportion of men who have been "saved," in the sense that he most values, through his social scheme. But he ought to know, and the Church and the world ought to know, and in order that it may, I will make bold to say that the officials *cannot put their hands on the names of a thousand MEN in all parts of the world* who are to-day members of the Army who were converted at the penitent forms of shelters and elevators, and who are now earning a living outside the control of the Army's social work.

9. That the Women's Social Work is, on the contrary, as great a success in this respect as the Men's is a failure. The moral, social, and spiritual value of that work can scarcely be over-estimated. It reflects undying credit upon all associated with Mrs. Bramwell

Booth in the management of rescue homes, shelters, hospitals, and inebriate institutions. The State should appoint a commission to examine the work as a simple object-lesson upon how to deal with unfortunate and vicious women.

10. That the colonisation experiments are too costly, too cumbrous, and have not to any appreciable extent been utilised for the purpose for which they were organised. It is admitted by the General, if I am not mistaken, that he committed a serious mistake in opening the Hadleigh Farm Colony before he was sure of the location of the Colony Over the Sea. Up to the present that section of the Army's social programme has not been given effect to. The General has made several attempts to find a suitable tract of land, and almost succeeded in inducing the British South Africa Company to part with a million acres for the purpose of establishing the Colony in the highlands of Rhodesia; but the terms offered by the Company were considered by General Booth to be too exacting, and the negotiations came to an end. This was most unfortunate, inasmuch as the success of the General's scheme can never be considered complete till he has had an opportunity of showing what can be done with rejuvenated city labour in a colony managed, as it would be, in a country away from the surroundings and temptations of squalid dwellings and low ale-shops. If the money sunk, for instance, in establishing the Farm Colony at Hadleigh had been devoted to the work of the City Colony, the results would probably have been 1000 per cent more encouraging.

As it is, only about two hundred colonists on an average are settled in that Colony. They have no living interest in it. For all practical purposes it is simply a glorified workshop, except that as a property with a considerably enhanced increment, it must in time become a valuable commercial asset to the Army. That time is a long way off, however, owing to heavy mortgages resting upon it. As an experiment it has proved nothing that we were not familiar with before. As a social picture it is interesting. The old Castle of Hadleigh still crumbles to the earth. The Thames is seen from the heights of seven hills, and the estuary that glides past the pasture-lands of the Colony is very engaging to men beaten in the war with sin and misery. The place is an inspiration till the men drop into their grooves of work, and then they realise that the drudgery of the City Colony is only excelled by what they go through here. The Hadleigh Colony has been of real aid to a number of able-bodied paupers, who have passed a period of probation at market-gardening previous to being transferred to Canada. Still it has been much exaggerated by those not familiar with the relationship of the Colony to the scheme as outlined in the General's book.

11. That while the Army colonies can no longer be charged with insanitation and overcrowding, and the general administration has considerably improved, there is force in what some critics have pointed out again and again, namely, the commercial spirit has seriously nullified the power of the social and reformative. The officer in charge of a shelter is actuated by

a compound influence. He has to make the shelter pay its way—in fact, he has to improve its income. He has to work hard to do so. He is up early and late, is at the beck and call of all concerned, and, as a rule, he has no leisure for qualifying himself for the most arduous of all his tasks—personal dealing with the inmates of the shelter. The majority of officers fall under the temptation of the commercial spirit. One can tabulate returns of inmates, the receipts at the box-office, and the amount received at the bar of the cheap-food depot. On the other hand, one cannot so easily calculate the value of a heart-to-heart talk with a prodigal son or a repentant wife who has been deserted (and the shelters are the happy hunting-grounds of the wife-deserters), nor can Headquarters secretaries calculate the value of a splendid human meeting. When, therefore, the shelter officer's figures are examined, and he finds, as he does, that more attention is paid to the financial side of the account than to the spiritual, it is small wonder that the shelters and elevators degenerate into shabby or lodging-house affairs.

It seems, therefore, to be fair to conclude, if these propositions are correct, that the effort, worthily and nobly conceived, and extended to its present dimensions, is still in an unsatisfactory stage. It has attacked many, but solved no single problem. It has drawn into its many nets of mercy thousands of the ghosts of our social underworld and inspired them with cheer and some little hope; but the march of poverty still goes on. Lazarus, with all his sores, is still at the

gates. The horrors on the Embankment show no sign of dying out. Thirty thousand men at least are out of work in London. The nomads of our civilisation wander past us in their fringy, dirty attire by night and by day. If a man stops us in the street and tells us he is starving, and we offer him a ticket to a labour home or a night shelter, he will tell you that the chances are one out of ten if he will procure admission. The better class of submerged, or those who use the provision for the submerged in order to gratify their own selfishness, have taken possession of the vacancies, and so they wander on. If a man applies for temporary work, the choice of industry is disappointingly limited. One is tempted to think that the whole superstructure of cheap and free shelters has tended to the standardisation of a low order of existence in this nether world that attracted the versatile philanthropist at the head of the Salvation Army twenty years ago. If we look to the land as the solution of one-half of our social problems, all that General Booth can point to is a colony of casual labourers at work on his colony at Hadleigh and to a handful of small holders learning *petit culture* under favourable conditions.

But, unlike the evangelist of earlier days, the leader of the Salvation Army would appear to have gathered very little new light upon the problems on which he is at work. He stands by a somewhat antiquated *laissez faire*, and seems incapable of seeing the rise of new forces in the world. In dealing with the objections that he anticipated when he launched his scheme, he argued that if the work upon which he was to em-

bark would be better done by the State, he would let them try, and leave it alone himself. Now all that has changed. The State has started shelters, swept aside miles of insanitary dwellings, brought the lodging-houses of the metropolis under vigorous inspection, established public baths and laundries, assumed a master control of a thousand and one things that concern the food and housing of the people, and recently ensured, by the application of the Children's Free Meals Act, that the education of the children of the metropolis shall be carried on under reasonable conditions. The National Administration of affairs has not been idle. The Local Government Board have multiplied their ramifications, and the Old Age Pensions Act has at least chased some of the horrors away from the aged poor of the land. Labour Exchanges have worked a small revolution, and if developed on the lines that are suggested at the Imperial Conference, may do more to solve some of the problems that General Booth and the Church and other Armies are engaged upon than anything else. The Prison Commissioners have resolved upon the abolition of the ticket-of-leave system, and the substitution of notification to Discharged Prisoners' Societies, in which figure the Salvation Army, the establishment of a central association for giving effect to this and other provisions, more or less in the direction of bringing voluntary agencies under the ultimate control of the State. And yet there is one gleam of hope in what the General and his brave army of officers have brought on to the arena of social endeavour. He

has shown what sanctified passion is capable of doing and undoing. It is still the paramount power when the task is the regeneration of the individual. If that fails, then nothing in heaven or earth can succeed. An officer in the Salvation Army whom the General was questioning as to the failure of his Corps, had tried everything and failed.

“ Did you ever try tears ? ” said the old man.

The young man had not. But officers as a rule know how to weep and work, and man for man they are a wonderful combination of devotion, compassion, and practicality.

CHAPTER X

THE QUESTION OF NUMBERS

A Question of Policy—Some Statistics—Difficulty of Retaining Recruits—Some Reasons—New Methods Required—Sensational Accompaniments of the Penitent Form—Noisy Advertisement

WHAT is the numerical strength of the Salvation Army? This question has occupied the attention of many of its critics, without resulting in any definite or even approximate reply.

While the Salvation Army has consistently published an annual statement of accounts, it is somewhat paradoxical that its leaders have refrained from giving statistics of membership. Again and again, and in almost every country where the Army is at work, no official statement as to the numerical strength of the Salvation Army has been published.

Headquarters regularly publishes the number of staff and field officers, local officers, bandsmen, corps, outposts, shelters, rescue homes, training homes, with the number of cadets in each, prison-gate missions, the number of lodgers in shelters, and a mass of other *minutiae*. But for some mysterious reason, no mention is ever made in these statistical statements of the number of soldiers (or members). These figures remain a secret. Guesses at the numerical power of the

Army have been hazarded by responsible and irresponsible officers. For example, it has been stated that the number of Salvationists in the world goes into millions; and I have seen a report somewhere that in England alone the number of uniformed warriors is more than that of the combined Methodists' and Baptists' membership.

The secrecy adopted on this question is somewhat curious, for sooner or later the Army must disclose the fact. Why not now? All other religious agencies tabulate their membership. On what ground does the Army stand by a policy of silence on such a vital matter? Is it quite honourable? Is it in harmony with its professed regard for letting the world know all about its affairs?

The question of soldiership is recognised by the General as of paramount importance. It is the test of an officer's success. On every Corps report-form that a field officer sends to his superintendent is a query as to the number of soldiers in the Corps at the beginning and end of each week. A local census board meets monthly to deal with transfers, removals, admissions, and deletions. It is the most important meeting in the life of the Corps. The Divisional Commander or Superintendent of the Corps is judged by the number of soldiers he adds to the Corps under his direction. If the number goes down, he is reckoned a failure; if it increases, he is considered a success. So that progress in the Salvation Army is measured by the number of Salvationists that responsible officers add to the roll.

As a method it is very sound. By it, the Army can estimate the strength of the movement, as well as the practical means of ascertaining the value of the enormous expenditure of time, energy, and outdoor and indoor evangelisation put forth in landing a sinner at the mercy seat. The Churches who lament a decline of membership might do worse than call upon Mr. Bramwell Booth for a wrinkle or two on how to tabulate results. A Corps is a soul-saving and soldier-making agency. Without it there would be no Salvationists, and without Salvationists there would be no officers and no Social Scheme and no Salvation Army. Surely, then, it is in the interest of workers of the Salvation Army that they should not be kept in ignorance as to the number of their comrades in every country where the Army is at work, their own in particular. If the numerical strength is small, then the fact should be sounded from the house-tops, for greater honour belongs to the organisation for accomplishing what it has with inferior numbers. If the membership is great, then both the Christian and the non-Christian world ought to be in possession of the fact, so that the full significance of the attainment may be duly acknowledged.

But should not the number be not only stated, but analysed by the Army? I have never yet met an officer who appreciated the reasons alleged to be given by the General for withholding the information. Officers desire to have it in their possession. If it is wise policy to inform soldiers of the numerical strength of their own Corps, is it not conducive to a proper

appreciation of the Army's work that its total roll-call should be well and adequately advertised ?

Why then, I ask again, is the membership wrapped up in a cloud of mystery ? There must be some powerful reason why the General, in his interviews with pressmen and in his reviews of the Army from time to time, evades and talks round this question. Up to the present I have not been able to discover a reasonable explanation for the singular silence. One explanation given is that as the standard of membership in the Army is higher and more exacting than what is required from an average Church, the publication of the total membership of the Army if published would be attended with serious misapprehension, and therefore it is not given in the Year Book—not at all a very impressive reason. The Army is not a Church, and is not judged, praised, or condemned according to Church standards.

Another reason assigned is that the publication of the fact might lead the public to a false conclusion as to the sum-total result of the work of the movement. The Army's membership, it is asserted, is made up mainly of workers. The truth, however, is that the Army authorities are squeamish about announcing the membership lest, with all their high-sounding statements as to progress, and their repeated declaration of thousands and hundreds of thousands of converts that have been won to the Army, critics might turn the difference between the number of converts and soldiers into ridicule, and thereby show that the Army's revivalism is a gigantic failure.

If, for instance, a critic were to put himself to the trouble and expense of tabulating the number of converts reported in the *War Cries* of the world, and then place the total alongside the number of Salvationists, the net result might show that not five converts out of every hundred became members of the Army! That would be a most damaging revelation, and rather than face such a possible indictment, the Army has gone on, year after year, playing and parleying with the question. The attitude suggests a limited sense of the obligation under which the Army lies to tell the world the actual outcome of their struggles at making Salvationists. If this fear really explains the silence of Headquarters as to its membership, then it is both craven and short-sighted. They have only to compare their efforts with those of the Churches to show that the making of members is a perplexing and disappointing process, and even if the figures reveal, as they assuredly would, a shocking disparity between the number of people who find their way to the roll-book *via* the place of penitence, what then? Is it not as well to admit the losses, and to pass on to the world the experience which the Army has acquired in its undoubted endeavours to stem the leakage?

The enquiry as to the strength of the Salvation Army remains unanswered. After referring to reliable figures in my possession and reckoning the progress of the Army at a reasonably high percentage since the date to which these figures refer, I consider the following a fairly accurate estimate of the number of Salvation

soldiers in each country where the Army is at work. It is the first statement of the kind that has been given to the world. The following is the list :—

Great Britain and Ireland	115,000	soldiers
France and Switzerland	6,000	„
Germany	5,000	„
Holland and Belgium	6,000	„
Denmark	2,500	„
Sweden	10,000	„
Italy and Spain	200	„
Austria	50	„
South Africa	2,500	„
Australasia	30,000	„
Canada	20,000	„
United States	30,000	„
India	20,000	„
Japan	1,500	„
Java	500	„
Jamaica, South America, and other parts	5,000	„
	256,950	„

As nearly twenty thousand of these are in the pay of the Army as officers, it may be accepted that, in round numbers, there are a quarter of a million registered members of the Army in the world. That is the numerical result of forty years' evangelisation throughout the world. Personally, I think the above statement the most astounding outcome of one man's consecration to the service of God that the world has ever seen or

known, even when allowance is made for the number who are soldiers of the Army by mere profession, and the number is subtracted that have been won to the ranks from comfortable Christian homes. The natural corollary to a table of this importance is, What is a Salvationist, and what is his work? The entrance to the kingdom of heaven *via* the gate of the Army is narrow—an ordeal which, if made a condition of ordinary Christian membership, would probably considerably thin the roll-calls of the Churches. A mere profession of faith and a testimony of good character are not sufficient credentials to constitute a member of the Salvation Army. A Salvationist pledges himself to a life of obedience, abstinence from all intoxicating liquor, and self-sacrifice for the good and salvation of the world. He is expected to wear a uniform, abstain from the use of nicotine and drugs, and to avoid theatres, music halls, football matches, cricket matches, and all worldly dress and entertainments.

Before comparison is made between the progress of the Army and that of any other religious organisation, a basis of comparison would be very difficult to devise. Moral character and a public confession of faith in the Divinity of Jesus Christ is all that is necessary for admission into the Congregational Church. The terms of membership of the Wesleyan Methodists are a little more exacting, and with the Baptists the conditions are more exacting still. But if the lady members of these and other Nonconformist bodies were expected to wear on Sundays the ponderous, sombre, coal-scuttle-shaped bonnets that the Salvation Army glories in,

there would soon be, to use a commercial phrase, a serious "slump" in chapel attendances. And if, in addition, the male section of the members had to forgo the soothing influence of their pipe and cigarette, and devote their Sundays to making processions through slum alleys and selling *War Cries* in low public-houses, it is possible something nearer chapel bankruptcy than a "slump" would be the result. Then the Salvation member is expected to sing and speak in public, and give, when called upon, a reason for the faith that is within him. So that altogether the creation of a quarter of a million of people, sworn to conform to the vow of obedience and abstain from the luxuries and the pleasures of society, is an achievement that cannot be measured by a statistical table, although there is no earthly reason that I can conceive of for withholding the number so pledged from the knowledge of the public. Consequently I shall sleep with an easy conscience for daring to enumerate the numerical standing of the Army in the countries named. I hope we have heard the last of the objections to the publication of an official return of its members year by year.

The announcement that there are only 115,000 soldiers or members of the Army in Great Britain and Ireland will come as a painful revelation, inasmuch as the public has been led to estimate the strength of the movement as phenomenal. It is nothing of the kind. When the women members are deducted from the total, as well as the young people of twenty years of age, the number of adult members will be found dis-

appointingly small. And that fact compels me to put my finger upon a constant source of anxiety to all grades of officers, namely, the difficulty not of making, but retaining members. The fluctuation that prevails in the majority of the Corps in respect of membership is one serious problem never absent from the executive minds of the Army. It distresses, perplexes, and baffles all.

Here is an illustration of the perplexing thing. We will suppose that Captain B follows Captain A in the command of Birmingham Fifteen. The membership on the books is 180. At the first census-board meeting, Captain B is present and goes over carefully the names on the roll-book.

“Who is he?” he asks the Sergeant-Major, concerning number one.

“Oh,” the board replies, “he is for all practical purposes a non-member. He pays his weekly cartridge; that is all. We seldom see him.”

“He ought to be struck off the roll then. Who is number seven?”

“Seven goes to chapel. He has not fired cartridges for weeks, and refuses to see a sergeant.”

“We must have his name off,” proceeds the Captain. “And number thirty?”

“We told your predecessor, Captain, that he ought not to be allowed to remain on the roll.”

“Strike him off. And thirty-five—Mrs. Blackthorn—I’ve been hearing that she is a questionable character.”

“There is a deal of truth in the report. We ought to

tell her finally, that unless she attends the meetings and pays up her cartridges, we cannot retain her name on the roll.”

“Certainly,” says the Captain. “We must have a clean roll at any price.”

I have known the names of dead persons kept on the roll for years, and people who have been confirmed backsliders. And so it goes on until the Board agrees, under a passion for “purifying” the roll, to the removal of thirty names that were no doubt originally added to Birmingham Fifteen with assurances of their *bona-fides*.

At the end of Captain B’s command he has added, we will suppose, thirty-five new soldiers to the Corps, though in reality the advance is only five, owing to the number struck off when he entered upon his duties.

Captain B leaves at the end of twelve months and is succeeded by Adjutant C, who, perhaps, is a greater stickler for a clean roll than his predecessor, and when his second census-board meeting has been held he has deleted fifty names from the roll, with the result that at the end of fifteen months’ work the Army’s position at Birmingham Fifteen is weakened by the loss of forty-five members!

The evil—for such it is—is a complex one, and, in my opinion—which will be accepted for what it is worth—is an incurable evil, for there must be something inherently weak in an organisation that spends tens of thousands of pounds per annum in saving one hundred thousand souls, a fair estimate, and yet finds that at the end of the year the net gain in bodies and

brains and service is practically nil—after making provision for losses by death, emigration, transfers to missions and Churches, and backsliding.

This vast subject, suggested in this comparison, is one that only the late Professor James could have handled with the necessary ability. For does it not destroy the validity of the whole claim of conversion at the penitent form? In any other field of activity such a disparity between gains and losses would be condemned by common sense, although, as Lord Morley says, *common* sense is very rare. Does it not diminish the force of, if not altogether nullify the claim which the General attaches to the Army as such to be considered as specially raised up by God? At any rate, in all my experience I have not heard a leader of the Salvation Army discuss this feature of the work in the light of sober fact, excepting on one occasion, by the General himself.

There lie before me now the rough notes of an interview that I had with the General during one of his long campaigns. He discoursed upon fifty causes of backsliding, the subject having been specially forced upon his attention at the time by a serious decline in the number of officers and soldiers in the United States. He had been framing "fifty causes of backsliding." Among the reasons he ascribed were:—

Some backsliders were never frontsliders—only impressed—made sorrowful on account of the burden of sin, and merely resolved to amend their ways.

Some were not brought to the birth—too easily dealt with at the penitent form.

Some were killed at birth through neglect and lack of friendly recognition.

Some were not cradled and nursed and cared for by visitation, encouragement, and prayer.

Some died soon after their conversion, for want of work.

Some were drawn away by the attractions of the world and the lust of the flesh.

Some were insincere and hypocritical. "Many are called, but few are chosen."

I will not venture to improve upon the above plain-spoken indictment of the evil by the greatest living authority upon the subject of spiritual life in all its forms.

I believe that General Booth would gladly lie down and die if, by so doing, he could obtain a satisfactory solution of this question. Why does the Army gain so little out of the enormous victories that it admits to winning week by week and year by year? Why? There must be something wrong somewhere. The leakage is too serious to be treated lightly, and my poor contribution to the problem is this: I believe that the Army utterly lacks the gift of the spiritual horticulturist. If it had studied the law of growth as it has studied how to convict men of sin in the general sense of the term, the result of the Army's work throughout the world would have been truly marvellous. But it would not expend time upon the diligent study of the science of self-preservation till it was well-nigh too late to do so. Now they are just beginning to study the whole problem.

The Army is successful in drawing attention to its gospel. It can play upon the emotions and not insincerely. It can dazzle before humanity an alluring, captivating hope. In itself the Salvation Army is a shrine of a sort of Freemasonry for a certain type of human nature. Its system of classifying men into grades of glorified positions with yellow, red, silver, and gold decorations, titles and promotions—which all differentiate one class from another—appeals to the egotism of the flesh, all of which are inextricably mixed up as characteristics of the Kingdom of God. But the Army fails to lead them. It is a smart pleader, but a poor reasoner. It can stir the emotions, at times to white-heat passion, but fails to create a corresponding reverence for the sacredness of the ordinary duties of life. It asserts claims which tend to destroy the sense of spiritual proportion. It places the Army, as such, before wife, home, children, friends, and leisure. So that in course of time there arises a conflict between two forces—feeling and duty—and it is needless to say that among the shifty, weak, and backboneless classes from whom the Army draws a fair proportion of its converts, a large number become mere creatures of feeling.

Let me come down to hard facts. Duty requires from a father that he shall occasionally stay at home and influence his children in those directions in which only a father can ; but if it is “band-practice night,” or there is some attraction at the hall, duty goes to the wall. The Army fosters an unhealthy regard for home and the stern realities of business life, not in theory,

of course, but, as is often the case in religious movements, the dominant force is not its teaching so much as its practice, and it is so in this case. The illustration could be carried further. I know whereof I write, and have bushels of sad and sorrowful instances of Corps whose week-night meetings are made up of nothing but go-to-meeting maniacs, who are as far removed from Christians in respect of telling the truth and practising the virtue of charity as are millions who do not know and have never heard that these are the pillars of heaven.

∨ The Army will have, if I am right in these premises, to revise its entire system for the care and nursing of its converts; nay, it will have to revise its notions of conversion. At any rate, the Army's methods of physical compulsion should be abandoned forthwith. People wearing an anxious look at the close of a meeting are seized by sergeants as if they must there and then decide to go to heaven or hell. A prayer meeting should be a most holy and sacred place, and not an auctioneer's shop. Sinners are literally dragged in some meetings to the penitent form. And when there, often amid yells of delight while people are "rolling out" to the penitents' bench, they are supposed to be receiving spiritual counsel. All the laws of deliberation, thought, and prayer are thrown to the winds while men and women are supposed to be passing from death to life. Shameful orgies are often practised. I have indulged in them myself. I have seen officers dance around a penitent form while sinners have been led weeping to it. I have heard officers ask that

coppers might be thrown on to the platform to make the day's offerings up to a certain sum, while men and women at his feet have been endeavouring to seek the help of God to make restitution for sin, or find a way of escape from the lashings of a guilty conscience. Then converts are "rushed through" to a registration room, where their names are taken, and I have known the same converts in less than three weeks stand on a public platform and declare their acceptance of doctrines that many of the officers dare not preach, and vow that they will live and die in the Salvation Army.

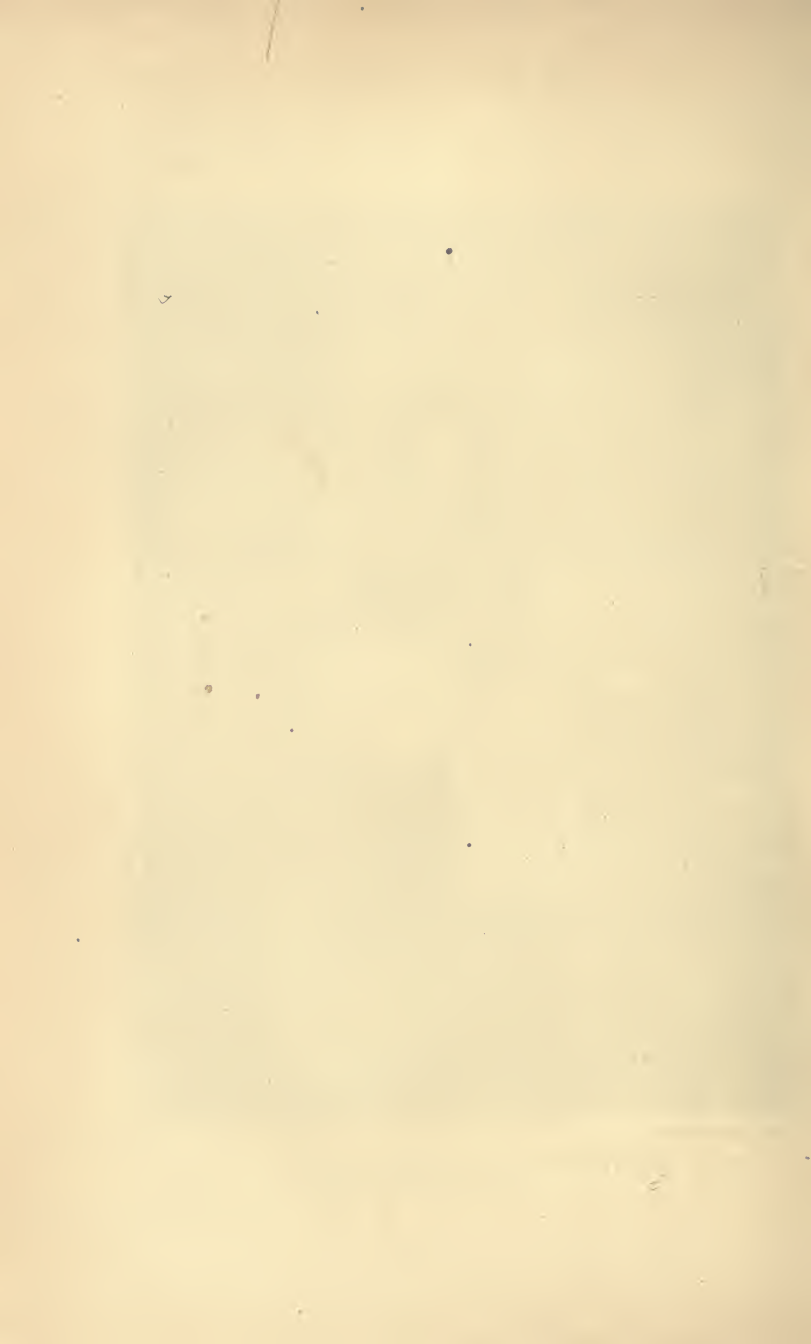
Is it any wonder, then, that for every hundred persons that kneel at the penitent form, not five per cent remain faithful to the faith that they there profess? Is it surprising that there should be such reactions and losses and lapses when these are some of the conditions under which spiritual children are supposed to have been born into the world, and that weak and ignorant men and women are morally compelled to swallow doctrines upon which the Churches of to-day are rent in twain? Is it any wonder that there should be no conscience on this subject when, notwithstanding the knowledge that officers possess as to the worthlessness of penitent-form figures, week after week the official organ of the movement gives special and sensational importance to reports from Corps of soul-saving events, and rhetorical exaggerations on every subject that it attempts to vindicate?

I give a few instances selected at random from an average *War Cry* :—



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A TYPICAL "HALLELUJAH LASS."



A prize is awarded every week to the correspondent who sends in the most interesting soul-saving report, and in the *War Cry* for February 25, 1911, this was awarded to Coventry I, and was headed "Could show Four Sovereigns"—what a convert had saved in a few weeks since he gave up the use of beer. Yet will it be believed that this incident is reported in connection with the celebration of the thirty-first anniversary of a Corps whose membership is less by one hundred than it was during the first year of its existence?

The next report states that the meeting was "swayed by the Spirit of God," and "three souls accepted the invitation to seek Salvation." The building "was packed." Where is the relative truth between the "swaying" and the results?

"The Army Flag at the Masthead" is the title of a characteristic report of a campaign which succeeded a visit of the General to Swansea. It glows with references to the converts; but it does not point out that eighty-five per cent of these converts were backsliders. The report concludes: "Amongst the converts were men from the common lodging-houses; some had never been to the Army before."

At Worksop we are informed that "twenty-two boys and girls came out for salvation."

In the same issue the following remarks were passed upon a worthy Colonel:—

"Salvation Army advertisements differ from other advertisements in that they are *absolutely* true; and we are able to uphold that unique claim because Colonel —, *throughout the whole time he has had*

control of the Army's trading operations, has insisted upon every quality ascribed to goods that are offered for sale being capable of *entire* substantiation."

On page 14 of the same paper we are informed that "a novel wall decoration" is not only "imperishable," "but cannot lose colour, break, or deteriorate, being executed in solid copper. . . . Price 1s. 6d." And this is "absolutely true" and "capable of entire substantiation."

Speaking again of the man who passed this advertisement, the *War Cry* states: "The Colonel has a keen hatred of anything like misrepresentation," and "Nobody has ever seen Colonel —— perturbed!"

In a leading article on the death of one of the Army's truly great characters, Mr. Bramwell Booth asks:—

"Who but the Army could have won him from his former wildness? Or, had others succeeded *in bringing about his conversion*, what would they then have done with him?" What egotism! It is refreshing to learn from the same pen, however, that "it is faith in the wonder-working power of God that saves and keeps from sin."

Examples by the score could be multiplied of this spirit of inflated egotism and exaggeration from any issue of the official organ of the Salvation Army—demonstrative of at least one of the main causes that partly explains the inability of the Army to lead its penitents from the penitent form to the soldier's roll. — This spirit is displayed by nearly all officers, the General giving the lead. The sense of proportion

would appear to have temporarily died in the veteran leader of the Army when he wrote this sentence : " Holland to-day presents one of the most *stupendous* chances for extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ to be found in the world." And then without qualification he goes on : " Here you have a people that are willing to listen, to consider, and to act ; a Government, a Church, and a Nation that are just discovering our value, and are at least ready to profit by it ; and liberty for the fight, combined with a force of staff, field, and local officers and soldiers all ready to be led to victory, with Jehovah waiting to crown every faithful effort with unprecedented triumph."

Many of the Army's friends contend that while this spirit permeates the literature of the Army—of which the above are extremely mild illustrations—the converts of the Army cannot thrive. They believe that the cause of the evil to which I have referred is to be found here. It may be so. My own belief is that it is simply symptomatic of a constitutional malady that is almost incurable, and must be left to work out its own destructive end. It would be well-nigh impertinent were I therefore to play the part of adviser to the executive of the Salvation Army. They know their own business best. I am no longer in their councils. The place I occupy is that of the spectator who sees most of the game and where the weak points are. I have touched, very lightly I consider, upon one of these weak points ; but that the Army will admit the need of a radical reform in the spirit and methods of the work among their own penitents I do not for a moment expect. The facts,

however, are as I have stated, and it is not by shutting their eyes to them that the leaders of the Army will remove their ugliness. They are deplored by all, but no one has the courage to advocate the claims of a new penitent form or a revision of the very principles of the Army. The Army needs a respect for accuracy of report and a scientific sifting of the figures which relate to their converts, recruits, and soldiers, accompanied by a regular statement as to the number of its members in all lands. In time I believe someone will stand up in its councils and demand such a statement, but that time is not yet.

CHAPTER XI

RIFTS IN THE FAMILY LUTE

Family Hierarchy and its Failure—The First Salvation Army Split—
A Booth rises against a Booth—Ballington Booth against General
Booth's System—A Dramatic Combat between Brother and Sister
in New York—A Second Son's Rebellion—The Story of the Clib-
borns' Secession—Why the General does not see his Children—
A Reconciliation Proposal

GENERAL BOOTH has been a man of sorrows. He has walked the streets of London without the proverbial sixpence in his pocket. He has drunk the bitter gall of tyranny ; known what it is to be oppressed, distressed, and cast down ; experienced some of the tragedies of the City clerk ; and worked at the problem of living on next to nothing. In his career as a preacher, he survived the drudgery and respectable poverty of a travelling Methodist parson fifty years ago ; and, with the aid of a domestic genius, provided a large family with a fair education ; and, saddest chapter of all in the book of his life, he has felt the bitter pang of unutterable sorrow, on account of the failures of some of his children to realise his ambitions for the idol of his life—the Salvation Army.

General Booth believed, and, for all I know, still believes, not only that he and his partner, but all their
- offspring, were appointed by Providence to shape,

mould, and bequeath to the world of sin and misery a New Hope.

“Every hair on my head and every ounce of blood in my veins, and all that I have for time and eternity—wife, children, and grandchildren, born and to be born—are God’s and the Salvation Army’s. I know nothing among men but the ‘Blood and Fire.’ I have no pleasure, no joy or sorrow, and no home, no friends, and no children outside the Salvation Army.”

I have heard him use these words or their equivalent over and over again.

The saddest day in the career of the General was *not* when the sun of his life went out on October 4, 1890 (the day when “the Mother of the Army” passed away), but when the unity of his family was broken by the secession of one of his children from the Flag. Ever since the General has worn a sad look. For it must be remembered that the children were cradled and educated in the spirit of an extreme, anti-worldly Christianity. They were taught to believe that their mission in the world was to be that of soul-savers, and as they rose to maturity, one and all distinguished an individuality of character that was inspired by the dominating ideal that has mastered their parents, saving souls. A more remarkable family in the service of humanity it would be hard to find in the history of Christian enterprise.

The officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army recognised their superiority ungrudgingly and religiously. An article of faith with Salvationists for many years was the unity, love, and self-sacrificing

lives of the General's family ; they pointed to it as an article of faith in their Salvationism. Many of the General's staff officers, it is true, felt that the parents were too ready to place their boys and girls in responsible positions before they were qualified to fill them. It was easy, however, to condone such weakness because of the rare ability displayed by them. They were all able speakers, daring leaders, and they gradually became remarkable administrators and attractive personalities on the platform. They were superior, educationally, to the bulk of the officers, and by the time they were placed in independent commands they had shown the qualities of real statesmanship.

I deal elsewhere with the eldest of the family, Mr. Bramwell Booth, a truly able man. Ballington, the next son, was beloved by all. While in command of the Training Home at Clapton he was held in a sort of adoration by all the lads. He had the luring gift of a hypnotist over them. He was the most human of all the members of his family. He wept over the little slips of his men, laughed with them, and fought and lived with them when they left the Home for the field.

If he visited a Corps he had no ambition to be made a hero in the drawing-rooms of Christian society. He preferred to eat and sleep with the officers in their humble apartments.

And he was such an attraction on a platform ! He could play with an audience as a Paderewski can with his instrument. His anecdotes and solos (the

latter to the accompaniment of an English concertina) won him a way into the hearts of all. He was, in short, a combination of the warm sympathy of his mother and the magnetic personality of his father.

At the age of twenty-five he went to Australia as joint Commander of the work there, and was foolishly idolised. He returned to England, married Miss Maud Charlesworth, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, a lady endowed with the qualifications of a Demosthenes, and when they took command of the Army's work in America no prophet was needed to foretell their success as leaders, and their possible apostasy from the cast-iron system of the movement as it had begun to develop in England—that is, from an American standpoint.

The Americanisation of their views came into conflict with the international system of control. At the end of eight years' service an order came from the General which they thought both unreasonable and unwise. It was an order to say farewell to the command of the United States and be prepared to assume another.

Now this, it is no exaggeration to state, came as a thunderbolt from the blue. The Americans were not prepared for it. It was well known that Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth could be made no exception to the law of the Army with respect to change. But in view of the fact that the Ballingtons had redeemed the cause in the States from ignominy—for it had been rent again and again by dissension before they took charge—and that they had built an imposing Headquarters near Union Square, and were *personæ gratæ* with official

and governing bodies throughout the country, and that gradually the movement was rising to a position of respect among the Churches; the staff and field officers looked upon the act of parting from their Commander as almost insane, and—thoroughly English.

Then the order came at a very awkward moment in the relations of the United States and Great Britain. The tension over the Venezuelan controversy was so intense that one Saturday afternoon a howling mob assembled outside the Headquarters of the Army in West Fourteenth Street, and shouted, "Down with the English Army." English officers were hooted as they walked about the streets, and hissed when they rose to speak or offer explanations of the crisis that had arisen in their ranks.

The newspapers, of course, did not make the task of the peace plenipotentiaries, despatched by the General to New York, any easier.

But what led to the final wrench was probably the appearance of Mr. Ballington's brother Herbert on the scene. At the time Commandant Herbert Booth was in charge of the operations of the Army in Canada. He was not popular there, and this was common knowledge in the United States. When therefore he, as a representative of the family, as well as the International Headquarters, ran over, in disguise, from Toronto to New York to try to persuade Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth to accept the order of their father and leave America, the last element of disturbance to a painful situation was introduced. As in many families, even in this; a member of the Booth

family only served to kindle a new flame of resentment on the part of the Ballingtons towards Headquarters in London. It was an open secret that it was the intention of the General to confer the command of the United States upon Herbert ; but if he ever had any chance of becoming an acceptable leader, he lost it by his interference in this dispute.

Now, what was the nature of the dispute ? The question is of world-wide interest, in view of possible defections in the future. It would be unwise to enter at any length upon the separation of the son from the father. This is not a history of the internal relationships of the Booth family. The broad facts, which are of legitimate public interest, may be briefly stated.

It is customary in the Salvation Army to change the leaders of countries every five years. Owing to special circumstances—the building of a National Headquarters, etc.—the General gave his son Ballington an extension of three years, and at the end of that time issued marching orders to him, and, as it happened, to twenty other Territorial Commissioners, all of whom accepted their orders with unqualified acquiescence. The exception was the General's son Ballington.

“What will the General do ?” That question was on the lips of every Salvationist. If he conceded the wish of the son and the American Staff, there was an end of discipline. If he insisted upon his command being carried out, there would be a serious split in the States, and the advance of the Army would once more be retarded for a number of years, while the Army

would lose two of its most popular and efficient officers, and the General a brilliant son and daughter.

The Salvation Army world looked on the combat that followed with bewilderment. The Army was not, of course, taken into confidence upon the issues, and has not from the day of the son's secession to this. They only knew that, for some mysterious reason, a Booth had risen against the command of a Booth—a son had defied a father. Such a contingency had not entered their wildest dreams. Was he not the man who had insisted upon the doctrine of implicit obedience from hundreds of cadets who had received their commission at his hands both in the United States and in England? It was unthinkable.

To make matters worse, the General at the time of the rebellion of his son was in India. Time passed on. The day of Ballington's farewell was fixed, and the great Carnegie Hall in New York was leased to give him and his wife a popular and representative send-off. But the rumbling sounds of war were heard. The Staff officers were almost to a man opposed to the change, and they determined to unite and force the hand of London. They appealed against the decision. They were kindly but firmly told that the controversy had entered upon a stage that almost involved the existence of the Army itself; and, to the credit of the American Staff, they recognised that aspect of the situation. They perceived that if the General insisted upon the farewell of twenty Commissioners who did not bear his name, and yet permitted his son to remain in charge of the States, there would at once be a justifica-

tion for the criticism that was felt to contain a big grain of truth at that period, namely, that the Army was a family concern, and that all the talk of international unity and a world-wide Army was so much window-dressing.

But then the American Staff thought a compromise could be effected. The question of obedience to the vow that their leader had made did not appeal to them as it did to other members of the great Salvation Army family. The American Salvationists are too matter-of-fact, and accustomed to consider a case on its merits; they were not swayed by what a man might promise an organisation twenty years before, and on that ground they thought that their leaders had a fair case. As usually happens when a religious revolution breaks out in a denomination, a number of side issues are imparted to the discussion and certain personal elements aggravate the situation. It was so in this schism.

Into these it is unnecessary to enter. The great fact is that at this time the controversy crystallised into a fight between the One United Salvation Army and the American preference for Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth, the simplicity of whose home life and the devotion of whose lives had raised the organisation to a high pedestal of respect in the Union. It would have been a splendid struggle had it been possible to keep out the personal and family element; for on the one side, arrayed against the authority with its arm of power in London, were national prejudice—and in no part of the world can that be expressed with such

sharpness of speech and with such hot feeling as in America—and personal hero-worship. On the other hand was the General, evidently showing for the first time in his career what he meant the Salvation Army to be—independent of family influence, governed by one code of commands, no respecter of person or country, and determined to be in reality world-wide in its unity—with one faith, one aim, one flag, and one General.

A curious feature of the conflict was the number of American-born officers who were on the side of the General, though he had not always appeared to advantage either in officers' councils or in public meetings. They thought him domineering and too English, but admired his fighting qualities, and he was getting an old man and was respected throughout the world. His stoutest opponents in the struggle for unity were some of his own nominees trained in the English Training College at Clapton.

It may be asked, what was Mr. Ballington Booth's position? Perhaps the clearest answer to that question is conveyed in the words of Mr. Ballington Booth himself: they were spoken on the day when he decided to see the Chief of the Staff in London *before* taking the separation step. He and his wife had spent a sleepless and yet prayerful night. They resolved, at the close of their final review of the circumstances, to carry their grievances to London. Mr. Ballington and I were waiting at Mount Clair Station, New Jersey, for the suburban train to take us to New York, where he intended to despatch a

cable with the gratifying news that he would see his brother, Mr. Bramwell Booth, before making the final wrench. This, I thought, was an important step towards reconciliation, as I had imagined up till then that the two brothers were not altogether in harmony with each other.

I asked him to put his principal grievance against his father in a nutshell.

Mr. Ballington replied: "I think that is a fair question. A difference such as has arisen ought to be put into a few words. Well, I will tell you. I wave aside personal questions, which my brother has foolishly allowed to colour his vision. I will even concede that there is something to be said on both sides. I will also put aside the question of the Americanisation of the Army and the false charge that Maudie (Mrs. Ballington Booth) has played for the support of the rich at the risk of thwarting the making of simple Salvation soldiers. I resent that charge strongly. You have seen the simplicity of our home, our dress, and our lives. We are the same wherever we go, whether among millionaires in New York or among the toughs of the Bowery. Brush aside all these and other semi-personal aspects of the controversy, and what have we left? A grave fundamental principle separates me from the International Headquarters. Long experience on this continent has taught me that England does not understand America any more than America understands England. Yet we are being governed as if America was part of England. It is true that we speak the same language, pay homage to the same literature, and profess the same religion; but there is as much difference between the American



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MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH AND HER FATHER.

and the English nation as there is between the French and German. The one subject that separates me in spirit from my father, as General, is the system that he persists in developing to the detriment of the work in America. I can go, nay, I will go, to London and repeat this objection to my brother, the Chief of the Staff, although I fear that such a visit will only prolong the strife and intensify the difference between us.

“That, then, is the bone of contention. I have no quarrel against Mr. Bramwell Booth. He is a gentleman, a competent executive officer, an able administrator, a man of vast experience in handling men, and he is a loyal son and soldier to his father and General. He is a thorough system-worker. But mark this: it is not the system-worker I object to, it is the system, and the author and upholder of that system is my father. My quarrel is with him, and if he is not compelled to admit the despotism of his system before he passes away his successors will live to curse it.”

Within an hour of the delivery of this striking statement a cable was received intimating that Mr. Ballington's sister, Miss Evangeline Booth, was on her way to America, in the hope of bringing about a reconciliation between the Ballingtons and the General. That was an act that sealed Mr. Ballington's resolve to leave the ship. He considered the coming of his younger sister an insult, and from that moment he ceased to take the slightest interest in the discussion of the questions at issue. We know the sequel.

The actual blow at the union of the Army in the United States fell with the cancelling of the Carnegie Hall farewell meeting. That was the signal that all

pourparlers at peace were futile. Then a dramatic event followed—the publication of a manifesto by William Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff in London. In the name of his father he accepted the challenge of his brother, and published broadcast a flamboyant call to all officers to be true to their pledges and stand by the One Flag. It was a master-stroke of daring, and for a moment stunned even the Press of America, for it found an echo in the breast of many Americans, who endorsed the claim of the General to be obeyed. But for that they would have despised it; was it not forged in “the bureaucratic fortress of the Army in London”?

This manifesto convinced Ballington and his wife that behind the parleying was a strong and even terrible hand of power; the blow unnerved them. Plans had been laid for a general revolt of officers, and the capture of the organisation in the States and the institution of a rival Army. Ninety officers had given a tacit assent to the design, and were only waiting for their leader to summon them to action. But, like many a protester in the past, Mr. Ballington wavered, and while he did so another Booth appeared on the stage with the magnetism of a charming personality and a reputation for being an ideal Salvationist. The Field Commissioner Miss Evangeline Booth had been hurriedly despatched by her father to make a final appeal to the Ballingtons, failing which she was authorised to assume the direction of affairs, pending the permanent appointment of a responsible leader. With the quickness of thought she grasped

the main principles of the position, and fought the opposition that had taken concrete form with an alacrity and persuasiveness that captured waverers, and even one or two prominent and avowed antagonists.

One scene in her endeavour to win over the recalcitrant members of the National Staff is engraven upon my memory. The Ballingtons had suddenly emerged from a hiding-place and appeared—some said they had captured the Army's Headquarters in West Fourteenth Street—and about a hundred officers were on the premises, expecting the crucial moment to arrive when the secession would assume definite form. Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth were accompanied by a member of the legal profession and staff officers who had signified their opposition to the London regime.

I was a spectator of their proceedings, and, on perceiving the drift of affairs, I at once communicated with Miss Booth, who, owing to the physical strain of the situation, had been compelled to seek some quiet in rooms behind the building. There was some danger that her health might collapse.

As I hurried to her apartments I was intercepted by supporters of the seceders and informed that, in an hour, we should have to look elsewhere for shelter! Though I knew that that was legally impossible, it required no foresight to see that the battle royal between the two parties must be fought there and then. Though not in supreme command—I was only one of two peace plenipotentiaries—there are moments when

even a subordinate must initiate steps that may lead to calamity or victory. This was one. I scampered over a wall, rushed a back-door entrance leading to Miss Booth's rooms, and demanded that she should at once come to Headquarters. Her attendant remonstrated, and I was threatened with excommunication for daring to suggest that a sick woman should face another wrangle that day (there had been two wordy encounters in the former part of the day with the Staff). But living or dead, she had to come, and I am glad to say that with a calmness and self-possession that could hardly be excelled, Miss Booth followed the directions given her, ascended to the fourth floor by the elevator, and demanded admission to the room where the staff officers—in view of what followed I will not call them conspirators—were assembled.

She was refused admission. Knowing the structural arrangements of the building, I succeeded in obtaining an entrance for her, though the process was somewhat undignified, for I knew that when once inside, all the skill of the most inveterate opponent of the London policy would not get her out until she had discharged her message to them.

It was a dramatic moment. Imagine a body of smart, indignant, plotting men and women closeted here, waiting for and expecting every moment that their former leader (now in conference with his legal and rebel friends in an adjoining room) would come forth with the guarantees that he would start a rival organisation and call upon all present to sign a declara-

tion of faith ! To all appearance, in a few moments, a blow would be hurled at the only religious organisation in the United States that declared that self-government meant one government, and that outside the territory of the Stars and Stripes !

Dramatic, indeed ; it was tragic !

In one room sat the brother, hesitating as to whether he would undo the work that had been accomplished in the name of his father. In the very next room was his young sister, tear-stricken, placid, pale, and yet courageous—a lamb among wolves—begging for a calm reconsideration of the position. Ballington's sanctuary represented a policy of separation and disruption ; in the warrior-child's a struggle for unity was about to end in defeat or triumph. A family and an army divided.

“Comrades,” Miss Booth said in an earnest tone, when she had passed into the presence of the would-be mutineers, “will you kindly let me have one word before you break your vows as soldiers of the Flag, men and women whose names have stood among the poor and homeless and vicious as saviours, helpers of the helpless—just a word ?”

There was a murmur and a pause. The wife of a Brigadier put her handkerchief to her eyes. Was she thinking that she owed to the Army a reformed husband and a happy home ? Perhaps. At any rate, she said to one by her side, “Bob, give Miss Booth a chance.” And the good soul was speedily rewarded with a smile from Miss Booth that she afterwards told me would never be forgotten.

The General's daughter proceeded :—

“Thank you ! I am not come here to coerce one officer. You are Americans. The right to have and to hold an opinion of your own is your greatest heritage. I respect it. I am not here to argue the merits of the unfortunate dispute between my father, the General, and my brother, your late Commander. The time for that has passed. I will say nothing about the grey hairs that are turning white on that noble head as we stand here, of the heart that is bleeding, of the mother who is surely looking down from heaven upon her son in the next room, and his little sister here, pleading that the life's work of my father may be kept unbroken by disruption.

“Some of you are fathers. The boys and girls by your side to-day will grow up to honour you, I hope, and I pray that they may be worthy of their consecration and the example that you have set before them. But, as parents, you will know what the General must be passing through at this hour while journeying across the sea from his visit to a heathen land. You know all that. There are currents that are running in this sad dispute that come oozing out of crushed and lacerated hearts. God forbid that you or yours may ever experience the agony that our brave General is undergoing.”

And Miss Booth wept.

“But it is not on that ground, comrades, that I ask you to think twice before you decide to lay down your swords as Salvation warriors. Is it *right* to do so ? Do your consciences approve the step you propose to take ? When you and I go down to the Valley, we shall need the power of a clear conscience to sustain

us in that hour of darkness. Do not let us add a single act to our lives that will rise, in the light of that day, to flood our souls with shame, and show us how we sold our spiritual birthright for a mess of pottage. What will the gain be? Are you sure of your ground? Have you quite taken in this fact, comrades, that we are fighting for something that is dearer than flesh and blood, dearer than the life of the dear General himself? We are fighting for every Salvationist in the world. It is our right to command, and our privilege to obey. It is for *that* that we are fighting. We may have to fight it in poverty, and under obloquy and slander and misrepresentation. We may have to begin afresh in America with our Bible, and the old banner that stands for compassion and peace and brotherhood all the world over. But we shall go through. I am pledged to go through. And if, at the last moment, you, my dear comrades, will give us your hearts and hands, as before, this incident will never be mentioned save to warn others to hold fast to that which is good, that no man take their crowns."

What did she mean by these last words?

A weak, wobbling Colonel, one of those men who may be useful on occasions—a man who studies the current of things and frames his opinions accordingly—exclaimed, "There is a way out of the difficulty here, boys. I think we ought to give Miss Booth a chance to explain herself."

A general conversation followed.

In the meantime the seceders had been informed of the unexpected invasion of Miss Booth and committed a tactical blunder. If they had shown a strong hand, and issued a counterblast manifesto, declaring

the dissolution of the Salvation Army, and Mr. Ballington Booth's determination to reconstruct the organisation on the principle of incorporation, there can be no doubt that the eloquence of Miss Booth would have been as water spilt on the ground. But, like Cromwell's enemies at Dunbar, the Ballingtons served her cause more effectually than did her friends. They hesitated, and lost. She showed a strong hand, and won.

Those who had tacitly agreed to leave the Army the moment that the flag of secession was raised were filled with chagrin. Their names generally were well known, and now that Miss Booth had expressed her determination to go on with the work of the Army at all costs, and that nothing would disturb her possession of Headquarters, how would these officers stand at the International Headquarters in the future? For under the Army's code of discipline mutiny was a deadly sin. In this dilemma they turned to Miss Booth, and that lady proved as wise a diplomat as she was a gallant General. She promised, at the close of the conversation referred to, that the rebels should, out of consideration for the fact that they were largely influenced by a brilliant leader, receive an indemnity, on condition that they would personally express regret for not having entered a protest when rebellion was suggested.

The effect of this declaration was electric. Men and women almost danced with delight. The Army in America and for America was saved! The wives of staff officers wept with joy, and vowed that, though

they loved their late Commanders, they would be true to the Army, and with the toll of twelve o'clock that night the last act of repentance was ratified, and Ballington Booth—the idol of ten thousand hearts—was no longer a Salvationist or a son of his father, in the Army sense of the term.

The first rift in the family lute had taken place. There was consternation without confusion, sorrow without anger, victory without the beating of drums or waving of flags. Ballington and his wife fled from the building.

The Press were indignant, and almost vowed reprisals. Ballington Booth was called upon to at once start a rival Army, and rich and influential friends came forward by the hundred and promised him support. For weeks it appeared as if the sequel to the victory for unity at the National Headquarters would be a wholesale rout of officers and soldiers throughout the various States. Several Colonels and Majors and Staff Captains refused the indemnity, and in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Rochester, Buffalo, St. Louis, and other cities, where the Army had a fair muster of soldiers and friends, minor splits occurred. Practically all the friends of the Army sided with the Ballingtons.

On the other hand, the Salvation Army maintained a splendid fighting front. They refused to compromise with the insurgents. Having defined their position, which was that Commander Ballington must obey his General and say farewell to America, and go wherever the General might choose to send

him, and that officers and soldiers must accept or reject the new appointment with its consequences, be what they may, they laid down a twofold policy: (1) silence as to the cause and circumstances of the controversy; and (2) steadfastness to the work entrusted to them.

This policy was accepted. For any departure from it the responsibility rested not with field officers, who had to bear the brunt of the secession. Indiscreet and voluble staff officers kept the poisonous flames of controversy so much alive that many people's faith in the purity of religion was shaken. The Salvation Army split in the United States did the cause of religion generally a good deal of injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth were not inactive. They gathered their seceding comrades together, and after reviewing the situation, decided to organise another army under the American law of incorporation, with a Grand Council, the General or President to be elected by a restricted vote. Church membership was not to be a disqualification.

This latter clause was, I venture to think, a fatal mistake. It created the impression that the new organisation would be a proselytiser and draw upon the Churches for its workers and support. At any rate, the rival Army was formed, registered, and launched with the attractive title of "The American Volunteers." Statesmen, Church dignitaries, and philanthropists wished it God-speed, and the eloquence of Mrs. Ballington Booth in its support was a guarantee that the new venture would at least meet with a

popular reception. As Mrs. Ballington Booth, who had a warm sympathy with prisoners, announced her determination to adopt prison-gate work as a department of the new Army's labours, the newspapers added their quota of praise to the enterprise of the Ballingtons. Whatever may be said as to the wisdom of the Ballingtons' secession, they too kept to the unwritten compact and did little to feed the feud between the two organisations.

And what has happened since the breach? The Volunteer Army is still in being and doing good work. Mrs. Ballington Booth has created, or greatly helped to create, a new sentiment with respect to the treatment of convicts and prisoners. She has carried on a most commendable work in convict prisons, and is now recognised as the ablest and most gifted advocate of convict reform in the United States.

The Salvation Army has also advanced, especially in its social work. Its spiritual branch makes no real progress whatever, and there can be no question, I think, but that the secession caused a revulsion against actual membership in the Salvation Army by many Americans who up till then were showing a disposition to think seriously of the movement as having a sound religious basis. Now they look upon it as philanthropic only. The Salvation Army as a religion is not a success in the States. Out of the ninety millions it has not forty thousand names on its roll of membership. On the other hand, the officers are among the hardest worked in the entire movement. They raise large sums of money for the poor. In point of

numbers the officers have nearly doubled since the split, and Rescue Houses, Metropoles, and Salvage Brigades have been organised in large cities. The Colonies for the transfer of city workers to the land, upon which Mr. Rider Haggard reported to the British Government, have not proved a success.

The General deplored the loss of his son and Mrs. Ballington Booth ; but he adhered to his policy, and his last visit to the States showed that he was even more popular than ever.

Another and abler son fell out of the ranks for the same reason. Mr. Herbert Booth occupied a place in the affections of British officers similar to what his brother Ballington did in America. He was a successful director of the Training College at Clapton. He distinguished himself as a field commander. He appealed to the imagination of the field. He was a clever organiser. His superintendence of the Army's first Crystal Palace demonstrations gave them a lead from which they have not departed. He possessed, as his mother predicted he would exhibit, the commanding will of his father, and naturally came into frequent collision with his brother, the Chief of the Staff, whose mind does not travel so rapidly, and is, by training, less disposed to embark upon showy enterprises. Then the elder brother had to consider ways and means, and though often approving Herbert's schemes in principle, he had to put a veto upon them, as a Chancellor of the Exchequer has to do when some excellent project is submitted to him.

Bramwell and Herbert Booth did not quite hit it off.

While the father was at hand these differences never reached an acute point. It was only after Mr. Herbert Booth's marriage to Miss Schoch, of Amsterdam, that this difference began to be recognised and lamented. For though far from faultless, Mr. Herbert Booth was considered a splendid coadjutor with his brother, and when he was appointed to the command of Canada the loss was generally felt to be a mistake.

With his departure from the British field the position in Great Britain was weakened. His virtues as a leader in England, however, did not dazzle the followers of the Army in the democratic Dominion of Canada. He was not a success there. His strong rule was resented, and he soon had the resignations of officers, internal controversies, splits, etc., to grapple with. The position of the Army in Toronto was reduced to a fragment of what it was under that less able man, Commissioner Coombs. Mr. Herbert Booth was then appointed to Australia. Here he met with a warm reception from all classes. His wife by this time had become a fascinating public speaker and a new force in the social life of the Army, as well as an effective advocate of agencies for the reclamation of fallen women. Her eloquence won for her the support of the rich and the co-operation of the Governments of the various States.

The leadership of these two remarkable people seemed destined to give the Army a place second to none in the Commonwealth, when, as in America, a bolt as from the blue fell upon the situation. Commander and Mrs. Herbert Booth resigned their com-

missions as officers shortly after the General's second visit to the command.

The circumstances which led up to this calamity have been very carefully kept from the rank and file of the Army. Even in Australia, officers and soldiers are unaware to this day of what actually led to the separation. It is generally supposed that the cause of his resignation was threefold :—

1. The resentment of Mr. Herbert Booth at the tightening process of control in the Foreign Office at the International Headquarters. General Booth was accompanied by a Commissioner, who was deputed to give effect to this policy in certain specific matters.

Mr. Herbert Booth strongly demurred to this as derogatory of his status in the Army, as calculated to reduce Australia to the level of an English province, and as certain to bring about dry-rot in an Army that depended for its inspiration upon increasing rather than in diminishing the power of qualified leaders.

2. The bad feeling which the General generated by his expressed antagonism to the class of Rescue Home and Reformatory which his son and daughter were organising all over the Commonwealth. Here one is able to put one's finger upon one of the General's serious defects. He will not recognise that any distinction should exist between a Rescue Home in Whitechapel and in Melbourne. He makes no allowance for the difference between the social standing of the criminals in Australia and of the same class in England. Hence the painful sensation that was felt throughout the whole of the Australian territory when it was known

that the General objected to the neat and attractive uniform that Mrs. Herbert Booth had designed for her women officers. The influence of this attitude of the father to the daughter-in-law did not fail to leave a painful impression upon the son. It did not help him to deliberate judicially upon his own grievances.

3. Mr. Herbert Booth adopted the Australian view as to the proposed transfer of "submerged men and women of England to the Colonies," and, in the opinion of the General, this was rank heresy. There were other embarrassing circumstances, all of which culminated in the resignation of the two leaders. Once more the Army was plunged into bewilderment, and the General mourned over the loss of Herbert with a deeper sorrow than he did that of Ballington.

General Booth had to experience the bitterness of death in yet another secession from the shrine of his family, the saddest, the most pathetic of all. His eldest daughter, in company with her husband and their family of ten children, tore themselves away from the comradeship and platform of a movement for which they had suffered persecution, trials, imprisonments, and endured the wear and tear of twenty years' fighting on the most disappointing battlefield that the Salvation Army has in the Western Hemisphere.

When "The Maréchale," as the General's eldest daughter was affectionately designated in France—a prefix that the French honoured without placing in quotation marks—and Commissioner Booth-Clibborn left the Army, it is no exaggeration to say that the

movement on the Continent became like a helpless widow. Religiously fanatical as Commissioner Booth-Clibborn was, he was nevertheless an extraordinary evangelist : a man with a burning call to men to repent and do their first works, and to come out from the world of strife and fashion and politics and money-making, and live the simple Christ-life.

A man of immense physical stature, his head covered with a shock of fine brown hair, with dazzling eyes, and a voice strong and musical, he went through France and Switzerland like a prophet resurrected from mediæval times. He sang like a bird in the heavens, and played upon the emotions of Latin and Teuton congregations with commanding skill. He was a winner of souls. When he preached a note of wrath reverberated in his denunciations of sin. He laboured incessantly, translated and wrote books, composed hymns, and devised campaigns of evangelistic conquest. When he sat down to the real business of a Commissioner of the Salvation Army—which is to direct and guide the troops rather than stand at the front of the battle and bare the breast to the fire of the enemy—he was a paradox. He would not be bound by the regulations of London. He was ever in hot water over some memorandum or rule ; and as time wore on Headquarters began to lose patience with their stormy and critical representative.

Latterly he expounded what were, in the judgment of the Army hierarchy, dangerous doctrines, and in the Army heresy is a mortal offence, its theological dogma being as immovable as flint ; there is no

elasticity in its beliefs, and no room for enlightenment, beyond the limits of boiled-down Methodistic articles of faith. Moreover, the one interpreter of doctrine is the General; and in doctrinal disputes he and he alone decides what is and what is not correct. When Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, therefore, began to preach faith-healing as it was taught by the Bethshan School, and the doctrine of the leading of the Spirit as it is held by extreme Quakers—Mr. Clibborn was himself a minister of the Society of Friends previous to joining the Salvation Army—he fell foul of the General, and there was war—behind the scenes.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn took offence at some of the social developments of the Army and the secularisation of week-night meetings, by means of cinematograph shows and sales of work, as well as exhibitions, workshops, and other auxiliaries which the Army has added to its paraphernalia during the last twenty years. He denounced these things as subversive of the Army's spiritual power. And again there was war—behind the scenes.

He preached Quaker views upon war, and he who countenanced the men who earned their living in organising engines of death was a veritable arch-enemy of Christianity in his eyes. Once more there was war—behind the scenes, for the General is a Paulinist. He is all things to all men: he considered his son-in-law guilty of crass folly in propagating this extreme view of war in a country where conscription was the chief bulwark of its independence.

Once more Commissioner Booth-Clibborn ran amok

with International Headquarters, this time over the late impostor of Zion City, the Rev. John Alexander Dowie, who ascribed to himself the prophetic rôle of an Elijah. Commissioner Booth-Clibborn enquired into Dowie's claims and, in proportion as he sympathised with the views of that American conjurer in high-flown mysticism and manipulator of shady financial companies, there was *fierce* war behind the scenes. And one day an ultimatum was put to Clibborn and he left the Army ; and, to the intense sorrow of the whole Army, the Maréchale, the General's beautiful daughter, left with him.

One can easily appreciate and even applaud this act of self-sacrifice on her part. She was the saving clause in the domestic upheaval involved in Mr. Clibborn's acceptance of Dowieism. If she remained steadfast to her Army marriage vows, perhaps she ought to have stood by the Flag of the "Blood and Fire." The articles of marriage in the Army are cruelly explicit on the superior place to which they put the Army as such in contrast with one's obligations to wife, home, children, and Fatherland. Here is one clause to which the Clibborns subscribed when married by the General in Congress Hall :—

" We do solemnly declare that we have not sought this marriage for the sake of our own happiness and interests only, although we hope these will be furthered thereby ; but because we believe that the union will enable us better to please and serve God, and more earnestly and successfully to fight and work in The Salvation Army.

“We here promise that we will not allow our marriage in any way to lessen our devotion to God, our affection for our comrades, or our faithfulness in The Army.

“We each individually promise that we will never do anything likely to prevent the other’s doing or giving or suffering anything that is in his or her power to do, give, or suffer to assist The Army, believing that in so doing we shall best promote the glory of God and the Salvation of souls.

“We also promise that we will use all our influence with each other to promote our constant and entire self-sacrifice in fighting in the ranks of The Army for the Salvation of the world.

“We also promise always to regard our home in every way as a Salvation Army Soldier’s (or Officer’s) Quarters, and to arrange it accordingly, and to train all in it who may be under our influence and authority, for faithful and efficient service in The Army.

“We promise, whether together or apart, always to do our utmost as true Soldiers of Jesus Christ to carry on and sustain the War, and never to allow The Army to be injured or hindered in any of its interests without doing our utmost to prevent it.

“Should either of us from sickness, death, or any other cause cease to be efficient Soldiers, we engage that the remaining one shall continue to the best of his or her ability to fulfil all these promises.”

What was the wife and mother to do then ?

If she had resolved to remain with the Flag, she would have been lifted above the struggle that was to be hers, of having to face the world and earn as a poor evangelist bread for a sick husband and large family. The General too would have been spared the shame

of seeing his daughter's name dragged into publicity as one who, but for her evangelistic labours, must have had to face destitution, if not starvation. Two difficulties then stood before this devoted wife, mother and Salvation heroine. She too was dissatisfied with the system of the Army which had led her brother Ballington to resign, and which was to lead Herbert to do the same. She did not share her husband's opinions as to the leading of the Spirit, faith-healing, and other non-essential doctrines. She was the daughter of the General. Like her noble father, she only cared for one thing—souls, bringing them to Christ, urging them to love God, goodness, truth, mercy. The dogmatic never appealed to her. She revelled in preaching in her coal-scuttle bonnet to the *demi-mondes* of Montmartre, in Paris. Her heaven on earth was, and is still, in pouring forth words of tender sympathy in a theatre, or music hall, or *café*, to the derelicts of humanity, and telling them that it is all cant and superstition and dogmatism that makes out the world to be full of sin, or religion to be something merely for the grave and eternity. Her idea of Christ is that He is the Son of Man, and unless He was so He could not have brought healing to the broken hearts of men. For this view of the Divine she contended with infidels, anarchists, and the most sensual and the most æsthetic in the land which she loved and to which she had devoted the best years of her life. For this she suffered many things. She endured imprisonment in Neuchâtel; had been mobbed and robbed and threatened with violence and things worse

than death. With this gospel she broke down walls of prejudice, won an *entrée* to the haunts of the vilest, as well as to the confidence of Catholic priests, who could not be expected to endorse such a waste of sanctified affection upon an organisation that, in their estimation, with its schisms and perversions of truth and lapses of morality, springs from an inherent lack of Divine authority. Father Lassère called her a holy light.

This woman chafed against the metallic spirit of International Headquarters, its high-sounding assumptions and deification of regulation. Her soul abominated the thing. "Christianity is life," she argued, "not a system in which free souls are caged in by a netting of rules, as trumpery as some of them are impertinent." And so, when her husband doffed his Army uniform for ever because of views that she had no sympathy with, she too turned her back upon it, conscientiously believing that its London leaders were blind to the process of fossilisation and spiritual death that to her were everywhere apparent. Husband and wife and children therefore marched away from the Flag to which they had brought a world of lustre, and by that act forfeited the fellowship of the patriarchal man at the head, a father and a grandfather no longer. A black day indeed for this family, and a sad, sad day for the weary General in his solitude at Hadley Wood.

In all these controversies one unsatisfactory feature has been the chasm created between the General as a father and his children. He has no personal intercourse

with them, his view being, as I understand it—though it is difficult to understand—that he has no children outside the Salvation Army. If they return to him repentant, he will welcome them to his arms and once more to the service of the Salvation Army. But the public, who honour the General's name and fame and consider that—with all his limitations—he has raised a work which is destined to become a subject of wonderment for all time, cannot but be pained, that as the evening shadows of life fall, he does not recognise, as all leaders in political and religious life do, that differences of opinion as to methods ought not to interfere with the courtesies and duties of social and domestic obligation. It is not a happy reflection that the General of the Salvation Army, who is spending his last days in visiting the sick and fatherless, should deprive himself—because of some fantastic interpretation of the line of Providence—of the consolation of seeing freely his children, all of whom are engaged in Christian work, and in their own sphere are happily being honoured with the esteem of good people.

I believe there ought to be a reconciliation, and there are two men at the International Headquarters who, if entrusted with the task of drawing up the conditions of a reconciliation based on family considerations alone, would in a few weeks' time prove successful in bringing about a permanent termination to the present estrangement, and thereby close a sad chapter in the General's career.

And why not? This is a question not for the public to discuss; it is put by a "wanderer from the fold,"

whose perspective has been rightly adjusted since he ceased to follow the Flag of the Army, and who hopes that the tribute he has paid to former comrades will be sealed by a successful attempt on the part of the Staff to repair the rifts in the family lute of the Booths.

CHAPTER XII

GENERAL BOOTH—THE MAN

His Appearance—A man of Action and Intuition—His Loyalty to Friends—Contradictions—His Moral Courage—A Striking Episode—The Qualities of a Statesman

As a man the General of the Salvation Army is pyramidal. His mind and body are built on a large scale. No one ever thinks of him, and he certainly does not think of himself as capable of looking at the world with the binocular of his perspective power reversed. He takes a large view of most things, especially of everything done to promote the work of the Salvation Army.

In physique he was a striking figure, until old age and the care of the Churches shrivelled and bent his once erect, tall, and symmetrical frame. In a crowd of men, whether in the street or in a public assembly, he would be accepted at sight as a Colossus. His leonine head, adorned with a wealth of snow-white hair, denotes a magnetic personality. It rests upon broad shoulders, and as it is moved by the dynamic force of an active mental and physical energy, one is at once impressed with an extraordinary sense of the man's importance. A glance of the face is indicative of a man under some great dominating influence. In repose it is the human window of a soul who has been subdued into an unnatural resignation to fate. His

fine, healthy, pinkish skin would, had he preserved the buoyancy of middle life, impart a serene and benignant dignity ; but in his eighty-third year the face conveys the impression of one who has just received the news of some bereavement. A tinge of sorrow is diffused over the countenance.

As he paces a room or talks to his secretary, his body jerks, the fingers twitch, and there is a rapidity of motion in his deportment that suggests that these little excrescences of character are the result of a strenuous life. An inveterate worshipper of men of action, one can discern almost at a first acquaintance that he is not likely to brook delay or a long explanation on a subject. He is an old man in a hurry, with a young man's energy.

Engage him in a conversation, and the man, able to put himself *en rapport* at once with a stranger, intuitively perceives the point of your address and compels instant attention and decision. The large, piercing, quick, luminous eyes arrest and command your thought. You feel that these eyes are scanning your very soul. There is a mannerism about the old man's optics that suggests the deductive aptness of a Sherlock Holmes. Your dress, jewellery, and face are swept with their searchlight power, and at times his gaze may kindle a spark of resentment. But the face warms into a contagious brightness when your words convince him that your heart is in the right place with respect to his work. The eyes dance with the pleasure that you afford him. The firm, thin, and wittily shaped lips relax, and if you pass an original

remark, or ask a sympathetic question, or should he think that you hold in your hands the reins of a new driving power for his organisation, the old man will be transformed. The intentness of his purpose will animate his talk, and when he has measured your equation, and knows how to match the bait of knowledge to your palate, he becomes all-absorbing. Humour impregnates and saturates his conversation, and the practical is never once absent from his thoughts. He is not only impressive—he is aggressive. He talks for effect ; and the effect that he aims at producing is that you may see as he sees, feel as he feels, and act as he acts. If, on the other hand, you display a cynical spirit, he will be curt and abrupt. He is a miser of minutes, and when you have gone, and if the unfortunate secretary has been responsible for introducing you to his attention, the General will use expletives that cannot be misunderstood.

Get into the General's heart, however, and there is no warmer and more indiscreet lover. He will trust the greatest Judas with the confidence of blindness if he makes the mistake of taking him to be a saint, which explains the bitter disappointment that he has experienced in some of the officers who have been his private secretaries.

For years a Major acted as his confidential secretary, whom he trusted implicitly, in face of the united disfavour of the whole British Staff. The man eventually sold him for a mess of pottage, and lost to the Salvation Army the richest and most influential friend that the General ever had to stand by his side ; how rich will

be gathered from the fact that at the close of a powerful meeting in which the General had delivered an address sparkling with humour and point, this friend took him aside and said, "General, you will do me a favour by kindly accepting this cheque as a small mark of my appreciation for what you have been the means of doing for me."

The General unfolded the slip of paper, and perceiving that the gift amounted to £20,000, he embraced the giver! And the Pharisaical secretary was responsible for the loss of this friend to the Salvation Army! But General Booth is now utterly incapable of learning and applying the moral. It is a defect in his knowledge of human nature that has led him to trust men and receive their slavish devotion. His faith in men is often without reason, and his reason, when he is driven by force of circumstances to rely upon that alone, is without faith.

This contradiction, or combination of opposites in a complex nature, is illustrated in other ways. He can be as stern and unbending as a royal high executioner one hour, and as merciful as an indulgent mother the next. A Colonel in charge of South Africa did not rise to the General's expectations in extending the Army, and on his return to London to give an account of his stewardship the General reproved him very severely, without the officer having been tried or heard in his defence. Being by nature a sensitive, nervous man, with little of the steel of anger in his composition, he gave way to his emotions and told the General that he was cruel. The General has no use for men who

shed tears except over the transgressions of mankind, or unless they spring from a spirit crushed by repentance, and the leader of the Salvation Army said so to his officer. This strong aversion to this form of emotion, which the General inherits by nature, and which has been nurtured by the exercise of his power as a General, has so developed that at times it is exercised in an arbitrary manner.

His first visit to a distant colony, where he was revered as a god by Salvationists, was in danger of ending in a tragedy by a display of this same spirit in the presence, unknown to the General, of a number of minor officers who at the time had only had an opportunity of seeing this side of his character. They were simply dismayed, confounded and saddened, by what they overheard, and so grieved were they that they actually met in secret and drew up a letter for presentation to the General, in which they demanded to know whether the remarks that they had overheard were consistent with the doctrine of holiness to which they listened later on !

Fortunately I happened to hear of the secret conclave, and asked to be allowed to read the document. When I had imparted to the officers a little light upon the General, and argued that if they thought he was a meek and mild saint who would gloss over a manifest failure to apply Salvation Army principles—which was really what the old man was denouncing in very strong, perhaps a little too strong language—they had misunderstood the meaning of the term “General,” and that the officer concerned might thank his stars that

he was getting off without a more severe castigation,—the complaining staff saw their leader in a new light and asked me to destroy the letter, which of course I did, and kept the matter in the dark.

Incidents of a similar nature could, however, be multiplied by the thousand, illustrative of the General's indifference to what his officers may think when he is convinced that he is right and that it is his duty to administer some disagreeable medicine. In this respect the General is worthy of his title. Saintship and soldiership with him are synonymous terms. As a result he is often misunderstood, especially by that order of Christians whose notions of an exemplary life are after the ideal of Madame Guyon. Quietness is their strength, and if it be possible they live at peace with all men. General Booth is seldom at peace, because he finds so many occasions for proclaiming war. There is a right and a wrong way of doing a thing—his way is sure to be right!—and as the majority of us open a door too furiously, or are ignorant of the best methods of packing a portmanteau, or entering a cab or train, or giving precise instructions to our servants, General Booth's daily life is interspersed with a host of sermonettes to all with whom he comes in contact on these and other matters. Oh! the poor rich who have entertained him, and have, with the best intentions in the world, served up tea that has been cold and toast that has been heavy and scarcely browned!

There is an element of courage, not petulance and mere bigotry, in this characteristic of the General.

Some have declaimed against it and called it evidence of bad manners and of a dyspeptic temper. I contend that it supplies the key to his courage, for courageous General Booth undoubtedly is.

Let me relate a couple of incidents that demonstrate his splendid disregard of popular feeling, when that feeling is running contrary to his ideas. One such incident transpired in Berlin during the prevalence of the pro-Boer agitation then carried on in Germany. The General was announced to give a lecture in the Germania Salle upon the Salvation Army, and as the neighbourhood in which the hall is situated is one of the Socialistic centres of Berlin, a large proportion of Socialists were present. The hall was crowded, and the police authorities were a trifle uneasy about the gathering, on the ground that the Army had not held such a large meeting in the neighbourhood before. Extra police were called in to aid in maintaining order.

About an hour before starting the General received a private telegram that King Edward's Coronation had been officially postponed owing to His Majesty's illness, and that he was then lying dangerously ill at Buckingham Palace. The news sent a thrill of apprehension through the English-speaking members of the General's Staff, and as late editions of the Berlin papers were out with the news, Commissioner Oliphant, the Army's chief representative in Berlin, at once conferred with the General and advised that no reference should be made in the meeting to the unfortunate news.

It was possible, almost certain, he suggested, that the Socialist element would use the event to demonstrate their antagonism to the British, and that would complicate their standing with the police. The General sought the advice of other members of his Staff, and all were agreed, as well as the representative of a leading London newspaper, that it would be most unwise to refer to the subject publicly.

“What,” asked the General, “do you mean to say that Germans—whether they are Socialists or anarchists—would in the face of such a world calamity resent a non-political statement of the fact and a request that they should pray for the distressed nation and the sick monarch? I have more faith in the humanity of the Germans than to doubt their sympathy on such an occasion. I am going to mention the fact and call upon them to pray. I am going to act according to the dictates of my own feeling on this matter.”

And he did.

Only those who are familiar with the deep-seated bitterness felt towards the English in Germany during the Boer War can appreciate the decision of the General of the Salvation Army and understand the temerity of his officers in Berlin.

There was a buzz of expectant sensation when the General, before starting his meeting, asked the audience for permission to make a special statement. Then amidst a death-like calm he proceeded to describe the preparations that had been made for the Coronation of King Edward, the gathering of great and royal personalities from all parts of the world, the illness

of the King, the postponement of the ceremony, and the dangers of the situation created by this unexpected blow to the Royal Family of England, among the relatives of whom was their distinguished Emperor of Germany.

“Under such circumstances,” he went on, “I am sure that you will all feel that I would be wanting in good feeling if I did not ask you to sympathise with the Royal House that has been so suddenly plunged into anxiety. Our sense of common humanity prompts us to at least pray that the life of this great monarch, who desires to live at peace and in goodwill with all men, may be spared.”

Without another word the General called his translator to his side and asked all to bow their heads in prayer, and the audience, composed one half of Socialists and avowedly hostile to England, obeyed like children the wish of this great Englishman. The moral effect of his strong announcement took the Berliners unawares. As one of the policemen remarked when the incident closed : “There is no need for us here now. The General is a brigade of policemen in himself.” He possesses the highest form of courage, which is moral and unmoved by the frown or favour of Demos.

His first visit to Australia supplied an opportunity of demonstrating the same quality. His “Darkest England” Scheme was vehemently assailed by the Press of the various States, which were not then federated, on one point, namely, the introduction of the submerged, converted or otherwise, to Australia.

The policy of a "White Australia" was being pushed and exploited by all parties in the State. The evils of Kanaka labour were being resented by the labour groups, and the contaminating influence of even the industrious Chinese combined to mould the thought of Australian statesmen against the incoming of any but the best strain of European blood, while the party whose motto was "Australia for Australians" was making its voice heard somewhat effectually among the councils of party politicians. The Boer War, with its imperialising influence, was then undreamt of, and it was at such a moment that the General of the Salvation Army announced a propaganda with a hankering after Australia with its limitless bushland, uncultivated and uninhabited, as a site for his "Over-sea Colony."

In vain did he reason with the people; in vain did he promise not to send criminals or converted criminals, and in vain did he diplomatically remind the Australians that Australia owed something to their forefathers, who were not selected from the aristocracy of morality! But the more he argued in favour of even a trial, the keener became the criticism of the Press. Some threatened to retort in unpleasant ways.

The General's soul rose in wrath against all this. He thought the mean and selfish view that Australian statesmen took of their great trust was fatal to the expansion of the country, and at his farewell meeting in Adelaide he gave a reply with which, for dramatic power, boldness of tone, and biting sarcasm, I have heard nothing to compare by any statesman or preacher.

It was delivered in the Exhibition Buildings, Adelaide. The great building was packed in every corner. The poorest and wealthiest of the city were represented, as well as the Government and the Opposition, all sworn enemies of the policy of "converting the submerged" of England and sending them across the seas to occupy the pure and virgin soil of such a land as Australia. In a great address, pulsating with an enthusiasm for humanity, the General described the conditions of the submerged. He extolled Stanley's penetration of the Dark Continent, and the track which he had made for the introduction of British enterprise. "Why not," he asked, "perform a similar task in the interests of the enslaved sons and daughters of the Motherland? We denounce the horrors of the Siberian mines, and we send our choicest spirits to conquer barbarian and heathen races by the charm of the gospel of Love. What about a more practical application of the same gospel to the emancipation of the dwellers in English slums?" In a vein of this character he pursued his theme. The audience applauded. Then, when he had delivered his submerged, he continued his interrogations. "Where shall we send them, in order that they may have a fresh start in life?"

The audience was at once chilled by the question. The General perceived the change in the temperature of the meeting, for there was no mistaking the fact that Australia wanted and badly needed population, but "every man and woman must be accompanied with a certificate of good character. They must all be

George Washingtons." Drawing upon his imagination, the General indicted the whole nation in a parable that contained every element calculated to wound the pride and convict the people of their little imperialism.

His picture was that of a British emigrant ship in mid-ocean, filled with happy families bound for Australia. She was flying the Union Jack. All had gone prosperously till now, when she had sprung a leak and was in danger of foundering with all on board. With no sign of a white sail, captain and crew did their noble best to calm the fears of their great family. At a critical moment the ship was overtaken by a mammoth liner, the smoke curling from its funnels, and clearly bound for the same destination. As she neared the ill-fated craft, it was seen that she was also flying the flag that has floated so long as a symbol of freedom and hope for the weak and unprotected. Signals of distress were run up to the masthead, and the crew and passengers laughed and wept for joy that a merciful Providence had brought such sure and certain deliverance to them. Nearer and nearer the vessel came, till she was discerned as the good ship *Australia*. Ah! all was well!

But suddenly she veered off. The captain signalled for a reason, and received the agonising answer: "We have neither place nor room for *you*." Across the bow of the emigrant ship was written in bold letters the name *Darkest England*, for she was sailing under no false colours. At the appearance of that name, the crew and first-class passengers on board the *Australia* were not going to be contaminated

by the presence on board of people from White-chapel and the New Cut! It was unthinkable! And so the emigrant ship, with its immortal cargo of British fathers and mothers and happy, jolly children, was left to slowly settle in mid-ocean and find a haven in the heart of the deep!

“But,” cried General Booth to Australia, his whole frame quivering with passion, and his audience pent up with emotion, “there is a Judgment Day! We shall meet again,” saying which he sat down.

The audience, smitten with remorse and concealing their anger, sat silent for a few seconds, and then, realising the greatness of the speaker's cause, and the intensity and sincerity of his humanity, broke into a loud, ringing cheer. I question if any other man, with so much to gain as General Booth had at that moment by saying nothing, and so much to lose by setting his teeth against the policy of the entire nation, would have had the courage to have said what he did, and employed such a method of bringing home the nation's guilt and the shallowness of their imperial sentiment.

We may differ, and many do most emphatically, with his ideas, and the machinery by which he is seeking to realise them, but everyone must respect the pluck of the man who risked the standing of his organisation in the estimation of a country where it was more popular than it was in the Motherland, rather than stifle his conscience. He has the courage of his convictions, and, although I think that since he became the guest of princes, and has had to trim his



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GENERAL BOOTH AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD, 1910.

sails to suit the winds and moods of political parties, in order to secure for his movement facilities to carry on philanthropic work, the old adamant lies at the foundation of his character.

He was sorely tempted once to surrender his position for the prospect of a great gain. The General and Mrs. Booth had delivered speeches in different places, Mrs. Booth in St. James's Hall and the General in the Free Trade Hall, reminding the Churches of their duty and deploring the fact that, in spite of their efforts to avoid making another sect, it appeared as if the Army were to be treated as if they were. The General threw out the suggestion as to whether the Churches could not ally themselves with the Army and help it to accomplish at greater speed its own particular work.

The late Archbishop Tait read these allusions to the possibility of a working concordat between the Salvation Army and the Churches with great sympathy, and he and the late Bishop of Durham met the General at Headquarters, and made such overtures as led the General to seriously consider the wisdom of placing the Army under the ægis of the Church of England.

What transpired at these conferences has not been reported in detail, and rightly so. But I am in a position to state that these representatives of the Churches were prepared to grant to the Army:—

1. A full and complete measure of self-government. Nothing would be interfered with in matters of administration, organisation, or leadership. The

Army as such could exist as if it had no connection with the Church of England.

2. No alteration of its creed or its orders was demanded, nor would any conditions be imposed as to its development.

3. No pledge would be required that its members should, on being introduced to the Army, be called upon to sign anything that required that they should attend the Church of England services. The Archbishop was prepared to advocate assisting the Salvation Army with funds, and place the influence of the Established Church at the service of the Army, on condition that the Corps in their corporate capacity attended a Church service at least once a week.

The temptation to accept such a generous offer was great. If carried out the Army would be delivered from a great deal of financial anxiety. It would stand on a higher footing in the religious world, and it would help to put a stop to the persecution to which it was subjected all over the country. He also perceived that it would prevent the formation of a rival Army, if I may say so, by the Church. Besides, the General felt a strong leaning towards co-operation with the Churches, and this might prove the beginning of a new era in the efforts to bring about general Church unity.

But he also saw that he had created a new thing under the sun. Constitutionally the Salvation Army must be itself. Its cosmopolitanism was already stamped upon its converts. Besides, by this time the Army had spread to Sweden, France, and other

countries, where the same conditions did not prevail. How could it be imagined that there could be any such unity with the Lutherans in Sweden or the Catholics in France? Archbishop Tait's proposal had come too late. General Booth said so explicitly and sorrowfully, and thereby lost, no doubt, the encouragement, practical support, and co-operation of a great moral and spiritual force; but by the manner in which he first entertained and then abandoned the proposal William Booth showed himself to be a truly strong man.

Within the limitations of his office he has the qualities of the statesman. Had he been schooled in the realm of party politics he would have made a Gladstone with the imperialistic glitter of a Disraeli, for no man could have called an Army into being and decorated men and women with the titles of Captains and Colonels unless he had been endowed with an almost effeminate weakness for colour. His own uniform, with its gold braiding, golden-threaded crests, scarlet vest, and undress military coat, savours of a compromise between the cardinal's robes and the plumes of the general on parade.

This little weakness for display came out very innocently at Oxford on the day he received, at the hands of Lord Curzon, the honorary title of D.C.L. A galaxy of public men received the honour at the same time, including Mark Twain, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey, the Bishop of Armagh, and Lord George Hamilton. The students behaved with rare good-humour, the only suggestion of playfulness being "Now for the collection, General."

After the ceremony was over the General at once returned to London, and instead of packing his doctor's robes in his portmanteau, he wore them all the way to London! He was as proud of the honour as if he had been an undergraduate who had passed his final exams. with flying colours or had won a Senior Wranglership. In fact, the General carried the robes across the Atlantic, and in a private council of officers at New York he appeared in all the glory of the dazzling robes of his D.C.L. !

The Americans were delighted as much with the vanity of their veteran Commander as the significance of the degree. Huxley had called him Corybantic in his religious fanaticism, but Lord Curzon described him as "a man of compassion for souls."

But, as I have pointed out in the opening chapter, the key to the alpha and omega of his character and career is his religion. He takes it wherever he goes, and as the years have introduced him to the realities of other worlds besides his own, much of his own severity toward others has been modified. He is more subdued and less concerned about what a man believes, and more liberal as to the spirit in which he acts according to his convictions of right.

The General's chief charm, which endears him to his people, is his simplicity. The love of simplicity is stamped on all he does. He avoids the use of words of more than three syllables, and he writes in short sentences. His diet is simple and vegetarian. His home at Hadley Wood is a model of comfort without a luxury or an ornament. He uses no stimulants



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WILLIAM BOOTH, D.C.L.

except a glass of water diluted with bi-carbonate of soda. He is quite blind in one eye and can scarcely see to hold his pen, and he remains cheerful, satisfied that he has done the will of God, and that his legacy to mankind—the Salvation Army—will be safe in the hands of Him who inspired it. General Booth is a poor man. Wesley's one article of jewellery consisted of a silver spoon. William Booth will not have so much as that to include in his will. General Booth is a good man, and serves God with all his heart and mind and strength.

CHAPTER XIII

GENERAL BOOTH'S ELISHA

His Skill as Organiser—The Army will Endure—His Habit of Command—A Fervid Orator—Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mr. W. T. Stead—Is Brought to Trial and Acquitted—His High Aims in Slum Work—His Business Capacity

It is a legal fiction to state that the successor to the founder and first General of the Salvation Army is unknown. The name of the next General is well known, and amongst officers of the movement at least is a household word. Indeed, it would be correct to say that he is the pattern saint of the field officers. There are the General's men and the Chief's men—men who swear by the General and men who swear by the Army. There is only one officer in the Salvation Army qualified to succeed the General, and he the eldest son, Mr. William Bramwell Booth. By ability, experience, and the confidence with which his word is accepted throughout the Army, he is far and away the most fitted for the post. When the General announces, as is his practice when addressing large audiences, that no one but himself knows who his successor is, he rather emphasises the method by which the Army's law of succession will be carried out than the fact itself. The officers are not only convinced that Mr. Bramwell Booth will succeed the General; they dare not con-

template the possibility of anyone but the son wearing the old prophet's mantle. Elisha *must* succeed Elijah. Mr. Bramwell Booth is the indispensable Kitchener of the Salvation Army, the chief engineer and resolute administrator of Salvation rule and of the will of the Commander-in-Chief.

Of course, the son's career has not filled the public eye as the father's has done.

It is only those who have been or are closely associated with the inner councils of the Salvation Army at Headquarters who are aware of the enormous power vested in Mr. Bramwell Booth in his position as Chief of the Staff and his ability as an administrator. I have no hesitation in declaring that without his executive *nous* and skill, and his contentment to occupy the most onerous and thankless of offices, it would have been humanly impossible for General Booth to have given cohesion and uniformity to the many departments that had to be created after a new and almost dangerous pattern.

Any Rowton or Levi can start a shelter and run it under the Common Lodging House Act, but genius is needed to make a shelter religious, as well as a net for dragging wastrels and prodigals from the muddy walks of depravity, and converting them into men with a love of work and a measure of religious faith. A MAN was needed to DO that sort of work, and in Mr. Bramwell Booth the General found the man.

Assuming the soundness of General Booth's theory, without a strong man at the wheel capable of guiding the movement in harmony with the course mapped

out for it by the General, it is obvious that the social work generally might have altogether degenerated into what some of its departments have undoubtedly become—mere commercial concerns.

In this high encomium I do not suggest that Mr. Bramwell Booth took up the sketch supplied by the designer and filled in the details with his own hands. Far from it, he was assisted by men and women who were better qualified for the rough and heavy labour than he or the General was. But as Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth kept his hand upon the progress of the work and saw that it was developed in conformity with the specifications, and he had the courage to make amendments when experience forced him to recognise that the General himself was out on any matters of detail. A man of supreme faith in the principles of an experiment not then proved the success that it now is, was required, and in his son the General found that man to perfection.

So that in Mr. Bramwell Booth we have a General already made ; in fact, for the last ten years he has for all practical purposes been the Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army. In the absence of the General from Great Britain, Mr. Bramwell Booth acts for him under full powers of attorney. When he enters upon the titular command of the organisation, he will therefore have already served an extensive apprenticeship for the position.

In view then of the power that will, in the order of Providence, pass from the first to the second General, and the possible effect of the next General's rule upon

the destinies of the Salvation Army, it becomes a question of public importance whether the Army, as an experiment in the socio-religious life of the world, is likely to be fortified or weakened by a change of leaders and the method by which the change is effected.

It should ever be remembered that the Salvation Army is not governed by a conference or a board of philanthropists selected from the Churches, otherwise the question of a new president might be dismissed in a few lines. The organisation makes great spiritual—one might add sacerdotal—pretensions. The leaders claim that the Army is, as I have more than once observed, a divinely created movement; that the authority in which the spiritual control of the General is vested is as sound and as sacred as that of the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury; that the Army's system of government is suited to the conquest upon which it has entered and is consistent with Biblical teaching; and that the underlying principles of the Army's operations are calculated to secure for it permanence and unity throughout the world. The *insignia* and symbols of the Army portray these pretensions. The Army has a creed—very exacting on the practical side of things—and it depends to a large degree upon public support for the maintenance of its social and spiritual operations, while its complex system is held together, directed and inspired by one man.

Hence the man who is to succeed the present leader becomes at once an object of curiosity and some importance. His personality cannot but awaken

kindly feelings at least among the thousands and millions who up and down the land have spoken of his patriarchal-looking father—with his flowing beard, snow-white head, genial smile, and glowing eyes—not as “General Booth of the Salvation Army,” but “*The General.*” Then some, not of his fold, even go further and call him “*Our General.*” The Pope is the only other figure in Christendom who is spoken of and accepted with the prefix of the definite article.

Who is he then who will step into this heritage of respect and religious veneration? We may well ask. Will he be a worthy successor to the originator of the Army? Has he that progressive genius which a Joshua requires to possess in a fuller degree than a Moses? Will the next General be able, with the growing demand for complete self-government, to maintain and develop the control of the world-wide organisation from one common centre? Will he modify or confirm the Army's present attitude toward politics and its Chauvinistic relation to the Churches? Will it be more—as many devoutly pray—or less religious, or evolve into a mere, though vast, social ambulance, or help to give it a new lease of spiritual life, and raise up men and women who will denounce with new and clarion vehemence the madness of sin and proclaim in a new way the wonders of the grace of God?

These are questions that are germane to the welfare of a movement that advertises its claim, as no other has ever done in the history of Christianity, to be considered as raised up by God for a special work.

I have no bias in favour of the rôle of the prophet, and therefore am not disposed to say that Mr. Bramwell Booth is either the man that will "rise to the occasion" or signalise the beginning of the end of a great endeavour. I simply say there is no other man at present fit to follow General Booth in the leadership of the Army. Some predict that the movement will begin to disappear from the stage of religious life from the very day that the grand old Evangelist-General passes away. I do not believe it.

If on no other account, the Army is too materialistic in its organic life to wither so easily. A myriad self-interests tend to preserve it, and up to the present, with the exception of the Church Army, it is without a rival. The spirit of the Army has permeated the family and social customs of thousands of people. To them it has become a *fetish*, and as nothing is so tenacious as superstition, or veneration for the prophet of a religious system, the Army is not going to fall to pieces simply because the death of the General may give it a shock.

Then, as I shall presently show, Mr. Bramwell Booth has been sufficiently sagacious to foresee the possibility of a lapse of the public trust in the Army when the idol of the movement is laid to rest by the side of his partner in Abney Park Cemetery.

The son long ago contemplated such a contingency, and had his lines well laid to meet any serious exigency that may follow that inevitable event. It may be that the change will bring into being new forces that will rejuvenate the work of the Army. Indeed, it will not surprise some officers—who know Mr. Bramwell Booth

—should the religious world receive a greater surprise when the second General gets well into the saddle than it did when the Rev. William Booth doffed the white tie of the cleric for the scarlet jacket of the Salvationist. England certainly needs some strong religious impetus, and some circumstances point to the possibility of the Army breaking out in a new place and endeavouring to supply that impetus. At any rate, we may dismiss the thought that the Salvation Army will receive its death-knell when the announcement is flashed to the world that General Booth is dead.

Mr. Bramwell Booth *may* prove a strong General. He possesses at least the essential pluck needed to perpetuate the Salvationism of the movement. But has he the unprejudiced insight into the moving thought of all grades of the working and lower classes of society? That is a question of more importance to the Army than may at first appear.

Many years ago I was asked to meet Mrs. General Booth at St. Pancras on her return from a lecture at Oxford. I was then under orders to accompany the General on one of his Scandinavian campaigns, and being a novice at “managing” the General, the kind and tactful lady warned me of one or two dangers that I might be liable to fall into.

“The General is rather severe at times,” she said, “and if you let him down he will let you know it, even if it is only over a trifle.”

I thanked Mrs. Booth and said that I hoped I understood the difference between the man who had the right to command and the man whose privilege it was

to obey. She seemed pleased with the answer and then launched into a homily upon the capacity to command.

“Herbert [her youngest son] has got it,” she said, “to a fuller degree than Bramwell. Bramwell is slow and conciliatory. Herbert is quicker of apprehension and readier to demand and require obedience. He is a born leader—he has the General’s spirit—and will be heard of.”

I presumed that she was aware of the fact that, in common with many other officers at the International Headquarters at that time, I rather resented the dictatorial spirit of this younger Booth. We considered he was *too* daring, too cocksure in his calculations, and too fond of stamping his personality upon his exploits in favour of the Army. Mrs. Booth was mistaken. Herbert years later left the Salvation Army, and the elder brother has demonstrated that the Army required the very qualities that Mrs. Booth had belittled. Mr. Bramwell can and does exact obedience.

On one occasion I accompanied him to Paris when the state of the work there was, I understood, causing the General some concern. He found the Staff at Paris obsessed with a fear of the authorities and afraid to adopt measures out of the ordinary rut.

“If I were in command of this city,” he said to one of the Staff, “I would go out into that boulevard and take my stand in front of the Grand Opera and shout at the pitch of my voice, ‘Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! And He saves me now.’”

The French staff officer smiled and said, "In London that might be possible, but here in Paris it would be madness."

I have known Mr. Bramwell Booth do "madder" things in London. He once preached from a coffin on the stage of the Army's platform at Holloway. I have walked with him more than once through crowded streets of provincial towns while he has been dressed in sackcloth, and jeered at by boys and sneered at by respectable members of Christian society. I have seen him jump off a public platform on a Sunday night and walk round and round the aisles crying in a strained, excited, and pitiful voice, "Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!" and I have watched men and women—stricken with the fear of sin—walk and even leap to the penitent form and cry, "What must I do to be saved?" And this by General Booth II! He is fired with the Salvationism of his father.

Mr. Bramwell Booth's platform oratory belongs to the fervid style. His coffin-sermon was one of the most dramatic appeals to the emotion of Fear to which I have ever listened. Preceded by a calm discourse upon the certainty and uncertainty of death, the finality of all hope of the soul that has passed out of the world unforgiven, the preacher drew a vivid picture of mortality in the grave. Entering the coffin and lying on his back, he quoted Paul's death-defiant gospel while describing the soul at peace with God.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And in these words he raised his voice in loud, appealing tones:—

“ Are *you* prepared to meet the Messenger ? Are you ready for the white shroud, the last call of the undertaker, and to lie down in this cold, narrow, lonely bed ? Backslider, you, you who have afresh driven the nails of rebellion into the Saviour’s hands and feet, trampled on Divine mercy, mocked the Blood, and rejoined hands with the enemy of souls ; oh ! are you—you ready ? Sinner, brother and sister, friend, listen : Has sin so numbed your reason that Death has so lost its terrors that you take the numbing effect of contempt to imply the possession of a courage that is as strong as the faith of the saint ? ”

The audience meantime gazed at the platform as if hypnotised. Neither the dramatic garb of the speaker nor the gruesome object on the platform evoked any resentment from the scoffers in the back rows, who had a few minutes before been fortifying their nerves with glasses of beer at the bar of an adjoining public house. The man was in terrible, deadly earnest. In that moment he seemed to combine the zeal of a Xavier with the morbid imagination of a Richard Baxter, and had he been on this occasion morally sustained by a corresponding faith and sympathy on the part of his officers, this sermon alone might have inflamed the zeal of the average London Salvationist. But it fell flat—though incidentally it clearly revealed that Mr. Bramwell Booth, the gentlemanly Chief of the Army, dabbler in science and philosophy, writer to *The Times*, and keen bargain-dealer, is also a practical believer in the wisdom of rank sensationalism as an auxiliary to the evangelisation of the people. The Salvationist of

to-day still admires the officer of this type, and all this and more than this stands to the credit of the man who more than any other is likely to succeed General Booth in ruling the Salvation Army.

His association with Mr. W. T. Stead in the reckless, sensational, and yet successful effort to raise the age of consent under the Criminal Law (Amendment) Act, brought Mr. Bramwell Booth at the time (twenty-two years ago) into notoriety and showed another side of his character. For some days he remained with his compatriots under the opprobrium of having been an accessory to the procurement of a child for immoral purposes, until he was exonerated not only without a stain on his character, but his conduct in the case was held by Justice Lopes to be that of a Christian gentleman. What he actually did was to introduce to Mr. Stead a woman—at one time a keeper of a house of ill-fame—who he believed was in possession of facts bearing upon a hideous traffic in girls of a tender age. The whole force of the Army's organisation was called up to ventilate the need of an amendment in the Criminal Law. Five thousand Salvation soldiers marched through London to the House of Commons with Mr. Bramwell Booth on horseback, and presented a mammoth petition in favour of the Bill.

Writing from the dock at the Old Bailey, we get an introspective view of the next General of the Salvation Army from his own pen :—

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“ This morning we are here again, and the

enemy is all in array against us. Just got your kind, brave telegram. It has cheered me. I confess last night I felt very much distressed indeed. I think of the Army, of course, and it seems so hard to have all this sort of thing twisted against us. I care very little about myself, but others do and will suffer through me. Russell is making a most splendid speech for Jarrett. Many people in the court cried when he spoke of her desire to do something to make amends for her former life. I cannot tell what effect he is making on the jury.

“Only think how we are making history! We are the first prisoners put into the box to give evidence for ourselves for a thousand years! The thing is quite new. I expect I shall go into the box about noon tomorrow, or perhaps later. I know you will pray for me. I am so nervous about the most ordinary things that I am certain to be extremely shaky. The strain has been very great since we began, and I am all of a tremble before I go in. However, God will be with me and give me what I shall answer.

“In any case, and no matter what the result, I am not ashamed to be here. I did all I did because the wail of the oppressed and the imprisoned had come up into my ears and gone down into my heart, and because I could not help it, and if I had done any other I should have gone against my conscience.”

There never was any case against Mr. Bramwell Booth. But for the negligence of a member of the Army's editorial department, who carelessly misplaced a letter that came into his possession by mistake and kept it there for a month, Mr. Booth would never have been charged at all. These extracts, however, supply a few cameos that reveal the son's strong attachment

to his mother, a physical nervousness from which the strenuous life he has led since has not quite freed him, the self-appeasement of his conscience, and the ruling passion of his life—the Army first and the Army last.

Writing after the verdict to his Army friends, he said :—

“ I am aware that those who expose the doings of immoral men must expect to be attacked in return, and that those who snatch the prey from the destroyer must suffer as well as their Lord and Master.”

In his own way—it has been defined as masterly opportunism—Mr. Bramwell Booth was as good as his word. Immediately after the trial he organised an Investigation Bureau, by means of which he has dug up out of the social morass of London probably as much information as to the haunts of vice as is lodged in the pigeon-holes of Scotland Yard ; but which Mr. Bramwell Booth has made entirely subservient to the rescue of women and the working of a system for exacting privately a measure of justice from the chief culprits.

Thousands of unfortunate women have been cared for in a maternity hospital and restored to friends, some having been happily married and provided with a fresh start in life in a new world across the seas. This incident in his career redounds to his honour as a man and as one of the guides in a great work of mercy.

But he might have taken fuller advantage of the publicity which his place in the dock at Old Bailey provided. The department might have become a useful

vigilance agency. The General restrained his Chief, however, insisting that the salvation—not the discovery and punishment—of criminals was the supreme concern of the Army, and from that day to this Mr. Bramwell Booth has allowed his ardour for the reform of the law in relation to this question to be regulated wholly and solely by philanthropic, as distinguished from legislative, considerations.

As an organiser of forlorn endeavours the second in command of the Salvation Army is probably seen at his best. The slum work of the Army was mainly his creation. When much younger he frequently evangelised in the slum quarters of Hackney, "Donkey Row," East London, and other places. He has visited and nursed the sick, tidied up rooms in rookeries, and preached salvation and held prayer-meetings with the neighbours. He formed the idea in those days of subduing black patches of our city life by the sheer moral and sweetening influences of clean, happy, self-denying Christians who should voluntarily come out of their ordinary homes and go down and actually live amongst the poor and degraded.

In company with the writer he wandered about the slums of South London night after night studying the habits, customs, and character of the occupiers of squalid and overcrowded tenements, dilapidated rookeries, and blind, dismal alleys. An article followed in the *War Cry*, giving a word-vision of this neglected London, and calling for the consecration of the followers of the Friend of sinners to save the people.

He dreamed of a nether London honeycombed with

sanctified fathers and mothers, living the Christ life among the hovels of the poor and the black localities of vice by day, and preaching the Gospel at night. A beautiful dream!—inspired by an idealism far, far beyond the matter-of-fact Christianity of modern days and even the predisposition of the Salvationist to suffer for Christ's sake.

Two warm-hearted sergeants of a large and easy-going Corps in Battersea, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, felt the call of Heaven in their hearts to this work, and made a heroic attempt to apply Mr. Booth's notion of Christ in the slums; but while they were undoubtedly the pioneers of the slum work of the Army, the original plan was found to be impracticable. Nevertheless, it is interesting that at a period in the evolution of the social idea of the Army—and *before* the Darkest England Scheme was as much as dreamt of—Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff, was endeavouring to grapple with that problem of all problems, how to Christianise the heathen of England by the force of moral example, and by holy and self-sacrificing men and women *living*, not occasionally visiting, but actually living in the slums.

Undaunted, this Salvation Stanley—shall I say?—rushed on through the dense forest of social desolation, poverty, vice, and crime, till at length he attained a working basis and founded what were called “slum posts,” from which happy, bright, and devoted sister officers of the Army operated upon a given neighbourhood, visiting the sick and degenerate by day, and at night attracting many of their neigh-

bours into small halls, where salvation was proclaimed with results that drew from the late Cardinal Manning the high encomium, "They are God's angels of hope and mercy." Since then the slum posts have been superseded by district visitation and nursing, but whether the latter is an improvement upon the former I cannot say.

Here, then, is a man with the predilections of a practical, social alchemist, and who, in the providence of God, will be the next General of the Salvation Army.

There is the strain of the mystic in his temperament. His library and books from which he most frequently quotes testify to a strong preference for the dogmatic theology of the low evangelical school, and the contemplative literature of the order of Lacordaire, Upham, and Madame Guyon. He was given the Christian names of William Bramwell by his parents as a mark of their regard for the writings and reputation for holy living of that old Methodist divine.

The association of his name influenced the boy at school and at play. He was always "a good boy," so good indeed that he had to endure much inconvenience while a pupil of the City of London School. Refraining from vulgar language and many innocent games because of the questionable character of some of his schoolmates, he was speedily made the object of that "pin-pricking" order of annoyance at which British lads are such experts!

At the age of thirteen W. Bramwell Booth gave his heart to God, and at fifteen the exigencies of the Christian Mission movement as well as ill-health some-

what interfered with his education. Had he pursued his studies and had his parents sent him to college, he probably would have revised some of his crude ideas of humanity and of New Testament teaching, for inculcating which his parents were largely responsible. Mrs. Booth held "strong views" as to education generally, and considered that the colleges and universities were ruinous to real religion. Bramwell's education suffered in consequence, and at seventeen he found himself assisting his father in the "poky" offices adjoining the People's Market, Whitechapel Road, then the Headquarters of the movement. It was here he saw the world with the eyes of his father. It was here, amidst squalor and poverty, that he imbibed aggressive aspirations after a more militant form of Christianity. It was here, too, that he proclaimed a standard of holy living that attracted to him thousands of Christians belonging to all parts of London. Every Friday night he conducted holiness meetings, at which he persistently, vigorously, and with much scriptural reference tried to prove that it is possible for men not only to have a conscious sense of the pardon of their sins, but a definite assurance of a clean heart. He believes it to be possible for men in London to live without sinning, aye, without sin. Here are his views on this subject expressed in his own words :—

“ To restore men to the image of God means also to bring men to will what He wills. Thus restored, they will do His will on earth, as it is done in heaven. Then, instead of separation and contention between man

and God, there will be submission and harmony and union. And to be renewed again in His likeness means to be made *perfect in love*—to love supremely what He loves, and to hate what He hates.”

The aspiration of these gatherings is even better defined in one of a few hymns that Mr. Bramwell Booth has composed :—

“ Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er ?
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more ?

“ Now search, and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry ;
See ! helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

“ My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, who gave ;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

“ O Saviour, I dare to believe
Thy blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present and free.

“ O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep,
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.”

Like all the Booths, the Chief of the Staff is an inveterate worker. Here is a page from my diary that tells of the average day in his life :—

“ Breakfasted with the Chief of Staff at Hadley Wood at 8. Busy all the way in train and cab to Headquarters. Chief severe on an officer for imparting in-

formation to General about trouble in States. He lectured Cadets at Clapton at 11 o'clock. Address upon 'Faith' in relation to works. Returned to International Headquarters for conference with lawyers. Had a bad quarter of an hour with Trade Department over their debts. Caught 5.10 p.m. for Luton. He conducted All Night of Prayer in Citadel. Not at all in good form; hammered the people too much. Denunciation of sin in abstract too rackish. Results practically *nil*. Telegrams during meeting pestered him. He went to bed at 1 a.m. wearied and tried about America."

It is no disparagement of the son that he does not possess the human touch of the father. As a speaker Mr. Bramwell Booth is serious, impressive, lucid, and as we have described, melodramatic. But he lacks what he fancies he possesses—the dry humour of his father. It is but right to remember, however, that he has not been privileged with the opportunities of keeping in practical contact with the people to the extent that the General has. He does not understand the inner, psychological meaning of the word Democracy. Observant as he is, the labour and social movements of the hour are retrogressive in his judgment. If I am correct—and I think I am—this is a most unfortunate shortcoming in the coming General, for there was a time when the working classes looked on at the evolution of the Army in the hope that it would result in the organisation of a movement that would voice the bitter cry of the British toiler, and use its unique influence in industrial centres for lifting the working-man question on to a high platform.

Strange as it may appear, although the Salvation

Army is essentially a people's movement, it is only so in a religious sense. The Booths, including the General and especially Mr. Bramwell Booth, have failed to attract the working class as a class to their standard. The Army lacks the democratic atmosphere; its leaders have not "gone down" to them, or sought admission to their clubs, or listened to the men's own version of their social and industrial grievances, or tried to grapple, in the spirit which they exhibited toward the human submerged, with their peculiar circumstances and aspirations.

They have opened shelters and soup-kitchens for the out-of-works; but through prejudice, or as employers of labour, they have held aloof from the working man. At any rate, for some reason or another, they have done little to harness the working man as such to the Blood and Fire Flag; he stands off from the Army. There is nothing in an Army hall that is socially attractive to him week-night or Sunday. The meetings are now largely composed of women, principally of the shop-girl and servant class, and the fear that many friends of the Army entertain about the next General is that he will be too old to strike out on this matter and enlist the sympathies of any important number of the labouring and artisan classes to the Army.

They respect the old General and speak affectionately about the ambulance operations of the Army down among the poor—we all do that—but what has the Salvation Army to offer a hardworking man at the end of a day's navvying, or when he is being "bested" in his attempts to better his circumstances, and thus

prevent his children from falling into the ranks of the submerged ?

It has a charter for the hooligan, but nothing for the honest man. Will Mr. Booth—has he the courage ?—take hold of this question ? Unless he does in a statesmanlike fashion, the Army must eventually be confronted with a serious dearth of men capable of being trained into successful officers. For the Army is drifting into a large charity organisation as a result of this aloofness and ignorance of the modern working man's mind toward Christianity.

For over twenty-five years Mr. Bramwell Booth has reigned and ruled at Headquarters. While other officers have been subject to the law of change of appointment he has, unfortunately for the movement, remained at his desk. He has been a partner to sending his brothers and sisters hither and thither throughout the world, while he himself has not once visited the United States, or allowed himself sufficient time to mingle with the great democratic spirits of France or endeavour to understand the German on his own ground. A huge blunder has been committed with the Chief of the Staff, which he has done much to make almost irreparable by taking upon himself the oversight of the command of Great Britain, that ought to have been given, by every right of Salvation Army development, to men who are well known to possess as sound qualifications as himself for these positions. And while he remains in it he is guilty, in the opinion of many of his officers, who dare not say aloud what they think, of something approaching an insult to long-service men.

It is now too late. The Army has suffered, and unless Mr. Bramwell Booth does violence to himself and at some risk puts more trust in his top men, the result may be grave to the power of the organisation. His executive skill is, no doubt, a source of admiration, but it is marred by a form of priestliness which blinds him to the morality of some of his actions. For example, he exercises the veto upon all matters relating to the development of the trading departments of the Army. No special contract for Salvation bicycles or extension of the Salvation tea department—one of the established hypocrisies of the movement—and no departure either in management or departments can be passed without his consent. He controls the printing department. Except for the routine, his is the brain that shapes the thought of the Training Home. The *War Cry* is but a gramophone for registering his judgment. He wields absolute power over the policy and administration of the Farm Colony.

What did Mr. Bramwell Booth know about dairying and the care and stalling of milch cows when the General decided to add that as a department to the Hadleigh Farm Colony? What did he know then about brick-making, market-gardening, fruit-farming, and the industries that have come to grief in the development of the experiment of founding a Land Colony for the submerged tenth?

It is true that expert advice on these undertakings was put on the tables of the councils of the Army and paid for. But Mr. Bramwell Booth had the veto of

deciding what should be done with that advice, and what is more serious, his was the responsibility of appointing Salvation Army men to carry out the recommendations of experts. Mr. Bramwell Booth applied himself with amazing assiduity to master the principles of all these industries and paid personal visits to farms and other places where they were deemed successful, and now Mr. Bramwell Booth can give his officers an occasional wrinkle on how to make a department a success where it may be a failure. And I repeat that but for the abuse of the sacred name of religion with which he clothes his reference to all these secular arms of the Army, he would be considered a commendable man of the world. But when he talks of the piggery at Hadleigh as part of the Kingdom of God, and the tea-selling agents of the Army as the servants of the Most High God, he adopts the language of exaggeration. He is the initiator of the company that sells tea under a name that veils its connection with the Salvation Army, and is responsible for allowing that company, the profits of which go into the coffers of the Salvation Army, to be promoted by officers of the Salvation Army who go about the country disguised as ordinary civilians, and who make publicans agents of the company while at the same time the Army denounces a glass of beer as distilled damnation ! He is no doubt satisfied as to the purity of his motives and the righteousness of this unsalvation Salvation Army Tea Company, and I certainly give him credit for being actuated by motives that he thinks are the essence of unselfishness. I am not impugning

his motives. It is the policy he has adopted and the position in which he stands that are objectionable.

One hour he is studying the profit and loss account of a tea company that is ashamed to show its connection with the Salvation Army, and the next hour he is standing on the platform of the Congress Hall and grandiloquently declaiming to cadets the rottenness of the business world and the sanctity of their Israel. With all his reputation and undoubted ability, can Mr. Bramwell Booth sustain the generalship of the Salvation Army when the commercial immorality of this amalgamation of the World and Religion is better understood?

Mr. Bramwell Booth is the most complete paradox that the Army has evolved. He is as exacting as Shylock when a stake belonging to the Salvation Army is in danger, and generous to foolishness when raising some fallen brother. He and his agents can be guilty of exceeding in zeal for their Zion that of the Spanish Inquisitionists, and yet weep over a wretched backslider who kneels at the penitent form and confesses his sin, while the man who disgraces the Flag is cast outside the camp and damned for all time.

But all this is the natural result of the long practice of the doctrine exposed in the chapter "Is General Booth Infallible?" Infallibility after the order of the Salvation Army is synonymous with an authority that must not be questioned. Mr. Bramwell Booth has developed, as a consequence, the vanity of a Wolsey and the unctuous manner of a Puritan, the skill of a dealer in stocks and shares,

with the compassion of a Samaritan, minus his anonymity, for no leader of the Salvation Army now acts the part of the man with the balm for the broken body of a Lazarus or the wounded heart of a forlorn soul without acquainting his publicity department. There is no such thing as a good deed speaking for itself in the twentieth century in the philosophy of the latter-day head of a Salvation Army department.

Mr. Bramwell Booth will, of course, be shocked at one of his old lieutenants writing in this terribly true manner. I shall not blame him, because in the complex mechanism of his moral constitution the interests of the Salvation Army have blinded him to the truth about himself and others, including the officers who have gone under. He could no more arrive at a just equation concerning the true character of a man outside the Salvation Army who was once within its ranks, than he could measure a cubic inch of compressed oxygen with an eyeglass. How can it be otherwise? He has to study from day to day, from January to December, one interest and one only, namely, the Salvation Army, and it is not to be wondered at that he is a paradox: a good fellow, and an understudy to the Czar of all the Salvationists.

Fortunately, Mrs. Bramwell Booth may save the Chief of the Staff when he ascends the throne of the Salvation Army, and thereby avert the possibility of a calamity. She has a freer mind on many subjects than her husband, and is not cursed by such a *fetish* worship of the Salvation Army as such. She is essentially pious. But for her influence and a brave

conquest of a natural aversion to public work, the Army's religious horizon would have been considerably lower than it is to-day. She has been a distinct success as the mother of seven boys and girls. Training her family to embrace the principles of a simple life, she has set an example to the world as a mother, a Christian, a practical philanthropist, and a wise, careful, painstaking, trustful administrator. The Women's Social Work under her guidance has become one of the greatest—if not the very greatest—marvels in religious and social redemption. Her influence must have been invaluable to her husband in times of doubt and perplexity.

There is no other officer to succeed the General but the son. After all that I have said—which I submit is conceived in a spirit of genuine concern for the future of the Army—he remains the indispensable. His health is precarious and he carries more on his shoulders than he has any moral right to do. He ought to be relieved of a considerable amount of detail, and be permitted to study the Army for, say, twelve months without having to do a day's work in its ranks, and in the light of new light such as he can only obtain away from the atmosphere of Queen Victoria Street. The Army now belongs to mankind. Should it fail as its enemies desire, the cause behind it will suffer. It should be made a success, and delivered before it is too late from the spirit of bigotry, the worst form of autocracy because religious, and a system of government that is out of harmony with the science of democracy. Otherwise it may eventually become submerged in the

sea of exclusiveness and rank sectarianism which now threatens to destroy it. The opportunity is no longer with the good man at the head of the movement. His work is nearing its completion, and a noble work it is. The opportunity is with the son. Will he grip it?

CHAPTER XIV

THE SALVATION ARMY EMPIRE

General Booth's Imperial Views—Centralisation—Failure with the Latin Races—Some Measure of Success in Scandinavia and Protestant Countries—Among the Hindoos in India—Failure in Japan and Korea—His World-wide Empire

THE avowed intention of the General of the Salvation Army to found an Empire, composed of States throughout the world, conforming to the laws and customs of the country in which they are formed, paying homage, obedience, and tithe to a central power, is not an idle dream. The Empire, though comparatively insignificant in numbers and in influence as a political power, is nevertheless an organic unity. Each State is co-related to each and all are amenable to one law, one oath of allegiance, and the command of one General. Sweden cannot enter into communication with France except through the recognised channel at the centre. India cannot so much as plead independently for men or money direct from America except through the medium of Queen Victoria Street. The Salvation Army World Empire is founded on the principle of a Federated Autocracy, and the dream of the General is to leave behind him such a force, dependent upon the resources of the International Headquarters for

leadership, that without it the particular State would crumble to pieces. We must leave any comment upon the wisdom and possibility of realising such a dream to the next generation of Salvationists. The hour has not arrived when the verdict of those concerned can be ascertained, and present experience is too limited and the information too one-sided to be of any value to the student of this movement. It is enough to know that the General has passed beyond the stage of intention in regard to his Empire : he has settled the principle and made legal provision, as we have already noted, for the succession, and in every country where the Army is at work the property is held in such a way that it cannot be used, sold, or mortgaged except for and in behalf of the Salvation Army.

What the public, I take it, is most interested in, so far as the Army in other lands is concerned, is not the ideal behind the operations, but the actual position of the Army itself. What is it abroad as well as at home ?

Perhaps the most characteristic attempt that the Army has made up to the present, in forming this Empire, is among the Latin races. I have made several efforts to reduce to three or four simple propositions the policy of the Salvation Army among the Latins and have failed, and I am inclined to imagine that the General himself is still groping in the dark for a policy, despite the thirty years during which his battalions have been at work among them.

The movement has stations in France, French

Switzerland, Italy, French-speaking towns in Belgium, and in French Canada, while it has a few posts in the Argentine Republic and one or two other countries in South America.

No serious opposition has been meted out to the Army in these countries, either by the authorities or by the people. In contrast to the general disposition of Protestant nations, the Latin peoples have rather welcomed the visit of the Salvation Army officers as interesting and well-meaning people. The Army cannot complain that the people have not attended their services. In proportion to the size of the halls they have engaged in their propaganda, and the towns in which they have endeavoured to establish posts, the conditions have been altogether favourable to the Army's ideas of the main essentials to success. The Army, in another respect, has had the advantage of not entering upon the experiment as avowedly Protestant. The Salvation Army is not, strictly speaking, a Protestant society at all. It has no quarrel with the Church of England or the Roman Catholic Church or the Presbyterian Assemblies.

The nearest approach to a declaration of a line of attack upon Latin or Roman Catholic communities was once given by General Booth to a representative of the Press in these words:—

“ The Salvation Army is neither French nor English, Indian nor European. It is of mankind and for mankind. We are not Protestants. We are not sent into the world to convert Catholics from their errors any more than we are at work trying to turn Protestants

into Catholics. The only thing that we protest against is sin, and we find that that is the deadliest enemy of the human family. We are against sin and are anxious to save men from it. That is why we are at work in France and other Roman Catholic nations."

Twenty-five years ago the Maréchale, the eldest daughter of the General, started work of this class of Protestantism in France. And what has the Army to show for it? In Paris the Army is not represented by a hundred members. A rescue home and a shelter are no test of the moral influence of the Army in that great democratic and open-hearted city. The Army has expended tens of thousands of pounds, and with what result? If it were tabulated it would sound ridiculous. The effort is a failure in Bordeaux and Marseilles, where one would naturally conclude that the Army would find splendid opportunities of winning its way into the confidence of the many who have lost all faith in religion.

The Army has tried all kinds of methods to make an impression on the minds of the people—by *colportage*, popular services, lectures, meetings in casinos and other resorts. The General has tried to make for himself a platform in such places, and officers who thought that France could be won for God and the Army by striking out on lines similar to what obtained on the other side of the Channel, have made conspicuous names for themselves as prodigious impossibilities. In one or two towns the Army has a pretence of a hold, but the recruits have been largely drawn from the children of Protestant parents, and it may be safely

asserted that so far as the Army in France is concerned it is a sad and general failure.

There has been no failure on the part of the officers in their devotion, courage, and continuity of faith in the teeth of stern and incontestable failure. If the General were content to accept it as a sign of success, or as compensation for all that the Army has expended upon France over the period in which it has been at work, then he would have it in the fact that the Army is better respected than is the average Protestant society, and console himself with the common apology that in Catholic countries Protestant effort is slow and uphill. But, fortunately for his Army, General Booth is not made of that material, though why he should hide the facts about the Army's work in France, and leave the religious public to conclude that because so many officers are at work therefore the Army must be invaluable, is somewhat singular.

Italy affords a more striking illustration of the impotence of the Army to gather adherents than France. Major Vint, a clever officer, endeavoured to organise a Corps in Rome and was starved out. Then the General sought the more congenial atmosphere of the Waldensian valleys, but even here the Army that began with a fair measure of hopefulness is as good as defunct. I am unaware what the outcome of its invasion of Genoa, Naples, Florence, and Turin is. It is possible that these places have shown more religious acceptance of the Army teaching, but it is certain that if it has won any respect from the general mass of the people, this has arisen from the impression

that the Army is a charity. When Messina was laid in ruins by the earthquake the General despatched Commissioner Cosandey, a French Swiss, to administer relief to the sufferers there. One would conclude that the Army was represented in its regular work in that city. Nothing of the kind, and uncharitable as it will be called, I cannot refrain from forming the view that behind the act of mercy was the hope that it might break down some of the barriers that stand in the way of turning the Italian into a Salvationist. The charity of the Salvation Army has always a handle to it.

A futile struggle was planned and carried out for establishing a Corps in Spain, but that came to an ignominious end. General Booth has always given the Portuguese a wide berth, and Lisbon has been saved a revolution engineered by a regiment of Salvation invaders.

In the French-speaking areas of Belgium the success of the Army, if Brussels and Liège are not mentioned, has been a trifle more encouraging. The same applies to the hold that the Army has gained in Catholic towns in the Netherlands. But when the most favourable construction has been placed upon the fruit of the Army's labours among the Latin populations of Europe, the reflection is forced upon any practical mind that if the same lesson were given to any other enterprise it would have been accepted as notice to quit, and to place the money spent in sustaining a forlorn hope in some more successful undertaking. If I am not mistaken, the General once thought of acting in that way. Had he done so no one with any regard

for the voice of experience would have raised a finger of protest against him. But the Army believes that somehow, sooner or later, a miracle will happen, and that it will be recognised as the deliverer of the country and the race.

If we study the Army in the French districts of Canada as a converting agency we see naught but failure. The French-Canadians have no use for the Army. Neither have the Argentines; in fact, away down there the Army is only a sort of ambulance waggon for indigent Englishmen, and those to whom a profession of religion, whether Mahomedan or Salvation Army, is measured by the amount of cash that can be got out of it.

The Army, on the other hand, has discovered that among the Scandinavians it has a people who answer to the call that is made upon them. Some of the ablest officers in the Army are Swedes or Finns or Norwegians. The Governments of these nations at first demurred to the Army's extravaganza in the name of religion, and the Salvationist had to fight for the liberty which he now enjoys. In the cities of Stockholm, Christiania, Gothenburg, Bergen, Copenhagen, among the inhabitants of Lapland, and among the Esquimaux, members of the Army will be found acting on similar lines to their comrades in England, only that they cannot storm the forts of darkness by holding processions in the streets. In all other respects the Army carries on rescue and shelter operations, and by slum posts, which are more analogous to what Mr. Bramwell Booth first established in

London, it has gained the good opinion of royalty and local and national authorities. General Booth has made a practice for the last twenty years of carrying on Salvation campaigns in these northern countries. He is invariably accorded a warm welcome. He has been received by the present King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and the King of Norway. It is said that in the royal circles of more than one Court the *War Cry* is welcomed; at any rate the uniform of the Army is respected, and when the hat is passed round in proper form it is made heavier by the contributions of several members of blood royal.

Among the Saxon communities the Army is on the whole well received, though one must here again judge of the Army, not by the toleration that is extended to it by the force of public opinion, but by the recruits it gains. In Holland the Army is a success. The phlegmatic temperament of the Hollanders has not at all resented the free-and-easy order of service of the Salvation Army, and here the social agencies would appear to have done some really excellent work. The chief strongholds of the Army in Holland are Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Haarlem, Groningen, and the Hague.

The people take a kindly interest in what the Army is doing in the Dutch Colonies. The Government find that among the natives of Java, as well as the Dutch Colonists living there, the Army officers are successful experts in handling the criminal and leper populations.

In Germany the progress of the Army has been the

most remarkable of any on the continent of Europe. On Repentance Day the largest congregations that will attend religious services will be those of the Heils Armee, if the old General is in command. In the Circus Busch he has addressed as many as twenty thousand persons in the course of a day. In the big cities of Germany the Army has small followings—in no place outside Berlin is there any really large Corps—and its social operations are commendable. In one or two towns the Army attempted to keep going all the year round a Drunkards' Brigade. This consisted of a body of men patrolling the streets and handling special cases of alcoholism. Many remarkable results are said to have attended the efforts of this method of taking drunkards out of danger, but whether it is the success claimed for it I do not happen to have sufficient data by my side to know. One thing is certain, however—the Army has not succeeded in enlisting the mechanic as a recruit, and it is highly creditable to the Army that they have been able to sustain the work by the human material that has formed the backbone of the movement. The Municipal City of Berlin subsidises the social work of the Army.

If we leave the Army in Europe and examine it at work among the semi-heathen populations of Asia and Africa, we shall meet with some strange and complex issues. India is at once the most inviting field of foreign missions that the Army possesses. It is at present under the able direction of Commander Booth-Tucker and his wife. If one accepts the reports of the Army's organs, it is destined to surprise the missionary

world by the results of its operation among the criminal classes and the hill tribes of India. Commander Booth-Tucker would seem to be contributing his quota to the making of a Salvation Empire by aiming at three things :—

1. The establishment of a network of social agencies that will bring the native within the influence of the Army officer day by day, such as banks, medical dispensaries, hospitals, and industries.

2. The formation of brigades for reforming the very lowest of the pariah classes, and transferring them to colonies where they will become automatically officers and soldiers of the Army.

3. Corps and schools for the education and salvation of the people generally.

Has the Army succeeded in pointing to a new way of Christian conquest in India? The Army has maintained until late years that it has. The question is somewhat difficult to answer. There is a reticence on the part of Commander Tucker to acquaint his European friends with the hard facts relating to members and the character of the work. If the Army cannot sustain its reputation in India it may as well be closed as an authority on missionary work, inasmuch as the larger portion of the money allotted from the Self-Denial Funds has gone to the maintenance of the cause in India. It is on the strength of what the Army has accomplished among the heathen in India that enthusiasm for the Self-Denial Week has been kept so high. In some parts of India, and these the easiest to work, the Army is not a success except at

catching the converts of other missions. Its converts are unreliable, the Corps work is fluctuating, and the officers un-Christian in their spirit and conduct. As in Europe so in India the work has been stripped of much of its spiritual power by the too frequent use of the collecting-box, which India has to rely upon European officers to carry out. So that, although the methods adopted by the Army in evangelising the heathen may at first sight seem likely to enlist and call for the entire sympathy of the native, it is questionable whether the Army has been as successful as the ordinary British or American mission, whose methods do not convey the impression that the missionaries intend to eat and dress as do the heathen.

These ways are sentimentally attractive. The officers, on being appointed to India, adopt an Indian name, and from that time they are called, gazetted, and corresponded with under an Indian name. The European garb is also discarded, and a robe, yellow and red, takes the place of the conventional trousers and the cumbersome coat. Boots give way for the more hygienic sandals. Such *impedimenta* as collars, ties, cravats, rings, and other non-essentials to the happiness of man are also completely put aside. The officer must live, if not in the very thick of heathenism, at any rate as far away from the *padra* as possible. But the Army could not succeed in changing the colour of the Britisher, his skin and his speech. The high caste remained obdurate, and the low caste timorous or carried to the other extreme of enthusiasm, and became almost worshippers of men and women who,

to gain their confidence, were prepared to throw off the Western fashion for the Eastern.

In any case, the Army in India has shown that the law of adaptation in itself is insufficient to capture the Oriental for Christ. S. Francis Xavier, before Booth-Tucker dreamt of Christianising India, had gone further than he in adapting the ancient forms of the Church to the legitimate customs of the Hindoo, but he realised that without the spirit of God, and very much of that spirit too, they only served to make the task the more difficult. The missionaries of 350 years ago knew what the missionary of to-day appears to forget, that they had to speak with authority and not as the scribes. They taught divinity with intelligence and power. They were at pains to acquire not only the language, but the spirit and inner thought of the native mind. They undermined the superstition of his faith by the mighty weapon of historical reference and reason, while living the Christ life, knowing that the Indian on matters of religion is essentially a thinker, and that unless you can convince his understanding, such is the power of custom, that even if he be swayed by emotions to-day he will return to his gods to-morrow. Even the Salvationist converts in Guzerat evinced this truism. When the portrait of their great white Sahib appeared in print for the first time, many of the ignorant (and the majority are profoundly ignorant) cut out the picture and had the same pasted on to bricks and pieces of stone, and worshipped it once or twice a day!

The greatest authorities upon Indian missions

to-day declare that Christianity is making progress in India in proportion as its exponents are felt to be reliable in their knowledge, character, and in their deeds. Is that the dominating note in the religion of the Salvation Army in India ?

Looked at farther east, the Salvation Army is, what Count Okuma, of Japan, described it, "very young in its faith." In Java, as I have hinted, it is a fair success. It has not attempted to hoist its flag in China. In Japan it has completely failed to find a way into the heart of the young Japanese. Its converts come from the Christianised section of the towns, very unreliable indeed. Japan has one religion which will probably serve its highest interests for some generations to come, and it is not Shintoism or Buddhism, but education. The colleges and schools are the centres of the nation's zeal. The youth have but one ambition—to learn. They have the craze of the German for knowledge with twice as much plod in their composition.

The General was well received in all the big cities, and if one were to judge by the hospitality of its sons, and the eulogies of its ministers of State and merchant princes, General Booth might have been considered as a modern Buddha. But that is the Japanese way. It is questionable if the General's meetings added a hundred new soldiers to the roll-call of the Army.

In Osaka, for instance, at the conclusion of the General's address Colonel Lawley made an appeal for the audience to decide to seek Christ. The response to that appeal was a wholesale flight from the benches

on which the people sat to the penitent form, some even kneeling in tears. I was carried away by the sight. One would conclude that if this manifestation of repentance was sincere, and was indeed what it appeared to be, the capture of the nation for Christianity could only be a matter of months. We were informed that the crowd were typically Japanese. But within a few months not a dozen out of the hundreds who professed in this fashion to have thrown what they had of another religion to the winds were found saved or connected with other denominations.

The Army in Japan tried to adapt itself to the Japanese style, but it was a lamentable exhibition of conforming to the letter and losing sight of the fact that only the spirit can quicken the dead soul of man. The one thing that the Salvation Army has done to make a mark upon the thought of the nation is not what the General is never tired of telling the world about, namely, the passing of an Act by which twelve thousand girls were freed from the horrors of the Yoshiwara—a measure that was framed by one of the most successful missionaries in Japan—but the translation of the Gospels into the language of the common people by Brigadier Yamamura. He received little countenance at the time for doing so, and was considered to be scarcely orthodox. He has proved how uncharitable were the home authorities by refusing again and again the finest offers that any young Japanese could wish for in his walk of life, and the result is that the Army leaders let the lesson of the success of this book pass into the hands of others. In the Far East, as in

the West, knowledge is power. The General and his coming successor will prove it. Neither Japan nor Korea is to be won by enthusiasm. If they are to be Christianised it will be by the overwhelming evidence of the reality of the Christian teaching, backed up by the superb testimony of unselfishness and bravery. Are the officers whom the General has sent out to Japan and Korea equal to the task? Up to the present the Army, in the former country at least, has been mainly characterised by "kow-towing" to the powers that be, and by the employment of what influence could obtain through the missionaries. The Army in Japan is well-nigh a mistake.

I might dwell upon the Empire that the General is drawing together by further references to the operations of the Army in America, Australia, and Canada, and among the Crown Colonies of the British Empire where it is at work. Something might be said about the possibilities of the Army in Africa, but as a matter of fact in all the countries named, with the exception of Canada and Australia, the Army is still in an experimental stage. And I say so, fearless of contradiction. In America the position of the Army is nugatory. It has no numerical following worth naming, and yet the other day President Taft and Mrs. Taft honoured the movement by attending a meeting addressed by the eloquent Miss Booth, and the General signified his sense of the importance of the event by sending a special cablegram of thanks. If the fact were appreciated that the Army in America is but an organised charity, and not a religion that has recruited its forces

from the outside world or the world outside the Church, there would be a different phase of feeling in America towards the organisation.

The moral of all this interesting endeavour must be clear to the dullest mind. General Booth is attempting to run his Army throughout the world on the same principle as he did the Christian Mission in its first or second year. He has his hand on it for a given purpose. *Then* it was that he might be saved from the bondage of government by committee. *Now* it is that he may establish a Hierarchy that shall use its power, whether secular or spiritual, to foster the organisation called the Salvation Army. His Empire stretches from the warm flat land of South America to the volcanic coast-line of far Japan, from the region of the everlasting snows to the deserts and forests of Africa. His iron will moulds the thought and activities of his followers everywhere. But is he not forgetting one thing, that whether they succeed or fail, these same States will fall away simply because they have not the power to carry on their work according to their own ideas ?

CHAPTER XV

AND WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

The Growth of Toleration—The Army Respected—General Booth on the Future of the Army—Is the Army Faithful to Itself?—An Example

THE prophet has not arisen who can be relied upon to predict what the future of the Salvation Army will be. The business of prophet has, moreover, gone of late into bankruptcy, and when one recalls his failure in the past as it concerns this organisation, it behoves one, especially if he has convictions, to tread carefully while venturing to suggest what *may* transpire in the fortunes of the Army should this or that occur.

Let us see how far some of the prophets of days gone by have been justified by the logic of events in their prognostications of the place that the Army would occupy in the public estimation. The British journalist, in his capacity as a seer, reckoned that it would have a meteor-like existence, a sensation that would last so long as the novelty could be sustained. Well, the novelty has ceased to "draw," and yet the Army is with us and means to stay. Granted that the mob no longer follows it to its barracks, and that skilled players on divers instruments do not charm many of the baser sort to its citadels—more's the pity—the contingent of faithful witnesses to the Flag may

be seen to-night in fifteen hundred cities, towns, and villages of this country alone. It has its own following, and the respect and goodwill of a modicum of the community wherever it is represented. The prophecy of the scribe, with his readiness to measure new movements by the rule of precedent, proves how dangerous it is for anyone who has a leaning to this class of dogmatism to assume the rôle of the prophet.

Then the Church treated the movement with disdain and unctuous pity, though founders of those Churches went about "turning the world upside down." Exceptions there were, of course, and they were principally among the Bishops and Archbishops of the Church of England, and it is to their credit that they perceived the moral significance of the big drum and the tambourine. Other cures of souls saw no beauty in the red-vested brigades of General Booth and said he was dragging religion in the gutter—he made answer that they had kept it too long in the clouds—and that he was assuming to himself and his followers prerogatives for which they had no warrant. Again he made answer, "Do not judge us by our creeds, or our mistakes, or by the critics who have nothing to show that they are lifting the people out of their slough of despond, but by results."

Then came *Darkest England and the Way Out*. The false prophets were discomfited and rejected by their flocks. The tide of Christian charity swept away bigotry and prejudice, and many who before were against General Booth became his friends. They opened the gates of their sanctuaries to him and to his

sergeants, and tried to make, and in many ways succeeded in making, the *amende honorable*.

The Churches have long ceased to label the Salvation Army by any other name than that of a regiment of the great Army in the forces of Christianity that is making a way and a highway for the coming of the King.

The prophet of science poured the vitriol of sarcasm upon the sensationalism of the Salvation Army, and emptied a tornado of sarcasm upon its titles, pretensions, and miracles. Huxley voiced the sentiment of many of his cult when he described the religion of William Booth as "Corybantic Christianity." But somehow the Army does not seem as if it were to fulfil the prediction of the wise men who then sat in the seat of learning and called it by unholy names. William Booth has since then been granted the Freedom of the City of London, the honorary degree of D.C.L. in the University of Oxford, has been received by the late King Edward, and welcomed into the heart of the philanthropic and political world as a benefactor of the race. Even the Gamaliels of science sit now at his feet and bid him God-speed in his schemes of social regeneration. It was unwise of them to be so unscientific as to declare the work of the Army "a mere flash of veneered fanaticism" until they had allowed sufficient time to elapse by which to put their theories to the test.

Of late years other denouncers of the Salvation Army have arisen. They do not greet the shouting enthusiasts of salvation with derision. They have no objec-

tion to their proclaiming their views, wherever and however they choose; but they protest against the Salvation Army interfering with the work that ought to be done by the State, and that the aim of its founder is not to organise a charity that will be synonymous with mercy and Good Samaritanism, but to found an institution that will become a menace to the State, and will tend to perpetuate systems of servile labour from which all the allied forces of reform should strive to deliver the worker. They are at war with the Salvation Army's Social Scheme and prophesy that it is bound to fail. It deals, they aver, with effects and does not do violence to the causes from which these evils spring. They denounce the Hanbury Street Joinery Works as a den of sweating, and the rag-shops and paper-sorting works as nothing short of a system that degrades the very men whom the Army seeks to ameliorate. But the sign of the Army's coming down as a social agency does not seem to rise on the horizon, and General Booth goes on multiplying workshops, shelters, and hotels for the sale of cheap food. Each year finds the public unmoved by all these attacks upon the wizards of this social salvation, as attested by the Self-Denial Week Citadel Funds and other evidences of public esteem. It is possible at the same time that there may be more accuracy of judgment in the predictions of these men, for they are men who do not theorise in views—they are the fruit of much thought and knowledge of the needs and circumstances of the poor and the working classes—and General Booth might do worse than set apart a few

of his officers to study the practical politics of men who are exploring in their own way a "way out" for the people who are imprisoned in poverty and social darkness, not through any fault of theirs, but by the fault of systems that have been in existence from time immemorial. On the other hand, this class of critic would be well advised to be careful lest their theories receive from Father Time a verdict somewhat different from what they expect. A few thousand years may pass before humanity discovers that there is something more than a historical fact in the life and death of the Man Christ Jesus, and that the inner meaning of that cry, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" may have in it a message of healing and salvation for the whole world. That gospel is not played out, and while the Salvationist pins his faith to it it is well not to be too dogmatic as to what his future will be.

General Booth has a right to be heard upon the future of the Salvation Army. It is to his interest, his highest interest, and to the honour of his name in the religious history of the world, that the Salvation Army should be, a hundred years hence, a power that makes for righteousness. Has he not given his life to make it permanent? Has he not sacrificed the just emoluments of his labours that its reputation for unselfishness might remain untarnished? He has travelled the world again and again and seen the principles on which it is founded put to the test. He has seen the triumph and the apparent failure of these same principles under varied conditions of social life.

What has he to say as to its future? It is one of

his favourite themes in public. When General Booth speaks of the future of the Salvationist without his uniform—when he has not to stand before the world as an apologist—then he is entitled to a most respectful hearing, and I have heard him speak in that fashion. It was six years ago. He was journeying to the other end of the world. The good ship bearing him to the hospitable shores of a favoured clime in the British Empire had sighted land. Passengers were absorbed in the small details of their packing up, discharging bills, and passing farewell compliments to old and new friends, when the news was unexpectedly handed round the saloon that the vessel could not enter dock till next morning. This rather demoralised the General's plans—he lives by system—and so he betook himself into a flight into the past, and talked of the days when he had not a friend to whom he could go and with certainty receive a five-pound note to help him forward. Next day he would be the recipient of a thousand telegraphic messages of welcome, from the Premier to the converted bushranger. The old man put his travelling-rug round his knees and ensconced himself in his deck-chair, and speculated as to the future of the people who were proud to call him their leader and their commander.

“Whereunto will this thing grow?” he asked, and then made a cursory review of the forces under his command in all parts of the world and dilated upon the signs of the times.

“We are better understood. We are no longer tolerated. We are respected and feared. The day has

arrived when she—the Salvation Army—must adhere to its work with more tenacity than ever. We must make Salvationists, we *must* make”—with the emphasis on the “must”—“Salvationists; people who do not know anything but the Salvation Army. They say that persecution makes a people, but you cannot always be persecuted, and persecution is not the best method for raising our strength so far as it affects numbers. We have had to contend in the past with the spirit of the Church. The spirit of the Church is not the spirit of the Salvation Army. I say nothing against it; it has its work to do, and I hope it will wake up and do all the good it can in the world. But the Salvation Army is a Red Cross. Let us keep to that. That will carry us to our goal or whatever the good Lord has for us in the future.

“And what will that future be? My comrade, I seldom think of what we are. I am bound to tell the world what we have done. They demand to know. But I am all the time thinking of what the Salvation Army will be. I look upon the Army as I do the land whose shores we shall touch to-morrow. That land is in its infancy. It is suffering from the mistakes of youth, and its leaders are not always wise. But nothing can stop the clock of progress in this land. For the moment a party may be in power that is determined to make it the garden for only such as they choose to take inside its borders, but that party will pass away. The nation has the soil for sustaining millions and millions. It has untold wealth in minerals; and it has not entered into the heart of its present-day statesmen to conceive what is laid up for their children and their children’s children.

“In a similar strain of thought I have been thinking of the Salvation Army to-day, I have been looking

into the coming years, and what do I see? Bramwell writes me about his Staff College. That is a further development of a cradle of Empire. He is doing more for the realisation of my dream for a University of Humanity than he wots of. Our power to carry out our mandate given to us by High Heaven, and our power to make the most of the opportunities that are rising in the United States, India, and on the continent of Europe, depend upon training men and women for the work of the Salvation Army in all its branches.

“ We must have a world’s University : a great centre to which Salvationists from all parts of the world will come to be trained for all grades and sections of the Army’s Red Cross work. I see it coming. The nucleus is with us already. If Carnegie could only see the educational advantage of such a University he would, I believe, give me the million pounds necessary to make it a success. We should train experts for dealing with criminals, harlots, paupers, tramps, hooligans, and would-be suicides. We should train men and women to become experts in finance, trade, languages, arts, sciences, where they would be useful for our work, and generally train a staff of experts in salvation sociology whom the Governments of the world would look to us to do their prison and similar work. A Prime Minister told me that he would recommend his Cabinet to hand over the prison department of his State to the Salvation Army. That would shock some people, I have no doubt. But that is what the Salvation Army is coming to, and must come to if it is faithful to itself. If it is not, then I hope God will wipe it off the face of the earth and raise up some other system that will carry out the Divine purpose that for the present seems entrusted to us.

“The criticisms of the Salvation Army as to its future are in vain. The people who indulge in them are, as a rule, ignorant of the conditions under which the Army has been created, and they are blinded by prejudice. Are our principles sound? Up to the present I have not met with anyone who has dared to assert that they are not suited for such a work as we are engaged upon.

“The future of the Army is in the hands of God. All the talk about what will happen when the General is gone—although he is not gone yet!—is so much moonshine. The death of the General will make no difference to the Salvation Army. The Army is now going of its own momentum. You remember it used to be said when we changed officers in command of Corps that the Corps would fall to pieces if Captain Mary Jane were taken away from the town, but in course of time the town discovered that there were more Mary Janes than one, and that the second had qualities that the first did not possess. So it will be with the second and the third General, I believe. The people are pleased to see the old man wherever he goes. It is but natural, and when they find out, as they will, that the Salvation Army is going on, and that the old flag is waving, that the old songs are being sung, and that drunkards are being made sober and harlots are made chaste, and that dishonest and idle men are being turned into honest and industrious citizens, they will say in the same spirit as they bless me, ‘God bless the Salvation Army.’

“I have made an Army that is independent of the personality of one man, whether a General or a Chief of the Staff, to keep it alive. It has a system that will keep it alive, and one of the surprises of the future will be—I will not see it unless I do from the other world—

that the Salvation Army, while it will miss its first General, is going ahead all the same without him."

And the old man, musing further in the same strain, reclined in his chair, closed his eyes as if in prayer, and rose and told his secretary that he had wasted too much time in dreaming.

"We have hard work before us to-morrow; let us look at that brief again. I think we can improve upon the part that relates to the staff officer in relation to worldliness," and in that last sentence is disclosed the spirit of the man who never forgets the aim of the Army, which is to make a people after a certain pattern.

Will the General's dream come true?

The only answer to that question is supplied in the language of the General himself: "*If it is faithful to itself.*" One thing is as clear as day to me, namely, that it is folly and blindness to imagine that because the income of the Salvation Army continues to increase, that is any criterion of the Salvation Army being true to itself. It is equally fallacious to assert that the Army is true to itself because its discipline is enforced with less friction than it was. The discipline of the Salvation Army has become a habit with officers and local officers and soldiers, and the material from which the Corps are mainly recruiting its forces now is supplied by junior work. The percentage of converts from the "outside" gets smaller with age, and to that extent the evidence is against the idea that the Army is true to itself. The organisation of the movement is also more complete, and yet the Army may not be

making that headway which is leading to the realisation of a future that the General dreamt of.

Personally I do not believe that the Army is as true to itself as it was, and, painful as I feel having to say so, I do not believe that the Salvation Army is conscious of the loss of its moral power. It is suffering from a deep-seated spiritual decline, which the leaders are unable to deal with, not because of any serious reluctance to do so, but because they have no longer the cohesiveness that brings to the top of the movement with all the force of spontaneity the moral weight of individual dissent with things as they are. Headquarters is departmentalised to such an extent that the interest of the whole Army is lost sight of.

This phase of my study of the Salvation Army requires plain speaking. I believe that, if a census of opinion were taken on the issue from field officers—the only grade of officer whose opinion is worth listening to—they would more than confirm what I have just stated.

In order to put my own convictions to the test, I visited a Corps in North London a few weeks ago which stands in the first grade. I think it is next to Congress Hall in respect of membership and Self-Denial income. It has an excellent brass band, a band of songsters, a well-organised Junior Corps, and the hall in which the meetings are held is situated in the heart of an industrial population on a site that is among the best in the neighbourhood. It has an excellent history and is respected by the people as a whole. Few people can be found in the neighbourhood to say an un-

kind word about it, although if the question was put to them if they visit the Corps, the answer would be that they "see the Corps pass by with its band, and some years ago, when Captain So-and-so was in charge, I occasionally looked in."

What did I see and hear? A small audience, including officials, of about a hundred people—and this Corps has a membership of some four or five hundred—a humdrum service without life in the singing, or originality of method or thought in the leadership, such as would not do credit to an average mission-hall meeting of twenty or thirty years ago. But for the music of the band and the singing of a brigade of twenty songsters the Corps would be defunct. The outside world was conspicuous by its absence. The audience was made up of regular attendants. When the preliminaries were over, the Captain in a strident voice, as if the heart had been beaten out of him and he had to make up for the lack of natural feeling by the extent of his vocal power, announced that the meeting would be thrown open for testimony.

As no one seemed inclined to get up and testify—the surest sign that the Corps was no longer true to itself—he informed the audience that he would sing a hymn. He gave out the number and the singing went flat. A sergeant, observing two young men without hymn-books, went to the platform and picked up two and was about to hand the same to the strangers, when he was ordered by the Captain to put them back.

"Let the young men buy books," he said.

I shall not forget the look upon that sergeant's face ;

but being accustomed to the discipline of the Army, and being in a registered place of worship, he did not express what he evidently felt.

A song was next sung from the *Social Gazette* newspaper, one of the Army's agency, and the Captain stated as an incentive to buy that "last week I had to pay five shillings loss on my newspaper account. For pity's sake buy them up." The appeal did not seem to me to strike a sympathetic chord in the audience.

Testimonies followed. Two or three were so weakly whispered that I could not catch the words—another sign of the loss of that enthusiasm without which an Army meeting is worse to the spiritual taste than a sour apple to the palate.

Among the testimonies was the following given by a Salvationist of some standing:—

"I thank God for His grace that enables me to conquer trials and temptations; I feel the lack of encouragement in this Corps. My work is to lead the youngsters. In that work I get no encouragement whatever. The songsters take little interest in their duties and it is impossible at times not to feel that they have lost their hold of God. The Corps does not encourage me, and though our Adjutant will not care to hear me say so, he does not encourage me."

A woman got up and screamed a testimony about the lack of the Holy Ghost and the spirit of backbiting in the Corps, during which the two young men referred to walked out, and several soldiers in uniforms smiled, whispered to each other, and the meeting degenerated

into a cross between a school for ventilating scandal and cadging for "a good collection." And I declare that this spirit of the meeting is the spirit of the Corps in the Salvation Army throughout England and Scotland. It has ceased to be true to itself, and as a consequence, no matter how the Army organises and disciplines its forces, the future of the movement is black indeed, and will become blacker unless—— But that is not my business.

CHAPTER XVI

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES OF MODERN SALVATIONISTS

Mrs. Bramwell Booth—Miss Eva Booth—Mrs. Booth-Hellberg—Com-
mander Booth-Tucker—Thomas McKie—Adelaide Cox—John A.
Carleton—Elijah Cadman—George Scott Railton—John Lawley
—David Lamb

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, daughter of the late Dr. Soper, Plymouth, was educated at a private college. At nineteen, attracted by the addresses of Mrs. General Booth, although brought up as a member of the Church of England, she was convinced that she had not undergone a change of heart. Once "converted" she felt that the lives of such women officers as the Maréchale (Mrs. Booth-Clibborn), Miss Emma Booth (later Mrs. Booth-Tucker), and others were nearer her ideal of a follower of Christ. To the disappointment of her parents, she decided to join the Army and volunteer for service in France.

The Army at this time had just begun its work across the Channel, and was meeting with the ridicule that the French are accustomed to spend upon a novel religion. Miss Soper was accepted, but only remained a few months on the Continent. The experience was valuable to her.

She was married in 1882 to Mr. William Bramwell Booth, the General's eldest son, and Chief of the Staff

of the Army. She took little prominent part in the work of the Army in England for some time after her marriage, and then only in the capacity of general superintendent of a small Rescue Home.

Contact with the realities of poverty and the ramifications of vice in the metropolis (and no doubt inspired by the constant toil of her husband in the interests of the Army), and realising that in the flight of time she might be called upon to fill a responsible position in the movement, she gradually appeared on Salvation Army platforms and proved an acceptable speaker. The development of the social idea and the launching of the "Darkest England Scheme" compelled her, when freed from domestic duties, to devote the larger part of her time to guiding a staff of women officers in opening shelters, receiving and rescuing homes, and other agencies that gradually followed the evolution of the General's social programme. This onerous work freed her entirely from a natural reluctance for the platform, and as she grew in experience and ability to master difficult problems connected with the care of the homeless and the regeneration of the vicious, she was raised in status in the councils of the Army and was given the rank of a Commissioner and a department at the International Headquarters.

During the past twelve years she has had a large share of responsibility in raising workers and money for the movement, and has addressed meetings in all the large cities of Great Britain. In all matters that concern Women's Social Work in other countries she has a voice. A special feature of her work is the exposition

of the Army's chief doctrine of holiness. In propagating this doctrine she has held drawing-room meetings and spoken in the Portland Rooms, Steinway Hall, etc.

As a speaker she is not self-reliant, having to write out and adhere, rather continuously for a Salvationist, to her notes. Nevertheless, she is a winsome, unique, convincing talker. Her personality is attractive, and unspoiled by any attempt at pose.

She contributes largely to the Army's literature, and edits a rather self-advertising magazine for the promotion of the Army's principles in the reclamation of homeless and vicious women.

In her home Mrs. Bramwell Booth is one of the most remarkable women of the age. The mother of seven children—four daughters and three sons—she has trained and educated them at home, personally aiding in their instruction in French and mathematics. All the seven can talk and sing in French and German. They possess gifts for music, and one has the touch of genius as a sculptor. They have been brought up on vegetarian principles and accustomed to live in the open as much as possible. Two of her daughters are already commissioned officers, the eldest, Catherine, being attached to the Staff of the International Training College at Clapton. Mrs. Booth has given evidence before State Committees upon subjects connected with her work. She is a diligent reader of high-class religious works and a warm lover of animals.

MISS EVA BOOTH.—Commander Evangeline Booth (United States). Third daughter of the General. She is the most dramatic speaker, one might almost say

actor, of the Booth family. At the age of seventeen she was placed in charge of a branch of work in the training of officers. This was resented by older officers, but before she was twenty she had shown extraordinary powers of command and oratory. She was then placed in charge of a Corps in the district of Lisson Grove, London, where, disguised as a flower-girl, she visited the haunts of shame and homes of poverty, and finally disclosing her identity, made inroads into the affection of the people, and won a few, professedly at least, to the Army's roll. She was soon afterwards placed in actual command of the entire training of officers, with the general oversight of the Corps work in London. She made a dashing Commander, and one of the greatest mistakes the General ever made was in transferring her to Canada, where her gifts as a people's leader were wasted. The London Salvation Army has never quite regained the position that the Army reached under the leadership of this woman. She has imagination, daring, and the gift of infusing others with her spirit. Her first command outside England was in Canada, where she succeeded in raising the prestige of the movement among Government circles. For the last five years she has been Chief Commander of the Army's operations in the United States. Though somewhat hampered in her work by uncertain health, she has succeeded in consolidating the Army's position, winning back many of the friends that the Army lost when Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth seceded from it, and in bringing about a more reliable financial state of affairs.

She is held in special esteem by the Scandinavian portion of the Salvationists, who figure large in the membership of the American wing of the Army. At the time of her brother's secession, she was sent by her father to use her influence in restoring her brother and his wife to the Army. But she arrived too late, if indeed she could have succeeded under any circumstances.

When the majority of the staff officers virtually pledged themselves to follow the seceder, Miss Booth, by the charm of her personality and a splendid diplomacy, succeeded in urging most of them to pause, and nearly all of these are occupying important offices in the American Army to-day, with her as their Chief. She is a keen Bible student, and fond of dogs and horses. Her chief passion is talking. Her voice is a powerful instrument, and her lung power has been equal to the strain of addressing ten thousand people in the open air for over two hours. She is not married.

MRS. BOOTH-HELLBERG, youngest daughter of the General, like her sisters, entered the Army when quite a girl, and was entrusted with administrative responsibility without having had any previous field experience. She had uphill work in consequence.

At the time she had assumed this responsibility there were many officers better qualified to train the minds and guide the characters of hundreds of young men and women cadets. This was one of several appointments that strengthened the impression that prevailed at one time, that the Army was more or less a family concern. Miss Lucy Booth married a highly gifted Swede named Emmanuel D. Hellberg, for many

years the Chief Secretary and virtual leader of the Army's work in Sweden. Together the Hellbergs had command of the Army's stations in India, Switzerland, and France. To the grief of the entire Army, Mr. Hellberg died in 1909. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg is now in charge of the work in Denmark, and is reported to be a success. Though possessing few of the gifts of her more brilliant sister Eva, she is quite an effective platform speaker and a diligent worker and a most loyal upholder of the Army. The intention of the General is probably to make her leader of the movement throughout Scandinavia.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.—The most versatile and brilliant officer in the Army. He gave up a lucrative position in the Indian Civil Service to become a Salvationist, and came to London in 1880; and having decided to be an officer, was sent to India with a small band of officers to organise the work there. He was arrested in Calcutta and imprisoned for causing disorder in the streets. His family having borne an honoured name in the history of British rule, a wave of indignation swept over the country and he was liberated. His moves and measures aroused considerable opposition among the Europeans. He adopted native names, native dress, native food, and many native habits. For a season these measures attracted the natives to the flag of the "Muktifauj." Startling reports appeared in the Indian and English *War Cries* that tens of thousands were being converted and were abjuring their religion. The work, however, like the Welsh revivals, did not sink very deeply into the native mind, and the

majority of officers raised up from the movement belonged to semi-Christian classes—a fact that was disputed for some time by Mr. Tucker. There is no doubt that his bold policy prepared the way for the Army to win a place among the low castes. One of Mr. Tucker's methods was to make the English officers wear caste-marks on their foreheads. Many of the officers suffered in their health. Some of the cream of the Army's flesh and blood were enchanted by the eloquence and devotion of Mr. Tucker to the cause of India and went out and died. The subject is dealt with elsewhere.

Marrying Miss Emma Booth, the General's second daughter, in 1891, Mr. Tucker's command was marked with more rational care for his officers, and he added a social side to the missionary operations of the Army. Owing to the sickness of his wife he had to return to England, when the General placed the work of the Foreign Office in his hands.

Here he proved a great success and raised the whole tone of the Army's relations on the Continent.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth left the movement Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker took their place, and by a series of daring exploits in the social regeneration of the submerged he won a high place in the social and religious circles of the United States. Mrs. Booth-Tucker proved of invaluable service to her husband, and at the height of their joint success in saving the Army from permanent disunion, she was killed in a railway accident while on her way to Chicago to assist her husband in the conduct of a Salvation campaign there. He married for the third time Colonel Minnie

Reid, a talented and successful officer, and he is once more directing the affairs of the Army in India, but within certain limits set forth in his memorandum of appointment. Commissioner Tucker is the author of the official life of the late Mrs. General Booth. By his second wife Mr. Tucker has six children, some of whom are destined to shine as able Salvation Army officers.

COMMISSIONER THOMAS MCKIE (Sweden).—An ordinary Tyneside lad, Thomas McKie was charmed into the service by the “Hallelujah lasses,” who made such commotion in the North of England during the latter part of the seventies in the last century. He at once displayed remarkable enthusiasm for the cause, and at one leap became the idol of the British field as an evangelist Captain. He evangelised the biggest halls in England, including the Bristol Circus, the “Ice-house,” Hull, the Grecian Theatre, City Road, London, and the Congress Hall. He is a whirlwind Salvationist! On a Sunday night his meetings would last for four and five hours. He would often lead them wearing a red guernsey, the sleeves of which would be rolled up. His preaching was of the old Methodistic order. Like a flaming sword, metaphorically speaking, he would raise his voice to a loud key and describe mankind “rolling down in a lava of shame to the pit of hell, the smoke of whose torment ascendeth up now and for ever”; and bending over the rail, with perspiration standing like crystal beads on his forehead, he would cry, “Will you be there? Yes; I will tell you this: you may be taking your breakfast to-morrow morning amid the raging billows of the wrath of God!” Thou-

sands and tens of thousands flocked to his meetings, and with one or two exceptions "Tom McKie" has probably won more converts to the Army than any other officer in the movement.

COMMISSIONER ADELAIDE COX, Mrs. Bramwell Booth's "right-hand man" in the management of Women's Social Work of the Army, was the daughter of a Congregational minister. She was won to the Army by the eloquent appealings and self-sacrificing life of Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, and laboured for some time as an officer in France and Switzerland. For the past twenty years she has been in her present position of careful, conscientious organiser. Of wide sympathies and strong convictions as to the soundness of her theories for the salvation of the people. Without her aid Mrs. Bramwell Booth could not have achieved the results now obtained by the Women's Wing of the social work. She is a member of the Hackney Board of Guardians. She has six hundred officers under her direction. The one standing criticism of her department of Salvationists is that it is too exclusive. Commissioner Cox speaks French and German, and she has often addressed large gatherings and filled the pulpits of Nonconformist churches on Sundays.

COMMISSIONER T. B. COOMBS.—Son of a poor shoemaker in the Midlands. He, like Commissioner McKie, was placed in charge of big concerns when but a lad. He had charge of the Army's work in Wales, twice in Canada, Australia, and in Great Britain. He is a born financier, and has a special capacity for finding right men to organise departments. He is an acceptable

speaker and singer, and has great influence in drawing men and women to the penitent form. In later years he has unfortunately vitiated this gift by tactics that amount to almost profane tricks. His work as an evangelist has degenerated to the level of a third-rate American "Cheap Jack" advertiser of Salvation. It was stated that he had resigned, but Headquarters have treated the very idea as libellous.

COMMISSIONER EDWARD HIGGINS.—One of the rising men in the movement. Son of the late Commissioner Higgins, one of the early pioneers in money-raising. He is a man of considerable executive ability and director of large issues. Won his spurs in the United States under Commander Booth-Tucker and Miss Eva Booth. A pure office man, but in that line a great strength to his chiefs.

COMMISSIONER JOHN A. CARLETON.—An Irish gentleman who has made an indelible mark upon the movement. For many years he was at the head of the Trade Emporium of the Army, and placed it on a business foundation, which would have been an even greater success than it is, had he been able to exercise something of the despotic power wielded by the authorities of 101 Queen Victoria Street, who treated the department for many years as a sort of philanthropic annexe of the Headquarters. In consequence of this a most shameful waste of money was incurred by delays in printing, and an upsetting of general orders after having been passed, induced by a fickle policy that marked the conduct of the leaders of the Salvation Army. In nearly all the departments with which they did not

interfere the result was invariably profitable. His Celtic nature resented the continual chopping and changing, and it was to the mutual advantage of all concerned when he was appointed some fifteen years ago to the development of the Salvation Assurance Society. As the Managing Director of this peculiar institution, he has been an asset to the standing of the Salvation Army in the city of London. His name is a guarantee of reliable business methods. Apart from the wisdom or otherwise of the department as a business concern, the premium income of fifteen years ago was £50,000. It is now £300,000. Commissioner Carleton has had a large experience in dealing with the legal affairs of the Army. He has a few hobbies, such as music, photography; is a very engaging conversationalist; and one of the enigmas of the Headquarters is that a man of such fertile brains and such solid and consummate ability has not been more to the front of the movement. At one time he was the Army's Commissioner for literature.

COMMISSIONER ELIJAH CADMAN (Travelling Evangelist).—One of the "characters" of the Army. He was brought up as a sweep in the town of Rugby. He climbed chimneys in the days when boy labour was employed instead of the reversible brush. His back bears evidence of the cruelty that was then practised. He was converted under the instrumentality of some Primitive Methodists when he had charge of a boxing-saloon. Ignorant, and surrounded with every social and moral disadvantage, he became a sober, industrious, and conscientious worker. As soon as he

saw the Army he felt that it presented to him the platform of his life. The General engaged him as a Salvation speaker. The personality and originality of the man attracted attention wherever he went, and he was soon raised to the rank of Major. He opened the work of the Army in Yorkshire. For years he was scarcely ever out of trouble with either police or publicans or hooligans. Of an aggressive temperament, he is essentially a despot and bigot, but with some of the old-time passion for the glory of God and the deliverance of the nation from its idols. He is an orator of the Methodists' "Peter Mackenzie" order. Gifted with a rich supply of mother-wit and the faculty of telling a story with dramatic effect, he also possesses a clear, resonant voice. The Bible and human nature are his textbooks, and his own experiences of a hard and sinful life his chief commentaries. Commissioner Cadman is one of a type of man rapidly dying out of the Army and other organisations. His commands in the Army included the Men's Social Wing and the Hadleigh Farm Colony. He has visited all the countries in which the Army is at work, and in many of these is much better appreciated than he is in his own land.

COMMISSIONER THOS. HENRY HOWARD.—An officer who has had charge of the leading commands in the movement: in Great Britain at the International Training Homes, in Australia, and at the Foreign Office. A teacher of the Army's doctrines, his chief asset is reliability. He is a grand humdrum officer. He is in no great hurry to be carried to the seventh

heaven by the proposals of every Salvation enthusiast, and therefore has suffered undeservedly, inasmuch as in an organisation where people have had positions accorded them for which their goodness rather than their practical knowledge of men and things has been their chief qualification, his rigid, two-and-two-are-four method of arriving at the kernel of a matter has been displeasing. He is an economical manager, even to parsimony. A safe financier, his defect, and one which has interfered with his advance as an actual leader of men, is a halting, nervous manner, and an over-careful regard for that whimsical article called reputation. Nevertheless, he is an invaluable man.

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY (Australia).—A Scotch lad from the banks of the Clyde. He is a type of the industrious and climbing Caledonian. Overfed with the Salvationism of the movement, all his reading is vitiated with the idea that it must be boiled down to the platform of the Officers' Council, with the disastrous results that this young man, one of the Army's best leaders, is abusing his rare gifts. Commissioner Hay is a first-rate example to younger men to work and to conquer. When he entered the Army his hard, Celtic brogue placed him at a disadvantage. He was not understood, and men said he had a heart like a lump of ice and an ambition to fill the whole horizon of the movement. With every step onwards, from Staff Captain to Major and Major to Colonel and Colonel to Commissioner, and from departmental drudgery at Headquarters to the plum-appointment in the organi-

sation—Australia—this young man has gone forward showing how he can learn from his mistakes. He is one of the most practical preachers and administrators and humorists in the Army. His wife is also an enthusiastic Salvationist, and as a story-teller of the *Family Herald* type she has few equals, and this without disparagement. That class of fiction has an important function to fill in the education of the people. Together the Hays constitute an answer to the question “Where are the leaders of the future to come from?” His training is almost entirely due to the faith that Mr. Bramwell Booth had in his possibilities.

COMMISSIONER ELWIN OLIPHANT (Switzerland).—Commissioner Oliphant is one of three curates of the Church of England who left the Established Church and joined the Salvation Army in the year 1883, believing that the General had revived that Gospel which Bishop Lightfoot described as “the Compulsion of Souls.” Since then two of the curates have wandered into other folds. Commissioner Oliphant has not only remained, but risen to a most honourable and influential position in the Army and in the religious world. After a period of probation in England, he married the daughter of Major and Mrs. Schoch, of Amsterdam, a lady richly endowed with the charm and grace of the old Dutch aristocracy—linguistic, musical, eloquent, and sanguine of the ultimate destiny of man. With all her learning and literary taste, she retained the simplicity of her girlhood when confronted with the trying duties that belonged to the wife of an officer of the Salvation Army who occupied the first post in continental

commands. She flung her heart into the warfare. She insisted upon taking the first Mrs. Booth as her model, and would study finance, property, legal and other questions. She leapt to the opportunity that was presented to her with the expansion of the Army as a social enterprise, and over all the continent of Europe Mrs. Oliphant's name is synonymous with Christian compassion for the people. She is equally at home among the palaces of the wealthy as she is with her guitar in a *café* or on the platform of a casino, singing and expounding the truth that God loves men and women, and that sin is but an excrescence of nature that can be neutralised and destroyed through faith in the Blood of the Lamb of God. Mrs. Oliphant has brought to the side of the former Church of England clergyman a Nestor-like influence, and in Sweden, where her husband was chief officer, and in Holland and Germany, where they lifted the Army out of a groove of comparative obscurity, they did wonders—all, of course, from the Army standpoint. In his leisure Commissioner Oliphant has studied early ecclesiastical history and written commendable studies of Savonarola and Terstegen. He has also translated several of the Army publications. Among his other gifts he is an able administrator, and belongs to the early school of Salvationists, conducting his meetings by allowing members of the Army ample opportunity to relate their testimony.

COMMISSIONER GEORGE SCOTT RAILTON.—He is the free lance of the Salvation Army—quite an extremist. For many years he went about preaching

Salvation in the cities and towns of England without hat or scrip or funds. A man of superb faith in one thing—Salvation. Of great physical endurance, he has travelled in all parts of the world, by nearly every conceivable method, always seeking, by preference, the company of the lowest ; he has seldom been known to be out of Salvation Army uniform. He has a fanatical faith in the come-and-be-saved-now Salvation. While he speaks with a rich command of language, always chaste and correct, he nevertheless glories in listening to the most ignorant of testimonies. He is a strong believer in the penitent form as an aid to the development of the spiritual life. He is the one Salvationist who looks at the operations of the Roman Catholic Church without prejudice. He frequently worships in Catholic churches when on his continental campaigns. He wears a Lutheran cross on his red guernsey. He has written quite a number of clever apologies on the Salvation Army, his most important being *Heathen England*. A voluminous writer to the papers and magazines of the organisation, he is a far too dexterous manipulator of words and ideas, which deprives his written word of much of its weight. He has not been entrusted with many definite and independent commands.

An interesting illustration of the difference between the leader and the subordinate occurred in Berlin, when the Commissioner was at the head of the work in Germany. General Booth was advertised to give an address at the Athenæum, under police protection. The bare fact that the General was able to enjoy such

a privilege in those days was hailed as a sign of the crumbling of Prussian prejudice against the *Heil Armee*. Commissioner Railton, who was in charge of the work in Berlin, was nervous about the arrangements, and eager about everything passing off with credit to the concern. In due time the audience assembled, principally curious and non-representative of the busy crowd. It was in the afternoon. A few Salvationists assembled near the entrance to obtain a glimpse of their revered leader. As soon as he stepped from his cab one rapturous German shouted, "Hallelujah!" Immediately, and with eyes flashing displeasure, Commissioner Railton cried, "Silence!"

The General was amazed. As he walked along the yard that led to the private entrance, he asked the Commissioner why he had checked the natural enthusiasm of the soldier. The Commissioner replied, "Highly dangerous, General; most foolish for the man to do so. It might have been used as a pretext for the police to close the meeting."

"What?" exclaimed the General, "stop a meeting for a Berliner praising God! Then, if that had happened, it would have been the best thing for the Army in Germany, and I should have considered I had done a good day's work in being the cause of it. Let the Salvationists shout 'Hallelujah' wherever they are and whatever be the consequence!"

Commissioner Railton entered the hall in a rather subdued spirit, and the meeting proceeded with as much decorum as if it had been held in a cathedral city of England. The General was right.

Commissioner Railton has had his differences with his leaders and they have had their differences with him, but much is tolerated from Commissioner Railton that would not be pardoned if committed by another officer. His family are, strange to say, not Salvationists.

COMMISSIONER STURGESS (of the Men's Social City Colony).—A man of considerable business ability, who persists in believing that his chief work on earth is to preach. For this high calling he has no natural or other gift. But the good man is as sincere as Nathanael. He has removed the reproach, for which there was real ground, from the London shelters of being overcrowded and dirty, and has carried out a more businesslike policy in the management of the same. Some assert that he has gone to the other extreme. As an interpreter of his Chief's mind and will he has no equal. He is preparing the way, it is hoped, for some Commissioner who will rescue the Colony from much of its commercial spirit. Up to the present he has not shown the slightest knowledge of sociology in its scientific and constructive aspects, and his management of the Hanbury Street Elevator dispute caused the General and Mr. Bramwell Booth to be placed in a false light before the public. Commissioner Sturgess has a genuine regard for the welfare of criminals, and a man of his temperament might be useful among the Prison Commissioners. He was in the service of the London and North Western Railway Company previous to entering the Salvation Army. His first task as a Salvationist at Headquarters was to clean the inkstands in the office of Mr. Bramwell Booth, "which I look back

upon," he says, "as one of the most sacred moments of my life." The Salvation Army is his heaven and Mr. Bramwell Booth his prophet.

COMMISSIONER W. J. McALONAN (Germany).—For many years second in command of the trading operations of the Salvation Army; a smart fellow, with a melodious voice, natural ability for acquiring languages and adapting himself to any situation, a keen student of the Bible and a lover of discussion. His promotion was long delayed; but now that he is in command of continental work he is shining as a preacher, leader, and legislator. I hear that since he went to Germany he has declared that when he, as Commissioner of the Salvation Army, tells his officers that there is danger in believing anything that he considers dangerous, they should accept it as the Voice of God.

COMMISSIONER HANNA OUCHTERLONY.—Now an elderly lady, but in her time a great worker among the Swedes and Norwegians. She pioneered the Army's entrance to Sweden, and to this day is looked upon by her fellow-countrymen as the Mrs. Booth of that country. She was brought up in the orthodox fashion, and being well connected, had settled down to a pleasant social life. Mr. Bramwell Booth went to Sweden for a vacation, and while off duty held some Salvation meetings at which Miss Ouchterlony was present. The experience which he outlined as being the normal one for the Christian to enjoy, namely, the conscious possession of "a heart delivered from the last remains of sin," set her thinking. "If this man is correct, then I can understand now why Christ

became the Son of God, and I can see what the Cross really meant." So she reasoned. The outcome of her enquiries was the possession, so she believed, of that experience and her consecration to the life of an officer. Though then over forty years of age, she was chosen by the General, or rather Mr. Bramwell Booth, to "open fire" upon her own Fatherland. And she succeeded. Encountering at first the persecution of the baser sort, the objects of the Army's mission gradually dawned upon the authorities, and it only needed the imprisonment of a few officers, and the intervention of the late King Oscar, to compel a respectful hearing from all classes of the community. Miss Ouchterlony retired from active duty a few years ago.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAM EADIE.—One of many Scotchmen who have ascended to leading commands. Burly, straight, and severely practical and pointed. When the Army captured his affections he was plying the occupation of a fisherman off the Humber. His early career was marked by a dogged determination to succeed in making his converts understand that unless they became Salvationists there was very little hope of their retaining the grace of God. His message was "Save your soul and save others." And in his hammer-stroke style of talking he won his way, as does everyone who adheres to his text and works. And William Eadie worked. His chance came when he was brought back from a colonial command and given an English appointment on the field staff. No man had a bigger list of complaints and quarrels on his agenda than Eadie when divisional officer, but while

his fellow-officers were inclined to blame him and his national love of a skirmish, those behind the scenes knew that he was a thorough worker. At a moment of extreme tension in America he was appointed Chief Secretary to Commander Ballington Booth. Here his little faults rather than his undoubted virtues were freely advertised. The Americans had not much use for the gruff Scotchman who knew Salvation Army law from A to Z. So it happened that when the "split" occurred in the States Mr. Eadie was—well, hated by the recalcitrants. But he lived to bear down much of their opposition, and by those who really know him he is considered a just administrator of the law of the Salvation Army. He is the *protégé* of the General, who has a devoted infatuation for a man who rules hard and well. Long acquaintance with Salvation Army government at the top has softened his nature, and like many men who learn life's sweetest lessons in middle life, Commissioner Eadie should be at the beginning of an interesting career. He is supported by a wife who has done good service in the Salvation Army.

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS (South Africa).—A rough piece of human flint quarried out of the common soil of mining life. Saved from a career of self-indulgence more than thirty years ago, he was attracted to the Army platform, and after a period of probation as an officer on the field, Richards was given a staff appointment and from that moment he made progress. Imagine a rough, blatant, conceited miner turned into a suave, well-informed, and capable leader of the Salvation Army in polished and refined Denmark ;

and that is Commissioner Richards. He has had several foreign appointments, but will never learn a language should he live to be the age of the patriarchs.

COMMISSIONER DAVID REES.—Successor to Commissioner Coombs in Canada, and like him, Commissioner for the second time.

Commissioner Rees is a handsome encouragement to the men in the Army whose talents are not numerous. This man has made the most of his and will continue to do so. There is a capital story told about his management of the Training Home, for which he had very meagre scholastic ability. Grammar is not his strong point, and he has a certain disdain for the aspirate, which hurt the superior in Canada when he was last in charge of the Army's work there. He has the capacity for taking pains with individual breakdowns in human nature. He will spend days and nights with men in order to "get at" the core of their weakness. One day he was relating for the benefit of his fellow-Commissioners one of these problems, in the person of a young man who was always quarrelling with his Captain. This young man was a Lieutenant.

"I was convinced," he said, "that the lad had something more than a twist in him. He was not right in his soul. I determined to find out. I took him into my room yesterday, and resolved that he should not leave it till I was satisfied that he was right or that I was right. I spent exactly three hours and fifteen minutes—no, I beg pardon, three hours and seventeen and a half minutes with him when I found that I was right." Commissioner Rees goes by the clock.

“Now, Commissioner,” replied one of his comrades, a bit of wickedness twinkling in his eye, “are you not mistaken? Perhaps you spent three hours and eighteen minutes!”

COMMISSIONER HENRY HODDER (Japan).—An able man who began life as a potman. With a sensible wife he has made rapid progress in his career, and if anyone is needed for the Army in China—strange that the Army has not yet begun there—this man and his wife will probably be found to be the safest and most successful pioneers. He belongs to the phlegmatic order of Salvationist, but goes on all the time and thinks out his business with care and prudence. A valuable man anywhere.

COMMISSIONER W. RIDSDDEL (Holland).—One of the few remaining members of the Christian Mission occupying a big position in the Salvation Army. A safe man. He is keen on buying and selling property in the interests of the organisation. He has an inveterate love of sermonising, and yet rumour has it that as a speaker he has not proved a Demosthenes. Here is a sad story about the good and faithful warrior. Twenty-five years ago Colonel Lawley heard him deliver a sermon from the text “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” It was delivered with muscular emphasis and much prancing on the stage. It was considered a good address. Five years ago the same officer heard him preach in another country one Sunday night. At the close Mr. Ridsdel asked his comrade what he thought of the delivery. The text was the same and the wording the same, even

the muscular part not being omitted. The wicked officer made answer, "William, not so well done as when I heard the same sermon preached by the General thirty-two years ago and by yourself in Plymouth twenty-five years ago." Notwithstanding, Commissioner Ridsdel has done good work for the Flag, and the General will swear by him to the end.

COMMISSIONER COSANDEY (Argentine).—One of the few foreign officers who have risen to the dignity of a commissionership in the Salvation Army. A French Swiss, he is one of the most engaging orators in the organisation, has great natural capacity to manage men, administer affairs, and kick over the traces occasionally.

COMMISSIONER T. ESTILL (Chicago).—A capital man for a storm. He and his wife have together rendered sixty years' service to the Salvation Army. He had charge of the work of the Army in South Africa, Japan, and Holland. His wife is a matchless worker in behalf of lost women.

COLONEL ARTHUR BATES (Auditor-General).—Travelled three hundred thousand miles inspecting the accounts of the Army. An encyclopædia of Army work in all lands.

COLONEL SAMUEL BRENGLE (Travelling Special).—Author of the choicest and ablest books issued from the Army Press. An American.

COLONEL A. M. DAMON (United States).—A well-balanced mind, organiser, and an effective speaker and disciplinarian.

COLONEL MILDRED DUFF (London).—Editor-in-Chief

of Young People's papers. A gracious personality who has served the cause in many of its uphill fights on the Continent and in England. An ambassador for Mr. Bramwell Booth on difficult and personal matters. A lady of sterling qualities. Had charge of the slum-work in London for some time.

COLONEL CHARLES DUCE.—A promising and able leader, with the true missionary ideas and instinct. Has been kept back for some reason or other. A cruel waste of time to retain such a man in any part of the Western world.

COLONEL WILLIAM EVANS (United States).—Been Chief Secretary of America. Very popular; has raised more officers for the Salvation Army than anyone in the States. His administrative achievements are national monuments in the social philanthropic work of that country.

COLONEL F. F. FORNACHON (France).—A coming man for continental work; has already done good service.

COLONEL W. H. ILIFFE (Boxted).—The General's representative in working out a scheme for the closer settlement of the people in small holdings. Seen service in India. Well informed about everything he has undertaken. Was successful as Chief Secretary of the Army's Colony at Hadleigh. A man of the future.

COLONEL WILLIAM HOWARD (Finland).—Son of the Commissioner of that name. A wise and careful officer. Musical and linguistic.

COLONEL THEO. KITHING (International Headquarters).—Greatly trusted by the General and the Chief of the Staff. Head of the Army's Publicity De-

partment. Has travelled much with the Chief and the General. Acts as the Chief's literary secretary. Occupies a seat on the Foreign Office Board and many similar institutions at International Headquarters. Has dressed in rags and tatters and preached in that garb upon the Social Scheme.

COLONEL GEORGE MITCHELL (International Headquarters).—Head of the Property and Finance of the Army. Able and far-seeing. Credited with having more weight with the Chief of the Staff than any other man at his elbow. The "Sousa" of the Salvation Army, and the staff bandmaster of a highly trained band of brass instrumentalists who have visited all parts of England and several countries on the Continent.

COLONEL JOLIFFE (International Headquarters).—Head of the collecting and money-raising departments of International Headquarters. An able and accomplished speaker. Chairman of many boards for the revision of expenses. Head of the Staff Department.

COLONEL JOHN LAWLEY.—Wherever the General is to be found there is Colonel Lawley also. A man after the General's own heart. Leads the General's prayer-meetings, sees to his platforms and billets, and generally acts as agent in advance. No engagement is fixed for the General until Colonel Lawley sees it. He solos for the General, and has sung one solo fifteen hundred times, "Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!" There is a capital story told of the General's chaplain. It was in Australia. The General had been complaining of the bad ventilation—no building was ever invented to satisfy the General—and could not call Lawley

to see to it, as he was then engaged singing his immortal song. Lawley overheard the remarks. When he came to the line in the solo

“Backslider, will you listen?”

Lawley paused, sang the line again, and aside said to one of the staff officers sitting near to the General, “Brigadier, go and pull the string and let the air in.” The General forgave Lawley many transgressions for that timely and thoughtful aside! The Colonel composes a hymn on an average once a week, and they are often used, but not by the General. His selection has long been narrowed down to about a dozen. And, by the way, the General has tried his hand at composing hymns, and with a fair measure of acceptance to his officers. Mrs. Lawley was one of the most successful field officers before her marriage.

COLONEL DAVID LAMB is probably one of the best-known officers among the general public, owing to his connection with the social branches of the Army in London. He acted as the Chief’s private secretary for several years on social affairs. He has a pretty complete grasp of Poor Law Reform, and has given evidence before select committees on such subjects as vagrancy, the homeless, and kindred matters. He is a member of the Rochford Board of Guardians, in which capacity he is acknowledged to have rendered valuable service to the community.

For five years he had the direction of the Hadleigh Farm Colony and gained there an intimate acquaintance with the causes of pauperism and the limitations of the Poor Law. He has done more than any other

officer to bring the Army into relation with the State as an auxiliary in handling the vicious and idle sections of society. He held the position of Chief Secretary in the Men's Colony of London. He was appointed by the General to organise the Emigration Department, in which, however, he has been a failure; that is, so far as carrying out the General's ideal of emigration is concerned. Originally that department was intended to be a method for transferring people in adverse circumstances from this country, where they were being crowded out of the labour market, to places such as Canada and America, where there existed a more general demand for labour. This branch of the Army's operations for some reason or other has not attracted subscriptions, and yet the agency has sent tens of thousands of people to Canada, and the publications of the Army have boasted that in some instances the parties that have been sent under the *ægis* of the Army have carried with them as much as £30,000—a somewhat different financial reputation from what the General expected to belong to the people that should accept his hand of help in this way. The department has grown to be a miniature Cook's Agency. It simply meets the need of a class that prefer to sail to a new shore under the guidance of the Army's officials; otherwise it has practically failed to grapple with a fraction of the social problem which it was hoped by its originator it would partially solve.

The worst aspects of its operations, however, are confined to the Canadian side of the case. The Army has no special facilities to offer their clients. Colonel

Lamb is the officer who has had the shaping of this department largely in his hands, and it may be placed to his credit that if he had had a freer hand he probably would have done something opposed to the general interests of the Army, but calculated to introduce a first-class stream of labour to the Dominion from the ranks of those unable to pay their own ocean fare. He is nothing if not original in many of his suggestions for taking the under dog up out of his extremity, and for fearlessly going in the teeth of the conventional; but like all societies that have to consider not one aspect of the question, but how one department will affect another, he has been handicapped in measures for raising money to aid the thousands who have applied to the Army and have been refused, on the ground that there were no available funds. Colonel Lamb has paid many visits to Canada and has done much to teach Government officials how to do emigration work on a cheap line.

As a public speaker Colonel Lamb is careful, thoughtful, having none of the *flamboyant* way of appealing to men who are "down on their uppers." He talks with the calm assurance of a Government official tinged with the idealism of the Army. He is one of the few officers who religiously reads his Bible at family prayers and then dives into *The Times*. His wife is known at Southend as the friend of the poor, and one who can always be relied upon to take up the "forlorn hopes" of the town.

COLONEL CLEMENT JACOBS (International Headquarters).—Colonel Jacobs is an able manager, and

indispensable as the Chief Secretary of the City Colony under the Social Scheme. A great executive officer. Spent fifteen years in Canada.

! Mention might be made of many other officers, especially those in charge of Corps, who possess qualifications for filling larger positions in the Army. But it will be clear, I think, from the above that those who foolishly imagine that this organisation is likely to suffer for the lack of capable leaders, for the present at least, are mistaken.

Whatever opinions may be held as to the Army as a religious organisation, one thing is evident: it has discovered gold in the dust—rich talent among the average men of the world, and imbued with religious ideals, has made them into thinkers, social engineers, and regenerators of a certain class of society. Whether the type of man that is denoted “Salvationist” is, in the long run, likely to prove a valuable member of society is a question that we need not discuss here. No one can surely read these sketches of the men behind the scenes without being impressed with the fact that the Army makes men. And these are by no means “picked” men. I have selected them according to no fixed standard. There are others in charge of Corps, such as the commanders of local Corps, who, after doing twenty and twenty-five years’ service on the field as missionary officers, are capable if the opportunity were placed in their power of being even greater successes than those who are occupying exalted positions at the various Headquarters.



THE AUTHOR.

APPENDIX

THE ARMY AND ITS CRITICS

THE Salvation Army has had a fair amount of advertisement for which it has paid a heavy price, and a larger amount for which it has paid nothing at all. It is upon the latter that I may be permitted to pass a few comments.

The critics of the Army have, of late years, been busy with their pen. In former years they fought the Army, as Kipling would say, with their mouth. Now they attack the General, Mr. Bramwell Booth and their host of worshippers, with that caustic weapon the pen. In earlier times the assailed Commander-in-Chief was less sensitive and more worldly-wise than he appears to have become of late. Then he rather glorified in the attention that was bestowed upon the Army, even when the missiles employed were more painful in their effect than pleasant. Nowadays he and those who are responsible for defending the honour of the Flag of "The Blood and Fire" have clearly shown that they are victims of what is not uncommon in a long and strenuous military campaign, "nerves." They have betrayed the fact that they can have that disease in a very acute form.

Let us look at the principal things that have been levelled against the Headquarters of the Army:—

1. FINANCE.—The critics have from time to time

complained that all is not as clear and as straight as it should be. In this respect the Army has a complete answer to all its critics. It is untrue to assert, as has been done again and again, that the Army does not publish balance sheets. The Army does publish balance sheets, and has done so from the first year that the Trust Deed under which General William Booth holds his right to control the property and money of the Salvation Army was published. I have seen the auditors' clerks at work in the various departments of Headquarters. I have seen the original balance sheets, and have watched Mr. Bramwell Booth discuss them with his own accountants and financial advisers. So that there is not a vestige of truth in the statement that the General does not publish a yearly statement of his financial affairs. If he did not do so, he could be sued in a court of law for a serious dereliction of his duty as sole trustee of the Army.

But as I understand the critics of the Army finance, they have no quarrel with the Army on this account. It is simply that they do not understand several accounts in the statements. Of course, General Booth has not yet posed as a philanthropist for supplying the ignorant with knowledge, and many of the criticisms upon the finance of the Army are manifestly crude and ill-informed. Still, on the other hand, the balance sheets, or financial statements, as the Army prefers to describe them, are not quite clear on several matters. Into these I need not enter. Lack of lucidity is not a crime.

2. THE INCOME OF STAFF OFFICERS.—It is not true that they are overpaid. The highest salary paid to the top staff at Headquarters is £300 per annum. Those who call that extravagant do not know what they are talking about. The man with £300 is worse off than

the best-paid Adjutant on the field. What is not above criticism is the fact that while officers at Headquarters have their salaries guaranteed, the field officer is poorly paid, and hundreds of them eke out an existence on a minimum wage which is nothing short of a sweating wage. Headquarters know this to be true, but have not admitted it in replying to their critics, or while allowing others to reply for them. While Headquarters refuse to redress this balance, it is but right that it should be subjected to criticism.

3. THE "STYLE" OF THE STAFF OFFICERS.—It is correct that they live in comfortable houses, but far from luxurious. Headquarters supply them with furniture and allow a certain amount for depreciation, which they make good from time to time. But it is not true that the Staff are well off. The reverse is the truth. They find it difficult to live in London and keep up the appearance that is expected from them.

4. EMIGRATION.—Much criticism has been directed toward showing that the emigration work of the Army has become mainly a booking agency; that the grants or bonuses that the Army receives from the federal and provincial Parliaments of the Dominion of Canada are swallowed up in the expenses of the department; that the proportion of money spent upon assisting deserving emigrants to a fresh start in life is very small; and that the work has ceased to be philanthropic. There is no doubt whatever but that these criticisms are in the main supported by the Army's own figures; but the fault lies with the system of tabulating statistics. And it is a fault that is not confined to the Salvation Army. The philanthropic societies that run an emigration department in the interests of the poor, perhaps with one exception, inflate their figures, and convey to the public an erroneous impression as to the extent

of their work. The Army talks very loudly of the tens of thousands of emigrants whom they have sent to Canada, whereas the truth is the great bulk of them have sent themselves, so to speak, to Canada, preferring to go under the umbrella of the Army. This they have a perfect right to do.

As, however, the whole work of emigration will soon come under a very searching examination by impartial and official minds, this branch of the Army's work may be safely left to be finally adjudicated by them.

The grants made by the Army in recent years to assist emigrants have been diminishing, but that is the fault of the public. If the Army does not receive subscriptions, it cannot be expected to dole out money earmarked for some other fund.

The organisation of the department is well-nigh perfect. No one can say that, with the exception of occasional breakdowns that are peculiar to all organisations alike, the management is weak. The fact that Colonel David Lamb is in charge of the department is a guarantee that, so far as that part of the work is concerned, it will be well and conscientiously done.

5. THE PRISON WORK OF THE ARMY.—General Booth has taken a step in regard to this department that will be of immense value to the public. He has agreed to co-operate with the State, along with the Church Army and other Prison Aid Societies, in carrying out certain reforms instituted by the Home Secretary—reforms which will tend to prevent overlapping and show the actual amount of work done by each society.

The ticket-of-leave system, as it is at present understood, is to be abolished. Instead of convicts, on their release, reporting to the police, they will have

to report, under certain conditions, to the representatives of these societies. A Central Board is to be established, also under the guidance of the Home Secretary, for applying these new regulations. I would advise all interested in prison reform generally to wait patiently the first report of this board. It will shed a flood of light upon the difficulties connected with this branch of philanthropic work, and convince even the societies themselves that something more drastic is needed than the transfer of oversight from the civil to the voluntary arm. The whole system is more or less built upon a wrong principle, and General Booth is probably the only man in England who quite understands what is required; but whether the Army behind him is capable of applying the reform is very much open to question. The system as it stands at present is founded upon the barbaric idea that criminals must be punished. Until the idea of *remaking* the criminal, and not only by religious agencies, is thoroughly woven into the State conception of its obligations, and the work and education within prison are reconstructed accordingly, very little progress towards the diminution of crime and criminals will be accomplished. Up to the present the prison work of the Army in this country has been on the whole well done, but it is on a very limited scale. The bulk of prison work is done by the Church Army.

6. THE MEN'S SOCIAL WORK.—For the last fifteen years this department has had to sustain onslaught after onslaught of criticism and has profited by it. The shelters have been placed under the Common Lodging House Act, and about £30,000 have been spent in bringing these shelters, so far as their structural arrangements are concerned, under the requirements of the Act and the rules of the Board of Health.

The Army was extremely foolish to kick at first against the inevitable, and to contend that these institutions were compatible with the circumstances of the class of people the Army was raising from the moral and social quagmires of the City. It was scarcely fair to itself. The shelters in other lands were examples of roominess, sanitation, and fittings. The old coffin-shaped bunk is practically abolished, and thank God for it. It was a most degrading arrangement, worse than the casual ward. There the wretched tramp paid nothing for his bed. Here he had to pay twopence.

A more serious question, one which lies at the root of all indiscriminate charity, is the value to the community of these shelters. So far as the men in the shelters are benefited by them, they do not elevate them, either physically or morally. A proportion—what proportion?—are weeded out, entirely by the voluntary action of the men themselves, and given temporary work in carrying sandwich-boards, addressing envelopes, sorting paper, etc. But the *cause* of their social dilapidation remains unaltered. They enter the shelter, pay their twopence or fourpence as the case may be (and few are allowed to enter unless they do), they listen to some moral advice once a week, with which they are surfeited inside and outside the shelter, they go to bed, and next morning leave the shelter to face the streets as they came in. The shelter gets no nearer to the *cause* of their depravity than it does to the economic cause of their failure, or to the economic remedy which the State must eventually introduce.

On its religious side, good work is done among individuals here and there, though here also, while the good is being done, evils are perpetuated that are debasing in their sum total. The shelter officers to a man declare that their hardest and saddest work is in pre-

venting the hypocrisy that is associated with the penitent form. A profession of religion is part of the carrying equipment of a growing proportion of the regular attendants of the shelters. The most honest and reliable are those who do not make any profession at all. It may be conceded that the good outweighs the evil.

The workshops of the Army are little better than sweating dens, though I do not think that the evil associated with these is so serious as it has been described. Until the State can devise something better than the casual ward for these out-of-works, it is sheer folly for anyone to assail this rough-and-ready method of affording temporary aid. It is not the Army that is most blameworthy. It is the apathy of the public.

The fact is that the number of agencies that are at work, especially in London, along these lines is so numerous that the time has arrived for the State to interfere and appoint a Royal Commission for dealing with these and these alone. The Labour Exchange has shown us the extent and character of the unemployed. Something is needed to show us what is done to meet that need, how it is abused, and how ineffective it is. If such a Commission were appointed, Mr. Bramwell Booth would be its most competent chairman, for if he collected the facts as they have come to light since the Social Scheme was established and placed these before the country, there would be an agitation for a complete and radical change in our vagrancy Acts and the methods of administering relief to the poor.

7. THE FAILURE OF THE SOCIAL SCHEME.—From an economic standpoint the social experiment of the Salvation Army stands condemned almost root and branch. "So much the worse for economics," the average Salvation Army officer will reply. Perhaps.

Royal reform
18
 But at the end of twenty years the Army cannot point to one single cause of social distress that it has removed or to one single Act which it has promoted that has dealt a death-blow at one social evil. Its work has been purely of the nature of the ambulance, and God forbid that I should raise so much as a little finger against all that it has done and is doing in that respect. I have lost a considerable amount of faith since I ceased to be a Salvationist in the value of voluntary effort. Prevention is better than cure. The amazing revelations of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law demonstrate that fact in a negative manner, and until a good part of the Minority Report is given fair play in actual practice, we shall not be able to adequately realise the full force of the old saw that prevention is better than cure. We are still babes at the business of saving men, women, and children. We have stamped out certain diseases which periodically turned London into a mortuary, and we have done much to awaken the public conscience to the science of moral salvation (and the Army has done more in this respect than any other Christian organisation). But the General would show himself the true statesman if he manfully told the world that his social scheme has not got to close quarters with the evils which he set out to demolish. By doing so he will eventually raise himself higher in the public estimation, and what is of far more consequence, clear the atmosphere of a lot of maudlin sentiment as to the character of the work upon which he and others are engaged, and help to point the way to another and more effective treatment of the social disease.



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