



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



MARSHAL BALLINGTON BOOTH.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN,

OR,

The Salvation Army's March from the
Atlantic to the Pacific.

BY

COMMISSIONER BALLINGTON BOOTH,

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY J. S. OGILVIE.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE, PUBLISHER,
57 ROSE STREET.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.



CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—THE ARMY'S BATTLE-FIELD; OR, THE UNREACHED AND UNCHURCHED	11
II.—HUMAN WRECKAGE	21
III.—MAKING TRACKS; OR, A WAY TO THE WORLD .	34
IV.—MAKING TRACKS; OR, A WAY TO THE WORLD— (Continued)	48
V.—MAKING TRACKS; OR, A WAY TO THE WORLD— (Continued)	60
VI.—SLUMDOM	75
VII.—PRISONS AND PERSECUTION	91
VIII.—HEARTOLOGY	102
IX.—AS OTHERS SEE US	111
X.—OUR FOREIGN FIELDS	121
XI.—OUR HEAVENLY PROMOTIONS	135
XII.—MILESTONES OF 1890.—THE VISIT OF OUR HINDOO COMRADES	143
XIII.—MILESTONES OF 1890 (Continued)—MRS. GENERAL BOOTH'S PROMOTION AND "IN DARKEST ENGLAND."	150
XIV.—MILESTONES OF 1890 (Concluded)—THE INTER- STATE CONGRESS	163
APPENDIX	182

INTRODUCTION.

FACT, NOT FANCY.

This book is no fable, no chimerical chronicle of an imaginary fight. Every inch of ground that we describe is ground that we have traveled. We have pictured the field, not as an ideal state of things, not as a land pleasant for our eyes to rest upon, but as actual misery and positive evil, which, for God and humanity's sake, we must face, however reluctantly. "We speak that we do know, and testify that which we have seen and heard." The figures we quote are not the largest that could be given, and we have space to furnish only a portion of the facts which have harrowed our hearts. Nor is this a history of our social condition. It is rather a partial report of what we have done during the last year. The need of the Army's battlefield may force us or others to face and print more than this chronicle contains.

We stand beside the chasm from which issues the cry for help from many thousands, sunken, degraded—almost hopeless, and our hearts are filled with anxious yearning for our country, which but for sin would be so fair, so free, so exalted. Some may laugh at our apprehension, but with Burke we exclaim, "*Better to be despised for too anxious ap-*

prehensions than be ruined by too confident a security."

We sometimes wonder how the Pilgrim Fathers would feel could they walk the streets of our American cities lit with the glare of innumerable saloons (and is there a nation on earth where the liquor interest exerts more baneful or widespread power and influence ?), and crowded with the victims of festering vice and crime—could they see the ten thousand tramps and a standing army of "forty thousand human wrecks" recruited from its Empire center alone, to say nothing of over a million paupers East and West begging the bread of life at charity's door, and a chain of nearly two millions and a half of human beings who drink beyond moderation.*

This field has already heard our groans and been wet with our tears. Our weary feet have trodden its sinful haunts, patient hands have labored for its helpless ones, and aching hearts have raised to God the cry, "*O, Lord, how long ?*"

For ourselves and those who labor with us we can say that we feel we must and will, with consecrated lives, do our part to scatter the clouds of darkness that enshroud the multitudes.

Public engagements and the discharge of heavy duties and responsibilities in the direction of affairs naturally leave but little time for literary work, and furthermore the Army's maxim has ever been, *Deeds, not words*. Therefore what is here written must speak to the public in unadorned simplicity.

* E. J. Wheeler: "Prohibition; the Principle, the Policy, the Party," pp. 66.

I tender thanks to officers of the different departments for facts furnished me, and launching this record in faith both in God and his people, pray that among its leaves may be found some fruit that shall help both the Church and the Army to gather within the garner of Christ's Kingdom more of "the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

"Oh, clear-eyed Faith and Patience, thou
So calm and strong,
Lend strength to weakness, teach us how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong."

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN;

OR,

THE SALVATION ARMY'S MARCH FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARMY'S BATTLE-FIELD; OR, THE UNREACHED AND UNCHURCHED.

One of the truest assertions that I can recall as having been made regarding the Salvation Army, is that it has arisen out of the terrible need which surrounds it; I might almost say, phoenix-like, it has formed itself from the ashes of depraved and outcast society. Had there never been the necessity for the existence of this organization, there would have been no cause for the remedy it professes to apply. As the prevalence of physical diseases is the occasion of new and extreme measures of relief, promptness and success being the only necessary conditions of acceptance, so the sin-diseased, soul-crippled multitudes of our country have occasioned the raising and organizing of the Salvation Army. It has been remarked by one who we cannot but think was unacquainted with the actual condition of affairs existing within stone's throw of his own church, that the Army was not needed in America. If in the following year's record of the do-

ings of this military organization I can show that America presents a field almost, if not quite as much in need of the Army's operations as any other country where it exists, I may surely consider it unnecessary to make any plea for our presence and labor here.

Professor Stuart has said that if a thing be good it is best recommended by the showing of a piece of it; therefore I shall not so much seek to vindicate the Salvation Army in these pages as to show its effort and result by describing the warfare on some portions of its battle-field in the United States.

It should be remembered that as the Salvation Army has many Brigades and departments, each forming parts of the whole, so it has many sections upon which it operates, making up its world-wide field. For example, the officer conducting an openair service works upon a field different from the one visited by the Slum Savior. The Sergeant on his daily rounds may press the sale of his *War Cry* upon quite a different class of passers-by from those whom the loving Rescue Sister will seek to win from paths of despair and death. The girl who speaks and prays in the crowded saloons catches the ear and moves the heart of again a different section of humanity, while another officer may, at that very time, be pleading Christ's cause among the wealthy in some brilliantly lighted drawing-room. Yet, as all matter within a certain distance is attracted to the earth, so each class or form of sinner is through their effort and toil more or less drawn towards the life and spirit and happiness of the Salvation Army.

The field veritably is a *vast one*, and is so guarded

by ambushed foes, so full of pitfalls, and so fortified and intrenched against the relief party of earnest pioneers that one almost fears to face its unknown and numberless dangers. Like Africa's primeval forest or India's dense jungle, one scarce knows which way to cut a passage through.

We have recently been aroused suddenly, as if from a dream, to face a column of figures, a column built out of the tears and blood of fatherless children, down-trodden womanhood and debased manhood in darkest England. We have heard with weighted sorrow and blushing shame of the million sufferers in its fetid slums. We have heard of England's 86,000 criminals, of its 160,000 annually convicted drunkards, of its 100,000 prostitutes, of its 968,000 paupers, and of its annual spirit and liquor bill amounting to £136,000,000.

But have we on our American battle-field a condition of affairs which presents a much more hopeful outlook? If it cannot be said that "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in us," yet are there not many "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" that have not yet "been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

More than this, are there not all around us, lurking in the atmosphere, especially of our cities, the seeds of other diseases which more gradually, but no less surely, ripen into spiritual decay and death?

There seem to us to be two leading causes for this moral decline, the one negative, the other positive, making the loss twofold. The former is the withholding of spiritual food from the young by those in

whose guardianship they have been placed ; the latter is the lavish supply of selfish interests, frivolous amusements and worldly ambitions urged upon them even from childhood.

Nor is there any reproach intended or implied by the last sentence. When we look at the wealth of the nation, the vastness of the field for enterprise of all kinds, the multitude of avenues—social, commercial and political—by which brainy men can rush to fame, wealth and position, is it any wonder that the clever sons of brilliant, successful citizens should aspire after the splendid earthly prizes that glitter above their heads ? Secure from danger of any foreign war, there is, for practical purposes, no great diversion of the intellect of the country into military and naval channels. No great standing army occupies the best years of life for thousands in military routine, and no tyrannical, political system crushes into being a force of persecuted patriots. If there ever was a nation that could, with good reason (from an earthly point of view), say to itself, “ Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry,” surely this is the nation, and of only too large a class of citizens it is true that this embodies their views of life.

Of course, individually, the taking ease goes hand in hand with hard work—physical and mental. Other nations sweat and toil, and save that they may take their ease in the future. We combine the hard work with the present enjoyment of what we win thereby. What we did yesterday we can do to-day ; and the

perseverance, self-reliance and dash that we see on every hand, combined with the high standard of education and culture, enable our young men to avail themselves to the full of the unsurpassed advantages that the State and the nation bestow so lavishly upon them.

Yet for these very reasons, is it not all the more mournful that with so many young men religion should be practically non-existent ? and the statement that out of seven millions five practically never attend any church at all, seems almost incredible.*

Something indeed must be done. If out of every hundred men, between eighteen and thirty years old, only twenty-eight have even the form of religion—and no one would contend that all, even of these twenty-eight, have any personal experience of conversion—what kind of religious spectacle will the nation present in fifty years' time ?

Indeed, we are also plainly told that out of these twenty-eight there are not more than ten that profess membership of any church, and that not more than five do anything to propagate the religion of Jesus Christ !

* "The national committee of the Young Men's Christian Association sent out a printed statement, in which we find that but five per cent of the young men throughout the land are members of church; that only fifteen out of every one hundred attend religious services with any regularity, and that seventy-five out of one hundred never attend church at all. That is, putting the number of young men at about one-eighth of the population, of the seven millions in the United States, over five millions of them are never, or practically never, inside a Christian church."

Now, the question which forces itself upon our notice is, where are these young men to be found? What is the primary attraction that draws this multitude of promise away from the training and influence of Christ's followers? Are such public amusements as base-ball, the race course and the stage to be enumerated as forming the only objects of attraction?

Alas! parents are waking up to find to their horror and despair that an incredible proportion of this number could be found in the saloons, gambling hells and houses of infamy, which are a growing blight on the fair name and honor of our country.

It was noticed recently that into a single saloon of Cincinnati, in one hour, passed 252 men, 236 of whom, *or all but* 16, were *young men*. In Washington, D. C., ten men agreed to count the young men in ten prayer meetings, ten theaters, and ten saloons. "They found 168 in the prayer meetings, 815 in the theaters, and 365 in the saloons." The paper from which I quote continues: "If this is the proportion everywhere our religious character is at odds."

A city of 19,000 population, containing 3,500 young men: 85, or one-fortieth, were found members of Protestant churches; not one received into a church during a year, though 300 convicted of crime that same year.

In a city of 20,000 population, 3,500 young men: only 29 young men—less than one in 100—members of Protestant churches.

A splendid saloon in Brooklyn was watched one Sabbath by two members of Dr. Cuyler's church. It was opened in plain defiance of law, and from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. 920 young men were counted as they

entered it. We might multiply these facts by the score, but space forbids.

Is it not patent, from the above figures, that the religion of the present day fails to present to the youth of our country that vital reality that attracts? To remedy this has been one of the Army's special efforts, and its growing success in this direction is apparent, for we can unhesitatingly affirm that the majority of our audiences in America are composed of its youth, and that over seventy-five per cent of its officers and members are young people.

The page grows darker as we note that out of every hundred criminals in this country sixty-five are young men. As a result of all this, the death rate steadily increases among youths and young men from fourteen to twenty-five years of age. Their vicious habits and disregard of God's laws result in deteriorated bodies and distempered souls at the very age when they should be launching hopefully into manly life to become a strength to their country. Again the question confronts us, What is to be done with these young men already in danger of blight and soon to be beyond hope? You will find hundreds of them any Sunday afternoon in our large cities hanging listlessly round street corners, in the shadow of saloon doors, or thronging in thousands to some popular park or place of amusement.

Nor will those in authority consider this a rash estimate. A cursory glance at the following prison statistics will show how *appalling* is the percentage of

young men numbered in the criminal ranks of our country :

	WHOLE NO.	YOUNG MEN.
Texas Penitentiaries at Rusk and Huntsville, according to Report of 1886.....	2,859	2,097
Joliet, Illinois, (1886).....	1,494	971
South Carolina Prison received in two years, '85 and '86.....	547	391
San Quentin and Folsom, Cal., (1886).	1,891	886
Kentucky Prison received in 1884 and 1885.....	1,153	869
Ohio Prison received in 1886.....	812	502
Pennsylvania, Eastern, received in 1886.....	572	405
Pennsylvania, Western, received in 1886.....	265	179
Sing Sing, N. Y., (1886).....	1,532	1,111
Auburn, N. Y., (1886).....	1,084	639
Indiana, South, (1886).....	525	358
Rhode Island, (1885).....	1,244	850
Connecticut, (1885).....	276	153
West Virginia received in 1883 and 1884.....	205	152
Michigan Penitentiary received in forty-three years, up to 1882.....	7,281	4,886
Indiana Prison, South, (1888).....	539	372
Ohio Prison enrolled for 1888.....	794	532
West Virginia committed in 1887.....	97	66
Nevada received in 1888.....	27	16
In Nevada Prison, December 31, 1888.	99	57
Indiana Prison, North, October 31, 1888	702	344
(Georgia Prison, (1888).....	1,537	1,421
Wisconsin, (1888).....	438	224
Massachusetts Reformatory.		
1884-5.....	663	469
1885-6.....	615	435
1886-7.....	662	441
1887-8.....	607	428
Vermont, (1887-8).....	94	49
Connecticut, (1888).....	301	173
Reformatory at Ionia, Michigan, received from 1886 to 1888.....	1,378	945
Missouri received during 1887-8.....	1,523	1,105
Rhode Island received since 1838.....	1,397	953
New Jersey Prison, (1888).....	881	494
Tennessee, (1889).....	1,363	esti'd $\frac{1}{2}$ —1,190
Virginia, (1888).....	372	239
Illinois (Joliet) received from October, 1887 to October, 1888.....	650	436

Speaking of the above depressing array of statistics, Doctor J. W. Clokey, in his book, "Dying at the Top," says :

From these figures we learn that, in round numbers, SEVENTY PER CENT OF THE CONVICTS IN OUR PENITENTIARIES ARE YOUNG MEN. In the common jails throughout the country the per cent is not quite so large, owing to two facts, that there is a larger per cent of women among the criminals, and that there are often mere children, who, if they are sent up at all, are sent to houses of refuge, in the States where these refuges are provided. Still, even with both these classes counted in, the per cent of young men is very large.

The New York *Press* recently published the following statement, made by Bishop Potter to a large audience in this city :

At this point Bishop Potter drew the attention of his hearers to an immense canvas diagram, 20 x 10 feet, which was placed on one side of the church. It had big red ink squares on it, like the blocks of the city, which it represented. Covering it were red balls, with here and there a black X mark. Continuing, the Bishop said :

"By the kindness of your leader in the service of the Lord I have been permitted to place this on exhibition. It represents that section of this city between Seventieth and Eightieth streets on the East side. The red balls are supposed to be saloons, and there are 280 of them. The black crosses are churches, and there are eight of them. The census has revealed as living in that district about 160,000 persons. How does this look? Of these churches only two or three are Protestant. One or two of them are foreign. Now Buffalo has a population of 153,000. What would a New York man say if he were told that Buffalo had only two or three Protestant churches?"

Think of the condition of affairs set forth in the provision of only eight Protestant churches to 160,000 persons, and then reflect how immeasurably outweighed must be their influence by the presence and traffic of 280 saloons in the same area.

To wish that this appalling state of things might be remedied is very easy. To apply a remedy is

a task that few have yet attempted, and to meet which our best philanthropists confess themselves powerless. Shall we wait for the conditions to change themselves? For these young men to voluntarily desert the theater and the saloon and come to the prayer meeting? This has failed—palpably and pitifully failed—and we have returned to find them grown harder in indifference, sunk lower in sin—inebriates in our saloons, convicts in our jails, and inmates of our asylums. Shall we wait and plead and call and then withdraw, consoling ourselves that we have washed our hands and that their blood will be upon their own heads? No! a thousand times no! With such resultless sympathies we feel that we should find their blood upon our *own* skirts. We must *go ourselves*, go to them in whole-souled compassion and Christ-given zeal, resolved on seeing them snatched from the jaws of sin and death.

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a sunless day!
God save, O save the people.

CHAPTER II.

HUMAN WRECKAGE.

With harrowed and distracted hearts we turn a few moments to view another section of the Army's battle-field. It is that held and intrenched by the victims of strong drink. Were the whole body of the Salvation Army throughout the world turned into a relief party to rescue those enslaved through the liquor traffic in this country it would take years of toil and sacrifice to stem the tide and to reclaim them.

Mrs. Booth and I have been heart-sore and heart-heavy, as we have hurried through New York City at night, to see so many wretched beings reeling past us, and the voice of hopeless, anxious wives and half-starved, half-clad children has often rung in our ears while looking into the bloated faces, bearing too plainly in their foreheads the dark name of him to whom they have given themselves over, mind and body.

When viewing these sights we are reminded that it is stated that this city has a liquor traffic of over eighty millions of dollars, while but three millions covers the support of its churches of all denominations.

Let any who are disposed to think that in this Republic the condition of affairs is much more encourag-

ing than in other lands, consider what Dr. Geo. Lorimer says, speaking of the almost incredibly small sum used in the United States for schools, colleges and churches, in comparison with that spent for strong drink: "Would that it (the awful waste) could be cut down, even to one-half; would that the entire nation, as well as our own city (Chicago), would reduce its score at the dram-shop; yea, would that the American people would arrest this prodigality for good and all. *What can we expect when our population in America drinks \$800,000,000 and pays \$400,000,000 more to provide prisons, poorhouses and asylums for those whom the drink has mastered and maddened, but misery, degradation and ultimate despair?*

Then, \$60,000,000 is all that this nation contributes for the annual support of its churches, and much of that is given grudgingly; and yet some persons affect to be surprised that religion is not more potent, and that the masses are not more prosperous. Surprise! We rather think the surprise is that such enormous sums can be squandered, and applied to human deterioration, and this nation or any other be able to escape bankruptcy alike in character and fortune."

Dr. Strong, editor of "Our Country," bids us beware of comforting ourselves with the growth of total abstainers, saying:

To day there are many millions of teetotalers both in this country and in Great Britain. Especially during the past twenty years, while *the manufacture of intoxicants in the United States has so rapidly increased*, the temperance reform

has made wonderful progress, and the proportion of teetotalers is much greater to-day than ever before. And yet there is *much more liquor used per caput now than formerly*; showing, conclusively, that there is much more of excess now than then; declaring that, as a nation grows nervous, those who drink at all are more apt to drink immoderately.

Governor Gaston, in a message to the Massachusetts Legislature, says :

Intemperance has been the most prolific source of poverty, wretchedness and crime. It has filled the State and the country with its destructive influences, and its progress everywhere heralds only misfortune, misery and degradation.

The author of "Dying at the Top" says concerning the disastrous influence of the saloon upon our young men :

As there are not less than two hundred thousand drinking places in this country, and as twenty to each saloon is not a large annual allowance from the ranks of our youth, I believe I am not overstating facts when I say that the saloon system of the United States is degrading not less than four millions of young men.

An eminent man has said : "Put into my hands the money wasted in tobacco in the United States, and I will clothe, feed and shelter all the suffering poor on this continent." We do not think we exaggerate the direct gain to the country when we say, put into the hands of the Salvation Army the over \$900,000,000 annually squandered for intoxicating drink, and we will provide every pauper with a home, every unemployed man with an honest livelihood, and every city with Army officers and Barracks for those without a church and the gospel.

There is a saying that "figures do not lie," and those who are disposed to question what this fabulous

sum would furnish are referred to the following estimate, which impresses us more and more as we consider what these items would mean to starving and suffering humanity, placing the estimate at even its lowest figure, \$800,000,000.

Mr. Calvin E. Keach makes the following distribution of the \$900,000,000 spent every year in the saloons, if it could be saved and spent for comforts and necessities :

It is estimated that three millions of homes are affected by the drink curse, and that each home will average four persons. We will now distribute the \$900,000,000 among these twelve million persons.

BUY FROM THE WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS.

3,000,000 suits of clothes, men, \$10.....	\$30,000,000
3,000,000 woolen dresses, \$4.....	12,000,000
6,000,000 children's dresses, \$2.....	12,000,000
6,000,000 pairs of woolen blankets, \$2.....	12,000,000
6,000,000 suits underwear, men's, \$2.....	12,000,000
6,000,000 suits underwear, women's, \$2.....	12,000,000
12,000,000 suits underwear, children's, \$1.....	12,000,000
16,000,000 pairs woolen hose, 15 cents.....	2,400,000
Total to woolen manufacturers.....	<u>\$104,400,000</u>

BUY FROM MISCELLANEOUS TRADES.

For each family :

Tinware, \$3.....	\$9,000,000
1 new table, \$5.....	15,000,000
1 set dishes, \$4.....	12,000,000
2 tablecloths, \$4.....	12,000,000
6 common chairs, \$3.....	9,000,000
1 clock, \$2.....	6,000,000
50 yards cotton cloth, \$5.....	15,000,000
Rent 3,000,000 houses at \$76.20.....	228,600,000
Total.....	<u>\$306,600,000</u>
9,000,000 tons coal, \$6 a ton.....	\$54,000,000
3,000,000 cook stoves, \$15.....	45,000,000
Total.....	<u>\$99,000,000</u>

NOW BUY FROM THE FARMERS.

3,000,000 cords of wood, \$4.....	\$12,000,000
6,000,000 barrels of flour, \$7....	42,000,000
9,000,000 barrels potatoes, \$2.....	18,000,000
300,000,000 pounds pork, 15 cents.....	45,000,000
225,000,000 dozen eggs, 12 cents.....	27,000,000
150,000,000 pounds of butter, 20 cents.....	30,000,000
75,000,000 pounds of cheese, 10 cents. ..	7,500,000
6,000,000 barrels apples, \$3....	18,000,000
Other fruits, grapes, plums, currants, etc.....	9,000,000
Milk.....	30,000,000
300,000,000 pounds buckwheat flour, 3 cents.....	9,000,000
Beef, valued at	45,000,000
Chickens....	18,000,000
Turkeys.....	18,000,000
Vegetables.....	9,000,000
Lard.....	7,500,000
Total to farmers.....	\$345,000,000

THEN BUY FROM THE SHOE TRADE.

Men's boots, 6,000,000 pairs, at \$1.50.....	\$9,000,000
Children's shoes, 24,000,000 pairs, at \$1.....	24,000,000
Women's shoes, 6,000,000 pairs, at \$2.....	12,000,000
Total to the shoe trade.....	\$45,000,000
Grand total.....	\$900,000,000

Summed up briefly we gather from the National Bureau of Statistics that the annual drink bill of the nation *exceeds by three hundred millions the annual bread bill*, and equals the expenditure for all cotton and woolen goods manufactured, for all boots and shoes worn, and for all sugar and molasses consumed.* Such facts as these are published broadcast

* "These estimates—which we venture to believe will appeal to the reader as reasonable—do not include the indirect cost of the liquor drunk. This indirect cost embraces waste of time, the expenses attending the trial of offenses committed by persons intoxicated, and the expense of \$100,000,000 in the maintenance of the million paupers of the country. The wardens of the State prisons usually affirm that intemperance is the chief cause of the crime of at least four-fifths of the criminals; and it is universally confessed that it is the principal agent in the creation of the pauper class of the community."

over the land, and it is surely unnecessary for us to multiply them.

Perhaps there are no people on earth that know more of the baneful effects of this accursed traffic than our Field Officers, who have poured into their ears daily the stories of those who have lost home, reputation and occupation through this curse.

I extract the following without selection from a number. It is a testimony from the lips of a convert who spoke at one of our meetings. Hark! let us hear what he says. Every sound is hushed, the laughing and talking ceases, and all strain their ears to catch what this man will say :

“Friends, you all know me—every man, woman and child in this town knows me. Often when I passed you I have heard you say to each other, ‘There goes drunken Harry; his time’s drawing near,’ and other such remarks, and God only knows how I felt them, and how I went home and made up my mind to never drink again, only to commence as soon as I could get it. Two years ago, as you all know, I was an honorable citizen, the panic unnerved me, and I took to drink for courage; it not only ruined me, but *it killed my dear old mother, and Kate, my wife, who moved in the best circle in the city, has clung to me regardless of shame, abuse, cold and hunger. How many nights when awakening from a drunken stupor I have heard her pray to God to save me, and how I struggled God only knows. How many times I have signed the pledge, only to break it in the same hour, and to-night I determined to end my miserable life, and make it the last on earth for me. My wife has pleaded with me to come here some night to hear the captain sing, and I wanted to please her this time, and I came. God has spoken to me. He has promised to break the chains of drink, and I am going to trust Him for all.*”

Among how many of Harry’s fellow slaves to alcohol are our officers toiling and recruiting to-day? and how many of these officers tell us that they find to their sorrow that the misery occasioned by drink is

as great and as widespread in this our land as the statistics represent it to be in others ?

I append another report from the pen of an officer in our ranks :

“‘I am a wonder unto many,’ is an expression I often hear, and I must exclaim, ‘Surely I am a wonder to *myself*.’ Yes, even while I pen these few lines I exclaim, ‘What a wonder!’ From my childhood I was a spoiled, self-willed boy. Losing my mother at an early age, I became, as some would say, a terribly bad lad. Leaving my birth-place, I came to this country, where I assure you it did not take me long to adapt myself to the ways of the transgressor. Drink was my downfall. The seeds of intemperance were planted by a drunken father, who, by the way, died in a drunken stupor. Cast adrift, I soon was in the stream of sin, and as manhood crept on I became ‘one of the worst.’ No pen can describe my sinful career, and I will not attempt to tell all. One day, after a ‘big spree,’ I found myself in Providence, R. I., and walking up Westminster Street, I noticed the American flag floating above my head, with a large advertisement—‘Recruits wanted!’ I at once resolved to enlist, and put my resolution into effect. I soon had on the blue uniform of the country. Oh! what a bitter future was in store for me! ‘Twas drink—nothing but drink all the time! Finally I wound up in prison, and after my release I became desperate in the full sense of the word—a wanderer on the face of the earth—a despised, low-down tramp—a drunkard. I had heard of Jesus and His love, but then—it was not for me, I was too low, too degraded—there was surely no religion for me.

“My first experience with the Army was in Chicago, where I got fined for being too funny. The next place I met them was in Omaha, Neb., and here I was turned out of the hall for disturbing their meeting, but *I could not stay away from them*. Often I was arrested in Omaha for being disorderly and drunk as well. I left there, and for a long time I wandered to and fro, and worked in railroad camps, till Pueblo came in sight; here I worked, till one evening I heard the familiar sound of the drum. Inquiring as to what it was, I learned it was the Salvation Army. I stood around the ring, and of course *had to persecute my best friends*. Oh, how smart I thought I was! But I proved myself to be the biggest fool in that open-air. For weeks I went to the meetings, when some peculiar feelings came over me. I heard of the Saviour’s love, and at once took to the cup for ‘relief,’ but the more I drank the worst I felt. The climax had come, and the slave was going to be free. I was the most miserable man on earth; sin was ever before me, and I longed to be a better man. The time had come, and I left my seat for the penitent-form, where I cried mightily for freedom; yes, I asked the Lord, whom I had so often abused, to save me, and when

prison bars failed, when friends, vows, pledges, yea, a host of promises, all failed to work a change in this man possessed of a demon, God did it that night for me. Yes, the chains were broken, the leper was cleansed, the drunkard was saved from a horrible death."

Here is another report from one of our soldiers who was rescued by the Army just in time:

"I was converted to God through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. I was a wayward boy, but I thank God that I had a praying mother who taught me to go to Christ in prayer. My father was an unbeliever, and when I was sent to Sunday-school by my mother, he would chastise me for going. At the age of fourteen years I went one evening to a revival service, and the text was, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." I felt then my need of a Saviour and held up my hand for prayer. I then started to lead a good life, and often, unknown to my father, attended the meetings in my old clothes, which were scarcely fit to be seen, but, bless God! he blessed me just as much as if I had been dressed in the finest broadcloth. My father would often stand at the door and ask where I had been; he would often whip me. *Then I was hired to a saloon-keeper* to sell the accursed stuff that ruins the body and damns the soul, and so I wandered again from Father's home. Two men that I served drink to came to a fearful end. One fell dead, and the other fell, when drunk, into the canal and was drowned. When I came to T—— to seek work I got into wild ways and with wild companions, but, thank God! in a Salvation Army meeting I found Christ again. My wife, now, instead of shedding tears of sorrow, *sheds tears of joy* on seeing me a new man. I mean by God's help to fight on for Christ and souls until my journey here is ended."

We agree with Doctor Phillips Brooks, that if the saloons of this country were closed there would not be enough poverty left to give a healthful stimulus to charity.

The breaking of the shackles of 3,000,000 slaves is still held up as the crowning act of a liberty-loving people. Oh, that the liberation of the millions who are crushed under the wheels of this modern Juggernaut could be procured. Oh, that this open sore of America might be probed and healed!



ONE OF DRINK'S VICTIMS KEEPING STARVATION AT BAY.

Mourn for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong :
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.

* * * * *

Mourn for the ruined soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.

We have not space here to dwell at length on other sections of the Army's field, especially as some will be spoken of in succeeding chapters.

The herculean task almost crushes hope from the hearts of those who would seek to lessen *the criminal classes*. It is reputed that the country has on its hands 4,000 murderers, 5,000 committed for assault, 9,000 burglars and 17,000 for common assault.* Our jails are teeming with prisoners, thousands of whom, alas! have seen little in life that is not associated with bolts and bars. Even when their prison door swings back on its hinges and they step out apparently free, around them are the unseen but yet too real chains and fetters dragging them back to the old haunts, old sins, old curses.

Concerning the cases that leave the New York penitentiary, the workhouse, the almshouse, only to return

*"The prison reports for 1873 showed a prison population throughout the country of eighteen thousand four hundred and ninety two. According to the report of Carroll D. Wright, the same prisons in 1886 held thirty-three thousand six hundred and thirty-eight convicts, an increase of nearly eighty-two per cent; whereas the whole population of the United States increased in the same period not forty per cent. In other words, so far as prison statistics afford a basis for judgment, crime in 1886 was more than twice as prevalent as it was only thirteen years before."

again and again each time more hopeless, I append the following from "How the Other Half Lives":

The alcoholic cells in Bellevue Hospital are a way station for a goodly share of them on their journeys back and forth across the East River. Last year they held altogether 3,694 prisoners, considerably more than one-fourth of the whole of 13,813 patients that went in through the hospital gates. The daily average of cases in this, the hospital of the poor, is over 600. The average daily census of all the prisons, hospitals, work-houses and asylums in the charge of the Department of Charities and Corrections was about 14,000. About one employe was required for every ten of this army, to keep its machinery running smoothly. The total number admitted in 1889 to all the jails and institutions in the city and on the Islands was 138,332. To the almshouse alone 38,600 were admitted; 9,765 were there to start the new year with, and 553 were born with the dark shadow of the poorhouse overhanging their lives, making a total of 48,918. In the care of all their wards the Commissioners expended \$2,343,372.

The appropriation for the police force in 1889 was \$4,409,550, and for the criminal courts and their machinery, \$403,190. Thus the first cost of maintaining our standing army of paupers, criminals, and sick poor, by direct taxation, was last year \$7,156,112.94.

This is certainly a dark page, but over it we shall throw a gleam of light as we inaugurate our Prison Gate Brigades, composed of officers who meet the prisoners at the jail doors, and receive them into homes where they will have shelter and food, and, best of all, love and sympathy shown them until they can obtain honorable employment, and thus seek to lessen the repeated return of criminals.

We linger before turning the leaf to allude to one other quarter of our field, a quarter in which loving and patient service has been rendered by those who, dressed in common garments, sacrificing the comforts of life, have lived in the midst of its darkest haunts and most wretched squalor. I speak of the slums of

our great cities. But a meager knowledge of the foulness and viciousness reeking in these loveless homes can be gathered from the descriptions given in the chapter to follow on "Slumdom."

Some idea, however, of this dark quarter of the



A HOMELESS HOME IN OUR GREAT CITY.

Army's field may be gleaned from the following, taken from a lengthy letter on our slum work in New York City :

In all history there is nothing more pathetic in the records of evangelization than the tale told of these Salvation lasses whose mission is in one of the lowest slums of New York. The neighborhood chosen for their work is almost unknown to the

Priest and the Levite. Here, years ago, was the dance house of John Allen, known far and near as the wickedest man in New York. The streets swarm with river pirates, sneak thieves, rum-soaked drunkards and battered harlots, who avoid the light of day. Pass along most of these streets in the day time, and if it were not for the dirty children playing on the sidewalk, you might imagine the neighborhood was depopulated! but by ten o'clock at night all is changed. The streets swarm with busy life, the low drinking dens where whiskey is sold from barrels by the tin cupful, are crowded with eager customers, and by twelve o'clock pandemonium reigns. The police takes a stronger grip of his long night stick as he patrols his dangerous beat and breathes more freely as the relief marches up to tell him that his perilous vigil is over. Street fights, drunken brawls, cries of "Murder! police!" obscene songs, and shouts of drunken roysterers make night hideous and the morning light comes creeping in before the riot ceases.

Above this tangled maze of human sorrow, above the many voices of piteous cries for help from every quarter, comes the compassionate call of the Lord of the harvest, pleading to man to rise from his indifference and help Him win lost humanity back to His kingdom of righteousness and peace.

Fields—vast and white, lay all around thy door;
Fields—vast, their length and breadth no human lips can say;
Fields—white, with ripeness bending lower day by day;
No mind can judge how great the reaper's store,
If laborers would but enter ere the summer's o'er,
Lord of the harvest, thou alone canst know
How many souls more patient toil would save,
How less of bitter wailing and of woe,
If more, like Thee, their lives for others gave.

CHAPTER III.

MAKING TRACKS ; OR, A WAY TO THE WORLD.

In the preceding pages we have brought to view a little of the blight and curse which covers as a death-pall many of the sinful and suffering thousands who form the Army's battle-field. We have mentioned a few of the stupendous difficulties which make up the morass that surrounds it and the innumerable barriers that prove an almost impassable undergrowth that has to be removed before the reclamation and salvation of this multitude can be effected. For a few moments we have looked with astonishment upon the darkening maze of Sabbath-breakers, drink-victims and spendthrifts which swarm our neighborhoods and streets. We have gazed in pity upon those without manhood, character and hope, and then turned to weep over denizens of slumdom living in want, squalor and misery. We have again been aroused to the resistless claim this festering part of our population has upon the energies and service of the Salvation Army and the Church of God at large.

We now turn to consider how the Salvation Army is dealing with these lapsed and lost ones. Having scanned the map of its battle-ground we will enter to see what tracks it is making, how it successfully

charges the enemy, and something of what has been accomplished during the last twelve months through its instrumentality in the United States and elsewhere.

1st. It must be borne in mind that in all effort which aims to evangelize the ungodpeled masses and uplift the under-world, one of the first essentials *is to gain their attention*. Hence the absolute necessity of stepping down from the old forms and meeting them on their own vantage ground. Thousands who could not be drawn within sound of the gospel by means of mission services and sermons from men in black coats and white ties have been drawn to hear a brass band and listen to the songs and testimonies from men in red jackets and women in poke bonnets. Tens of thousands whose ears have grown accustomed to the chimes of steeple bells have been aroused by the boom of the Army's drum, while every day proves that multitudes who would have passed the doors of the fine church where the congregation joins in orthodox service with ecclesiastic demeanor, are carried along by an almost irresistible charm with the Army's procession and swept into its barracks.

2d. It should be remembered that it is all-important that the truth preached to these churchless, Christless people should be simplified and brought *within the range of their taste and intelligence*. This is unquestionably the secret of the irresistible power and persuasion of the experiences of our reclaimed Sabbath-breakers, drunkards and thieves. Their plainly-worded, plainly-delivered experiences are on the level

of the mass who have congregated from the highways and hedges to hear them, and whom they have a burning desire to save.

Others in our ranks, from superior homes and surroundings, who have had advantages of education and culture, have also proved how immeasurably more effectual is their preaching when expressed in the everyday phraseology that the "common people" can best understand. For doing this, as also for introducing what are termed "*Salvationist extravagances,*" some critics seek with dignity to excuse the works and acts of "the poor, ignorant Salvationists," on the ground that they have been taken from amongst the lowest strata of manhood, and cannot therefore be expected to conform to the usages and ideas of polite society. We wish it to be thoroughly understood that we are willing to sacrifice the countenance and goodwill (desirable as they are) of more advanced and refined society, rather than give up the old-fashioned, plain testifying and straight dealing of the "unlearned and ignorant" fishermen through whom notable miracles were wrought, and thousands were saved, and "*the world turned upside down.*"

Surely we shall be willing to be counted as fanatical and irreverent, when *they* were charged with being "mad" and "full of new wine." There is much truth in what one of our territorial leaders recently wrote: That "nearly all the charges of blasphemy and irreverence which are ever and anon hurled at our people are founded upon the fact that we speak as

men and brethren to men and brethren, on God's behalf, instead of adopting for His service tones and words which are utterly foreign to the everyday life of ordinary human beings."

It is very significant, and I confess has sometimes puzzled me, why a young man or woman who has passed through our seminaries or received an acceptable education should be stoned in the streets of our cities as an "intolerant impostor," or slandered in the press as an "ignorant buffoon" for introducing the *very spirit and words* for which the Apostles were at the same time being commended and exalted in the Christian Church. Still, the advantages of being made "all things to all men," that we "might by all means save some," are infinitely greater than the patronage and praise of genteel and polished society.

3d. It is all-essential that those who make efforts for the reclamation of the neglected and sin-stricken masses should be filled with *love for them*. It is not a Christianity of *form*, but Christ's compassion; not a system of theology, but a *religion of love*, that is going to save the world, and wherever you labor—whether among the listless crowd of the small village or the excited throng in the midst of the city; whether among the denizens of the fetid slums, or the infidel crowd in the lighted barracks; whether in the hush of the sick chamber, or amid the music of the rich dwelling—you will find that if you have not a *religion of love* your mission will be powerless, unresponsive and fruitless. It were better far that the cold-hearted,

unpitying-natured never stirred a finger or breathed a sound on the field strewn with society's wrecked and suffering ones, than to touch them with the cold hand of formality, and to speak to them with the unfeeling voice of patronage which but chills and depresses.

These unsought, unloved ones want and wait for sensitive, compassionate hearts, made so by the touch and nature of the Saviour of Nazareth. We have found such hearts able to meet the fiercest wrath with the gentlest answer, and the coldest scowl with the sweetest smile, and that such heart measures have proved far more effectual among the dangerous classes than the threat of the policeman's club or the iron hand of law.

Perhaps the most effectual and successful method we have found of reaching the masses in America is through *open-air effort*. I can unhesitatingly affirm that hundreds of our own people, as well as those who regularly attend our meetings throughout the country, would readily testify to their being first influenced for good through the outdoor work. Like Luther in Worms, like Wesley in England, like Peter and John in Jerusalem, and like the Son of Man in Judea, the Army apostles go forth to make their congregations from the "rabble" and dregs of the common people. Through this method we have not only been enabled to keep in touch with the crowd, but to gather audiences from the highways and hedges that would never have crossed the threshold of a sanctuary.

Despite the fact that some of our street work has been

stopped, owing to the influence of those in civil authority in some of the cities where the Army operates, we have held 46,800 *open-air services during the past year*, and I am informed by an officer in the statistical department that I shall underestimate rather than exceed the number when I say that over 3,500,000 have heard something of the plain, straight call to mercy's gate through outside effort and toil of our home missionaries during the last year. And it should not be forgotten that these figures make no allowance for the large number upon whose consideration the claims of the gospel are thrust in special gatherings, such as are held in connection with our Tent Brigades and Camp meetings. We think, therefore, it will be at least conceded that the Army is carrying out the injunction of the world's Saviour, "Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

The Salvation Army has been engaged in three kinds of open-air attack in the States, more especially during the last twelve months: 1, the outside agency on street corners; 2, that in connection with the Camp meetings; and 3, that accompanying the Tent Brigade.

Of the three, perhaps the meetings AT THE STREET-END involve the most exertion, fatigue and sacrifice. Yet we could fill the pages of this record with the grateful testimonials of those who received at the outskirts of these rough gatherings that first consciousness of conviction which ultimately led to their consecrating themselves to a new life. The following,

from the pen of one of our officers, is descriptive of open-air work in Salt Lake City :

At every meeting sinners were invited to come forward for salvation. One night a lazy crowd of Gentiles and Mormons were gathered around the little party. Suddenly a respectable-looking workingman pushed his way through and knelt at the box (an old cracker box). A yell went up from the bystanders. The noise did not divert the poor soul from his purpose. While he knelt there, the officer addressed the people. "I see nothing laughable," said he, "about a drunkard coming to Jesus for salvation. He is somebody's brother—somebody's son, and very likely somebody's father. Some of you have got fathers and brothers that you would be ashamed to have us see." They quieted down. As they stood silently looking on, the Salvationists knelt around the penitent and prayed in his behalf. Presently he professed conversion and stood up and testified: "I have been in the habit of spending all my earnings for drink, but by the help of God I am going to quit it and be a Christian." When the meeting ended, he went away, followed by the eyes of the wondering crowd.

One night, the open-air work ended, the two lasses went off to visit a sick person, and the Adjutant tarried behind. A man who had been convicted sought him out, and to have a private conversation, walked home with him. On the way the man decided to seek the Saviour at once; so setting the box (which he had been carrying) down under a tall cottonwood tree, the Adjutant bade him kneel down there. He did so, and found what he sought—the salvation of his soul. It was ten o'clock when he got through.

One day, in a great city, I was hustled into a dark crowd which was standing in a close market place within tall houses. The ground was cold and damp, and the wind blew the drizzling rain in fitful gusts against one's face. Night was setting in, and the first flickerings of newly lighted lamps were just distinguishing one person from another.

A sweet song rose from a group which formed the inner circle of the crowd—

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him,

Just before me, half hidden beneath a thin, scanty shawl, a pale and wasted face was turned toward the sister officer who was leading the group of singers. *I watched it closely*, for there was something inexpressibly sweet amid the deep shadows of sorrow and pain which rested upon it. Again slowly and touchingly new truth was borne to the souls of those pressing round, in words which have soothed many a weary heart—

Then down beneath Thy cross
I lay my sin-sick soul;
For nought have I to bring,
Thy grace must make me whole.

“Naught have I to bring!” uttered the poor trembling woman aloud; “true! that’s very true!” and then drew closer over her head its miserable covering, and moving as if half ashamed, shrank back from sight.

That night, when leaning over the bowed figures at the penitent form, the officer turned to me and said, “Sir, a poor woman weeping at the far end wishes to speak with you.” I passed along the aisle and listened at her side to hear what she had to say. “Nothing have I to bring, sir,” she cried as her tears dropped into the form. “Nothing have I to bring but a poor aching heart and a wasted life. My husband, oh my husband! save my husband.” The meeting closed and the congregation passed out into the wet thoroughfares. I was turning to go home, just lifting my heart in gratitude to God for the precious souls we had seen saved, and reflecting upon the outcome of a desperate

religion which carried Christ into the "market places" and "highways," when I heard a footstep behind me and felt someone touch me on the arm. "Sir, will you come to my home? Oh, sir, come and pray with my husband, maybe he'll listen to you." I turned and hastened at the poor woman's side to her home. The night had grown darker and the rain was falling heavily. The wet sidewalks glistening beneath the lamp-rays seemed to remind us of the light of the beautiful city falling upon life's path, reflecting the deeds done for God and His Son Jesus. On, on we sped, through narrow, dirty streets and darkened, deserted courtways, by unsteady men just issuing from closing saloons, past stalwart police officers with dripping capes, half sheltered by some overhanging doorway. On, on through the gathering and running pools, to a neighborhood which we could hardly have believed existed; where a thousand mill hands lay hushed in slumber, and scores of wakeful souls who tread the slippery paths of life and help to fill the dark columns of the police news were planning stealthily their next move of vice and crime. Suddenly the poor woman stopped, and then beckoned to me with her finger. I followed her up some steep, narrow stairs and entered a room where a man sat upon an old chair, half indifferent at my entrance. Ere long and the stillness was broken by the bitter black story of an inebriate's career—of tears shed in vain—of vows crushed under a drunkard's foot—of curses horrifying the ear—of blows falling upon the faded face of a broken-hearted

wife—of nights bleak and cold, with no fire and no food—of cries of poverty, hunger, pain and death.

But the scene changed ; the drink-victim knelt amid the squalor and misery of his dingy room, at the side of the broken chair, and with upraised hands called upon God to take away the craving for the drunkard's cup and to wash away the past of sin and shame. The cry which arose from that dreary room pierced through the darkness outside and was wafted faster than on the wings of the wind, to the throne of Him of old who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and that night a joy entered that joyless abode, and husband and wife, with linked hands, through their tears saw clearly the look of forgiveness on the face of their God, and sang, ere long, for their new Master, with the group in the market place :

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

Some idea of the manner in which an unprejudiced outsider may be impressed with the earnestness and devotion of those conducting our open-air work may be gathered from the description given by Doctor S. A. Heady, of Chicago, in writing to a friend on the Pacific Coast. The Doctor says :

For three days have I had the privilege of enjoying more or less of the society of the Captain of the Salvation Army stationed at N—. Blessed days! So sweetly spent! Most of my objections to the methods of the Army have been met satisfactorily, and I am forced to exclaim that as Christian churches

we have been altogether too loath to go forth "unto him without the camp bearing his reproach."

I have seen while here, for the first time in my life, the Salvation Army march, and attended an open-air meeting held in the street. On one side was the Grand Trunk Railroad station, and we were surrounded on the others by hotels with their liquor departments. A large crowd gathered, consisting of train men, excursionists, men and women in carriages, also a goodly number of the rougher element. All listened attentively to the songs and testimonies of the saved, which bore a direct invitation to come to Christ.

I could not help feeling anxious to know whether or not these soldiers would kneel in the dust of the street. However, my mind was soon put at ease by seeing them all fall on their knees and directing a united prayer to God for the salvation of the lost souls in their midst. Oh, how my heart burnt within me!—I thought I was humble—I remembered when an enraged crowd demolished our mission windows and sought even my life when I only desired to hold up the bleeding wounds of Christ for the healing of their souls. But I never had thought of prostrating myself in the dust of the streets for Jesus' sake or the good of souls. Moreover, I had not the grace to do it then. The conflict in my soul was strong and fierce, but the words of our precious Lord, "Follow Me," gave the victory. Glory to His name! And ere the meeting closed I, too, could kneel in the dust for Christ.

I am more than ever persuaded that the battle with the enemy of souls must be a hand-to-hand fight along the apostolic lines.

It seems to me that the Salvation Army is making greater strides towards the evangelization of the masses than any other organization of the day, and one of their great secrets is self-sacrifice, with non-conformity to the world.

When one reflects that many thousands of just such services as the above described are being held every year in the States, in the darkest centers and among the vilest characters of nearly all our leading cities, one can scarcely overestimate their increasing influence for morality and goodness. Over and over clergymen and laymen have told us of the change that has swept through almost an entire neighborhood where these spiritual scavengers have raised aloft their banners and sung their stirring songs. Like the sparkling Rhone, which rushes through Geneva, so the influence of their

meetings in some low neighborhood among the baser sort has carried away on its current much of the moral taint and filth, leaving the under waters cleaner and more wholesome.

The work in connection with the CAMP MEETINGS, if nothing else, is intensely interesting. There is a peculiar fascination about open-air work, which all who are accustomed to outside missionary effort acknowledge to be almost irresistible. Wherever and whenever circumstances and weather permit, I would rather any day speak outside than inside, of the mercy of the Friend of publicans and sinners. We could not hope to give any adequate idea of the hush that we have known to steal over a vast crowd as some consecrated woman has sung such words as,—

When my heart was so hard
That I ne'er would regard
The Salvation held up to my sight;
To the cross when I came,
In my darkness and shame,
It was there where I first saw the light.

For my blindness I thought
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might;
But 'twas done; for I felt
At the cross, as I knelt,
That my darkness was turned into light.

We could not wonder that Jesus chose as His field the dusty by-ways round Jerusalem, the mountain-top and “the desert place.” We have seen some of the largest audiences of our Army experience during the last twelve months gathered on different Camp grounds in different parts of the country. In Beulah

Camp, Mass., between two and three thousand people sat listening, moved to tears by the burning words of our dear colored brethren from India. In Jacksonville, Ill., hundreds sat in the hottest weather, delighted with the life and power of the meetings. Crowds flocked by horse-car, train, and other vehicles to the grounds in Red Rock, Minnesota, to camp and spend two or three days with our forces. As many as four and five thousand people at a time congregated at Old Orchard beach, and scores left their testimony to having received new life and new inspiration through the gift of God's fuller salvation.

I extract the following from a report written by one of our district officers to our *War Cry*, descriptive of a Camp meeting held in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The Fourth of July has seldom brought such happiness to the crowds that attended our meetings.

The march was a beautiful sight. The band played well, and the day was perfect—not too warm. Captain H. and corps had some difficulty in getting up from Albia, but at last secured a special train. Ottumwa was well represented by Mrs. D. and smiling soldiers. Several were saved and sanctified at our grove-meeting. Scores testified that although they had been saved for years they had never spent a Fourth in a religious meeting before, and it was the best one in their lives.

Some wept, others shouted and fairly jumped for joy, all enjoying themselves. The interest and crowds increased in every meeting; church people eating from our loaf.

We had a very blessed afternoon meeting for holiness, when a score or more sought purity of heart, and testified to its possession. We closed on Monday morning at one o'clock with twelve souls.

On the whole it was conceded by all that the crowds were the largest ever attending the Army in Oskaloosa, and the only fault people had to find was, "You closed too soon."

* * * * *

One old gentleman with gray hairs was gloriously saved in our last meeting. His dear wife shouted and rejoiced. Another wife embraced a saved husband as he rose from his knees.

A praying wife drove her husband in a buggy to the grounds. Being paralyzed he was unable to leave the conveyance, but she (his wife) pushed through the crowd and asked me to come out to him. The stars were shining, it was a calm, and even a cool evening. About midnight, while the demonstration continued under the canvas, we took the dear man's hand in ours and prayed in the stillness for him. He prayed silently, and promised me he would give his heart to Jesus before he slept that night. Bidding him good-bye we left him with God. At an early hour in the morning his good wife came with shining face to the quarters saying, "Major, he has sent me to say that he will never forget to pray for you, and that at 4 A. M. he accepted Christ as his Saviour and is shouting happy." His good wife added, "I have prayed for ten years, and at last, thank God, he is saved." Oh, the real delight of winning souls! Oh what joy in the Lord! What victory within and without.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING TRACKS ; OR, A WAY TO THE WORLD.—*Continued.*

We believe in adapting ourselves not only to the class of people whom we aim to reach, but also to the changes of season, so as to be able to retain in our audiences just those who would be the most likely to stroll away into cool glades in summer, or warm, brilliantly lighted wine shops in winter. On this principle we have put forth special effort in summer time with our *Tent Brigades*.

During the last summer seven tents, accommodating from four hundred to one thousand people each, were moved from city to city, and village to village, by a band of devoted workers, in most instances musicians. Thousands who would have spent their leisure time in visiting worldly resorts, or in roaming heedlessly in search of amusements, were found sitting nightly under the spread canvas listening to happy songs and earnest words from our people, who gratuitously volunteered their service for this work. Though our tents are stowed away for the winter months, yet more will unquestionably be in demand next season, as our officers find them not only indispensable for work in cities where it is difficult to find suitable halls, but

also attractive to the crowd that avoid ordinary places of worship. We could give many conclusive examples of the good effected through this effort among the rougher class, but as an instance of the success of tent measures among the wealthier and better sections, I append a report from the Captain traveling with one of the Ohio tents :

We have been at Cleveland (first corps) two months, and so busy have we been that but one or two reports have found their way to the *Cry*. Our hall, holding five hundred, is located in one of the most wicked parts of the city and is surrounded by saloons and houses of ill-fame. The city patrol is in constant use taking away both men and women, and the vileness of both sexes would sicken the heart of many followers of Christ. But amid the sin and crime and hot weather God has blessed our labors with *sixty souls in two months*. We farewelled from Nos. 1 and 2, having blessed meetings and good financial help toward the expense of our tent scheme. We then *pitched our tent* upon one of the wealthiest avenues in America, known as Euclid Avenue. On Saturday night, "amid the glare of red fire, the blast of the band and the shouts from many throats," we hoisted our colors (national and Salvation Army) in the name of God and our dear Army, and then for a meeting inside. A beautiful crowd gathered. The best feeling prevailed. We presented the Army colors and dedicated the tent. We had a wonderful time and one soul.

Sunday came, and with it the crowds. Afternoon and night our tent was thronged with an attentive and appreciative audience. In answer to an appeal for financial help, they responded to the amount of \$127.67. We wound up the day with two more souls.

With one accord we felt loath to leave the dear people, which we were obliged to do. The following Thursday night \$50 were given us at our farewell, bringing the total up to \$208.60 received during our six meetings with some of the finest and kindest people of Cleveland. We pray that God will abundantly bless them. Our tent is now on its way to where you will hear from us again.

Not only in the United States, but in almost every nation and country on the earth, these open-air pioneers—these outside builders—are adding stone upon stone and brick upon brick to the wall of the New Jeru-

salem. We cannot here pretend to prophesy what the million and more open-air meetings held annually throughout the Army will grow unto. We are told that to build China's great wall every third man of her



ONE OF OUR OPEN-AIR SOLDIERS ENDURING HARDNESS.

millions was drafted to toil at it for board and lodging, and the result of the long and multitudinous effort was a structure which measures some 6,350,000,000 cubic feet, equalling in worth "more than the cost of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States."

If the multitude of *spiritual builders* who have been raised through the Army's incessant labor and toil, continue patiently and untiringly in coming years as they have done in the past to add one precious life upon another to the great heavenly battlement, shall we not in the near future erect a structure that shall not only amply reward every toiler, but far exceed in worth the grandest and most permanent of human structures?

As a further instance of the power and influence of our open-air work upon one who was living a life with no definite aim or usefulness, I give the following sketch, which I have taken down from the lips of a young woman who is now wholly employed in our ranks:

“I often wonder why so many years passed over my head without bringing to me any deep religious impressions or interest. Had I been brought up to regard such things lightly and to prize the follies and vanities of the world, the matter would not so much surprise me. But my father was a deeply religious and earnest man, and though not at all somber or straitlaced, had no levity of feeling or thought. My mother resembled him in many things, but was not definitely religious. Both of them possessed an interest in all things, great and small, and a wide sympathy which made them the companions as well as guardians of their children. Trained from my childhood to regard God and the church with reverence, yet the Christian life was not presented to my mind as the most necessary and indispensable thing in the

world; and church service and attendance were irksome. The sermons seemed very long and dull, and to find any connection between them and my own everyday life required more mental exercise on my part than to find out the 'relationship between Queen Victoria and William the Conqueror.' I always felt somewhat impressed by my father's prayers when we gathered around him on Sunday for family worship—which was omitted during the week, owing to his absence on business.

“I grew up with the ordinary educational advantages. Unfortunately, I was an inveterate novel-reader, and before I was twelve years of age I had read—in addition to many children's books—most of Charles Dickens' works, several of Thackeray's, George Eliot's and others. Still, I was very active, and everything that had life and motion proved intensely attractive. Skating, dancing, boating and all outdoor games possessed irresistible charms for me.

“As I grew from girlhood to womanhood, no defined future unfolded itself to me, and my whole restless nature felt somehow the lack of the necessary elements to give my life form and shape. And looking all around me, I found no one whose life I wished to follow, and no one whose character, however admirable, stimulated in me an ambition to copy them.

“Living among and associating with a circle of people who were particularly formal and orthodox, I soon learned to repress everything unconventional, and

speedily had serious and decided misgivings about anything which was at all uncommon or singular. I went to church because 'everybody else' went to church, and the same principle guided me in other details of life. And though I sometimes chafed at the bonds, yet I shuddered at the idea of doing anything which others did not, and which might be termed 'unusual' or 'peculiar.'

"At the close of a hard winter of study I was so tired out that a rest was absolutely necessary, and I went for a few months to some friends in a little country town to regain energy and strength. And while thus pausing, like a boat that drops anchor for a moment in the midst of the current which is bearing it onward, I met the Salvation Army. I knew nothing of its work of raising the fallen, and if I had it might not have specially interested me; for in my mind the fallen were only 'necessary evils,' between whom and myself I could not put too great a distance. Though living in or near a large New England city, where I had plenty of opportunity to see the effects of sin and neglect, yet the desire to help my fellow creatures had never been kindled, and I had far deeper sympathy for afflicted and ill-treated animals than for the sin-stricken human beings whom I sometimes saw reeling down the streets. Those created keen indignation and interest, these simply disgust and contempt.

"Near the house where I stayed there was a square where the Army generally held its open-air meetings. For several days I stifled all desire to go out and listen

to them, and, indeed, was rather ashamed of such a 'vulgar curiosity.' It seemed to me almost as bad as standing on a corner to watch a passing circus. Wet or fine they were there, sometimes marching in the pouring rain. And the nightly increasing crowd that gathered around them so stimulated my curiosity that I eventually joined a neighbor in her doorway, just opposite the point of interest. But even this failed to satisfy me. Then I wanted to hear what they said! There must be something unusual that could draw and hold such a large throng, for I had often seen the square quite filled with people—not a few of whom it had given me a moral shock to see on the outskirts of a 'street crowd.' At street show or circus there was generally a gradual dropping off of interest and people after its first advent. But this was quite the contrary, and even the same people seemed willing to listen every night to what I thought was but a repetition of the previous night. I finally crept from the doorstep to the edge of the most respectable corner of the crowd to hear the little lassie officer, whose sweet singing had attracted and interested me, notwithstanding an occasional missing 'h.' I shall never forget the amazement with which I saw her kneel upon the ground to pray, and I thought some friend ought at once to warn her of the carelessness and indiscretion of such a procedure. Why, she might catch her death of cold! I thought she could not surely have meant to kneel down upon the ground, especially after a heavy rain, and I felt that she must have forgotten

her surroundings in her earnestness. As she talked her face brightened, and everything she said was as direct and simple as it would be in a personal conversation.

“ On reaching home I felt I had committed a serious breach of propriety in allowing myself to stand with such a crowd and listen to people who I thought were there only to meet the needs of the low and depraved. But withal I was conscious of a guilty secret longing to hear them again, and wondered if other respectable people who heard them had a similar temptation.

“ The fact that what they said fitted me as well as the rough, unkempt crowd around them, gave me an unpleasant sense of humiliation. I had all through life held myself above such people, and had so often contemptuously drawn my dress aside that I indignantly repelled the idea of any needs and feelings in common with them.

“ Not long afterwards, well fortified by a number of conservative, reputable friends, I gathered courage to ‘beard the lion in his den,’ and attended my first meeting in a Salvation Army barracks. It was a fine sized hall and was overfilled with a perfect medley of people, representing almost every grade in the social scale. We had to stand for some time, and I hastily glanced around, hoping I would escape any recognition. We whispered among ourselves and a friend pointed out the most notorious individuals who had been picked up and reformed by the Army. During the service, and while the testimonies were being

given, an old man arose whose peculiarly bright face attracted my attention. I turned to my friend and said, 'That individual, at any rate, has never been a bad man. You can tell by his face.' She smiled and said, 'Why! don't you remember old Andy?' and suddenly the remembrance of a miserable, besotted drunkard, from whom we when children used to run, and who was the bogey of our childhood's nightmares and the pest of the town, dawned upon my mind. I noticed very little more in that meeting. My mind seemed incapable of grasping the change wrought in that man. As I left the lighted building and we threaded our way along the dark, narrow streets homeward, beneath the tide of talk and exchange of opinion ran an undercurrent of wonder and bewilderment at the remarkable change in that man's life, and resolved itself into a feeling of dissatisfaction and inferiority. Irritated and annoyed, I tried to throw this feeling off, but the more I tried the clearer the comparison between his life and mine stood out, and I was reluctantly forced to acknowledge that even 'old Andy' was on a higher plane of life than I. He, once the worst person of whom I could think, was now more useful and of more value in the world. 'This will not do,' I thought. From that night I commenced to read my Bible regularly, and strove to pray morning and night. I even denied myself of pleasure and of my own way. This continued without any inward improvement or satisfaction, of which I was only too keenly conscious,

“As often as I could persuade some person to accompany me I attended the Army meetings, but these again only deepened the strong restless feeling and added to the burden I already carried—the two most wretched and restless weeks of my life. Oh, the inexpressible weight of conviction! Nothing that I did seemed to bring any relief. No one appeared to understand that my life was approaching a crisis. Night after night I relived the wasted and selfish years stretching from childhood—reviewed for the first time squarely and honestly. Hour after hour I tossed and turned, until just before dawn, exhausted by fever and sleeplessness, I fell into a heavy slumber. In the morning I awoke only to realize a strange heaviness of heart. This could not continue long. But just then my visit to another Army meeting brought the first ray of light into the gloom. Wretched, miserable, knowing neither what to do nor what I needed, I heard the sweet-faced lassie officer in her earnest invitation quote this verse :

“Do not wait for further urging,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

“Then I saw it—saw what I wanted Had I not for weeks been unconsciously trying to fit myself to approach Him? With a flood of feeling that I could scarcely control or conceal the tears rushed to my eyes. *Ah, did I not feel it?* Feel my need of Him. Had she any necessity to remind me of it? Had

I not night and day been vaguely reaching out my hands for something to meet that terrible need and to lift me out of myself? Oh, why had not somebody told me that it was Jesus, the Saviour, my soul was hungering after, and that His satisfying presence could still my restless and troubled heart?

“Longing for help which I could not frame in words to anyone, I sought the acquaintance of this girl officer, and contrived to take a walk with her. As I had hoped, she immediately asked me about my soul, and a very few words showed her my state of conviction. She drew out my heart with all its anxiety and burden, and when I said to her, ‘What can I do? what should I do?’ she said: ‘Have you told the Lord about it?’ and with wonder I replied: ‘How shall I tell Him—what shall I say?’ and she answered: ‘Just what you have told me, and as you have told me.’

“That night I made up my mind to settle the question. Ah! how little the group below knew, as I said ‘Good night’ and mounted the winding staircase to fight alone the battle of life and death. Little had the world around me known of the undertone of wretchedness that had for weeks marred all the harmony of my daily life; and little did I realize the sharp struggle that was to follow. I closed and locked my door and paced the room, looking in vain for some softening of my hard heart. Hours passed—hours of darkness and genuine distress. I heard one after the other of the family go to their rooms; the sound of

wheels and footsteps grew less and less frequent in the streets, until all was quiet ; and still I was pacing the floor with a heart that seemed as unyielding and as hard as adamant. Then came the terrible thought that perhaps I was past all feeling, and had trifled away my last chance. An uncontrollable torrent of despair rolled over me and seemed almost to overwhelm me. I threw myself on my knees. I wept bitter tears. Then came the precious words to memory : ‘The Son of Man is come to *save* that which was *lost* ;’ and again the words: ‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that who oever believeth on Him *shall* not perish, but *have* everlasting life.’ I stepped out upon this promise, and threw myself upon the mercy of God. A feeling that I had found something satisfying filled my soul with contentment. Worn out in body, I rose and laid down to rest, slept soundly and awoke to realize that I was a new creature in Christ. All that day I was trying to measure the exceeding happiness that was filling my heart. Even the faces around me seemed to reflect my own joy, while the trees, flowers and sky, seeming to understand and sympathize with the change, looked their brightest.

* * * * *

“That day witnessed the upspringing of a new love—a love for my lost brothers and sisters. It opened my eyes to see the debt I owed them, and my Saviour has since lifted me with a sure and firm hand to the platform of usefulness and service in the Salvation Army, where I can best help to save them.”

CHAPTER V.

MAKING TRACKS; OR, A WAY TO THE WORLD.—*Concluded.*

“*Be off with you, and never let me catch you here again. If you visit this house any more you will have us ALL converted,*” said a rough, burly-looking man as he slammed his door in the face of one of our officers who had called to see one living in the house who had professed conversion in one of our halls. That man in a momentary fit of anger acknowledged what thousands of officers in our ranks could to-day testify to being one of the most efficient methods of reaching the masses—*house-to-house visitation*. There is a rule almost uniformly observed throughout the world, that an officer having the oversight of corps work (a church or society) devotes three hours a day to the faithful visiting of those people under his charge, and from house to house among strangers. Truly the Salvation Army had done a good work in the United States had it acquired no more than its host of workers to visit the ungodpeled homes and undone families of our large cities. Nor are Salvation Army officers in their work of visitation afraid of *contamination*. The leper-touching Saviour has taken away that shrinking, sensitive cowardice which draws back

at the appearance of the sin-ridden, defiled souls who make up the under strata of our cities. We agree with Ellice Hopkins, that "it may be just from the want of this *brave touching of pitch*, this cowardly fear of stain to our own souls in saving the souls of



RESCUING THE LOST.

others, . . . that has made the oaken timbers of the ark of the Church to rot and gape and let in the waters of death." Yet it is surprising what an innate dread there is of touching or associating with the low and depraved, even among those professing concern for their rescue. One of our officers recently remarked

that previous to her conversion she wondered how ever refined people could sit among the unkempt and dirty individuals that gathered in the barracks in her town. She evinced still more disgust at seeing the officers of the corps shaking hands with some of the rough and disreputable crowd that gathered there, while the addressing of some as "brother" and "sister" was to her perfectly astonishing.

But whence comes this recoiling fear of lowering ourselves to the level of the poor? There was certainly not the most distant trace of it in the One who was accused of eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. Is it not from a distorted conception of our own value and of the equality of souls in the sight of their Redeemer—this gilt-edged, high-toned religion which is afraid of soiling its hand? This superficial and *glossed piety* which dreads an "actual physical contact" with those in slumdom and misery, and which, like the individual who though a swimmer reached out the end of his umbrella from the bank to a drowning man, will never benefit or reclaim anybody. Let us turn up the sleeves of formality and reach our arms down among them and save them.

Though the opposite might have been expected, yet this spirit of "go anywhere" and "do anything for Christ's sake" has wonderfully inspired our people in their mission of visitation to bear insult and ill-treatment, though we thankfully acknowledge that there is now less rebuff and thwarting of our work in this line. We have during the last twelve months been enabled

to improve our system of visitation, and by aid of visiting Sergeants in addition to our field officers, a much larger area is being brought under the Army's watchfulness. So that the Army is becoming a universal *vigilant force*. Our field officers have spent 389,000 hours in visitation during the last twelve months in the United States, having visited no less than 547,000 families, and over 700,000 persons. And through this work some of the vilest characters have been reclaimed, to say nothing of the thousands who have received a needed touch of sympathy and hope.

If the *first-fruits* of this intensely practical work are so large and constant, what can we—*should* we—not hope will be the *after-fruits*, when the bread now cast upon the waters, often amid tears and yearnings by these unwearying visitors, appears in the future. Almost every day brings to notice some new trophy who was led to find happiness through a faithful toiler in this branch of work. Our officers visit saloons, gambling dens, disreputable houses, dancing rooms, prisons, poor-houses, hospitals and numerous other places.

An idea of the devotion and earnestness exhibited in this work of visitation may be gleaned from the following report, made by a young sister officer, of a visit in Brooklyn.

I was out visiting. It was a cold, bitter night; the snow was driving into the doorways and broken window panes. I called at a house off Washington street, where I had been before several times. The room was miserable, cold, and poorly furnished. An aged woman was in bed; she was blind and very sick. The old father was also sick, and sitting crouched as near the stove

as he could get. The grown-up daughter, whom I specially wanted to see, offered me a chair. We first gave her a *Wor Cry*. She at once said: 'I don't believe in Christ or in any religion.' We then sang to her—

O the blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow.

She listened, and so we sang the verse—

There, none but the pure and the holy
Can ever enter in ;
You have no hope of its glory
If still you are in sin.

Then she broke down and wept, and yet she did not yield to the voice of God. I continued to call regularly, and to pray for her. One afternoon, between three and four, we were on our knees together, in the same room, singing, when she cried out aloud: 'I believe it! I believe it! I know that God has forgiven me.' I called for several weeks afterwards, and found a great change was taking place. A cheerfulness came into her face and life; and though she had to sit and watch every day at the side of her sick mother, and bear much from her drunken father, yet she always seemed so bright and so happy.

The second report I add is from two women officers, visiting saloons in New York City :

We entered a large saloon on West Street. There were a number of low-looking men crowding round the counter. We asked one of the bartenders whether we might sing. Supposing, as we afterwards heard, that we were going to sing some comic song, he replied, 'Yes, ma'am, you may.' We commenced singing softly :

All who enter that glorious city
Have made their garments white,
Have trod in the Saviour's footsteps,
They've battled for God and the right,
I long, I long, I long to meet you there ;
Will you, will you, say, will you meet me there?

Soon after we began to sing the crowd increased, and two of the bartenders tried to stop us, but we went through the song; presently all began to look serious, and we could see the tears running down the faces of two rough men who were standing near us. The saloon became so crowded that we had difficulty in making our way out. Just as we were leaving the door a woman came up and slapped me in the face. I did not feel angry. I bore it meekly. I felt I could bear that gladly for Jesus' sake, when He suffered so much for me. Almost fifty fol-

lowed us along the street, wondering who we were, and why we should come singing such songs in such a neighborhood in the daytime. Oh, how we pitied them and longed to see them saved.

Oh that something which we could say would impress upon all in the Salvation Army and the Church of God at large, the direct gain of the faithful visitation of the poor and lost. Generals McClellan, Sherman, Grant and others, in walking through their hospitals, where their men lay wounded, maimed and dying, saw afresh the necessity of striking a decisive blow to end the bloody and disastrous war. Is there not a great hospital, composed of the wounded, bruised and shattered souls of men and women, lying close to our doors; and have not all who have visited it received a fresh insight to the harm and blight done by the great enemy of man, and gone forth with fresh nerve and courage to face the deadly foe? Talk of wanting something to say to the people from our platforms!—we could gain from the depths of these broken and agonized hearts stories that would move to tears the fiends of hell.

How much blessing and profit, also, such visitations would be to us individually, it is impossible to measure. I remember the visit as though it were yesterday, that I made, of which the mere recollection spurs me onward in our work of saving the outcast. It was the triumphant end of one whom the Army had reached and saved from an abyss of sorrow and woe. I groped my way into the shade of a dimly lighted garret, where a poor, weak and dying woman

lay on a miserable bed. I had heard that she was very near the border line. The poverty without formed a striking contrast to the wealth of grace within, for she was saved. Though it was with difficulty that the necessaries which the doctor had ordered could at times be purchased, yet we did not require to spend many moments gazing on her heavenly-lit face to understand that she had the wine and milk which could be purchased without money and without price, having been bought for her by His blood.

“Ah, he has come,” said she, as I sat down on one of the much-worn bits of furniture, “he has come.”

“They tell me you are very happy and very near the Kingdom,” I said.

“Happy!” said the dying woman, as the tears ran down her faded; shriveled face. “Happy! Ah, why shouldn’t I be? How could I be otherwise when the Lord is with me and I am so fully His, and *in Him dying means only living?*”

“Take my place—my place among the angels,” she said afterwards, half aloud and half to herself. There was a small broken window near the bed and the fading light fell upon her face, but a far brighter light than that was reflected there—the light of the Sun of Righteousness—the sun that never sets.

Not many months before, one wet, cold night, this poor woman was attracted into one of our halls by the singing of a song. It was not the song, but it was the officer’s face that led to her soul-stirring, and so deeply was she convinced that “that young woman pos-

sessed as well as talked salvation," that she came forward herself to receive it. Oh, how she had loved and unceasingly praised Christ since and sought to win all around her to His feet.

Death entered the little garret and seized its feeble yet fearless victim, and the poor—nay, rich woman was dying in contentment, counting up the jewels that she had won to God since she herself had been won. A little longer watching and patient waiting and she died. Yet, no; to use her own words, *she did not die*, but passed from death unto life.

I came down from that room into the busy whirl of city life, and I thought, Oh, that these woebegone, weary-hearted ones around us, when brought to the same border line, might prove the same rest from care and peace in God, as the heir to heaven who had died a few moments ago in that lonesome garret.

A million lives lie wrecked to-day,
Storm-beaten—driven like the spray,
Despair is in their laughter—song,
Accursed through unrelenting wrong—
We groan within, "*Oh, Lord, how long?*"

* * * * *

A million hearts beneath our sky
For outstretched arms of rescue sigh.
Shrink you the leprous soul to touch?
Cringe you lest you should be as such?
Oh, "*be not righteous overmuch!*"

Another method by which the Salvation Army is reaching thousands in this country is through the circulation of its official weekly paper, the *War Cry*. It has been difficult for some who have stood watching our presses at work in headquarters, and who

have heard that the Army already circulates some fifty thousand copies of each edition of this five-cent paper, to believe that it has already attained such growth. Sixteen pages of four columns are filled every week with wholesome and straightforward matter. An opinion not unmerited by the *War Cry* is spreading that it is not only the most outspoken and fearless religious newspaper, but that it carries a potent influence in favor of right, and in opposition to wrong. Into many thousands of hands a Christ-exalting, man-representing paper is placed every week. Beneath the rays of thousands of home lamps the touching, rousing stories of prodigals returned and sinners saved are read, while countless hearts, covered with the shadow of sorrow and despair, experience a new ray of light through the joyful truth and happy religion its columns set forth. The regular reader loves it best. He listens for the ring or whistle of the mail-man. He watches for the *War Cry* Sergeant, as she passes down the aisle with a bundle beneath her arm. The increase of some eight thousand copies during the last two months furnishes abundant evidence of growing interest and appreciation. The *War Cry* may be called the Army's mirror. It is a salvation trumpet in the wilderness of trashy, godless literature, sounding the words, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The General says :

The *War Cry* flies at its masthead the banner of holiness. It may be regarded everywhere as the white-winged messen-

ger of purity, proclaiming no truce with the devil, no compromise with sin, ever assuring all men that there is for them in the provisions of Divine grace full deliverance from every evil thought and feeling and practice."

Nor in point of numbers does it compare unfavorably with the most popular journals and magazines.

Commissioner Railton, in speaking of our journalism, says :

Although we write by inches, we are piling up Salvationist literature by the mile. Our lives fly past at a speed which makes anything like old-fashioned journalizing altogether impossible. But if we all died to-morrow we should leave behind us in the volumes of *War Crys*, and other publications issued throughout the world during the last ten years, a library much more bulky than one containing the writings of Wesley and all his helpers during the long period of their lives. And when the question is asked whether the Army will last, the answer must surely be sought, not so much in anything that we are saying or doing at the moment, as in these printed records of our principles and practices, which must show, looked at as a whole, most thoroughly, what manner of men we are, and whether our characters and aims are such as to insure only a momentary notoriety or a permanent triumph.

Now what would a student of a Salvation Army library, supposing that it could be got together, discover? He would labor in vain to get much information with regard to the person and life of the General and founder of the Army. He might easily imagine that the Army had failed to produce a dozen reportable speakers; that in several countries, in fact, it had not one; but he could hardly fail to be impressed with the march before him in those millions of columns of letter-press, of hosts of men and women breathing out continually but one purpose, living and dying to accomplish the very objects for which Apostles lived and died.

Wandering lads and wayward daughters have scanned the column of notices under the heading "Come Home," and finding in utter surprise their own names, together with the assurance that a forgiving father or praying mother yearns for their return, have risen resolved on starting homeward, and by the aid of the Army have been restored amid tears of grati-

tude back to loving homes and useful lives. The following are a few of many of such notices :

COME HOME.

EDWARD THOMAS, age about thirty-seven, left England for America fourteen years ago, and believed later to have gone on to the Cape, South Africa. His aunt, Mrs. Selina Worth, inquires.

MORGAN MORGANS, native of Aberdare, South Wales, last heard of twenty-eight years ago, bound for America; news of your sister, Gwenney Edwards, by writing to Enquiry, 122 Stephen street, Melbourne, Australia.

JOSEPH VICTOR ABBOTT, who went to America four years ago, and then to Cape of Good Hope, is earnestly desired to write his mother, care of Enquiry, above address.

ALICE EDWARDS, aged thirty-one, taken by an aunt to Liverpool, twenty-eight years ago, from Carnarvon, and not since heard of, is sought by her sister Mary. Can anyone send news? *Foreign War Cry* please copy.

HANNAH DOBBING and **ELIZABETH ROBINSON** are requested to send their address to Mrs. Elizabeth Cowie, 6 Gibson street, Consett.

CHARLES BERGHAUSER, left home (New York City) in 1884. If this should meet his eye, or that of anyone knowing his whereabouts, they are requested to write to his brother, Mr. August Berghauser, 126 Houston street, New York City.

Should this meet the eye of **CHARLES W.** or **WILLIAM F. ROYSE**, or anyone knowing of their whereabouts, will they please write to their mother, who is very anxious to hear from them. Charles was last heard from at Liveston, Montana, May 3, 1889, and William was last heard from near Old Santa Fe, New Mexico, in May, 1889. Address, Mrs. M. J. Royse, Galena, Kan. *California Cry* please copy.

JAMES COPP left his home six years ago. Last heard from in Bangor, Maine. His mother is very sick and wishes to see him. Address, Newcastle, N. B.

JOHN A. MOLYNEAUX left home (Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island) nine years ago. When last heard of in New York in 1881. If this should meet the eye of him or anyone knowing of his whereabouts, they are requested to write to his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Molyneaux, 178 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.

REECE WILLIAMS, formerly pattern-maker; when last heard of was a Wesleyan Methodist minister, living at that time in Fifth avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. If he should see this, or anyone knowing of his whereabouts, please write to Mrs. Mary Evans, P. O. Box 305, Niles, O.

The wife of **PETE DENEAN**, or **DANNO**, a French Canadian of the Province of Quebec, Canada, has only just received his let-

ters, dated October, 1889. Last heard from in Lewiston and Springvale, Me. Address information to Staff-Capt. Simco, 137 Champ de Mars Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

When one remembers that there are twenty-seven different *War Crys* published by the Army, represent-



while selling *War Cry*s on the streets are sometimes amusing, and though they are greeted with many jeers and insults, yet they do not often allow themselves to become discouraged or disheartened. Some sell individually as many as thirty, fifty and even sixty in a few hours. The following will give some idea of the reception given to two or three soldiers while *War Cry* selling in saloons in a large city :

1. "Yes, don't I always take one?" Bought one.
2. Saloon-keeper: "Yes, certainly; don't you ever dare to forget to bring my *War Cry*s." Takes two every week.
3. "Get out of here before I turn the hose on you." We call here every week, but as yet have never had the hose turned on us.
4. "Yes, I always have had good luck since I started to buy that paper. Call every week."
5. "Certainly, I will." Took one.
6. "No, I don't want your *War Cry*."
7. "Get out of here. Do you hear?" "Yes, sir." "Well, don't read you wouldn't want so, I wouldn't; this time cents." He tells us

ing.” After taking six packages of cigarettes out of her pocket she paid for the *Cry*, then persuaded some of the men to buy.

A girl selling *War Cry* entered a restaurant a short time ago, and offering her papers for sale, she received a rough answer from a customer. “Stop,” said the proprietor, “don’t say a word against the *War Cry*; that paper changed my life. I used to keep a saloon and deal out that which intoxicated and cursed my neighbors, but one day a *War Cry* fell into my hands, and from it I learned I was doing wrong. I sold out and took these temperance rooms. Don’t say a word against *that paper*.”

A recent letter from Grand Rapids, Mich., says :

M——, for whom I inquired in the “Come Home” column of the *Cry*, is found, and in a very singular manner. He attended a Salvation Army meeting at Boston 2, it being the first Army meeting he had attended in four years. He purchased a *Cry*, saw his name and answered the inquiry, for which I feel very grateful and tender my heartfelt thanks.

From among many I give one more case, showing how a single copy of the *Cry* will travel on its errand of mercy :

Last September some friends were visiting Havre-de-Grace from Rock Hall, Md. They heard about the Army, and of course wanted to see what it was like. They went, and were delighted; bought the *War Cry*, took it home, read it themselves, loaned it to their neighbors, and it was read and enjoyed by a dozen families or more. At last it found its way to the home of a wayward son and brother, whose besetting sin was the gambling table, which, with other wild and reckless habits, was a source of much concern and grief to his family, all of whom were saved but himself. One evening, while returning from the gambling table, he met with a severe accident. While lying there on his bed helpless he heard his sister reading the *War Cry* to her family, she little thinking that God was using that paper as a means of changing her brother’s sinful life. It seems that God’s Spirit took hold of him in such a way that

right there he registered a vow never to gamble or do those things that were disturbing his soul and breaking the hearts of those who loved him. Though not converted, his friends rejoice to see the change in his life, and believe ere long God will reveal Himself more fully, and give him the knowledge that the past is under the blood and the cross covers his sins.

Thus, on more errands of mercy than anyone is aware, this messenger of hope flies from ocean to ocean, winning sooner or later in its mission such tributes as the following, given by Guy Summers in a recent number of *The Journalist* :

There can be no question of the success of the *War Cry*, both financially and religiously. On the one hand no religious paper in the world costs so little to bring out, and on the other no other journal devoted to evangelism commands so many enthusiastic and hard-working supporters to personally push its sale. We do not know any other such paper that is boldly taken into saloons and billiard rooms, and not only taken there but sold there. This also not in one land only, but in all where the mystic banner of red, yellow and blue flies.

CHAPTER VI.

SLUMDOM.

Shining out here and there on the pages of history are the names of women who are for evermore immortalized by a single act of courage or devotion ; but deeds of greater courage, greater devotion, and of more than human love, form the daily lives of our Slum Saviors, almost unnoticed save by the recording angel, who will one day from the opened books reveal them to an assembled world.

Right in the heart of the seething evils and festering vices which make the wilderness of sin and woe, in which the depraved and abandoned of our large cities live, these pure and true women carry out their heaven-born mission. Not with occasional visits, not with patronizing advice, not with help which removes the outward misery for a time but leaves the root of the evil untouched, do these women answer the question, "*Am I my sister's keeper?*" Night and day, winter and summer, year in and year out, they may be found in the very midst of those whose reclamation they seek.

The bare boards and scanty furniture, the calico dress and plainest of food are to the casual observer sufficient cross and deprivation ; but these are viewed as comforts and alleviations by those who have seen

with their own eyes and heard with their own ears sights and sounds that would break hearts of stone, after even a few hours' or days' experience. Judge then what it must be to go day after day, and month after month, knowing that every fevered patient, every fetid atmosphere, every visit made in damp cellars and loathsome garrets, means to them so much shortening of their own lives, so much suffering in their own bodies, and so much the greater strain on every nerve and fiber of their being.

Yet here, as elsewhere, "The cross is the attraction," and the level of consecration reached by these slum workers is not below that of the oldest and staunchest veterans in the service or in our ranks.

It would be difficult for the mass of our countrymen, surrounded by the conveniences and comforts of home, to realize or even credit the misery and squalor to be found in our large cities.

A million business men return from the bustle and activity of New York and neighboring cities to their peaceable and well supplied homes every day, knowing little or nothing of the morass caused by the misery-stricken denizens of Slumdom.

The condition of things in this labyrinth of sin has presented to our officers who have toiled in these haunts of crime and hovels of vice a need that is growing more and more evident and extensive. And it must be borne in mind that there is an ever-increasing number of souls being added, hourly added, to the multitude living in these low tenements and slums,

which makes the need greater and more serious. Swarmed together, whole families huddled in one room—almost like swine—they await some more permanent assistance than mere temporary relief. The author of "How the Other Half Lives" says of this city: "We have to-day 37,316 tenements, including 2,630 rear houses; and this population, especially that which came to us from abroad, crowds in below Fourteenth Street, where the population is already packed beyond reason, and confounds all attempts to make matters better there. At the same time *new slums* are constantly growing up uptown and have to be kept down with a firm hand."

Of more than one neighborhood in this country could the *World* lady reporter have written:

"The existence of such a plague-spot on our boasted civilization, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, is a shame and disgrace to every corporation and to every individual in this great city. The Dark Continent can show no lower depth of degradation than is sounded by the dwellers in the dark alleys of Cherry Hill. There isn't a vice missing from that quarter. Every sin in the decalogue flourishes in that feeder of penitentiaries and prisons. And even as its moral foulness permeates and poisons the veins of our social life, so the malarial filth with which the locality reeks must sooner or later spread disease and death."

The *Illustrated American*, in a lengthy article on the work of our slum officers, says: "Let no one delude himself with the idea that starvation and misery

are only little known in this land of plenty. Within *a stone's throw of Wall Street*, the meeting place of millionaires, is poverty as abject as any to be found in London. Within shouting distance of the City Hall lies a plague-spot reeking with the odors of festering garbage that would disgrace a savage community—the haunt of every vice known to divine and human law.”

“The danger,” said a lady who spent a night with



A SLUM BABE.

our workers, “of living where these slum officers live is such as could not be endured without the most complete self-sacrifice. Never did I dream of spending such a night as the one I passed in the slums of New York. Over us and in the adjoining rooms, were Irish, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians and Italians, all hold-

ing high carnival on that Saturday night. Drunken men lay in our entry and tried our doors. Shrieks, curses and blows followed one another in rapid succession, with only a baby's wailing now and then to remind one that they were human beings and that the innocent suffer with the guilty. Passing out at early morn, the same state of things faced us, not alone on that street, but throughout the whole neighborhood, and, strong as I felt in body and mind, my comment was, '*A week of this would kill me!*'"

Lest these reports should be deemed an exaggeration we append the accounts of visiting given by two of our Army officers :

Starting at about half-past ten on one of those stifling, dull, and oppressively hot days, we had not taken many steps up the dirty, crowded street, swarming with all kinds of life, ere my companion turned into a dark, dingy doorway, and, though almost repulsed by fetid, stuffy air, yet we summoned up courage, and pushed up the broken, narrow staircase.

Up, up, flight after flight, passing several miserable-looking old women. I especially remember one of these; her clothes were all in rags, her feet were bare, and, with two tin pails in her hands, she was striving to mount the steep steps! As we were passing the fourth story, a woman called out to us, "Ah! we thought poor Margaret was about gone last night," and groping our way to the last room on the next floor, we found ourselves by Margaret's side.

Now it was that the frightful, pestilent smell might have refused admittance to the most determined, but, "looking up," we stepped forward and entered the small, grimy room, but poorly lighted by the two dirt-stained little windows. The object that, in spite of its awful appearance, seemed verily to fascinate our eyes was the emaciated form of "poor Margaret." She lay on a miserable heap of rags, with her head slightly raised, and her thin limbs drawn up. Over her a piece of mosquito netting, that had once been white, was spread to keep off the flies. This luxury had been obtained by the neighbors from the doctor a few days before. When first visited by the Slum Saviors, this poor old woman lay in a filthy condition, with hardly a rag to cover her, nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and scarcely a soul to care for her. The flies were literally eating

her alive. Our Slum officer Mattie washed her, brought clothes for her, and then asked her if there was anything she fancied to eat.

"Oh," was the reply, "bring me two little sweet cakes!"

They were brought, as was also a little milk, and Mattie had the satisfaction of seeing her eat and drink, for almost, however, the last time. While she was being washed a key was noticed tied round Margaret's neck, which she held tightly clasped in her poor, skeleton-like hand, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she was persuaded to let it go. This key belonged to a little wooden box by her side, and she whispered, "Don't let that woman next door have it—*don't!*" Then she continued, "I don't want to die. Oh! I don't want to die!"

Two or three days had passed since then, and, as we looked at the sunken eyes, already wearing that glazed, fixed look, and felt those cold hands, we knew that death could not be far off.

Two or three women now came in and stood around the "bed." A momentary silence was broken by one of them. "She ain't got a cent, ye know! She ain't got no money to be buried with! What are we goin' to do? She ain't got a soul nor a relation. She's worked along with us some time, and now she's sick (she was eighty years old) there ain't none to mind her only this lady here (looking at a white-haired old woman sitting on a stool), as has been staying up nights with her, and been mighty good. She ain't got a cent; I don't know what we'll do!"

Mattie told her that the authorities would see to the funeral if they—the neighbors—would see that Margaret's death was duly reported. One of the women promptly suggested going right away, as "she was sure the old woman could not last long!"

After a few more words of warning to the bystanders, and encouragement to the dying woman, we passed out, promising to come again in the afternoon.

* * *

Two or three flights lower down we saw a door wide open, and—most extraordinary sight for that locality—an elderly woman, with water, soap and flannel, who, with the bed pulled to pieces, was actually doing her best to cleanse and purify the filthy, reeking boards of her floor. She turned with evident pride to tell us what she was doing, and then followed a long tale of misery—how she had lost husband and relations until she found herself *alone with a young lad*, her nephew, who earned just enough to pay the rent, and between the two they managed to keep alive. We tried to point her to a loving Saviour who would be a friend to her, but how dark she was!

After praying, we turned to the next door, passing through a little passage, and almost tumbling over a pale-faced little baby, we found ourselves in a somewhat larger room than the others. It was certainly a good deal cleaner, though almost bare of furniture. A wash-tub stood in the center. In an arm-chair by the window sat a white-headed old woman sewing as fast as her dim eyesight would allow her at some men's coarse shirts. In a

little room adjoining, a woman lay sleeping off the effects of a heavy "drunk." Just then a tall, superior looking woman, with a pleasing face and frank blue eyes, came in, put some of the soda she had been buying into the wash-tub, and began to tell me about her baby's sickness, and how she had lost her husband two years before, and now earned \$15 a month by going out office-cleaning. With this small sum she had to keep herself, three children, and an aged mother.

She told us about a man who had died of an awful disease upstairs. From what she said I gathered that to the last he had lived a dreadful life, "but," she added, with an air of great satisfaction, "they gave him a very decent funeral—ten coaches, and a proper ice-box, and all!" She seemed to think, as do most of the inhabitants of Slumdom, that the best thing that can be done for anyone is to give them a decent funeral when dead!

We left. I went down the rickety stairs, and, thinking that the woman with the lovely blue eyes and dignified manner, who looked at her baby as he played about the floor with something like a gleam of real love about her face, was better than the others, and really an encouraging case of a person striving to go against the current of sin and vice amongst so many heart-rending "don't care" ones, I said to Mattie, "She seems a pretty good sort of woman?"

"Oh!" she said, "that woman is an awful drunkard; I have seen her reeling down the street, *almost blind* with the drink, carrying her baby on her arm, and quarreling with and shouting at other women."

* * *

We cross the road and come up to a group of children sitting on the doorsteps and pavement. One little boy, about two years old, with a terribly scarred face, and eye all burnt and ghastly—the result of a fall on the hot stove—brightens up when he sees the one who had been so good to him when he was suffering and whose pleasant face had bent over him as she carried him to the hospital. With a kind word to him and a query to his sister as to how the baby is, we pick our way through the motley crowd, and are just entering the doorway when we discover that little Frankie is crying. In fact, he will not be consoled until Mattie has him in her arms, and, followed by the sister, we are stumbling upstairs, which seem, if possible, dirtier and darker than those we have just left. We enter the front room on the third floor, and, as Mattie sits down on the broken sofa, I inquire about the little girl in the baby-carriage. Such a little, tiny, thin face, with big, imploring eyes. I take it up. How small and light it is, but it is seven months old!

"Yes," says the mother. She is a steady, hard-working woman, who has six little children to work for, and whose drunken husband is just then in prison for ill-treating and refusing to support her. "She's very sick," continued the mother. "I'm afraid I'm going to lose her. I must take her to

the doctor this afternoon but I've been washing all the morning, and haven't had time to do the baby. Yes" (seeing that Mattie wishes to wash and dress it), "if you will be so kind, then I'll get ready. You see, I'm *under treatment myself for a kick* my husband gave me in the side. But Dr. —, he's a real good man, and so kind. I'll get you the ticket." She brings it and shows it to us.

Meanwhile, I took little Frankie, and Mattie began to undress the baby; she whined and moaned nearly all the time—and no wonder, she must have suffered a great deal. Thin! I don't think I had ever seen a child so much like a skeleton before; not even in the *slums*. One could almost count its bones. There was no nice, firm, healthy flesh on its little arms, such as we are accustomed to see on ordinary babies, but there was just only flabby, baggy skin. For want of safety-pins its clothes were pinned on with ordinary little ones, which had rusted into the stuff!

During the washing of sundry other hands and faces, the owners of which soon became anxious (though they usually screamed under the operation) to be "done" by the Slum Savior, Mrs. — asked if Mattie would come round the following Monday.

"My husband," she said, "is coming from the Island (Blackwell's), and I do dread his coming home so. Now perhaps if you were here, you could talk to him. I should not be afraid if you came."

Looking round at the children, we noticed that all except one had bright, blue eyes, regular Norwegian eyes, and as the father belonged to that race, Mattie asked if his eyes were blue.

"Oh," was the wife's reply, "I don't know; I never looked at him much!"

Looking round the room, I noticed that in spite of the dirt and confusion—and what else could you expect when the woman had worse than no husband and six very young children to work for and bring up?—evident signs of better days; there was a good chest of drawers in one corner, and a really handsome clock stood keeping good time on the mantel-piece.

We talked to the woman about what Jesus could do for her, and then knelt to pray. As we prayed all the little ones clustered round her. The tears came trickling down her face, and suppressed sobs would break out as we talked to her a little longer, and then, Mattie having promised to be there on Monday to meet her husband, we went down into the street again.

* * *

We must now go home. It is dinner time. Dinner must be bought and cooked before we sally forth again. Here is the butcher's! We spend eight cents in beefsteak, five in crackers, two in vinegar and four in wood—total, nineteen cents for two officers. Slum Saviors' dinners do not take long to cook, and it was with a sigh of relief that we climbed up to our own

bare—but clean—little room where that operation was to be performed.

* * *

We are in the street again. This time we walk some distance before reaching our destination. At last Mattie turned towards a little doorway which one would hardly notice, so bright was the glare from a large saloon just beyond, in front of which stood several truckmen. One of these *lay dead drunk* on the pavement, the hot sun streaming down on his uncovered head. Should that man die there and the report be made, “died of sun-stroke,” or “heat apoplexy,” which would be the real cause of death, *the sun or the drink?*

As we were coming along Mattie told me the history of the woman we were about to visit.

“I’ve been visiting her some time. She has a little baby and a drunken husband. She drinks herself, but does so want to give it up. She often cries when I talk to her, and says that no one has ever spoken a kind word to her before. I am the first one. Do talk to her, and sing something.”

She stopped speaking as we enter the door. A clean, though small room; the baby asleep; the mother, who is sewing, stretches out both arms to welcome us. We sit down and are soon talking earnestly to our friend. How she drinks in every word! And then when we sing, “Come sinner to Jesus, no longer delay,” with the chorus:

“For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again,”

she watched our faces as if in us lay her last and only chance of hope. We prayed, and then left. I shall never forget that woman, and the trusting, longing way in which she listened to us. I am sure she will soon be brightly converted.

Strange mixture of sorrow and vice—of tears and blows—our readers will say as they turn from this brief record among these dwellers in the “nether gloom,” and one could almost excuse feelings of repugnance and dread at the thought of lingering, for even a few minutes, among such centers of darkness and death. However, such accounts as these, from casual or temporary visitors accompanying our resident officers to Slumdom, can only partially represent the wickedness and woe of these places. Week by week, as one reads the reports furnished by the Staff-Captain who is the

leader of the Brigade, one learns how varied are these lives, and in how many ways the arch fiend lays his snares for tired and suffering as well as sinful human-



NOT LIVING, BUT EXISTING.

ity. What woman can listen unmoved to the story of the girl who worked early and late, to earn at the most the miserable pittance of eighteen cents a day by

binding the seams of ulsters at six cents apiece, yet who said simply that she would rather *die*—as she was doing—of consumption, than live the life of sin that seemed her only alternative.

There are scores of these poor creatures who are lacking food, and before talking religion we must give them bread, for, as the Italian proverb has it, “A fasting stomach has no ears.”

There are stories enough of this kind to make the stones cry out, but space forbids our quoting more than two or three recent experiences.

“On Christmas Eve,” says the Staff-Captain, “one of my girls was visiting. It was a bleak, bitter night, about eight o’clock, when she groped her way up two flights of dark, winding stairs in a tenement building, to a little room, *where lived a father, mother and three children*. The room contained merely a bed, stove and two chairs. The youngest child, a babe, was dying, and it was already too late for her to do more than hold it in her arms, and watch the fleeting breath. I arrived just as the babe died, and could only speak a few words of comfort to the weeping mother before going away to find some clothing, and prepare the infant for burial. There was nothing to lay the child upon, so we got a piece from the side of a packing case and laid it across two chairs, and after washing and dressing the babe, we left the mother to her sad Christmas eve. Still sadder, however, was the Christmas morning, for it found the father lying drunk on the bed, and the mother in the

same condition on the floor, while the little ones, one six and the other four, *wept because they had nothing to eat*. I at once sent off for food, which the little ones eagerly devoured."

Oh, that this mother had followed the advice given her by the little girl the day before, "Don't cry, mother; pray, pray to Jesus."

* * * *

"One Sunday, after feeling our way down some dark steps into a cellar, we became conscious, after a time, that there were human beings in the room, and as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we discerned in one corner an old bedstead, and in another a rusty stove. The floor was damp and filthy, yet, lying upon a heap of ashes in the corner, we saw the figure of a woman, and on a little bench near her sat a man and his wife. The woman's face was very dark and dirty. Her feet were bare, and one old rag was wrapped about her body. I sat down, and talked to them about living a better life. He had once been a good workman, and lived respectably, but he had gradually drifted through drink into this terrible poverty. I shall never forget the feeling of God's presence that came over me as I knelt in that dark cellar with their hands in mine, and prayed that God would help them."

* * * *

"A young woman came to the door of our Slum quarters one evening as the girls were sitting down to supper. She was thinly clad, for she had taken off

her shawl to wrap it around the babe that she carried in her arms. We brought her in, and after we had given her a cup of tea, she told us her story. She was *seventeen years old*, had nowhere to go, and for *four months had had neither bed nor home*. She had washed her babe under hydrants in back yards, and had slept in entries or under steps—indeed anything that offered her a shelter. With big tears running down her cheeks, she told her pitiful story—how nice it had seemed to go into company and be taken here and there, but how wretched it was to be betrayed and deserted, with neither food nor shelter for herself or babe. We did all we could for her, and are taking care of her baby now, in our crèche, while the poor girl looks for work.”

Multiply these harrowing stories by the official figures that are presented from the books of our Slum quarters, and some idea of the marvelous amount of work already accomplished in this direction may be obtained.

The Slum officers of New York City alone have made *seven thousand four hundred and eighty-nine* visits, not counting visits repeated to the same family, which, in case of danger and sickness, have sometimes numbered four, five and six per day. Eight hundred and sixty-two families have received personal religious dealing. Eight hundred and fifty-six separate meals have been taken to the needy and starving. One thousand and seventy-three garments have been neatly mended and distributed to those

needing clothes. Such is the demand that we are obliged to charge a nominal sum to those able to pay two or five cents, for fear of pauperizing them.

The pleasantest item of this branch we joyfully report, viz.: That SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO BABES have been cared for in our crèche, while overworked mothers have been set free to earn the support sometimes of an entire family. In addition to this, there is much that cannot be reported—visiting them when in the hospitals; sitting up with the sick; bathing the old and decrepit; cleaning their rooms; mending their clothing; watching by the dying and preparing the dead for burial.

It will at least be conceded that these figures set forth the proclaiming of liberty to many captives in the clutches of vice and misery, and the dawning of a brighter day to many stumbling in the darkness of night, and with the increased staff of workers for which we are now arranging we may hope for larger relief among the suffering. But will not this effort be quite inadequate to meet the need staring us in the face in other cities as well as that of New York? One thing we are sure of, and that is, that many now hedged in with comfort and wealth, even if they themselves cannot, or will not, give their lives to this work, would do well to give a tenth or even a hundredth part of what they spend in unnecessary luxuries to support and help those who will do it.

Are there not many in society's costly circles who will pay a price for one diamond that would save and

restore to a life of hope one of their outcast and hopeless sisters; that would clothe and support a motherless family, and open before them a future with something better in it than Blackwell's Island and Potter's field? When we raise in our arms some of the starving, forsaken babes of the great city, we wish with a sigh that they could receive half the care and dainty food lavished nowadays on lap-dogs, and their wearied little bodies could exchange the hard boards for the soft cushions upon which those spoiled pets take their airing in Central Park.

Oh, that it lay in our power to raise the curtain that shuts out these sad scenes from the brighter world; that we could show to earth's more fortunate ones these aching, breaking hearts that are fading and dying for want of someone to raise them—someone to bring to them the sunlight of heaven.

As one of the Army writers has said: "Above all let us pray for them. Ruskin says that we women would think it a beautiful thing to be able to flush our flowers into a brighter bloom by a kind look; by means of our love for them to take away the blight and bid the dew come in time of drought." Listen:—

This you would think a great thing! And do you not think it a greater thing that all this and much more than this you can do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that would bless you for having blessed them, and would love you for having loved them;—flowers that have eyes like yours; which, once saved, you can save forever?

In conclusion, of our Slum Saviors, could it not truly be said, with the poet Lowell:

BREAKING HEARTS.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grinny sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears,
In dying eyes, by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford, repassed no more,
And in *their* mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

CHAPTER VII.

PRISONS AND PERSECUTION.

That there is considerably less opposition on the part of civil authorities towards the Salvation Army in the majority of the cities and towns in America in which it is operating, is doubtless attributable to its aims and work being better understood and appreciated, for we have found true the Latin proverb, "People condemn what they do not understand." Yet were we to publish the entire list of imprisonments and persecutions suffered by our people in the United States, it would, to say the least, prove a poor specimen of religious protection and tolerance, and bring to the faces of not a few who boast of our country's freedom a blush of opprobrium and shame.

Strange, indeed, that when a company of men and women who respect and uphold the laws of the land, and whose avowed purpose is to lessen the disowners and offenders of these laws, should be pounced upon for holding a religious meeting for half an hour at a public street corner, or for marching, for a few minutes, through a public thoroughfare. Stranger still, that for seeking to lay the claims of Him in whom the national coin avers our trust, before the lawless, godless portion of the community, the Salvationists should

be arrested as law-breakers and incarcerated as criminals behind bolts and bars. Over and over again our officers have reported to us that where they have been molested or arrested it was merely for claiming the same privileges at the street corner as granted an organ grinder, circus band or traveling show. Why should tolerance be allowed in the one case and not the other? Of the two, should not more license rather be given to those who seek to lessen the vicious and criminal classes of our cities than to those who profess merely to amuse them?

The following, from a Northwestern newspaper, will give some idea of the injustice done to two of our most earnest and devoted women officers, who were fined at Eau Claire \$5 and costs, amounting to \$40 :

There may be those among us who think the methods employed by the Salvationists sacrilegious, and even silly, but it is the work of those who are earnest and certainly self-sacrificing in what they believe to be true Christian endeavor. That there is much difference between the Salvation Army methods and shouting revival meetings will be discerned only by trained experts in that line. At any rate, the persecution of Salvation Army women is *persecution of the rankest type*. They are charged with being disorderly because they march in the streets singing. Any civic society can march the streets, with bands and music, without molestation; and grinders of hand-organs are given the freedom of cities. Shall those who sing praises be less tolerated?

It is charged that the meetings of the Salvationists are disorderly. Not so. It is the bummers and loafers that sneak into the meetings, especially to disturb them, who are disorderly; from whose insults and interference the meetings are granted but small police protection. These meetings at their worst are no more disorderly than Sunday picnics at which politicians and city officials wink, if they do not in person attend them. While we talk of freedom and justice, let us give the devil his due, and let us be impartial, and accord the same rights to one class of people that are cheerfully granted to another.

Christ was stoned for marching around with a Salvation Army two thousand years ago. With all their boasted civiliza-

tion the people of this age show about the same disposition, and would be likely to stone Him again if He should come this way.

It is sometimes urged by our enemies (certainly never by our friends) that police interference and im-



SEEKING TO RECLAIM A DRUNKARD.

prisonment are sought or courted by our officers to gain notoriety. In reply, we can say without fear of contradiction that we know of no case reported to headquarters where every precaution has not been

taken to avoid conflicting with the local authorities. Where a principle is at stake, the violation of which would be detrimental to the movement, our officers show their willingness to suffer and be persecuted rather than yield. Is it likely that men and women, many of whom have been brought up in comfortable homes, and some of whom are delicate and frail, would desire a term of imprisonment in a damp cell, to be treated as common felons, for the sake of being conspicuous?

Do our officers not know how some of their devoted comrades have been treated in prison, and how weak and invalided they have been ever since as a consequence? One of our most useful workers was thrust into jail some months past and made to break stones under the hottest sun for several weeks, and has been a shattered wreck, physically, in consequence. An officer of great usefulness and unquestioned piety, who did much good in several cities in Colorado, was imprisoned for marching in Colorado Springs. He died a few months ago, his illness having been brought on through a severe chill caught in the miserable cold cell of the jail in which he was incarcerated. Is it likely that in the face of such results as the above a term of imprisonment would be self-inflicted by our officers for the sake of gaining a short spell of notoriety, especially when there are so many easier methods of gaining it, and when many of them are through their ordinary work notorious? Unquestionably those who thought to suppress and injure the Army by such prosecution have, in most instances,

found they have but adopted a method which has given its forces fresh stimulus and energy, besides raising up new advocates of its cause. The following, penned by one of our women officers in the Eau Claire County jail, Wisconsin, will show how her incarceration opened up a way for her to reach the hearts of the people among whom she worked :

EAU CLAIRE COUNTY JAIL, WIS., July 10, 1890.

DEAR COMRADE :—We were arrested on Tuesday evening at twenty minutes to eight. It had been rumored through the city that we should be, and over a thousand people were gathered in the streets and followed us to the county jail. We sang all the way. They stopped our music, but it was grand to sing salvation to that *surg-ing, mocking crowd*. I believe it will be a help to our work in this place, for public sentiment has turned in our favor. Where we had two enemies and one friend last night, we have three friends and only one enemy to-day. We had a hearing yesterday morning, and though we were offered bail, would not accept it. The authorities put us in here, and we will stay here until we are cleared. Everything looks bright, and victory is sure. All glory to God ! It has spurred our soldiers up, and made them more determined to wear uniform and show their colors than ever before. Praise the Lord ! It has brought men to our hall that were never there before, and some of the most influential people of the city met us as we were going from the jail to the court and walked with us to show their sympathy. It has been a blessing to me and to my comrades spiritually. Praise the Lord ! It has made me more determined to fight and die in the ranks of the dear old Army. God bless it and its leaders !

We have to stay here until Saturday morning. It is not pleasant for the flesh, but we are rejoicing in spirit that we are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. There are nine of us (Salvationists) in jail—five women and four men. Meetings are going on and we expect grand results. There is only one paper against us. The *Free Press* is in sympathy with us.

Our trial comes off Saturday morning, and we are sure of victory.

God bless you !

Faithfully yours in the Salvation war,

E. A., Captain.

As an instance of the manner in which our officers use their time in jail, I append a report made to an

editor by a dear lad who was imprisoned at Cheboygan, Mich. :

CHEBOYGAN, MICH., Cell No. 2, City Jail.

DEAR EDITOR :—As my time is not limited, I will write you a few lines.

My term seems very short indeed, nearly two-thirds has gone already. Part of the time has been spent *working in the streets* of this beautiful city.

Yesterday I was working with some men, and one shouted "Hallelujah !"

"Oh, my dear brother," I said, "that don't sound good ; there's not enough *soul* in it."

"Well, that's so," said he, "but I'm going to get saved, and then it will sound better."

God grant it !

Eighteen prisoners have been put in here since my arrest, mostly for drunkenness. Some of them have been very queer cases indeed, the main feature being that not one had been put in but he has declared his innocence—he was simply doing nothing.

One man was put in for fighting while drunk. He sat down on the corner, and I soon had him engaged in conversation.

He said he had a good little wife and six children.

"Oh," he said, "the children are coming up grand."

He talked about them just as a farmer would a fine lot of pigs. I found that he had made \$15 during the week. He had given his wife \$4 *to support herself and six children*, and the remaining \$11 had gone for drink (or to support somebody else's children).

Soon a smart little woman came to the door with two beautiful little children.

"I told you," she said, "where you would get if you kept on drinking."

"Oh, I don't care," he answered. "What did you do with that \$4 I gave you?" he asked.

"I spent half," she replied.

"What for?"

"Well, I spent it."

"Well, give me the other two dollars."

She had to give him the last cent she had ; finally, some friends came, and his fine was paid.

How the devil does delude the people !

Another case was that of a young man who was brought in very drunk. He made two or three attempts to climb up the corner post into the top bunk, but failed.

Finally, he pulled off his shoes, threw them down in the corner, and laid down on them.

Someone told him there was a *Salvation man in for thirty days*.

"Oh," he says, "then we'll *never* get out, for he must be better than us!"

Just now I began to sing, "Oh, hallelujah! I'm glad I'm in The Army of the Lord!" and the janitor came and told me to shut up (great country this).

Whatever am I going to do? I cannot keep still. I have not got very strong lungs, but whenever I open my mouth to sing somebody gets offended.

I sometimes have an open-air service through the window—I get the neighbors out in their back yard. . . .

Jesus still lives in my heart.

Yours living for God,
LIEUT. B.

But imprisonment is not by any means the only form of suffering endured in the Salvation Army for the sake of reaching society's castaways. The French have a saying that "everyone feels his own burden heavy," and in the majority of instances its weight can be understood by another, but few can ever appreciate the weight of the load some of these unwearied Salvationists have carried, and the trial and hardship that burden has involved. Through contumely and insult, through unjust criticism and cruel slander, through vile insinuations regarding their character, and often open personal violence, these brave and constant advocates of God and His righteousness have plodded on unswerving and undaunted. We have known a cadet or soldier to return from *War Cry* selling or an open-air meeting covered with mud or refuse, and sometimes with blood. An intelligent and capable officer stepped into our headquarters the other day to see us on business. I observed a large swelling over his eye, making it difficult for him to see. I at once inquired the cause and asked whether he had not better immediately consult a doctor. He replied with a bright smile

on his face, "I do not mind the pain, seeing it was caused for Christ's sake." While visiting saloons a rough had thrown a missile at him with all his might and it had struck him over the eye. And this was in Brooklyn.

Can anyone read the following description, written at the bedside of an officer who was assaulted while leading his followers up the streets of Helena, Mont., without a sense of indignation?

HELENA, MONT., November 18, 1890.

At the bedside of my dear husband, in St. Peter's Hospital. I am thinking of the scenes we have passed through since the evening of last Thursday, November 6th.

On our route of march we were approaching the foot of Broadway; a crowd of men with high silk hats, and who were well dressed, had gathered there, apparently awaiting our arrival. They came close up to us as we passed them—there were about eighteen of us, my husband and I leading. Just as the last comrade had passed several of the high-hat gentry stepped up as if they were going to fall in line. My husband stepped back to tell them to fall in, but before he had time to speak one of the party struck Bro. C. (the comrade who brought up the rear of the march), and as he reeled forward his cap fell at my husband's feet. He stopped to pick it up. At this instant, while in a stooping position, a blow from the same party felled him to the ground, and at the same time blows and kicks came thick and fast, apparently from all sides.

Oh, that sickening sight! I shall never forget it—my dear husband a football for the mob.

I wish right here to state that not all of those who were in that group were ruffians; someone interfered, and my husband was rescued. Bro. C. escaped being hurt, but my dear husband bore the marks of that little game, as the blood began running down his face, coming from a cut in his head.

No arrests were made at the time, but since then the mayor of the city has investigated the matter, and I believe the guilty ones will be brought to answer for this in court.

This morning finds my husband's condition much improved. Praise God!

He wishes me to add to this that he has been in many skirmishes in life—from shepherding on the mountain side to *the battlefield on the frontier*—but never before has he been a football for a party of merry-making people.

MRS. ———

Even more cowardly and brutal was the attack made by a ruffian upon a cadet who was leading a march through the streets of Minneapolis. I append the account given by the Northfield *Independent*. The sad story will speak for itself :

A young woman with few friends, and having in the world no relatives, has been lying for the past fortnight sick unto death at a house on the west side of the river. Had she died she would have been foully murdered. If she lives she will carry to her grave the marks of as brutal an assault as was ever made by a cowardly ruffian upon a defenseless woman. Her name is Kitty Peet; she is twenty-four years of age and not uncomely. She belongs to the Salvation Army, and before coming here she was stationed in Minneapolis. The band to which she belonged held services regularly at Twentieth Avenue, north. The Army in Minneapolis, as even here in Northfield, was subject to unmanly persecution. Young men who ought to have known better, and boys who were being led into bad ways, took delight in annoying these people, whose only offense was their peculiar mode of worship. One bolder than the rest had thrown snowballs at the lights in their hall and thus extinguished them. When Kitty, who was strong and muscular, put him out and prevented his again entering the building, he threatened that he would be even with her yet, and one night a few days later, when she was out on the street with the big drum and had become separated from her companions, he treacherously approached her unobserved, and with some weapon struck her on the face, making a deep flesh wound, which has left a scar she will carry to her grave, and knocked her down. He then kicked her with all his force in the side, and might have killed her on the spot had not her companions just then come up, when he made good his escape.

From that day she has never been well. She was an unusually strong young woman, however, and kept about her work, doing her household duties and taking part in the services of the Army. She was getting worse all the time, and was continually in great pain, which at last became so unbearable that she was obliged to consult a physician. She went to see Dr. H—, who, on making an examination, found that the kick she had received had resulted in ventral hernia, or rupture of the abdominal wall, through which the bowels protruded. As she had kept herself constantly employed, local peritonitis had set in, and going so long without treatment she had aggravated the severe injury she had received. When she consulted Dr. H— at his office the last time she was in a high fever, her temperature being over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and he ordered her

to bed immediately. Since then, a fortnight ago yesterday, her state has been exceedingly critical. From day to day she was hardly expected to live. Dr. B— and Dr. S— both saw her and consulted about her condition with Dr. H—. Since Tuesday, however, the doctors have begun to hope, and it is possible that she will recover, though she will carry to her grave weaknesses resulting from the injuries she received from the ruffian who attacked her. She is being attended by Mrs. C—, a skilful professional nurse. The house she lives in is nearly opposite Mr. K—'s, and though poorly furnished is scrupulously clean and kept well ventilated. They say that she has everything she needs, although people will understand that she must depend altogether, even for the necessaries of life, on her comrades and the efforts of charitable people.

But a brighter day is dawning for the Salvation Army in the United States. Our countrymen are learning that the supposed band of wild fanatics and ignorant religionists are filled with a spirit which, in the language of a statesman, increases the peace and beauty of our homes by banishing dissipation and all sources of quarrel, and which improves and advances the good feeling and domestic happiness of the lower class of our fellow-creatures. On all hands God is raising out of the midst of social insobriety and degradation a new regiment, which of itself is undeniable proof of the power and value of its presence to the city and State. In the meantime let us hope for a still larger increase of those who will befriend and protect it from what is un-Christlike, unjust and un-American.

PRISON.

Behind the bars for Jesus' sake I stand,
But though my body's chained, my soul is free;
And in God's time once more I'll walk the land,
To warn the heedless world from wrath to flee.

PERSECUTION.

Serene 'mid angry, howling mob I stand,
Or lies and slander silently endure ;
Contempt and scorn I meet on ev'ry hand,
But nought can touch my peace, in God secure.

PARADISE.

Upon God's glassy ocean shall I stand,
Where bars and blows and all Hell's war shall fade
From out my mem'ry when, in glitt'ring band,
I wear the crown for life-long victors made.

CHAPTER VIII.

HEARTOLOGY.

We do not propose to dive into any of the depths of theory and creed that are to-day absorbing the entire time and energy of so large a portion of the Christian Church. The theology of the Salvation Army is a plain and simple revival of the teachings of Christ and His apostles, and its vitality comes in great measure from the fact that of every principle and belief we say, "Do not talk or argue over it, but *live it out*," which we hold is the best way of demonstrating its reality. Practical religion is that which proves itself worthy of belief by its effect upon the life. Still, we could fill many pages with our creed and its evidences, if we chose, for the Army is based on a solid foundation, and we are prepared and able to give a reason for the hope that is within us ; but such is not the purpose of this book.

Theology—the study of God—it seems to us, can only be undertaken, and its A B C be understood, after the blind eyes that are seeking to probe into the mysterious depths of the infinite have been touched by God Himself. Many a misleading theory and soul-blighting doctrine have started searchers upon wholly wrong tracks, through the writings of those who could not

say with John, "That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, . . . declare we unto you," simply because they were incompetent to deal with the subject, being "blind leaders of the blind." How can the narrow, shallow, cold, critical heart, however learned, find, write, or theorize about God, whose greatest attribute is love and whose heart is fathomless in its depth and tenderness? We hold that only he who possesses heart religion can rightly teach and lead others into the vital paths of truth and righteousness. All others, however well equipped mentally, seek God by a round-about path hedged in by the theories of man—creeds formulated by human brains and countless labyrinths of contradictory and preplexing conceptions. Has not Jehovah Himself said, "*The pure in heart, . . . they shall see God;*" and again, "Thou shalt find Him, if thou seek Him with all thy heart and with all thy soul"?

Religion has been too much a matter of head, of theory and of sentiment. Very different would have been its power and position to-day, had it been kept first and foremost a *matter of heart*.

Heartology is truly a mysterious science, one which turns our thoughts inward to search the hidden depths of our own soul, and then outward to feel with loving, patient fingers into the dark depths of our brother's misery, that we may "bind up the broken-hearted." It throws wide open the door through which we can see and understand, not only the very atmos-

phere of heaven, but also the character, teachings and commands of the God we can then rightly love and serve.

The study and practical results of heartology I can truly say have proved the making of this great organization; for it stands to-day strongly bound together throughout the world by the triple cords of love for God, each other, and earth's lost ones.

Universal is the craving, the need in the heart of man, for something to worship, something to reverence—a *God*. We see it as we turn our eye and let it rest for a moment upon the dusky figure bowed in mute and trembling adoration before the rising or setting sun. Beneath that darkened heathen mind, clouded by ignorance and superstition, we can trace this unspoken need of the heart which vents itself in the worship of the sun, which seems the brightest, grandest, most life-giving object within the sphere of his perception. The blush should rise upon the cheek of the Christians of our Christian country when they learn with what reverence, what fervor, what devotion, and what self-sacrifice this heathen worships his god, whom he fears not to acknowledge, even when surrounded by the scoffing, mocking and ridicule of other religionists. Again, we see a heart seeking through the darkness to find a God of whose existence instinct seems to whisper, but whom knowledge has not yet revealed. This time it is a woman's heart, and could we see beneath the heaving breast we might find it an aching, breaking one. It is the Hindoo mother about to cast

into the broad, cruel waters of the Ganges her dearest treasure—her most precious sacrifice—her *babe*. Again, this dark one, seeking for the light, speaks of a



THE SUN WORSHIPER.

sacrifice, devotion and a zeal which should quicken half-hearted ones whose eyes can see beyond the mist of superstition.

But we can come nearer home. In our own country

there are countless numbers who feel this yearning and need of heart, and yet are seeking in the wrong direction to still and satisfy it. Some set up in their hearts and worship loved ones—wife, husband or child—and when the idol falls and is broken at their feet, or fades into what is for them a land of shadows, their heart breaks or their reason fails and they make shipwreck. Others, with narrower or more sordid souls, worship their money, position, fame, while some get hopelessly entangled or befogged by setting up in the temple in God's place that poor finite thing—their own reason. Schemes, theories, ideals, codes of honor, fashion, etiquette, science, pleasure, education, all these are being misapplied and crowded in to fill the void which they can never fill and which God has reserved for Himself. These poor unsatisfied hearts are crying for something; like the slender tendrils of the vine, or the little twigs and roots of the ivy, they are feeling for something to hold to, something to grow round which will support them; something which will withstand the storms and never fail them. But alas! it is but too evident many have embraced and are leaning upon dying, rotting props, which sooner or later must give way beneath them. We say that heartology teaches how to answer this need. It draws the seeking human heart to the all-compassionate Divine One, that was bruised for our iniquities. It gives to the human that which alone can sustain—the Divine power of God.

God has been too long shown to the world as the God

of creeds, theories and doctrines—the God who must be believed in just this way or just that, the very pillars of whose throne one might almost believe were built of cut and dried beliefs.

To thousands of careless, reckless and as yet thoroughly untouched hearts, He is merely the God of the Church, the God of law, the God of heaven and hell, all of which are very far away from them, so that they feel He is something indefinite in some unknown portion of infinite space.

We have sought and are seeking in the Salvation Army to show that all else must step back and take a secondary place for the individual need, and that God must be first shown as the God of *the heart*. Religion must be a personal reality, or it ceases to be a power.

The Salvation Army does not aim at the head, but in its teachings and practice it strives to touch the heart. In its dealings with sinners it is tender and patient, remembering that Christ did not preach *at* sinners, but pleaded with them. Our people talk to the crowd, heart to heart, as brother to brother, aiming to touch the one tender spot and bring music from the one chord, where still there is some whispering of heavenly harmony.

The human heart is not easy to deal with, and it needs some skill and knowledge, and we believe Divine intuition, to melt it when frozen, to break it when stony and to open it when barred and bolted, with its hinges rusty for want of sympathy or through past abuse.

Some people seem always trying to push open the closed door of man's soul, but the harder they push the more it resists and the firmer it is closed. They seem to forget that the heart opens outwards, and we have found that it can be drawn open by sympathy when the key of Divine love has been used; but no amount of force will ever open it the other way.

There is a great deal of discouraging talk about the hopelessness of making any change in hearts which seem by nature perverse, narrow, selfish, depraved. Heredity is quoted as an insurmountable influence; past education or present circumstances are offered as excuses for giving up the task, but heartology in the Salvation Army has proved incontestably that there is not only a way of reaching and influencing the heart, but of changing and educating it also. Naturally narrow hearts, which have sought only their own interest, ease and comfort, have been stretched and enlarged until they have been enabled to feel Divine compassion and live not for self but for others. Hearts in which rank weeds and thistles grew until they choked the smallest germ or suggestion of honor, honesty and purity, are to-day bringing forth fruits which speak louder than any mere blossoms of profession and promise.

We find that those who have really learned to understand heartology, not in theory but in practice, do not shrink from the suffering that their religion entails, for they love Christ enough to welcome that which makes them truly one with Him. They do not



shirk His cross, for they have learned to accept gladly the truth that the servant is not greater than his Lord. Knowing that their heart is God's prized jewel, they let Him cut, brighten and polish it in His own way—even if it means pain. They hate the thought of seeking an easy, rose-strewn road when the Man of sorrows whom they profess to follow walked upon a stony, thorny path for their redemption.

Think, oh, Jesus, for what reason
Thou endured earth's spite and treason
Nor me lose in that dread season.
Seeking me Thy worn feet hastened,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted ;
Let not all those toils be wasted.

CHAPTER IX.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We do not profess to have reached a standard of perfection, nor is it claimed by those holding positions in the organization that the movement is free from flaws and inconsistencies, but we do assert—and repeat that assertion—that we have no scruples about the whole world looking into the principles, doctrines and methods of the organization. Too long has the Army had its work reflected in the mirror of the press, and tested in the crucible of public opinion, to shrink from the gaze and criticism of the critical and unbelieving world. If mankind wishes its doings proclaimed upon the house-tops we will not repine, but we do deem it unfair and un-American to judge of the genuineness of the whole movement by the unreasonableness of any one member. It is, in our humble opinion, just as unwise to judge its eleven hundred and fifty field officers and its ten thousand workers in the United States from the conduct of one or even more unfaithful ones, as to condemn the twelve Apostles for the action of Judas.

We cannot but thank God that some are viewing the aims and motives of the Army in a broader, truer light, and we append some of the outspoken opinions

of those who have dared, in the face of public censure, to call things by their right names. Bishop Key, of Georgia, in a lengthy article, says :

Their enthusiasm breaks out in a kind of frenzy for saving souls. Everything seems subordinated to that single idea. The Church as an end—a thing to be cared for and built up and made strong and permanent—is out of sight yet. They accept and enroll and count only those who can be sworn into the Army, and give their entire time and service to the campaign. If men are converted in their meetings whose surroundings forbid their leaving all and going, they advise them to join the local churches.

Theirs is the army of invasion, ours the army of occupation. I am impressed, brother editor, that Methodism, with her millions of wealth and numbers, may study with profit this distinctive feature of these so-called fanatics. We are the army in barracks, well organized and well officered. But there is peril here—fearful peril. There are men living who have seen one season in winter quarters damage an army more than the most vigorous campaign in the field. Our danger is that the army—the Church—may become the end, rather than the means to the end. Weakness and defeat always follow this. The Church is the home of believers in the same sense that the camp is the home of an army to recruit and prepare for the conquest of the world.

May not Gen. Booth and his mobilized Army be God's messengers to teach the Church their duty and their peril? Those whom we are studying seem to have the soldierly instinct. They seek out their enemy and move directly to the battle-field and begin the engagement. Hence, they are found as yet only in the cities and larger towns. Small squads may sally forth to populous neighborhoods, but only for special duty and for a limited time. Great results can only be obtained by concentrating forces on masses of men. So, where the most men are the greatest effort should be made. This rule of action should obtain in all church aggression. These confident soldiers, like an invading army, flushed with victory, move fearlessly into the heart of a country, without invitation and without commissaries, and rely on God and the conquered people for support.

Doctor McGlynn, in a recent address on the Army's effort in social work, said :

I can have no patience with those hide-bound churchmen, whether they be Roman Catholics, or Anglicans, or Presbyterians, or I care not what, who sneer at the Salvation Army.

(Applause.) Sneer at those "foolish men and women singing songs and hammering a drum and tambourines in the street, actually reducing religion"—as they would say—"to a sort of a minstrel show." I say that it is an eminently proper thing to bring religion to the masses, to translate religion into language that the masses can best understand (applause), and instead of sitting on episcopal thrones waiting for the masses to come in, who never come in, to go out into the highways and byways, talking to the people at the street corners, in the parks.

General Clinton B. Fisk said :

I thank you for inviting my attention to the fact that the Salvation Army are to make the second week in April one of prayer, self-denial and sacrifice. Be assured that my sympathies and prayers are and *shall be* with the Salvation Army. Let us cry mightily to God for His presence and blessing, and in the spirit of rejoicing consecration march on to a higher level of duty, love and sacrifice.

Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, writes :

With the purpose you have in mind, you will not doubt my deepest sympathy, and I shall be glad indeed if your purpose is at all attained by the methods which your circular sets forth. I wish you the best guidance and blessing in all your work."

The New York *Evening Post* thus reports the speech of Archdeacon Mackay-Smith in the recent Church Congress in Philadelphia :

As to this, much matter of great value was gathered by an expert hand in the paper read by the Archdeacon of New York, the Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith, who said that "the clergy generally do not appreciate the tremendous nature of the problem that is confronting Christianity in our cities," and that they suffer from a stifling "parochialism," or absorption in the affairs of a parish to the exclusion of the vast interests of the outside neglected world. "The heathen half of our cities does not make us sleepless, as it ought. We are hopelessly disjointed in any efforts that we do make. 'Why did our forefathers come to America?' said a teacher to his Sunday-school class. And one little girl answered promptly, 'To worship their own dictates.' Their descendants stand in danger through the same determination." Passing to the question of work among the so-called "hopeless class," the Archdeacon admits plainly that the "Rescue Work" of his own communion, although, as seen to-day in some parishes in New York, it is a grand thing

and must not be abandoned, never has touched this class and never will. It catches and reclaims the men of a better sort who have gone wrong and are sinking; "but the lowest class, those who fill the cellars of the filthiest tenements, who live on the refuse of a great city, and have little of humanity in them except its form and its animal wants—these it never comes in contact with."

And then, it may be found surprising—probably it will be—Dr. Mackay-Smith declares that the so-called "Salvation Army" has gone down and caught hold of these people and lifted them to *something like the light and life becoming to human beings*. "I grant you," he says, "every objection you may urge against the vulgarity, the seeming irreverence, the hideously noisy and uncouth methods of their work; but in judging this movement I leave all my prejudices, prepossessions and nerves in my study, and lock the door. When I go down into a coal-mine, I strip off my broadcloth and put on bagging covered with soot and grease." The "amazing result" of the Salvation Army management "is due to one great and yet very simple discovery, against which the great mass of Christians cannot express sufficient disgust and disbelief, that in carrying the Gospel to souls only one degree above the bestial, you must use their language, *express your feelings as they express theirs*, and help them howl, and grin, and dance their way into truths, the very mention of which brings us to our knees in the silence of our closets." As for "what is called the 'dignity of the Gospel,'" the Archdeacon says, "Let that gospel be dressed in cloths half yellow, half red, *it is still the Gospel* if it fetches its man out of the mire of a single devilish habit."

Miss Frances Willard, in the annual printed address of the W. C. T. U., speaking of the sphere of woman, says:

And now, concerning the Salvation Army. It is in working order in thirty-six nations, countries and colonies. Its motto is, "Bring the people to Christ," and its two-fold work against intemperance and impurity is the greatest known to modern times.

Popular Christianity says: "*Here is my check; send someone else.*" The Salvation Army says: "*Here am I; send me.*"

I pass over its faults. They are inseparable from an organization so miscellaneous, so vast, and one that antagonizes public sentiment at every step. But if there are heroes or heroines on earth to-day, they march in that same Army. Sometimes it seems as if I can perceive the halo on their brows. The sons and daughters of that wonderful pair, General and Mrs. Booth; the sweet-faced girls who are captains of the fifties or of hundreds in every land—what soldiers of the Lord are doing more to enthrone the Prince of Peace?

In this Army woman has come to her kingdom; no metes or bounds here hold her from the fullest reaction of her powers upon the world for the world's betterment.

When great petitions are wanted for Sunday closing, anti-compensation of liquor dealers, the protection of women, or any movement whereby Christ becomes enthroned in the customs of society or the laws of the land, there the Salvation Army is at the fore, doing the hardest work in the briefest time, and in the most effective way. When Wales wallowed in drunkenness the Salvation Army went to the rescue, and by God's grace transformed that human desert into a garden. Frances Ridley Havergal worked with these soldiers; the best and noblest in England admit their unequalled helpfulness, and everywhere the verdict is, “Women are the strength of the movement and have been from the first.” A woman of this host is in New York to-day for the spread of everyday Christianity among the most wretched and depraved—Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.

The editor of the *Christian Standard* says:

What a pity it is that every time some church papers publish anything about the Salvation Army, they feel constrained to commence with that stale old fling: “*Whatever we may think of the Salvation Army.*” If the churches are not more active and enterprising among the masses, it will not be long until the Salvation Army papers may have a chance to commence with: “*Whatever we may think of the churches.*” We have, however, just that good an opinion of the Salvation Army to believe that they have neither time nor disposition to make such flings. Let us all have done with it.

Rev. Asbury Lowrey, D.D., editor of *Divine Life*, says:

To say that all the methods of the Salvation Army are according to my taste would be to utter an untruth; but when I see the absolute need of the adoption of some effectual measures to arrest the attention of the countless multitudes who throng the way of death, I fling my little objections to the winds, under the conviction that the salvation of these perishing masses is not a question of taste, but a question of necessity and haste. It may be a very distasteful truth, but still it remains a truth, that the churches signally fail to reach the lower strata of society and but few of the upper classes. We are standing face to face with the dismal and crushing fact that the churches are a failure so far as reaching the great bulk of sinners is concerned.

Magnificent architecture, high steeples, sonorous bells—artistic choirs, polished oratory, and imposing ritualism do not

draw the unsaved thousands. These lost multitudes go trooping by, as heedless as if Christianity were a myth.

The Salvation Army as an organization sets out to arrest their attention, and then flings cubic blocks of truth at them, and heaps burning coals upon their guilty consciences. I commend General Booth and his cohorts.

Doctor Talmage said :

It makes but little difference whether the world and the Church like or dislike the Salvation Army. It is evident that the Lord approves it. Witness the multitude of its converts—the sinful reclaimed, the degraded elevated, the drunkard reformed, and the ever-widening influence for good plainly seen by all those whose eyes have not been closed by bigotry, prejudice and sin. The combined forces of earth and hell cannot hinder this evangelical movement.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, says :

I rejoice greatly in the work which the Salvation Army is doing, and do not object even to their methods, if thereby they can "save some." That they have reached and brought to Christ many of the most hopeless sinners I am sure from my own knowledge. Therefore, I pray for them, and stand always ready to do them any service in my power.

The New York Tribune said recently :

In spite of all, the Salvation Army continues to grow, and is now so important a fact that the churches must reckon with it. In England it has proved its right to exist, by doing what the churches, with their dignified traditions and their cumbrous machinery, cannot possibly do, until at last it has gained the respect and sympathy of a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and of some of the greatest dignitaries of the Anglican establishment. Take my advice, therefore, dear reader : don't crack jokes, either good or bad, at the Salvation Army, ridiculous as some of its practices may seem to you. The Christian Church is responsible for the Army, for if it had done its duty in preaching the Gospel to every creature, the Army would have no excuse for being.

The Churchman says :

It will not do to say that organized Christianity is a failure; and neither will it do to deny that organized Christianity has failed, and is failing, miserably, shamefully, to do the work of

saving men for which its great Head gave it its divine organization. But let the providence of God herein be justified and glorified, that when His Church fails to seek and save the lost, then, without the Church's direct agency, He permits men who have nothing but the spirit of the Church's Master, to go forth and do that work! Let a fastidious, drowsy, self-indulgent Church bow down in dust and ashes of repentance that her light is dimmed! Let her see to it that her candlestick be not removed forever! But let no man hinder, and let none refuse to help, the brave man who has gone down to the slums and gutters and below them, to seek Christ's sheep, which Christ's Church seems to have forgotten.

The Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D., of St. George's Church, New York City, in the course of a sympathetic letter, says :

May God indeed bless you in this effort to teach—1st, your own people; 2d, the Church of God; and 3d, the great outside world, the meaning and power of real self-denial. We have so much of sham religion, sham prayer, sham fasting, that it is refreshing to find a society of people setting themselves with one accord to watch and pray and fast in a real and downright way.

The Rev. Sam Jones said :

Why, brethren, let me tell you when I was more cut up than I ever have been in my life (both of us, for Brother Excell was with me). Whilst holding a series of meetings at the leading city of Iowa, a hallelujah lass was on my platform. Rising to give testimony, she said: "Glory to God for His goodness and mercy! I can testify that I have been greatly honored by serving thirty days in jail for singing and praising God on the streets of this city, but while I was penned up among all kinds of filth and vermin my faith in Christ not even for one moment ever was shaken."

Oh, preachers, I tell you, before she got through the big, scalding tears were streaming down my face. I never was so badly cut up. I said to myself: "Sam Jones, you are going about from city to city making folks believe you are somebody. Why, you ain't anybody. This little hallelujah lass has done more for Jesus than you have ever done," because, brethren, I never served a day or an hour, or even a moment, in jail in my life. I never was inside of a jail. If, after closely watching these people for five years, there is a people I dearly love, it is the Salvation Army.

Dr. Funk, of New York, writes :

I am very glad to note that you are about to make a special campaign in favor of the Kingdom of our Master and against the powers of darkness. All good people will be in sympathy with you and your people in this effort. The prayers of ten thousand—I may say millions—will be united to your prayers, and God will hasten the time when His will will be done on earth as it is in heaven, and the entire distance from “Paradise Lost” to “Paradise Regained” may be passed over.

We purposed quoting opinions regarding the Salvation Army from only American citizens, but we cannot refrain from calling attention once more to the generous expressions of praise given to us by such men as Canon Farrar and others.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester, in writing to the General regarding the social plan described in “Darkest England,” says :

Very few men could hope to carry it out successfully, but I think you may, for the following reasons :

1. You have proved that you can teach the waifs and strays to work.

2. You can surround them with the authority, the sympathy and help of men of their own class, of firm Christian principle.

3. You make a radical change of their character an essential condition of your scheme, and have again proved that in many cases religious means which I confess I could not use myself are effective to that end.

4. You have the assistance of a large and enthusiastic staff of officers stationed in various parts of the world, and working for Christ's sake, with little more than a bare subsistence provided from your funds.

Having this belief, I feel myself called upon to help you; and though it is not convenient to me to do so just now, you may count on receiving £100 from me during the next year.

May God bless you for the wise and noble effort you are making, and spare you long enough to the poor waifs whom, for Christ's sake, you love to rescue—many, if not all of them—from their terrible physical and spiritual destitution.

The Right Rev. Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham, writes upon the same subject :

. . . My thoughts have been with the poor all my life, and at last I am brought face to face with the problems of social life as objects of direct practical labor. Terrible as they are, I can re-echo your words, "in faith and hope."

Life is very different in the North and in the South. Here there is no scarcity of work, nor are the hours long, but there is grievous wretchedness. There can be no permanent improvement, I feel sure, except by the action of spiritual forces.

I need not say with how much sympathy I followed the record of your loss, but God gives—may we not trust—more than He takes. All Saints' Day is a great reality. We can, I think, feel a fellowship which is beyond time and space. No friend is more present to me than my predecessor. May God bless every endeavor to hasten His kingdom upon earth.

Canon Farrar, in an address in Westminster Abbey, says :

If I accede to the request that I would say a few more words on the recent proposal set forth in General Booth's book, I do so because I have never seen any social scheme which filled me with warmer hope. Acting entirely on my own responsibility, I have not shrunk from taking such steps as might seem most likely to further this project. My action in so doing has had the not uncommon result of opening upon me the flood-gates of vituperation. It has also brought me many letters of abuse, some from clergymen, whose names are entirely unknown to me, and others from that class of persons which indulges its baseness by writing anonymous letters. But other churchmen, of position far above mine, have written to Mr. Booth in the same warm tones of sympathy and approval, among them some of the highest personages in the land. The Prince of Wales has expressed his interest in the proposal. The Duke of Fife has contributed £100 towards it. Many of those whose names are most honorably associated with philanthropic work have publicly declared their conviction that the head of the Salvation Army, if provided with the funds which he requires, has furnished the outline of a plan of social amelioration which may produce large and blessed results. The interest in this matter has spread through all classes of society. Mr. Bancroft has very nobly offered the sum of £1,000, if ninety-nine other persons will make the same offer. Organizations of workmen have written to express their gratitude for an effort in which they see unusual elements of hopefulness for the elevation of the poorest of their class. Cardinal Manning, by his letter to General Booth, has once more set the example of that large-hearted tolerance, and of that quick sympathy for the down-trodden and the despairing which has given to the Roman Church a new interest in the minds of thousands. Not a few of our bishops—among them the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln, Rochester, and Bath and Wells—have spoken in general terms, indeed, but in a way which manifests an unequivocal desire that the scheme

should be attempted, and should prove to be a blessing, while the Bishop of Manchester, with characteristic manliness and courage, has given his reasons for believing that society is hereby furnished with an unwonted opportunity for the alleviation if not for the remedy, of immemorial wrongs, and has emphasized his approval by the donation of £100. For myself I can only say that all the babbling of idle censure which has rebuked me is absolutely insignificant in comparison with that voice of disapproval which would have filled my conscience if I had shrunk from rendering my insignificant aid to an effort which, if it fulfil our hopes, will inaugurate an epoch of social amelioration hardly less important in its own sphere than that religious awakening which is connected with the names of John Wesley and George Whitefield.

CHAPTER X.

OUR FOREIGN FIELDS.

The Salvation Army has now formed a chain which girds the earth. Its roots have adapted themselves to every soil the wide world round, while its living branches and God-owned fruit are blessing the nations. Into almost every foreign as well as English-speaking countries its unwearied and indomitable pioneers have entered ; and from all quarters of the globe is flashed the news of gathering forces and newly-made converts, who, learning the language of their respective countries, are marching on, undaunted by difficulty or persecution, to win the world for God.

It will be readily understood that of thirty-four different countries and colonies where the Army is now operating only a few can be described, and that but briefly, in our limited space.

Suppose we first turn to the land which witnessed the Army's birth—England.

I.

July.

A hot July.

A hot July in London.

It is Sunday, and up and down the pavements of the wide Whitechapel Road go the throngs of people. Most of the stores are open and the wide space between the stores proper and the curb are filled for a mile or more with vendors of all sorts of wares. To a foreigner who had heard of the traditional but mythical English Sabbath, and expected to see all business

stopped and the entire population engaged in Divine service, the scene would have been most mysterious. And had any such alien, on the strength of having heard England spoken of as a "Christian" nation, begun a conversation on the subject of religion with a large percentage of the people going up and down that road on that Sunday, he would probably have found their ignorance of Jesus Christ and His real religion to be simply perfect.

Buying, selling, getting gain. • Not a thought to give to religion of any kind—absolutely, literally, without God and without hope in the world.

II.

About nine o'clock that morning a minister left his home a mile or two north of the locality we have been describing.

It was not a pretentious dwelling, by any means, and yet there were evidences of culture and refinement, although it was plain that the inmates were not overburdened with this world's goods.

Although nobody thought so at the time, that minister's morning walk and work marked an epoch in the history of the world.

It was an historical event.

As this man turns from his door let us look at him.

A tall, commanding figure, dressed in the plain suit usually worn by ministers.

Nothing remarkable about the clothes, but much that is remarkable about the man.

Though only thirty-six years of age, this is the third time that he has literally "left all" for conscience sake.

The "all" in his case means reputation—not to say fame—popularity, high position in a large denomination with promise of a large future before it. These are but a few items that went to make up his "all" that are apparent to any beholder.

There were other elements known to himself, to his partner and to God.

So far as the outward eye can tell, a Bible is his only equipment, but his soul is filled with the very love of God Himself for his fellow-creatures, and this morning he is on his way to preach to the poorest of the poor the unsearchable riches of Christ, to proclaim liberty to the captive bound by sin and the devil, and offer a full, free, positive salvation to whosoever would accept it.

He was not about to take "a new charge."

He was not about to be introduced to a large audience as "a successful evangelist," though very properly might that term have been applied to him, and scores of churches would gladly have opened their doors to him in that capacity.

No.

He, educated and refined, with one of the most sensitive and sympathetic natures that God ever put together, deliberately chose for his field of labor the most poverty-stricken, devil-possessed populations of which he knew; and, more than that,

plunged boldly into the very vortex of the whirlpool of vice and ruffianism, after the victims who were being engulfed by it.

As he went along the Cambridge Heath Road that morning and down the Mile End Road, he was indeed an Abraham, going forth at the command of God, not knowing whither he went.

As he passed along the street, no particular notice was taken of him, although it may be assumed that parsons were not plentiful on Sundays along Whitechapel Road—not in those days, anyway.

At last he stopped opposite a large drinking place, called the "Blind Beggar."

A crowd of idlers—and worse—soon gathered round him, and by-and-bye he returned home.

On that morning—the 5th of July, 1865—the first Salvation Army meeting had taken place.

"He left the rich that he might take salvation to the poor,
Gave up the church's ease and gold for London streets and
war;
Contempt from Church and slanders vile from World he
bravely bore,
The vilest to lead home to glory."

At that time (twenty-five years ago) the Salvation Army had in England two officers and one barracks. It has there to-day 4,506 officers, commanding 1,375 corps or societies, or a grand total throughout the world of 9,416 officers, having the oversight of a work in connection with 2,874 corps or societies, conducting 49,800 religious meetings every week, "attended by millions of persons who, ten years ago, would have laughed at the idea of praying." Verily have we reason to exclaim with Balaam of old: "*What hath God wrought?*"

One of the most important and successful branches of the work in England is in connection with the rescuing of *fallen women*. There are now six Rescue Homes in London and thirteen throughout the country, accommodating three hundred and seven girls, under the leadership of one hundred and thirty-two officers. We

know of no more efficient help, producing more satisfactory results among outcast women in England, than that rendered by this branch of the movement. Over three thousand who have been reclaimed are reported to be living lives of virtue and goodness. Surely this, of all work done for outcast society, would meet the approval of Him who said to the woman whom the scribes and Pharisees brought unto Him: "Go and sin no more."

Another branch of social work which has of late months created the widest interest is the relief given to the homeless, hungry and unemployed by the Food and Shelter Depots. Since the commencement of this branch no less than three and a half millions of meals have been supplied. Twenty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-nine gallons of cocoa, 13,949 gallons of coffee, 46,980 gallons of tea, 192½ tons, or 106,964 four-pound loaves of bread, and 116,400 gallons of soup were provided at astonishingly low figures at these Food and Shelter Depots during 1889. It is proposed to extend these shelters to all the large centers of Great Britain, and when it is remembered that for the small payment of four pence any unsheltered hungry man or woman can have a wash, meal and a night's shelter, we do not wonder that these places of refuge and mercy are in increasing demand.

Among the foremost wings of Salvation Army work in Great Britain is that of the *Slum Brigade*. As in New York, so in London—in the same common dress, the clothes of the poor—through the same loving

means, visiting from garret to garret—with the same Christ-like object, the feeding of the hungry and clothing of the naked, these patient, indefatigable slum-workers carry on their heaven-born mission. Eighty officers are employed in this beneficent work, and through their instrumentality the shade and misery of thousands of homes have been chased away and public opinion favorably changed regarding the Army. The following figures will give some idea of the vast amount of good accomplished by these Slum workers from 1st February, 1888, to the 31st January, 1889 :

- 5,689 meetings were held (including 1,671 lodging-house meetings).
- 37,512 hours were spent in visiting.
- 85,328 families were visited.
- 51,654 families were prayed with.
- 6,360 public houses and
319 brothels were visited.
- 70 fallen girls were rescued.
- 1,342 sick people were visited and nursed.
- 900 professed salvation.
- 72 of our converts died trusting in Christ, and
- 6,222 garments were distributed or sold.
- 1,504 children were admitted to our crèches.

The year's advance in foreign countries is best given in the record from the pen of the Foreign Secretary—Colonel Nicol :

Australasian War.

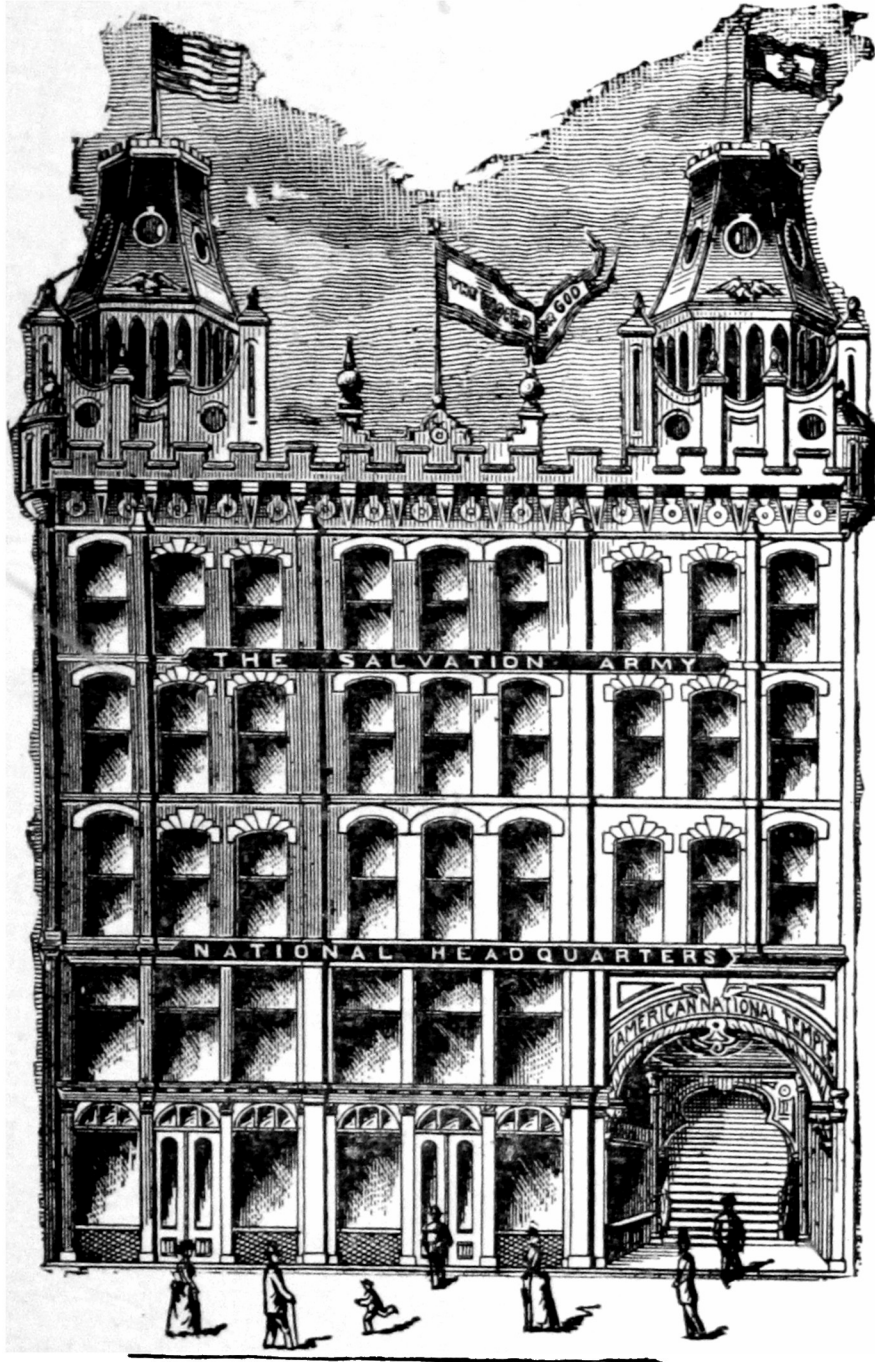
The Australasian war divides itself into three wings, namely, the spiritual, social, and aboriginal, an undivided trinity of powers which it is not too much to say are laying the best foundations to a future world. The advance has been by leaps and bounds. There are now 919 corps and outposts, and 1,139 officers. This is an increase of more than 22 per cent in the aggregate. Rescue Refuges are now formed in every large center. The Prison Gate Brigades have been multiplied and better organized, thus enabling the General to transfer Colonel and Mrs. Barker, after an honorable career of eight years, to

England, for similar work in this country. The distress in Melbourne caused by "out-of-works" can scarcely be accepted by the ordinary reader, but it has been dreadful, and might have led to riot had not the army opened its doors, formed a Labor Bureau and adopted drastic measures for feeding hungry women and children. The Victorian Government recognized the value of these operations by donating buildings, franking letters and railway fares to the unemployed, who were picked up by us and given situations, and two farm colonies for the utilization of the men saved through our prisoners' homes have been started, and, in short, the General's scheme for dredging and saving the submerged masses is, on a small scale, in good working order in the colonies. The aborigines of Australia and Maoris of New Zealand are not overlooked. A good and comparatively great work has been accomplished during the year. The Maori pahs in the North Island of New Zealand have been formed into a separate division, and Staff-Captain Holdaway—giant in faith and form—will have the direct control in the future. A contingent of saved Maoris visited Melbourne at the reception of Colonel Pollard and his English contingent last month. The difficulty of compassing the Maori fields is herculean. As a race, they are succumbing to the so-called blessings of civilization. Their land has been pillaged and their bodies impregnated with the poisons of alcohol and tobacco, and there are only now 3,500 in the whole of New Zealand. Our efforts are being concentrated upon rescuing this remnant from destruction. We may yet succeed in restoring them to conditions of progress, and raising their natural grandeur and nobility into the service of God. New Zealand has undergone some internal change during the month. A new division has been added in the West Coast. Major Rolfe takes charge of the Southern Division, and Major Vince of the Central.

Canadian Campaigns.

This year has been one of campaigns, conquests and development. The display of our Canadians at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary showed what out-and-out material we possess in the Dominion, and Commissioner Adams has made his first year memorable by uniting, organizing and developing this force. He has not spared himself, and it is questionable if any officer has done more traveling and campaigning during the year. Twice he has visited the Far West. Thrice has he been down East, once to Newfoundland, one month in England, and his roving in Ontario has not prevented him from adopting more extensive plans for grappling with the circumstances of the country. The General has just sanctioned one of Commissioner Adams' schemes, by which the Dominion will be managed under a brigadiership; that is, splitting up the country into five or six provinces, and placing upon the direct leaders of these officers (Brigadiers) more responsibility than is usually given to the divisional officer, thus decentralizing, and yet unifying the whole administration. The tide of public opinion runs high

in our favor in Canada, as exhibited in connection with the opening of a Prison Gate Brigade in Toronto, and the opening



OUR PROPOSED NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY.

of Rescue Homes in London and Stratford. Canada does not forget the claims of the outside world, and has given ten officers during the year.

The March in the United States.

We have marched into three more States during the year, and increased the ranks of our officers by 100. Departmental organization has been the subject of much time and trouble, and in a host of ways, the consolidation of the American forces has made gigantic strides. But best of all has been the new sentiment and the changed opinion that have sprung up in the public estimation toward us. This is attributable to the indefatigability of Commissioner and Mrs. Ballington Booth, the growth and success of individual corps, the loyalty and devotion of the officers, and the deepening conviction that Army principles, spirit and measures are the only weapons to work havoc upon the myriad forces of evil. This change is most notable in New York, Boston and Chicago. An Inter-State Congress was held in November, at which five hundred officers were present, and about whose proceedings we shall probably have something special to say next month.

A Coming Country.

That is South Africa. British speculators do not risk their millions without knowing what the harvest is going to be. If wealth and sunshine would save South Africa she would have become the starting point to the New Era long ago; but the two smashes in the banking line recently only show how fickle the bird of fortune is. Our object remains unchanged amid all the vicissitudes of Cape Colony and surrounding States. The work has been up hill; but, at last, we have established our executive at Kimberly, got the Lord Chief Justice of the Cape to recognize our right to use music in the streets for the glory of God, gained a footing in Swaziland, and laid plans for doing something on a wider scale than ever for the prisoners and outcasts.

India's Advance.

Before these pages are fairly in your hands the "Clan Sinclair" will be speeding along the Mediterranean with another party of fifty officers from England's ranks to India's millions, thus bringing our missionary force up to one hundred and seventy-one. A whole number would be unequal to describe the instructive phases of our heathen war, and we must be content with letting two potent facts speak for themselves, viz.: the conversions of heathen and the successful enlistment of native officers. In Ceylon alone there are eighty native officers, and our representation of Staff-Captain Anagi Weeresooriye and her band of officers portrays one of the most cheering proofs of the wisdom and fitness of our modes and measures. Gujerat is yielding to the forces of aggressive Christianity. After years of pioneering, plodding and devotion, Major Eshwar Das is at last seeing a rich reward. Three villages have *en masse* forsaken Kushni for Jehovah, and the rate of advance generally is marvelous. There are only seventeen European officers in this

province, while there are one hundred and thirty-eight native officers. Some interesting cases of salvation have occurred among the hill tribes and Bheels. A gipsy troupe near to Bombay have been invaded, and there is promise of a splendid work amongst them. Consolidation is not forgotten. Substantial buildings are being put up in Madras and elsewhere. The Social Brigades for the reformation and salvation of the criminal and vicious grow apace. Colonel Ajeet Singh, who has nobly sustained his position during the absence of the Indian Commissioners, had recently an acute attack of fever, from which he has happily recovered.



SALVATIONISTS FROM INDIA AND CEYLON.

Lighting Dark France.

There are more Continental lights at the end of the year than there were at the commencement. The concentration of the Commissioners upon Paris has had its effect. To Rue Auber belongs the credit of modifying public opinion in its senseless criticism and contempt. The West of France, with Major Thonger at the head, has received special attention. Divisional changes have given fresh impetus to the Midi and Sud-Est. The Southern Division has almost doubled its fighting force. The literary batteries of Commissioner Clibborn have opened up a highway of advance. Food and shelter and rescue operations

are receiving practical attention. Not much, it is true, has been done, but the beginning foretells splendid results in this line in the future. The individual cases of salvation show the deep strata of depravity our French comrades reach. The mighty giants of vice and infidelity, with their legions well mobilized, will not be overcome in a day, but that these powers are weakening cannot be gainsaid. The public agitation for a day of rest is an event of some significance in France, and with our troops—now organized as never before—and a system of training in full swing, the year about to commence is certain to be the most momentous and brilliant in our history. We have now forty-nine corps and sixty-six officers in France.

Pride, Police and Prison.

If only the authorities of Switzerland would own to their defeat, how free of police interference and acquaintanceship of prison our comrades in Switzerland would be! But neither the good behavior of our people, the moral influence we exert, the admittedly false imprisonment of Major Clibborn, the stupid expulsion of the Commissioner, or last of all, the Federal Tribunal's deliverances in our favor have yet led to a single instance of legal justice being given to us. While they are waiting to make up their minds, however, ours are made up to go on faster than ever. The rate of progress during the month and year has been gratifying. Several important changes have taken place. Swiss subjects now command both wings of the country—Major Cosandey the South, and Major Fornachon the North. Unitedly, these officers have sixty corps and two hundred and five officers, compared with fifty and one hundred and seventy-seven last year, respectively. The new *War Cry*, published in Geneva, is a thorough success; its circulation amounts to eight thousand weekly.

Training homes, both for men and women cadets, are established in two centers of prejudice—Geneva and Zurich. The missionary spirit has laid hold of the French section, Major Cosandey having sent fifteen officers to Belgium and South America since he took charge in July. Of course, it is needless to say that in some Cantons officers and soldiers are still stoned and beaten. The latest victims to ruffianism were Princess Ouchtomsky and Captain Vernier.

Flemish Pile-driving.

Very many of the houses in Belgium are built upon beds of watercourses. The foundations have therefore to be artificial, which involves much time and expense. The process is slow. Our spiritual pile-drivers have equally slow, expensive work before them. But the foundation is not, as in the parallel, artificial—for the working, careless, drinking profligate classes of Ghent and Charleroi are being aroused, and many blessed evidences of the converting power of God are forthcoming. When Major Clibborn took charge of Belgium

there were only two corps, nine officers, and a *War Cry* with a circulation of one thousand five hundred. There are now five places where the war is waged, thirty officers, and two *War Crys*, with a united weekly circulation of five thousand. The *War Crys* can be had of public kiosks, and are sold by news-boys. There is a peculiarly striking prospect for the Salvation Army in Belgium.

German Facts.

It is only the other day since Commissioner Railton crossed the Rhine with his faithful and "continual comrade in this war," and little children. Progress hitherto, either in Germany or elsewhere, has always appeared to the Commissioner as lamentably slow when compared to our opportunities; but certain facts have transpired which ought to kindle the loftiest hopes for the future of the Fatherland. The headquarters is now at Berlin. Rhineland is under the skillful siege of Staff-Captain Gibson, where there are golden chances of advance. Preliminary work is being carried on in Hamburg. The work in Stettin has extended. The circulation of the *War Cry* has risen from two thousand to ten thousand weekly. The staff has increased by three Staff-Captains, all loyal subjects of the Kaiser, and instead of their being only a half-dozen or so places, there are now 22 corps and 80 officers, of whose persistent patience, toil and self-denial the Commissioner himself must write.

Genuine Dutch Courage.

The year is closing in Holland with 155 officers and 50 corps, an increase of 80 and 21 respectively. The country is now divided into districts, and a proper system of training on garrison lines is in perfect working order. An immense war is carried on by our printing press, no less than seven hundred thousand *War Crys* having been circulated during the year, with loads of pamphlets, song-books, and musical monthlies, etc. The salvation of men and women is on a level with these signs of success. The very degraded come to the halls. We have quite a young host of former Freethinkers, Socialists, drunkards in our ranks to-day as sober, happy soldiers and citizens.

Denmark.

Organization, careful financial management, and the subdivision of the country into little commands under the control of an active executive, have effected much good during the year, now closing with 36 corps and 86 officers, an advance of thirty per cent upon the previous year. The credit of this, under Divine guidance, is attributable to the zeal of Major and Mrs. Wilson. The oppressive police tithe is almost gone, too. The money thereby gained has been diverted to extension work, and the Helgesensgade Hall has now become a well-arranged, spacious headquarters, with training home attached. During the year three Danes have been promoted to the staff.

A Triple Triumph.

There is so much in common in the history of our war in Sweden, Norway and Finland, that they can be conveniently grouped together. During the year eleven officers have spent a short time in England at various periods, acquiring the language and adding to their knowledge of the war and its leaders. The most of these now occupy highly responsible positions. The progress in all the countries has been most noteworthy, for example—

	Corps and Outposts.	Officers.
November, 1889.....	115	292
November, 1890.....	209	511
	94	219
Increase	94	219

Rescue, Slum and Social operations have been inaugurated in Stockholm. Sweden has given three of its best officers to extend the Kingdom in other countries. Two training depots have been opened in Christiania. The authorities are less disposed to treat us severely in Sweden, and in Finland they show us great consideration. The "Vestal" is plowing the waters of Sweden.

Argentine Uncertainty.

The Army was born in troublous times in the Argentine Republic, and not till recently, when the storm of revolution subsided, were our noble pioneers ready to strike out with any degree of certainty. Major and Mrs. Barritt are now in full harness, gathering fuel to set the Republic in a blaze with the power of God's salvation. The work is very hard. Rents are almost prohibitive, and ignorance rampant. Both the barriers are badly matched. Despite all, there is much to inspire confidence. The people are eager to hear the testimonies as to the saving grace of God. Our literature is devoured, and a few genuine cases of conversion have been the result. Major Barritt, at time of writing, contemplated invading La Plata.

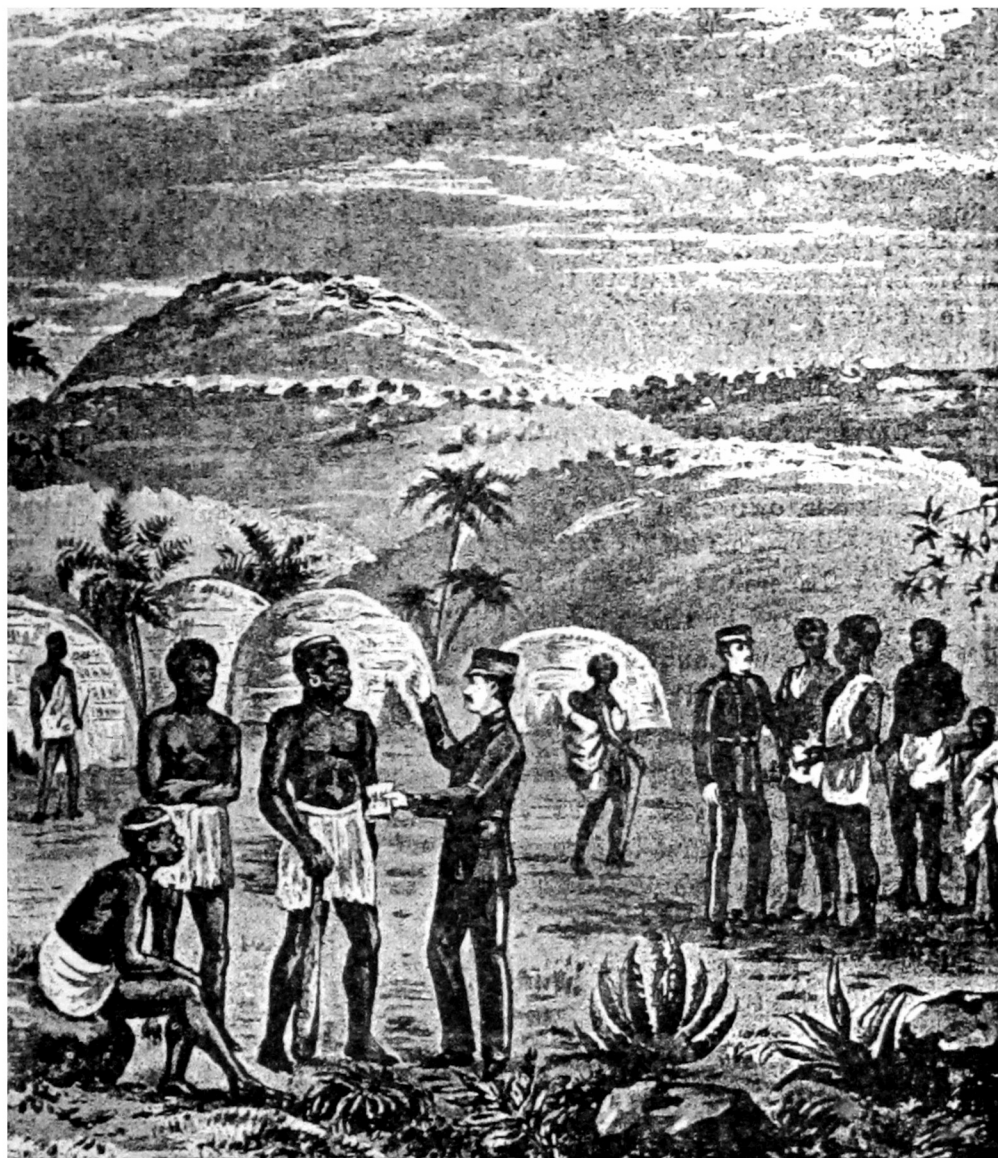
A Contrast.

This brief sketch would not be complete unless contrasted with what has to be done outside the fields where our standard is not yet planted. Take England alone, for example.

At the present rate of advance upon the world's millions it would take an incalculable period to bring the British Empire (to say nothing of others more or equally important) within the reign of Christ and His Christianity. Out of thirty-five dependencies under Her Majesty, our colors only fly in fifteen, and we are only operating upon a population of 92,000,000, out of 310,107,136 subjects of the Queen.

Europe.

Europe is within our reach and the outskirts almost entirely open to the forces of civilization. It is divided into about twenty



SALVATIONISTS AT WORK IN AFRICA.

countries, and the Salvation Army has only got a footing in nine. The population is 350,000,000, one-third of whom we neither see nor influence. Only one meeting has been attempted in Russia proper, and that was held in a small room with about

a dozen of people in it, *and this is all we have done* for over a hundred millions of our brothers and sisters there. Appeals come from the most remote parts of this mighty Continent; but while the followers of Christ sleep while it is day, what can we do?

Asia.

Asia is worse, and its condition ought to cause an eternal blush of shame to rest upon the face of everyone naming Christ as their leader. If you double the population of Europe, you don't reach the 800,000,000 of souls that lie mostly in the valley of darkness and superstition. Of this number there are 350,000,000 of the most ingenious race upon the globe (Chinese), from whom we have not yet raised one single officer. *We have done nothing* for the Mongolian and Arabian races.

Africa.

It would take a volume to describe the condition of Africa—with its doors swinging open to the strangely combined benefits and curses of civilization. We have only influenced the toe of Africa. The great body, lodging 200,000,000 of the human family, remains insensible to the wondrous love and power of God.

America.

If we take our flight to the Western hemisphere, what do we find? Henry Stanley has just styled America as the "light of the world," and yet our arms have been flourishing there for ten years without penetrating further south on the west than South California and Tennessee on the east. Out of the forty-four States within the Union, we are, however, represented in thirty-four.

As to Central America, we have not had time to think of it. Mexico, with a population larger than Scotland, Ireland and Wales united, has had to be neglected, because no one has dared to rise up and say, "Here am I: send me."

South America.

Then there is South America, with its rising Republics, unlimited resources, and endless capacities for sheltering millions of our over-crowded brethren. What have we done for this part of the world? Simply nothing! Brazil, Peru, Chili, Bolivia, etc.—all independent Governments, have not, to our knowledge, a half-dozen people who dare walk out of the ordinary track of preaching the Kingdom of Christ. A handful of ten officers, it is true, is to be found in Buenos Ayres. But what are they among 35,000,000?

We are at the end of another year, and with it myriads of opportunities for altering this Black List. Where shall we be when the door of '92 is about to open? Listen to the voice of Him Who now calls for laborers, and be obedient to whatever He asks you to do.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR HEAVENLY PROMOTIONS.

No matter how fortunate, rich or happy a man's earthly career may be, yet the sword that hangs above his head, the drop of bitter in the cup of sweet, the Mordecai at his gate, the skeleton at his feast, is the fear of that supreme moment when all these circumstances must disappear. Towards this last moment he is ever drifting—hurrying, in spite of all his efforts to banish the thought. Whatever views or opinions he may have professed, however much he may have scoffed at God and the Judgment, or at the idea of there being such, yet when the hour of death comes, or to some extent whenever it is anticipated, the inner, the true man asserts himself, and the human dread of death becomes all-powerful. Not so with those whose doubts and fears have been swept away by the God whom they love and trust. These re-echo the Apostle's words : " Whether we live we live unto the Lord, and whether we die we die unto the Lord ; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

Every century and decade has seen triumphant deathbeds, yet we confidently assert that among no religionists or enthusiasts that ever existed are dying

moments more universally joyous and victorious than among those in our ranks who lay down the cross of public scorn to take up the crown of their Master's reward. Singing through life is our ruling passion. What wonder, then, that we find it strong in death?

One of our recent and most touching deathbed triumphs is that of a devoted comrade who labored successfully in Colorado—Captain Chiles. Without alteration I give the major's account of the arrest and of his consequent illness:

Orders were issued by the civil authorities to arrest these "law-breakers," because they "did exceedingly trouble our city" (Colorado Springs). But on went the noble band of Salvationists, led by their leader, Capt. Chiles, and like a true soldier he, with his lieutenant and cadet, went on amidst all the threats made by mayor and police. They had a command from God, and who is that person who can come in between, and say, "Thou shalt not"? Capt. Chiles, already sick in body, with your humble servant, the writer, also a band of blood-bought souls, marched through the streets, rending the night air with the songs of Zion. On we tramped without fear, until we heard the command "Halt," from the police officer, who, in a surly, uncouth manner, demanded our silence. Without a murmur we marched off, and, after considerable rough handling by the police, we were landed in the cells. Poor Chiles! I remember his pale face now, as he tramped the stone floor of the cell, but with a happy heart and joyful song bursting forth every few minutes from his lips in praise to God. The city marshal who arrested us *would have done a far better thing had he put a few of his men to the task of cleaning out the cell, which was in a disgraceful state.* Here in Central City, where drunkards have been saved and reclaimed, Capt. Chiles, a sick man, was thrust into a dirty hole for the terrible crime of preaching Jesus, and Him crucified. I leave my readers to form their own opinion of the men at whose instigation this thing occurred, refraining from giving my own opinion, but I would advise one and all concerned to wash their hands once and forever of such work as was done in Colorado Springs to one who to day, partially through that treatment, is lying in the grave.

From this he never really recovered. He farewelled from the Springs, and took charge of the Denver Corps on August 24th, still sick in body and unable to attend many meetings.

His wedding day was fixed for September 18th, and of course anticipations ran high for a very bright and happy future. He

was scarcely able to go through the ceremony, which was a very blessed but solemn time. We all knew he was very sick, but no one thought that his end was so near. He never entered the barracks again alive, but the day following his wedding took his bed and never left it until his death.

His faithful young wife watched him, and tended to his wants, and also his faithful cadets, C— and B—.

Mrs. G— and myself had been announced for Colorado Springs for Saturday and Sunday, September 28th and 29th, and just before the Sunday night's meeting news reached us that there was a telegram for the major at the office, and as it could not be got until eight o'clock the next morning, Capt. W— and myself decided to get at the operators after the meeting. We succeeded just about midnight, and found that it was to the effect that dear Capt. Chiles was dying, and had been sinking since the morning. Catching the midnight train, I arrived in Denver, and was at his bedside by six o'clock the morning of his death. In an instant I saw that death had seized hold upon him, and he was not long for this world. His dear wife, who was then sitting by his side, said he had suffered agonies of pain for the last twenty-four hours. After I had been watching him a few minutes, I said to him, "Captain, how are you this morning?" Said he, "I shall soon be all right." His pain was very great, but his patience was greater. During the whole of his sickness his one desire was the salvation of souls. At times he would say to his young wife (when he could hear the singing in the hall), "You can go into the meeting to-night, dear, and get some sinners converted; I shall be all right here by myself." The burden of souls was upon him until death.

Fifteen minutes before he expired I said to him (while leaning over him): "How are you in your soul? Is it all clear?" Lifting his pale, white hand to heaven, he said: "It is well with my soul." I said again: "It is quite bright, isn't it?" He said: "All bright." I said again: "There's a golden harp in glory." He said, with a smile, "Yes." "And a spotless robe for you!" "Yes, yes," and then, as if he saw something approaching him, he stretched out both hands and seemingly caught hold upon something, and smiled such a heavenly smile. His dear wife watched him with tears until the breath left the body, and at five minutes past eight Monday morning, September 30th, he passed away to be with Jesus, which is far better.

Few in army circles in this country will ever forget the life and death of Mrs. Adjutant Hargreaves. Speaking of her in a crowded meeting in Fall River, our Staff-Captain said:

She was remarkably firm, judicious and economical; there was no complaining of the hardness of her station; no cringing

fear; no sickly sentimentalism about her. She was fully the Lord's, ready to go anywhere or do anything to advance the kingdom of God. She trusted in Divine Providence, believing that the Lord will help them who righteously help themselves, and thus courageously grappled with her difficulties and overcame them. At one of her stations in Brooklyn she held on for fourteen weeks amidst great opposition. Such was the character of the neighborhood that it was described as hell let loose. She met a fierce and opposing mob; the windows were all smashed in the hall, and a howling set of toughs clamored for her blood outside, but Mrs. Hargreaves was a stranger to defeat. She bore it all with a meekness and gentleness that confounded her persecutors. With the tears flowing down her cheeks, she appealed to this lawless crowd to seek the Lord; the appeal was not made in vain, many hearts were melted, and at present are trusting in the Master they once reviled. Her holy, consistent character secured for her the respect, not only of Christians, but of the unconverted wherever she was stationed. We mourn her loss as a comrade, but blessed be God she has obtained the crown, and in a little while we will meet with her again, never to part any more.

Writing of her death, an officer said :

She was always full of hopes, and not until the Saturday before her death did she give up; and calling her husband and sisters to her bedside, she arranged with them for the future care of her soon-to-be motherless boy. During the week she said she had been afflicted more than usual, but "as my afflictions increase," said she, "my joy also increases. I have sweet peace with God through believing. May the Lord keep me by His power, and at last may I hear Him say, '*Come up higher.*' He knoweth best what to do with me; He will deliver me either by restoring me to health again, or by taking me unto Himself."

As she neared the edge of the river, when it became apparent to her that she was shortly to be borne over its dark current, her husband leaned over the bed and asked her whether she would like to live a little longer. "Only to fight! only to fight for Jesus!" was the answer, and in a brief space of time the angels carried her to the other side, where the Army's true and glorified warriors share forever their reward.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH'S DEATH.

October 4th, 1890, will ever stand out in the record

of the Salvation Army and in the history of the world as the memorable day when the former sustained an unparalleled blow and the latter a severe loss in the death of our beloved leader, the Army's mother-- Catherine Booth. Statesmen, philanthropists, di-



OUR MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

vines, journalists, alike acknowledged that a great and good woman had been taken from the earth, while it was doubted if there had been a gathering of such dimensions which so touched the heart of the people as the one that thronged to the memorial and funeral services in the metropolis of England since the burial of the Duke of Wellington. By her removal

“an empty corner was made in thousands of hearts all round the world.” She was the loved and universal mother of tens of thousands of spiritual children, who but for her brave and indomitable stand at the General’s side might never have seen the sunlight of Salvation’s bright day and joined in the new military campaign against vice and sin. All London stood silent for several hours as the vast procession of thousands marched through its darkening throngs around the body of this true and valiant woman.

But we pass over the universal impression produced by her death, the eulogies of churchmen and statesmen, the tears and prayers of multitudes in every land, the vast memorial services in which tens of thousands took part; we leave the public side of her life and character (spoken of in another chapter) and view her in the solitude of her own room as she faces the foe day after day and month after month with unflinching courage and unfailing joy. I cannot do better than append an account given by my brother, Mr. Bramwell Booth :

The winter’s day was closing, and already the sky was brightening with starry specks of distant light. On the seashore, just beneath the open window, the waves of an ebbing tide beat languidly on the beach as though at length dejected by the last defeat of their fruitless labor to break the bounds they could not pass; the moon was scarcely visible as yet, and the stormy winds of the preceding days had died away to the merest lullaby among the naked trees in the distance. Otherwise, all was quite silent, and the circumstances lent themselves to memories of the past, which chased one another in my heart and mind like phantoms among the graves of the dead who will live again. *But I was not alone*—on the bed beside which I was kneeling lay my beloved and ever precious mother, respited for a few hours’ longer stay with us on this side of the shadow of death, whose long valley her feet are still treading. I had seized

the fleeting moments of ease from intense suffering to commune with her face to face—perhaps, I could not tell, for the last time.

She spoke to me of her love and of her faith for me—her first-born—her hopes of my faithfulness in the interests of righteousness and of God's kingdom, regardless of personal considerations. I took her dear wasted hand between my own, and under the tender and holy influences of that hour reconsecrated myself to live for God's glory and the world's need. *May the Lord help me* to preserve the spirit and live out the letter of that vow.

Then we spoke of the General, and with the tenderest solicitude she bade me carry out her wishes for him in so far as I could, and once more she committed him for the future days of loneliness and sorrow, as well as of battle and victory, to her Lord and her God. To me came also some precious tokens of her love, in words of counsel and command concerning others of our family, and concerning some who are not, all showing her care and wisdom and wonderful heart of unchanging love.

Gradually her conversation turned to herself—the past, the present, the future. I told her of my unutterable sense of debt to her, and referred to my coming to Christ at one of her meetings, and to her example of life-long love and toil for others as being the highest, next to our Lord, I could ever hope to see or try to follow. She said that I must not speak so—that now, looking back, she saw many mistakes, many failures to realize what she wished and sought, and though not conscious of unfaithfulness in the ordinary sense of the word, there was nothing in all the past that had in it any merit with which she could now approach the Lamb, and exclaimed :

“ Jesus ! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ! ”

She bade me quote again to her a passage she has frequently dwelt upon during this illness :—

“ For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself, without spot, to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God ? ”

Then we spoke of the conflicts with Satan she had been enduring—how he had assailed her in the hour when heart and flesh fail, with doubts of the goodness of God, with questions as to His wisdom, with misgivings about us all when she was gone and could do no more for us. And in the storm of fiery trial the Son of God had stood by her ; and now the enemy was gone, and she was at rest, and could let God have His perfect way ; and looking into my eyes in the dim glimmer of the firelight, her very soul seemed to unite with her lips when she said, still holding my hand, “ And now, my boy :—

“I shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death
 In peace—
 For Jesus Himself shall be my Leader ;
 I shall walk through the valley
 In peace.”

These sharp conflicts with the devil have sustained my ideal of my mother as a warrior down to the very verge of the grave.

She has fought her way through
 And finished the work He gave her to do.

Satan, defeated, returns again to the combat, only to make more manifest the all conquering power of Jesus in our mortal bodies. And I have put on record these few words with regard to the war still carried on by the dying leader of the Lord's host, for the strengthening and cheer of others who may not have had Mrs. Booth's past victories and experiences, and who may be helped by knowing that these battles with human sorrow, as well as against Satan, *have to be fought by all*, and fought right out to the end on the line of an unflinching, unwavering trust.

We prayed together. Hand-in-hand in the darkness, we spoke out our hearts into the ear of Omnipotent Love, and we know that He heareth us. In such moments the faith of the most faithless receives new inspiration from the Divine Giver, and He spoke to me just then so directly and so wonderfully, that my whole consciousness assented to the fact alike of His presence and of His goodness, without an effort and without a doubt.

It was faith triumphant. For her—triumphant over sin, over the yearnings of a tenderest mother's love, over death and him that had the power of death; for me—triumphant over sorrow and self-choosing, over blindness to the visions and deafness to the sounds of the eternal world—faith made almost sight just long enough to make it more really triumphant than ever before.

Of her, and of everyone who like her can thank God for victory over death and the grave, we may truly say, No, she is not dead! She lives! The sunset of her life was indeed one that spoke of truest hope, and we feel like saying as we look forward to our last voyage:

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark,
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark.
 For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

CHAPTER XII.

MILESTONES OF 1890.

The Visit of Our Hindoo Comrades.

Each year of the Salvation Army brings new and unexpected events which mark the milestones of its history, and in the years yet unborn the events which are now of more than usual interest will be then referred to as history.

One of the important events of the last twelve months which thrust the Salvation Army again before the notice of the American public was the arrival of my brother-in-law, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, of India, who is in charge of the Salvation Army interests in that vast Empire. Being in England he accepted our invitation that he might profitably spend a few weeks in this great Republic in search of field officers (which were much needed in India), and also financial assistance to carry forward his work among the natives of that dark Continent.

He landed on Decoration Day, and was shortly after, with several Hindoos, one of the central figures at a large demonstration in the Association Hall, New York City. The meeting is thus described by one who was present :

Since it has been built we have reason to believe that the Association Hall on Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue has

never held so many people as there welcomed Commissioner Booth-Tucker and our Indian comrades with Salvation greetings and round after round of applause last Monday evening.

And the crowd—representative, cosmopolitan and characteristic of the Empire City as ever—sat still through a hot June New York evening, as deeply interested at half past ten as at half-past eight.

The whole proceedings in front of the platform indorsed the inscription on the handsome banner displayed behind it: "America Greets India!" The United States *did* greet India, and that to some purpose. Pulpit and Press, Society, Church, world, and though last, by no means least, the Salvation Army, greeted India as represented by these warrior missionaries with all the kindly sympathy and liberality characteristic of the citizens of the great Republic.

For the convenience of soldiers and friends, what was very inadequately termed a "tea" had been provided at the Grand Union Hall (New York 3) at five o'clock. Readers who may have lived in the Eastern countries will understand the nature of the meal when I say that it would have served very well as a really capital "tiffin."

After the banquet the ranks were formed, and a splendid march started for the Association Hall. The Staff Band came first, and did their duty in their usual energetic and conscientious fashion.

The Marshal walked next in a hollow square formed by officers, and then in a landau came Commissioner Booth-Tucker, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jai Singh (Jackson), and Lieut. Abdul Aziz, the converted Mahomedan from Bangalore. On the box sat Captain Kantahella, of Ceylon, and Lord Ratna Pala, the eloquent Buddhist priest.

I say "eloquent" advisedly, for we all had auricular evidence to the fact before we got home that evening.

A long procession of well-saved, and more than that, well-uniformed officers and soldiers brought up the rear, the Garrison girls and Slum officers wearing simple but very effective sashes.

On reaching the hall Commissioner Ballington, Mrs. Booth, the prominent visitor and his comrades received just a thorough Salvation volley, and then the quieter form of greeting usual among those who do not possess quite such an exuberant and joyful religion as ours.

After a prayer, a song and a few introductory words by the American leader, the entire Indian party gave us an Oriental version of "Clinging to the Cross."

The Commissioner then rose and gave a clear and logical statement as to the work in India, of which he was the head.

He hit his audience hard when he said that he was no theorist or suggestor of plans and schemes for other people to work out, but had had personal experience upon every point, and abundant opportunity both before becoming an officer in India and since.

With the quotation of the prediction of Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of the Bramo Somaj, that Jesus Christ would never conquer India until He had thrown off the hat and boots and other garments distinctly foreign and European in native eyes, he narrated some of the incidents in his own experience that proved the value of the departures he had taken in respect of food, uniform, etc. Of these two will suffice here.

As a Fakeer, bare-footed, turbaned and wearing the color known all over India to denote separation from the world on account of religion, he had entered unmolested into a temple, there conversed with both priests and people, and at the finish a Mahommedan and two Hindoos of other kinds had knelt at the feet of Jesus and cried for mercy without the slightest opposition being made by any of the pagan bystanders.

The Commissioner also said that on one occasion he had been invited by a very wealthy Mahommedan gentleman to visit the ladies of his zenana, or harem, for spiritual work.

As he touched, a little later, on the Prison Gate Work, it was again evident that he had his entire audience with him. Rounds of applause greeted him as he said that Sir Arthur Gordon, the Governor of Ceylon, had expressed his opinion that a good work was being done by our officers on this line. He mentioned that Sir Noel Walker had paid a visit to the Prison Gate Brigade Home, and found the men working away at making tea-boxes, as if their very lives depended upon it.

He, somewhat naturally, supposed that they were paid for their work, and was quite surprised to know that all the money earned by their labor went to support the Home.

The quiet and order of the establishment made a considerable impression upon him, and he asked if the officers did not sometimes find it necessary to "hammer" their charges. When told that love was the sole weapon employed for the control of those who had been law-breakers, and that it was one that could be depended upon every time for success, he was pleased as well as surprised, because in the jail they could not make natives work "*without thrashing.*"

On the question of finance, the Commissioner explained that by conforming to native customs in respect to dress, dwelling-houses, etc., the cost of maintaining one of our officers for a year is only \$25. From the empire itself during the last financial year they raised no less than \$20,000, receiving from foreign sources only \$12,500.

During the same period another society employing the same number of foreign and native agents had received from foreign sources no less than \$350,000.

This question of the big dollar of course interested the audience, and the Commissioner put the following offer before our wealthy friends in front of him :

For \$25 you can keep a missionary in India for a year.

For \$200 you can build a barracks in a village.

For \$500 you can build a barracks in a town.

For \$2,000 you can buy the land, dig wells, and provide cattle

for the formation of quite a village, including the support of two officers to look after the souls of the inhabitants.

Then the Commissioner called up Lord Ratna Pala, the Buddhist priest, who in Ceylon was a Hamudra, or a lord. He gave a brief sketch of his life, and then asked him to speak.

This he did in his own language, the Commissioner interpreting. As to his eloquence we were speedily assured, and the Eastern beauty of the manner of his address was well worthy of its solid matter.

The following will give at least a bare idea of his speech, though necessarily imperfect. The ex-priest made it clear to us not only that he was used to public speaking, but also that he was accustomed to give his hearers well-arranged thoughts on well-chosen subjects in fluent and attractive language.

He began by saying how glad he was he was saved, and how thankful that the Salvation Army had ever reached Ceylon, informing us that the salvation he had could be enjoyed by all of us, and telling those who did not possess it how to obtain it.

He then intoned us a few lines in a Sanscrit stanza, to a tune that could not under any circumstances have been supposed to be stolen from Europe or America. Probably knowing that this air was totally at war with all the Western notions of melody, the little priest stopped in the middle and asked us in a kindly, benignant tone, "How do you like that?" The reply was one of the most genuine guffaws of natural laughter from the whole house that ever I heard. It was indeed a laugh to be remembered.

As we evidently enjoyed his rendering, whatever our private opinion might be as to the musical merits of the composition, we heard it again, and then he proceeded to explain the meaning of the verses he had vocalized as follows:—

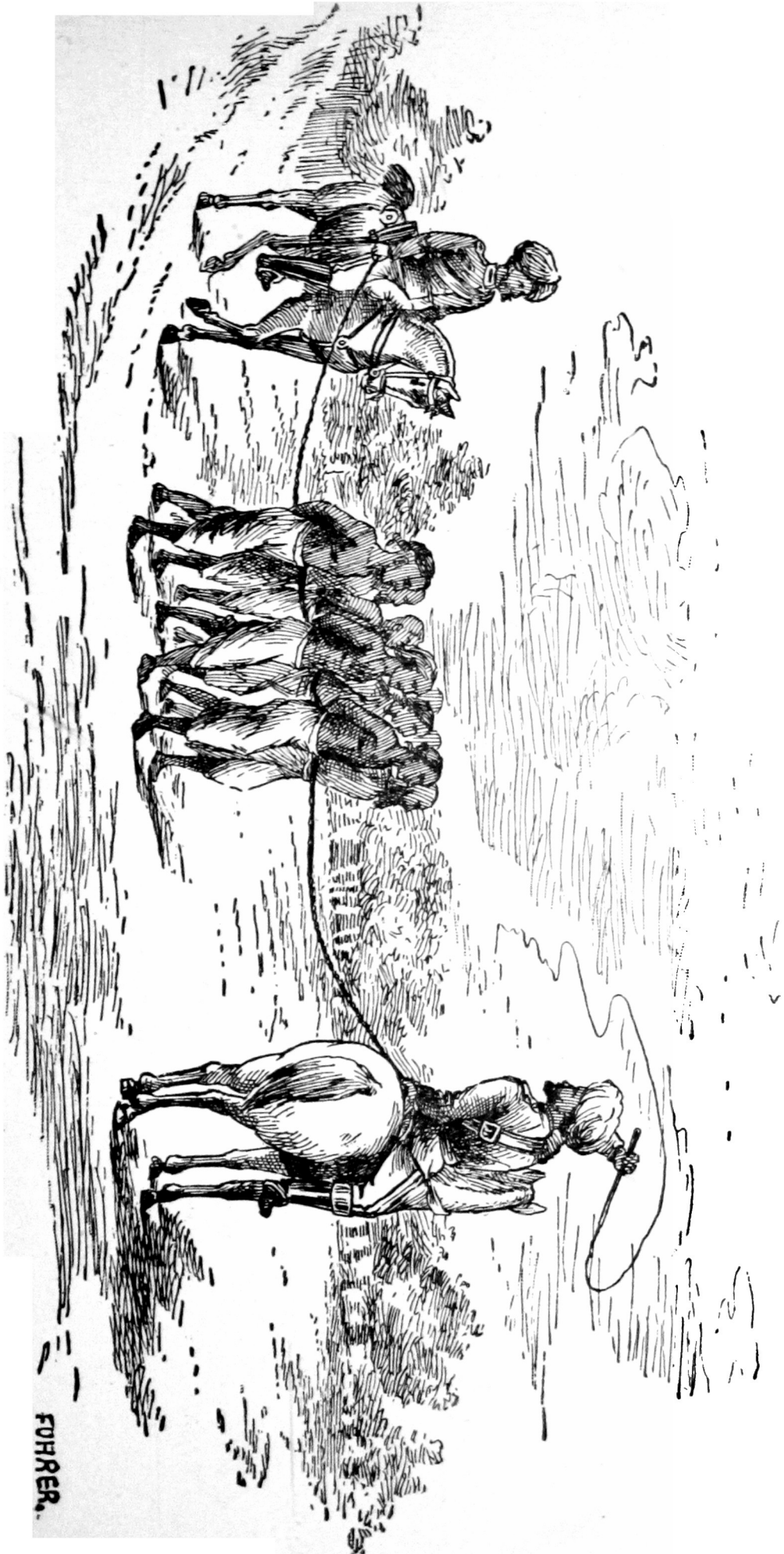
"I used to be like a frog in a pond, that could see no beauty at all in the lily that floated on the top. But there came a time when I became like a bee that fully admires the beauty of the Lily of the World—Jesus Christ—and from him obtained the sweet grace and light of salvation, and from that time I was no more like a frog that saw no beauty in Him."

He was then desired to address us in "English," but he immediately corrected the Commissioner, announcing his wish to speak in "American!" to the laughter of the audience.

He said:—"You know cocoanut? Cocoanut black outside—white inside. I like that. Black face—black skin—outside! White heart—white soul—inside—washed in Jesus' blood. Hallelujah"

Commissioner Ballington Booth now made an appeal for some money, and the New York hearers proved their sympathy by practical offerings.

Capt. Kantahella followed, speaking fluently in English, with a bright testimony as to his personal salvation and his enjoyment of the religion that Jesus Christ had given him in all circumstances and through all the personal and other difficulties of the war.



FUHRER.

MODE OF PERSECUTION IN INDIA.

He said that he had been stationed once at Morituwa with an officer from England. This man and he were walking along the road one day, both being barefoot. As they proceeded a long sharp thorn entered his companion's foot, and they had to stop to pull it out.

They had not gone much farther when another thorn pierced the European officer's foot, and this time Kantahella was so moved that he could do nothing else but go off into the jungle and cry. His companion asked him what was the matter, and he replied that he could not help weeping at the sight of the man suffering so in order to bring salvation to himself and his countrymen.

He concluded by narrating and applying a little Indian story that somewhat reminded us of one of Uncle Remus's charming narratives.

It seems that a little fox one day fell into a well, from which he began to make energetic struggles to get out. While in this predicament a wolf came along and took a position at the top of the well. He at once began to express his regret that the little fox should be in such a hard case, and point out the folly of going too close to wells, and so on.

But the little fox replied to these observations: Oh, Mr. Wolf, all your sorrow and regret does not help me now at all. Please go and fetch something to help me to get out of the well or else I shall be drowned!

Capt. Kantahella saw that the heathen of India and Ceylon were like the little fox down in the well. They were down in the well of ignorance—louder—ignorance—very loud and sadly, too—ignorance—and superstition, and were crying to those who professed to be Christians to come and help them to get out. But a great many of these people thus appealed to were very much like the wolf and did not do anything to rescue the little fox.

He believed, however, that his friends before him were not that, and finished with an able appeal for men and money.

Lieut. Abdul Aziz, the converted Mahommedan, followed.

He said that so far as he had the opportunity of judging there were only two really aggressive religions in the world. One was Christianity and the other was Mahommedanism—the religion to which he had formerly belonged.

Now, Mahommedanism was distinctly aggressive. Every good Mahommedan, whether priest or layman, is a missionary, and an active one at that.

"If," exclaimed Abdul Aziz, "all those who profess Christianity were anything like as enthusiastic and diligent and hard working as the followers of the Prophet, all the world would have been conquered for Jesus Christ long ago!"

The singing of "Rock of Ages" and the pronouncing of the benediction by the Marshal brought one of the happiest and largest meetings yet seen in New York to a close.

This, be it remembered, is the *third time* that we filled the Association Hall *within eight weeks*.

The Indian Commissioner then proceeded to visit a number of cities, going as far West as Detroit and as far East as Portland, Me.

When he returned to England he left his dusky comrades behind him, and they made a very extended tour of most of the States north of Mason and Dixon's line and east of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XIII.

MILESTONES OF 1890—*Continued.*

Mrs. General Booth's Promotion, and "In Darkest England."

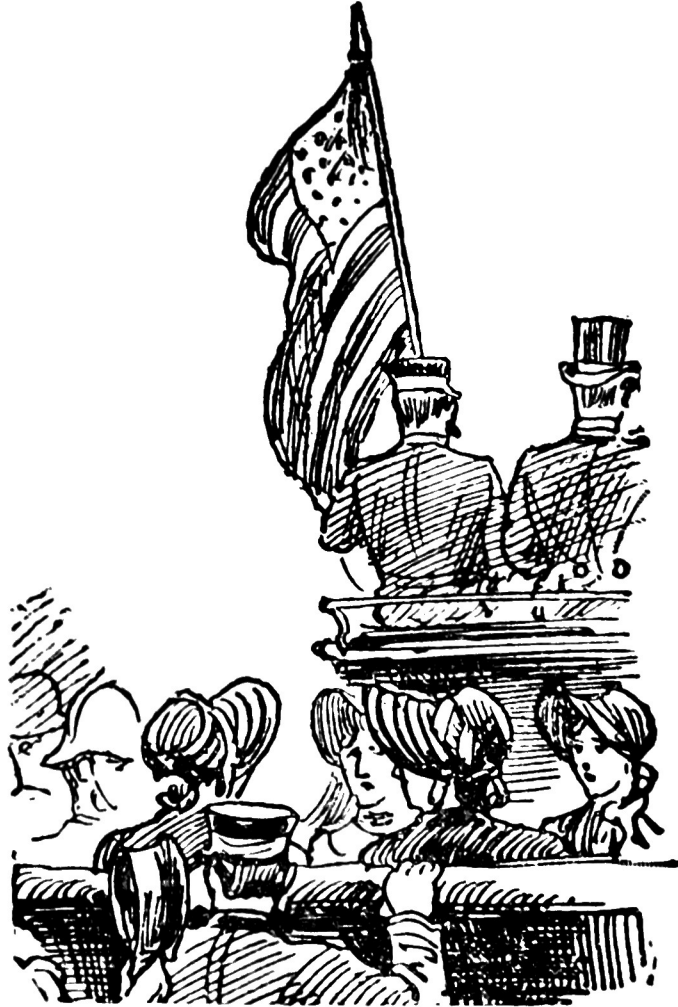
Another event of 1890 was one we universally mourn to have to record, and which is more fully spoken of in a preceding chapter—the death of Mrs. General Booth, the Army's mother, on the 4th of October, which evoked the deepest sympathy from the soldiers and friends of the Salvation Army throughout the Union. At the funeral in London, Major Whatmore, who had formerly held a divisional command here, carried the Stars and Stripes in the group of sons and daughters, representing not only this Nation, but the General's son and daughter in command here, who could not reach London in time to be present.

For forty years she has been such an inspirer, companion and helpmeet to the General as it falls to the lot of few men, either public or private, to possess. She was an eloquent preacher, an able advocate, a most convincing exponent of doctrine, and an unceasing worker, both with voice and pen, in behalf of the cause and the organization that she and her husband had so much at heart. Her reasoning powers were developed to a remarkable degree, and her foresight, judgment, and almost unerring mental instincts made

her labors in the Cabinet as valuable to the Army as her sermons, speeches and writings in public. Her funeral took place on the 10th of October, and the afternoon previous no fewer than 36,000 persons gathered in the great hippodrome known in London as Olympia, for her funeral service. On the following day the streets were thronged with people for five miles, traffic being completely suspended while her coffin, followed by two thousand officers, was borne to the cemetery. It was doubtless mainly through her personal influence and example that what may be called female ministry has been so prominently brought to the front in the Army, and that many others of its distinctive features became part of its system. In addition to all the labor referred to, she brought up a family of eight children, every one of whom is engaged in the work of the Salvation Army in some form; all of them (except one, who has been an invalid from childhood) adorning prominent positions in the Army.

A friend of Mrs. Booth (Mrs. Josephine E. Butler) says of her: "She had a remarkable completeness of character. I say this in face of the opinion of many that she was one-sided. She was a most tender wife, with feelings of deep reverence towards her husband, referring everything to his judgment, and anxiously solicitous to please him. The universal testimony of her children is that she was an ideal mother, and—what is more rare—a successful one, in the training of her family. She was a shrewd judge of human nature; a woman of varied information and wide sym-

pathy. Her interest in her early life in the anti-slavery question, her intense sympathy with our later abolitionist and purity movements, her fiery public and private protests against vivisection, were striking in-



STARS AND STRIPES CARRIED AT MRS. GENERAL BOOTH'S
FUNERAL.

stances of this. She was also deeply interested in the treatment of prisoners and of lunatics, especially the latter. All questions affecting the rights of women and children had a fascination for her, and her sense

of justice led her to feel deeply the wrongs suffered by the voiceless and unrepresented portion of the poor.”

Rev. Dr. Parker, of Hartford, wrote in the *Hartford Courant*: “One most remarkable peculiarity of this woman in her ceaseless toil for Christ’s sake was her mediatorial and reconciling position between the higher and lower classes in her country, for she finally found her way and welcome to the drawing-rooms of the rich, no less than to the slums of the poor and degraded. With the one class she pleaded for their consecration of wealth and personal devotion to the service of Christ in ministering to the poor and wretched. With the other she pleaded for renunciation of sensual indulgences and a kindlier feeling towards their wealthier neighbors, upholding Christ to both classes as their common friend and Saviour.

“All this while she not only did not fail in any domestic duties, but proved herself to be a most exemplary wife and mother. She was able to rejoice in making a happy home for her husband and her eight children, and in seeing those eight children growing up in the strength and beauty of Christian character and service. And while thus presiding in her own home, she succeeded in ministering to innumerable other homes so as to redeem and sanctify them. Indeed, her strongly expressed ideas as to the ordering of household life and the training of children therein have made the deepest impression upon the people by whom she was surrounded. Thousands of young women have been lifted out of low and hopeless grooves

of life by her instrumentality, and set in ways of purity and devotion.”

The *next event* of significance and world-wide interest was the publishing of General Booth's book on the *social scheme*. It was entitled, “In Darkest England and the Way Out.”

The first edition was sold in three hours, and it was speedily translated into French, German, Swedish, and even Japanese.

The reason for this was very largely to be found in the bold and comprehensive, yet practicable character of the scheme set forth for dealing with pauperism, vice and crime. It was evident, however, to any careful reader, that it could only be carried out by a man who had some such force as the Salvation Army at his command. The book starts on the startling assumption that no less than ten per cent of the entire British Nation is in a condition either of pauperism or crime, or something very nearly approaching one or the other.

This section of the nation the General describes as the “Submerged Tenth.”

Speaking generally, the plan set out in the book consists of three main features, around which a number of lesser agencies are grouped. The three principal agencies are :

1. The City Colony.
2. The Farm Colony.
3. The Over-Sea Colony.

The City Colony is very largely a development and combination of several institutions that have been suc-

cessfully worked for longer or shorter periods by the Army already. Among these places, the success of which already has been proved, are the Food and Shelter Depots, the Rescue Homes and the Prison Gate Brigades. At the first of these are provided, for eight cents, supper, bed and breakfast and facilities for washing both the clothes and the person. In addition, every individual can attend, if so inclined, a Salvation Army meeting in a warm, carefully well-lighted hall, and it is the aim of those who conduct these meetings to lead all those who attend them to the foot of the Cross. These places are, to all intents and purposes, self-supporting.

Another successfully-worked part of the "Darkest England Scheme" is the Labor Factory, where a considerable number of men find employment, by means of which they pay either for a night's accommodation they have had, or for that which they wish to have in the future.

The figures furnished by the Rescue Homes for fallen women, and the Prison Gate Brigade, afford great encouragement in regard to their future.

From the City Colony, persons whose conduct and capabilities are satisfactory are to be transferred to the Farm or Country Colony, and after a period of probation there, to the Over-Sea Colony.

We understand that a farm has already been selected for the purposes of the scheme, and doubt not that the whole plan will be seen in successful operation in a very short time.

Other features, which we have only space to mention here, are the Household Salvage Brigade, the poor man's metropole (a kind of tenement house run by Salvationists on the Salvation Army principles), a bureau for finding lost people, industrial schools, asylums for moral lunatics, model suburban villages, a poor man's "Long Branch," at which the poverty-stricken dwellers in the cities can get a breath of sea air at a cost within their means, a poor man's bank, and even a matrimonial bureau for supplying those who may be so unfortunate as to need them with partners in life. Of course, every detail of the whole scheme is to be worked on the principles which have made the Salvation Army the success that it is to-day, and it goes also without saying that the work will be done by Salvationists.

All through his book, as all through his scheme, the General makes it evident that his sole reliance for success is on God, and that the various plans concerning which he writes are only devised for the purpose of making conversion easier for certain sections of the people.

At the close of the book the General asked for half a million dollars to start the scheme.

By the end of January he had received more than this amount, and on the 30th of that month he signed a trust deed in respect of the money thus contributed for that purpose, at a very large public meeting in one of the finest halls in London.

Few who are really acquainted with the Army itself,

with the people of whom it is composed, and the spirit in which they live, and move, and have their being, will have any serious apprehensions with regard to the successful execution of the scheme.

For the benefit, however, of those who have not that advantage, we may mention a few of what the General calls the Army's "credentials" for being intrusted with the work :

I. It is willing to do it.

II. It relies upon the Divine assistance, and has a long and varied experience of God's power put forth on its behalf.

III. The wonderful things which God has performed, by, in, and for it, in every country where it labors.

IV. Its long and varied experience in the value of discipline exercised by itself upon its own officers and soldiers, and also upon its congregations and others outside of it.

V. The almost world-wide extent of its operations.

VI. Most of the officers have had considerable experience of the world and its ways, and men and women and affairs before they occupied their present posts.

VII. Amongst its officers are to be found men and women who have occupied almost every position in life, and who have been engaged in almost every trade, profession and industrial occupation under the sun.

General Booth has been before the British public for forty years, and is a man who has never yet been

known to speak rashly ; and he declared publicly, not long since, that the successful execution of his scheme in England would, within twenty years, produce such a state of things that no man or woman willing to work need ever be out of employment.

The *Christian Union*, New York, spoke thus of the scheme on its first appearance :

General Booth's book, of which we give an account elsewhere, in which he opens his plan for the redemption of the "submerged tenth," is an epoch-making book. That plan may not be carried out as he has formulated it ; it may be better adapted in its details to England than to the United States, in which latter country some of the things which he proposes to accomplish by artificial means are being accomplished by natural and non-philanthropic means ; but its essential principle lies at the foundation of any effective and far-reaching philanthropy ; this, namely, to use the waste of modern civilization in providing for the men and women whom modern civilization wastes. Grant that his plan does not provide a complete solution of the problem, since it does not provide for the criminal, the insane, the sick and crippled and mentally incompetent, or the wilfully and determinedly idle. It is much to provide work for the Out-of-Works, and bread to be earned by their own industry for the Out-of-Bread. This done, we shall be in better condition to know who are left and what should be done with them. Grant that the submerged tenth are mostly submerged by some incompetence—mental, moral or physical!—by their want of intelligence or thrift or industry or perseverance or temperance, the question still remains, What shall we do with them? When a buffalo in the pack falls, the rest rush over him and trample him under foot. When a cab horse, to use General Booth's illustration, falls in the streets of a great city, we unbuckle the harness and set him on his feet again. Which shall be the example for us to follow ; the treatment of the buffaloes toward their fellow, or that of humanity toward the cab-horse?

It is equally clear that in any effort to solve the problem of pauperism we must accept not merely the principles which General Booth formulates, and which in our account of his plan are reported in his words, but we must also assume certain other principles which he assumes, though he does not so distinctly formulate them. We must assume that pauperism exists ; we must not shut our eyes to it ; not talk as though it were exaggerated, or treated as mere incident and accident, a part of the necessary friction of the machinery of life. We must assume that it is not a necessary evil ; that it can be cured ; that what can be cured ought not to be endured ; that what Christ said is

true, "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye *will ye may* do them good." We must assume that the only real help is self-help; that we do not truly and permanently help a man till we have helped him to help himself; that all other help increases the evil it mistakenly attempts to remedy, and aggravates what it would palliate; that if we cannot say to these paralyzed of society, "Take up your bed and walk," and expect them straightway to obey us, neither are we to attempt to carry them on beds of ease—flowery or otherwise—but we are to furnish them with crutches and to start them to limp on one foot if they cannot run on two. We are to assume that God has joined religion and philanthropy together, and that whenever man attempts to put them asunder defeat and disaster is the result. We have carried our Bible in one hand and our rations in the other; we have given our food in soup kitchens where there was no cheer for the soul, and our prayers and hymns and sermons in Sunday-schools and mission stations where there was no cheer for the body. General Booth puts the two together.

In every "Shelter" there is nightly held a Salvation meeting—as lively a meeting, he tells us, as is to be seen in London—with its "rollicking hymns" and its sincere, if crude, testimonies from men and women themselves rescued from the submerged tenth, that they "are happy as the day is long." To send a man to one headquarters to get food for a hungry stomach and to another headquarters to get cheer for a despairing soul has been the blunder of both our religion and our charity. General Booth proposes to fit men for another life by fitting them for this; but he proposes always to approach men as children of God, heirs of a divine inheritance, capable of a noble life, and while he is putting a coat on their back, or "a hunk of bread" in their hands, to put also cheer in their hearts and a song in their mouths.

General Booth's "In Darkest England" is more interesting than fiction, more veracious than history, more vital than theology. We recommend it to the attentive study of every man and woman who is engaged in either mission or charitable work, and still more to those who are not; for it will be strange if it does not prompt in them a desire to engage in this work and upon these principles.

And later :

In the *Christian Union* of October 30, an Outlook paragraph described briefly the now famous book by General Booth, of the Salvation Army, entitled "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." That book is now at hand, and having spent a day in examining it, and reading here and there with interest and emotion some of its striking passages, we do not wonder that it has been called by the foremost newspapers and foremost thinkers of England the most remarkable book of the year.

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which, called "The Darkness," is devoted to a graphic and thrilling description of the fearful poverty and degradation, suffering and despairing hopelessness which overwhelms three millions of the population of England.

One is reminded by the literary excellence of "Darkest England" of the surprising and pronounced success which General Grant achieved as an author in producing his famous "Memoirs." Like General Grant, General Booth has been recognized only as an organizer and executive—a stubborn, irrepressible enthusiast. Someone has recently said of him—and we do not know but what it was Lord Wolseley—that if General Booth had gone into the British army he would have made one of the greatest military generals of the age. His acknowledged success in producing so large, so self-sustaining, so permanent an organization as the Salvation Army, confirms this opinion. But it seems that he has, as well as military genius, the genius of authorship. His book stirs one in the same way as Stanley's book stirs, not merely on account of the startling facts which it presents, but also on account of the manner in which they are presented.

The Boston *Pilot*, the great Catholic organ, referring to it, says :

The *Pilot* has received a copy of a very remarkable book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out," by General Booth, of the Salvation Army. We will give this book the extended notice it merits at an early day, and will meantime quote from Cardinal Manning's friendly and appreciative letter to the author :

"I have already sufficient knowledge of its contents," writes the Cardinal, "to say at once how fully it comprehends my sympathy. Your comments on modern political economy, poor-law administration, Government statistics and official inquiries, are to the letter what I have said in private and in public for years. . . . You have gone down into the depths. Every living soul cost most precious blood, and we ought to save it, even the worthless and the worst. After the Trafalgar Square miseries I wrote a 'Pleading for the Worthless,' which probably you never saw. It would show you how completely my heart is in your book. . . . The modern political economists denounce the giving of work, even in winter, to honest and true men out of work, as alms, and as demoralizing. I hold that every man has a right to bread or to work. These modern economists say society must adjust the demand and supply of labor until all are employed. I have asked, 'How many years are required for this absorption? and how many weeks or days will starve honest men and their children?' To this I have never got an answer,"

The *Churchman* wrote as follows :

When it is fairly proved that one-tenth of the population of the greatest and most prosperous of European nations is either sunk in the depths of destitution or barely existing in a deadly struggle for dry bread, the fact compels reflection. It startles Christianity itself to be told that such appalling misery is festering in its very bosom. It startles statesmen to know that at the base of society there smoulders a volcano which must some time burst. It startles theoretical reformers to be told that all their fine schemes for the reformation of society have the misfortune to be dated something like a century too late.

The conscience of a Christian, the foresight of the statesman and the awkward common sense of the theorist must confess that so huge a present evil calls for an immediate remedy. But where is the remedy? None at all—none, certainly that is capable of immediate application and indefinite extension—has ever yet been offered except that of General Booth. Clearly, therefore, his proposed plan deserves prompt and favorable study. That part of it is feasible there can be no doubt. The waste of London, it is clear, would suffice to feed—and better still, to employ—the submerged tenth of that great city; and a like saving elsewhere might do as much for the rest of the United Kingdom. General Booth's practical experience in rescue work has demonstrated that what he proposes can be done on a small scale. He has a right to be heard when he affirms that the same thing can be done on a larger and larger scale, until it meets the whole problem of the submerged tenth of the British nation.

For his experiment he asks one million of pounds sterling—less than the cost of a first-class ship of war! Such an experiment, if it had only one chance of success in one hundred, ought to have that sum and more. The government ought gladly to contribute to the cost of any hopeful attempt to extirpate the costly curse of pauperism. The capitalist ought to give liberally to any reasonable effort to remove so dire a menace to the stability of society. The English laborer and workingman have every reason to promote the project a success of which would ease the labor market of the nation and eventually of the world. The Christian ought surely to encourage and assist a movement which is meant to seek and save one-tenth of the population of Great Britain.

Until this plan has been considered fully and fairly on its merits as a practical scheme for the redemption of the proletariat of one of the greatest nations of the world, it will be premature to pay any attention whatever to its ecclesiastical aspects as an extension of the operations of the Salvation Army. If the Salvation Army is indeed capable of serving God and man by so prodigious a work as no other body has ever dreamed of, then to the Salvation Army that work fairly belongs. Every other question must be held subordinate until the main question is settled. Then, if the Salvation Army succeeds, one of the shrewdest of American bishops suggests that perhaps the way

to Christian Unity will have been shown as well as the way to eliminate the lost tenth of the British people.

After the American press we add a few Bishops of the Anglican Communion.

Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, writes :

I thank you heartily for the book you have sent me. The name of it is already well known to English Churchmen, and its object is one in which we all agree.

The Cross of Christ is the only effectual remedy for the great mass of vice and wretchedness in our large towns, to which you are endeavoring to call attention ; and we must not be content with presenting that Cross in words alone, but must endeavor to show, by our personal efforts and example, how it may practically be applied so as to purify the lives and quicken the hopes of those amongst our countrymen who are now as much strangers to its power as the inhabitants of darkest Africa.

Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, writes :

I have just received your book, which you have so kindly sent me. I have already bought a copy, which I shall give away. I am studying your scheme with the deepest interest, and I trust and pray it may bring blessing and hope to many. May I venture to express my sympathy with you in your recent heavy bereavement? You do not sorrow as those that have no hope. . . .

The Bishop of Bath and Wells writes :

I beg to acknowledge, with very many thanks, the receipt of your letter and the volume of your work, "In Darkest England," which you have been so good as to send me. I shall read it with much interest, both from the deep importance of the subject, whether viewed in its social, political, or Christian aspect, and also from its containing the opinion of one who has had such universal opportunities as you have had of becoming acquainted with the wants of the lowest and most unhappy section of our great population.

The Bishop of Rochester writes that he hastens to thank Mr. Booth for sending him his book, and he is glad to possess it, and hopes it may be productive of much good. He takes the opportunity of expressing his profound sympathy with him in Mrs. Booth's death. The Bishop has always held her to be one of the most saintly and devoted women of the time ; nothing but the fear of being intrusive kept him from writing to her when she was waiting for her summons to the face and light of God,

CHAPTER XIV.

MILESTONES OF 1890—*Continued.*

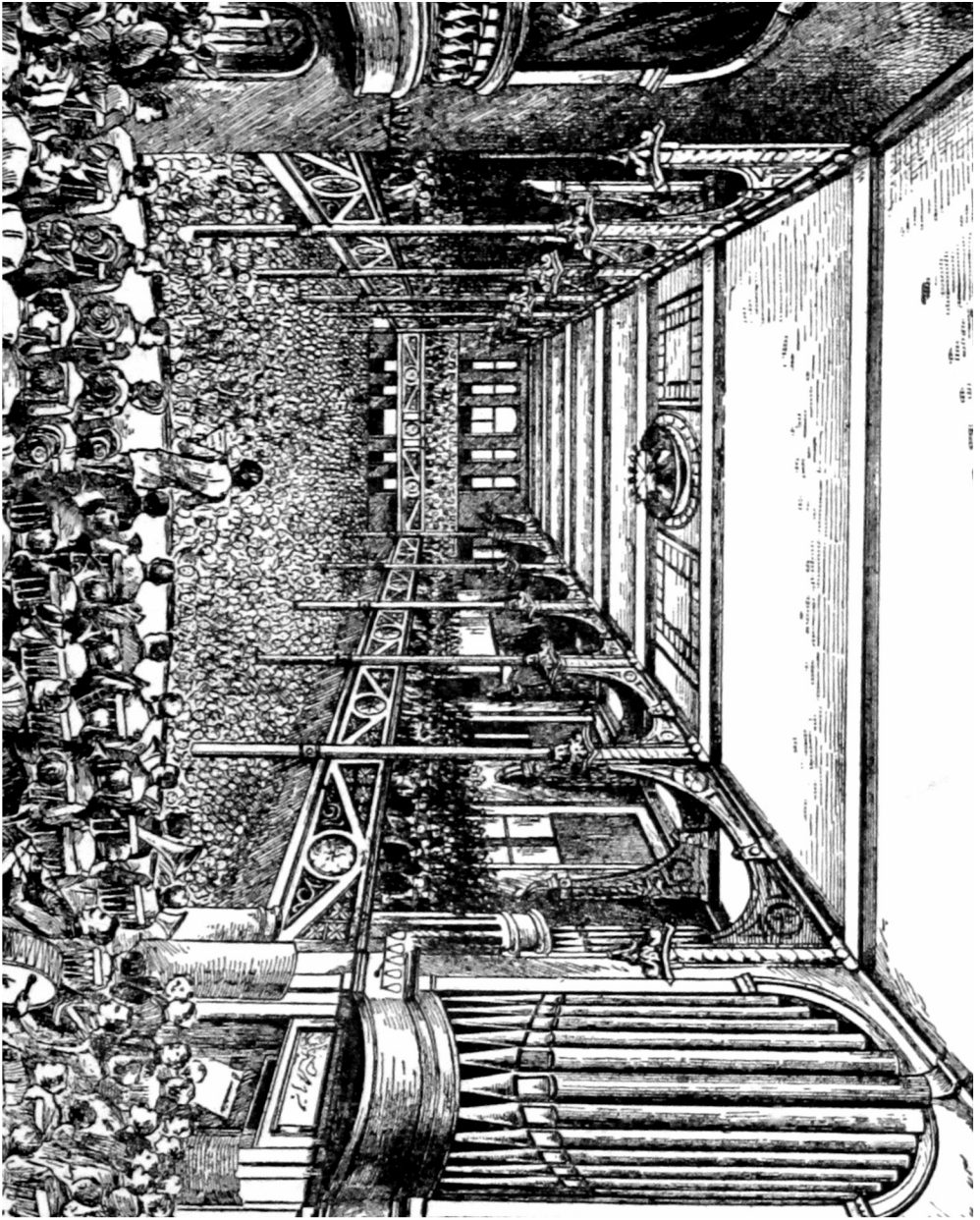
The Interstate Congress.

The next important event, and one which called forth much comment and congratulation, was the *Interstate Congress*, held in New York City in November. Writing of it at the time, one says :

“ There is scarcely an officer—be that officer a member of the staff or off the field—who was present at the Interstate gatherings which have just closed in the Empire City, but that would readily acknowledge that the crowds, the enthusiasm and the results of the Congress exceeded his expectations. From the opening of the first session of the council, when nearly five hundred field and local officers gathered round the Commissioner and Staff on the memorable Tuesday, to the uprising of the vast multitude packed within the walls of one of New York’s largest buildings, it was a series of successes, advances and blessings. Well may residents and business men, bankers, merchants and stock-brokers exclaim, ‘ When will the end come ? ’ as that long line of enthusiasts passes with military step and precision up Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Well may a policeman, after asking, ‘ Is it possible this is a Salvation Army parade ? ’ reply, ‘ Then these people are

the coming people of this country.' Well may a leading clergyman visiting the meetings acknowledge that there was no kind of religious gathering beyond the grasp of these Salvationists. From North and South, from East and West the blue jacketed, red-banded warriors poured in. Upon trains, L cars, horse cars and on foot, high and low, rich and poor hurried to the great building, which, as the Commissioner expressed it, was to be the Salvationists' cathedral for the occasion. Do you say you have seen sights that have dazzled the eye, inspired the heart and filled you with emotions that were almost beyond control? You should have seen a sea of fluttering handkerchiefs when all who had confidence in the Army's advance were asked to wave one. You should have seen hundreds kneel around the chancel and along the broad aisles of the large church in which the "Three Hours at the Altar" were held. You should have seen men and women of almost every class and grade press up the aisle as fast as it was cleared, and with tears flowing down their cheeks fall and kneel, weep and groan for liberty and purity of heart. One staff-officer, who was asked to take note of the number who came forward, after counting one hundred and fifty, was himself overpowered, giving up the task as impossible. Scores followed, sobbing, wrestling, and even calling aloud upon God.

"Few sights during these gatherings were perhaps more touching than the closing of the staff and field officers' council, when every officer, with his hand



THE CROWD AT THE INTERSTATE CONGRESS.

linked in the hand of the one standing by him, pledged fidelity to God and unswerving loyalty to the flag and the principles it represented.

“And what of the field staff council, which for days has sat incessantly, listening to the unfolding of new plans and schemes for the strengthening and urging forward of the war? All acknowledge it to have been the most spiritual and profitable they have yet attended.

“One word should be added regarding the arrangements for the feeding and billeting of this large crowd of visiting officers and friends. It was scarcely necessary to engage rooms in one hotel, so magnanimously and generously have our resident officers and friends come forward to receive the visitors. Five hundred officers sat down at one time and at *six different meals* with the Commissioner and Mrs. Ballington, and a thrill of satisfaction and joy passed through our hearts as we looked upon that unprecedented sight.

“The last night in the Association Hall will never be forgotten. Capt. Kemp, with a silk sash upon which were painted the words, ‘We mourn our Mother’s loss,’ stood at the Commissioner and Mrs. Ballington’s side, while at the opposite side stood Brigadier Fielding, Major Keppel, and to the left hand stood Col. Evans, Major Stillwell, Major Cozens, Major Evans, Major Brewer and Major Holz, and closely behind stood the remaining members of the field staff. Then, floating over the dense crowd, came the beautiful

words, 'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,' the effect of which was heart-inspiring."

A sympathetic journalist wrote for his paper :

"On Wednesday evening, 12th inst., I attended one of the public meetings of the Interstate Congress of the Salvation Army, in the large hall of the Y. M. C. A., 23d Street, New York City. This Congress embraces 500 field and staff officers of the Army as delegates for twenty-six States and Territories, including Canada. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and large numbers were unable to gain admittance. The pushing and squeezing at the doorway was a very practical proof of the earnestness in a good cause which is so characteristic of the Salvationists.

"Behind the large platform hung an immense banner with the symbols of the Army. A large spread-eagle perched on the top of a circle containing the words, 'Blood and Fire,' 'The Salvation Army,' 'Our war cry, The World for Christ.' At eight o'clock the reserved seats in the galleries were filled with the 'lads and lasses' of the Army, who had marched to the hall with music from a Salvation band. The platform was filled with the musicians and the prominent delegates of the different battalions in bright colors.

"Commissioner Ballington Booth presided with grace and dignity, and marshaled his forces with the skill of a general. The shining, happy faces of the delegates was itself an inspiration; while their modest, yet business-like bearing spoke well for the discipline which they have received,

"The singing was simply tremendous; there was no half-way work about that, or any portion of the exercises. When the chorus of the song, 'The Lily of the Valley,' was emphasized with the clapping of six hundred pairs of hands in perfect time, and with an enthusiasm born of love and joy deep down in the hearts of the soldiers, the effect was simply overpowering. The waving of the bright-colored handkerchiefs of the Army, surrounded by 1,500 white handkerchiefs of the spell-bound audience, was another very striking feature of the chorus.

"The audience were led in prayer by a devout sister, whose short, direct, earnest petitions 'to the Throne of Grace would put to shame many a divine's long, general, eloquent prayer.

"The addresses of the different delegates were characterized by a singleness of aim, and a directness and forcibleness of expression that was very interesting. The terse remarks of Commissioner Booth, as he commissioned Sister Annie Collier as a lieutenant in the Army, revealed the practical aim of this movement, and the terrible earnestness of its followers. 'Men all about us are lost in sin and we must save them and save them now,' is the key-note of their work. A band of over one million living soldiers of this Army gird the globe. Some very touching allusions were made to the recent death of the 'Mother of the Army,' Mrs. General Booth, and a white ribbon from her funeral obsequies draped the Commander's flag. Mrs. Ballington Booth, in a very charming manner,

called for a collection to meet the expense of the Congress, and her request met with a generous response. God bless the Salvation Army !”

The following letter from General Booth was received by the officers and soldiers with great enthusiasm, as might be expected :

*To the Officers assembled in the Interstate Council,
New York, November 12, 1890.*

MY DEAR COMRADES :

Few Councils have gathered in the history of the Salvation Army that have been of more interest or of greater moment than the one in which you are called to take part.

This is an important juncture in the history of the Army generally, and of the United States in particular ; and I do trust as a people we shall be equal to the great opportunity which God has in so marvelous a manner opened before us. A number of events, each of considerable interest, transpiring as they have done, so near to each other, have called the attention of the whole civilized world to our mission, and the world is, so to speak, willing impartially to listen to what we have to say.

Your difficulties in the States for the last few years have been great and peculiar. Your progress has at every turn been blocked by the walls of slander and misrepresentation. Prejudice is a difficult and deadly antagonist. But God has interfered in your behalf. The walls have very largely fallen, and the way to

victory has, as never heretofore, been opened before you.

This is a matter for thanksgiving, and yet I ask not for you too easy a task. Difficulties are the normal condition of our conflict, and if rightly dealt with will ever prove blessings in disguise. Anyway, we must accept them. The world must be saved, and the devil driven back to his own place before opposition, persecution and obstruction cease.

Our work with difficulties is not to sit down and spend our time in lamentation and wishing things were different, but to rise up, grapple with them, and by hard work, unswerving faith and heaven-born zeal to overcome them.

I congratulate you, comrades, on the commissioning of the eleven hundredth officer, and confidently anticipate the gathering when, probably in the same city of New York, the eleven thousandth will be added to the Army roll. Beyond question I shall not live to see that interesting event, but it will transpire, nevertheless.

I wish it had been my privilege to have been with you. I desired it greatly, but the exigencies of the hour detain me here. The issue of my new scheme for the rescue of the destitute classes of this country requires my presence, otherwise I assuredly should have had the privilege of joining you. I may have this opportunity, however, before a very long time has passed. Should this be the case, I certainly would

come to see the States with increased interest, and it will afford me the highest gratification if I am able to help you forward in the fight.

Here I want to thank you for your great sympathy with me in the recent sorrow which my Heavenly Father has allowed to come upon me. My loss has been a very heavy one—immeasurable and irreparable. I am only just beginning to realize the depths of it, but God is with me. He has promised that He will not allow any affliction to overtake me which is greater than I am able to bear. He will be equal to His word. I trust Him. And then, the increasing labors that force themselves upon me in connection with our multiplied efforts for the removal of the sorrows of others will help me to forget my own. You have prayed for me, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you for all your sympathy and love.

And now, my comrades, to work. For my own part I have determined to spend the remainder of my days in the more desperate prosecution of this war. Our business is plain before us. The wretchedness of men is the result of their wickedness. To save them from their misery we must deliver them from their sins.

Of this I am more than ever satisfied. Some have thought that in the pitying yearning which God has put into my heart to remove some of the temporal sorrows of our fellow-creatures, I have departed from my first principles. This is a great mistake. I was never more convinced of the truth which I have held

from my religious childhood, that Calvary is the panacea for all the sorrows of mankind.

God forbid that I should make the cross of Christ of less effect in the great scheme of human deliverance. It is as ever—and more than ever—in my estimation, through the Holy Ghost, the power of God unto salvation, both as it regards this life and as it regards that which is to come. *It is not only the power, but the only power.*

Tell the world this. Publish it on the house-tops.

Nevertheless, a man can be so fever-stricken as to need some medicinal and nursing help before you can make him listen to the message of Salvation to profit, and a man can be so mastered with hunger, so circumstanced in vice and crime as to need some friendly hand to make it easier for him to find his way to the Saviour's feet.

My comrades, I tell you nothing new. Our own hearts cry out after the agonies of the groaning multitudes of almost every land. We must and we will help them. Christ is the Saviour from sorrow, and I make no new departure. I only show a new track by which His love in our souls can find its way in more useful forms to the bodies and souls of our fellow-men.

OUR WORK IS SAVING SOULS. If we feed the hungry, saving the soul must go hand in hand with the duty. If we rescue the drunkard we have no hope for his permanent deliverance unless we can go on to save his soul. If we rescue the poor harlot we go straight

for her heart in order to save her soul. And so with all classes, and whatever we say or do the soul is the "bull's-eye" at which we aim. That won, everything is won. My comrades, you must save souls.

To save souls you must make soldiers. Organize your converts. Form them into line. Teach them to fight. Insist upon discipline. Be examples of devotion and obedience yourselves. Be possessed, absorbed, swallowed up in the spirit of Jesus Christ. Be indeed true saviors of mankind.

Be confident as to the future. We are certain to conquer. I predict it. Stand by your Orders and Regulations. Fail not in the hour of difficulty and trial. Heed not the sneers of men. Straight before you is your track—right on, forward is the goal of victory.

I write in great haste. God bless you and all your dear ones.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER, and fully reckon on the sympathy in every hour of

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

November 1, 1890.

Taking these gatherings as a criterion, our readers with us may safely assume that a glorious future for the Army in America is at hand. The Spirit of God, combined with the spirit of loyalty and affection to our

leaders and each other, was never noticeable in such a marked degree at any previous meeting of the same or any other nature.

We'll raise a host of praying men
With Daniel's courage bold ;
In our ranks brave girls shall march
As Miriam did of old,
Led by the arm of the Lord.

Courageous as was Joshua
We'll cross each swelling flood,
And intercede like Esther
For the people of our God,
Led by the arm of the Lord.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S STANDING
IN THE UNITED STATES.

JANUARY, 1891.

Number of Corps and Outposts	445
Number of Officers.....	1,150
Combined Weekly Circulation of three <i>War Crys</i> — New York and San Francisco, and Swedish <i>War Cry</i> (New York)	53,000
Number of States occupied.....	35
Number of Hours spent by Officers in Visitation dur- ing 1890.....	389,000
Number of Families Visited by Officers during 1890...	547,000
Number of Persons Professing Conversion between December 1, 1889 and December 1, 1890.....	23,562
Number of Open air Services during 1890.....	46,800
Number of Persons estimated as Attending our Open- air Meetings, 1890	4,000,000
Number of Persons Attending our Meetings during October, 1890	1,070,000
Number of Persons Attending Meetings during the Year	12,000,000
Rescue Homes	2
Slum Posts	2
Training Garrisons at New York, Brooklyn, Boston (2), Detroit, Grand Rapids, Englewood, Ill., Des Moines, Omaha, Oakland, Cal., and San Fran- cisco.....	10

THE SALVATION ARMY, NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY.

Financial Statement, Year Ending December 31, 1890.

Cr.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Dr.

To Balance, Jan. 1, 1890:			
India account.....	\$225 55		\$31,881 62
Trade account.....	913 64		15,880 98—\$47,762 60
Building account..	105 00—	\$1,244 19	
“ War Cry account.....	54,462 59		35,570 17
“ Trade “	20,534 78—	74,997 37	1,466 46
“ General Spiritual Fund			4,060 13
account.....	11,180 71		3,744 42
“ Sick and Wounded and			623 20
Home of Rest.....	2,068 91		515 52— 45,979 90
“ Training Garrison’s . .	1,302 49		
“ India account.....	3,501 60		493 27
“ Slum Work	825 81		490 77
“ Building account.....	2,787 70—	21,667 22	2,377 18
			202 61
			602 45— 4,166 28
			<u>\$97,908 78</u>

STATE OF NEW YORK }
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK. } ss.:

On this 29th day of January, 1891, before me personally appeared J. E. Bliss, wh, being by me duly sworn, did d pos: an l say that he is an expert accountant and public auditor. That as such an accountant and auditor he has examined in d-tall the books of the Salvation Army; that he has verified the footings in said books, and finds a voucher for each expenditure of money; and he finds all the entries, footings and postings to be true and correct; that the foregoing is a true and correct abstract and balance sheet from said books.

Sub-cribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January, 1891.

MORRIS H. SMITH, Notary Public, Kings County. Certificate filed New York County.

J. E. BLISS, Auditor.

{ SEAL }

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1890.

BALANCE SHEET.

177

Cr.

GENERAL SPIRITUAL FUND ACCOUNT.

Dr.

To Total Subscriptions and Donations to this Fund, including Self-Denial account	\$11,180 71	By Amount Paid for: Railroad Fares and Traveling Expenses	\$4,687 35
" Amount Transferred from Profits from Sale of <i>War Cry</i>	22,563 70	Mailing and Expressage	248 20
" Amount Transferred from Profits from Sale of Books and Uniforms	1,825 76	Salaries, Officers' Meals, Rent of Officers' Quarters, Grants to Officers, etc.	15,799 39
		Office Stationery	125 28
		Grants to Poor Corps and Divisions	3,167 52
		Rent of Headquarters	3,791 65
		Furniture and Fixtures and Headquarters' Repairs	495 17
		Wires and Messages	282 44
		Postage Stamps and Unpaid Letters	1,018 04
		Repaid Loans	1,251 27
		Gas, Coal and Ice	869 14
		Insurance on Stock and Furniture	170 00
		Self-Denial Expenses	70 60
		Sundries, including Expenses of Interstate Congress and International Tour	3,644 12
	<u>\$35,570 17</u>		<u>\$35,570 17</u>

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1890—Continued.

SLUM WORK ACCOUNT.		Cr.
<i>Dr.</i>		
To Total Receipts to this Fund.....	\$825 81	\$623 20
	<u>825 81</u>	202 61
		<u>\$825 81</u>
INDIA ACCOUNT.		
<i>Dr.</i>		Cr.
To Portion of Bank Balance brought forward January 1, 1890.....	\$225 55	
“ Amount Collected for this Fund..	3,501 60	\$3,744 42
“ Amount Transferred from War Cry account.....	17 27	
	<u>3,744 42</u>	<u>\$3,744 42</u>
SICK AND WOUNDED ACCOUNT.		
<i>Dr.</i>		Cr.
To Amount Received for Sick Officers' Fund.....	\$2,068 91	
	<u>2,068 91</u>	By Amount Paid to Sick Officers, also Medical Fees and Funeral Expenses.....
		\$1,168 07
		298 39
		602 45
		<u>\$2,068 91</u>

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1890—Continued.

TRAINING HOME ACCOUNT.	
<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
To Amount Received for Garrison Ex- penses	\$1,302 49
“ Amount Transferred from Trade Profits	2,757 64
	<u>\$4,060 13</u>
	By Amount Paid for Rents and Ex- penses
	<u>\$4,060 13</u>
WAR CRY ACCOUNT.	
<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
To Total Receipts from <i>War Cry</i> Sales	\$54,462 59
	<u>\$54,462 59</u>
	By Amount Paid for:
	Wages Printers and Editorial Staff
	\$10,165 83
	Mailing and Expressage
	2,075 91
	Engraving and Electrotyping
	1,074 93
	<i>War Cry</i> Paper Stock
	8,554 05
	Printing Ink
	422 70
	Plant and Machinery, Type, Press Repairs, etc.
	1,973 44
	Printing Expenses, Power, etc.
	1,614 76
	Liabilities
	6,000 00
	By Amount Transferred to General Spiritual Fund
	22,563 70
	“ Amount Transferred to India Ac- count
	17 27
	<u>\$54,462 59</u>

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1890—Continued.

BUILDING ACCOUNT.		Cr.
<i>Dr.</i>		
To Portion of Balance from January 1, 1890	\$105 00	
“ Amount Received from Building Funds	2,787 70	
	<u>\$2,892 70</u>	
		By Amount Expended on Account of Buildings
		“ Portion of Bank Balance
		\$515 52
		2,377 18
		<u>\$2,892 70</u>
TRADE ACCOUNT (BOOKS AND OUTFIT).		Cr.
<i>Dr.</i>		
To Portion of Bank Balance, January 1, 1890 ..	\$913 64	
“ Amount Received from Sale of Books and Outfit	20,534 78	
		<u>\$21,448 42</u>
		By Cash Paid for:
		Wages of Trade Department
		\$1,860 04
		Mail and Express Charges for this Department
		128 22
		Bookbinding
		254 92
		Stock and Trade Liabilities
		11,992 42
		Duties and Customs Fees
		1,415 81
		Sundry Expenses for Trade Department
		229 57
		By Amount Transferred to General Spiritual Account
		1,825 76
		“ Amount Transferred to Training Garrisons
		2,757 64
		“ Balance, Bank
		\$490 77
		“ “ Cash
		493 27—
		<u>\$21,448 42</u>

THE SALVATION ARMY FIELD STATE, DECEMBER, 1890.

(In several instances one name includes several countries or colonies.)

Country.	Headquarters.	Corps or Societies.	Officers.
BRITISH ISLES	101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. Home Offices, 179 Queen Victoria Street.....	1,364	4,624
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.....	111 Reade Street, New York.....	445	1,150
FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.....	Rue Auber, 3, Paris.....	109	389
BELGIUM.....	32 Boulevard Badouin, Brussels.....	4	26
HOLLAND.....	Rapenburg, 44, Amsterdam.....	42	155
GERMANY.....	Friederichstrasse, 214, Berlin.....	22	75
DENMARK.....	Hølgensgade, 11, 13 and 15, Copenhagen.....	36	103
SWEDEN.....	Ostermalmsgaten, 33 and 35, Stockholm.....	108	373
NORWAY.....	Pilestradet, 22, Christiania.....	47	142
CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.....	Salvation Temple, Toronto.....	313	1,056
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.....	422 Casilla de Corres, Buenos Ayres.....	4	2
SOUTH AFRICA.....	Kimberley.....	54	165
ST. HELENA.....	James Town.....	1	2
INDIA AND CEYLON.....	Esplanade, Bombay.....	100	426
AUSTRALIA.....	185 Little Collins Street, Melbourne.....	281	991
NEW ZEALAND.....	48 Manchester Street, Christchurch.....	66	193
FINLAND.....	Michaelsgaten, 27, Helsingfors.....	5	21
Total		3,001	9,896
“ for 1889		2,746	8,634
Increase		255	1,262

APPENDIX.

THE SALVATION ARMY: A SKETCH.

BY AN OFFICER OF SEVENTEEN YEARS' STANDING.

WHAT IS THE SALVATION ARMY?

It is an organization existing to effect a radical revolution in the spiritual condition of the enormous majority of the people of all lands. Its aim is to produce a change not only in the opinions, feelings and principles of these vast populations, but to alter the whole course of their lives, so that instead of spending their time in frivolity and pleasure seeking, if not in the grossest forms of vice, they shall spend it in the service of their generation and in the worship of God. So far it has mainly operated in professedly Christian countries, where the overwhelming majority of the people have ceased, publicly, at any rate, to worship Jesus Christ, or to submit themselves in any way to His authority. To what extent has the Army succeeded?

Its flag is now flying in thirty-four countries or colonies, where, under the leadership of nearly ten thousand men and women, whose lives are entirely given up to the work, it is holding some 49,800 religious meetings every week, attended by millions of persons who ten years ago would have laughed at the idea of praying. And these operations are but the means for further extension, as will be seen, especially when it is remembered that the Army has its twenty seven weekly newspapers, of which no less than 31,000,000 copies are sold in the streets, public houses, and popular resorts of the godless majority. From its ranks, it is therefore certain that an ever-increasing multitude of men and women must eventually be won.

That all this has not amounted to the creation of a mere passing gust of feeling, may best be demonstrated perhaps from the fact that the Army has accumulated no less than \$3,855,000 worth of property, pays rentals amounting to \$1,100,000 per annum for its meeting places, and has a total income from all sources of three-quarters of a million per annum.

Now consider from whence all this has sprung.

It is only twenty-five years since the author of this volume stood absolutely alone in the East of London, to endeavor to

Christianize its irreligious multitudes, without the remotest conception in his own mind of the possibility of any such organization being created.

Consider, moreover, through what opposition the Salvation Army has ever had to make its way.

In each country it has to face universal prejudice, distrust and contempt, and often stronger antipathy still. This opposition has generally found expression in systematic governmental and police restriction, followed in too many cases by imprisonment, and by the condemnatory outpourings of bishops, clergy, press men and others, naturally followed in too many instances by the oaths and curses, the blows and insults of the populace. Through all this, in country after country, the Army makes its way to the position of universal respect, that respect, at any rate, which is shown to those who have conquered.

And of what material has this conquering host been made?

Wherever the Army goes it gathers into its meetings, in the first instance, a crowd of the most debased, brutal, blasphemous elements that can be found, who, if permitted, interrupt the services, and if they see the slightest sign of police tolerance for their misconduct, frequently fall upon the Army officers or their property with violence. Yet a couple of officers face such an audience with the absolute certainty of recruiting out of it an Army Corps. Many thousands of those who are now most prominent in the ranks of the Army never knew what it was to pray before they attended its services; and large numbers of them had settled into a profound conviction that everything connected with religion was utterly false. It is out of such material that God has constructed what is admitted to be one of the most fervid bodies of believers ever seen on the face of the earth.

Many persons in looking at the progress of the Army have shown a strange want of discernment in talking and writing as though all this had been done in a most haphazard fashion, or as though an individual could by the mere effort of his will produce such changes in the lives of others as he chose. The slightest reflection will be sufficient, we are sure, to convince any impartial individual that the gigantic results attained by the Salvation Army could only be reached by steady, unaltering processes adapted to this end. And what are the processes by which this great Army has been made?

1. The foundation of all the Army's success, looked at apart from its Divine source of strength, is its continued direct attack upon those whom it seeks to bring under the influence of the Gospel. The Salvation Army officer, instead of standing upon some dignified pedestal to describe the fallen condition of his fellow-men, in the hope that though far from him, they may thus, by some mysterious process, come to a better life, goes down into the street, and from door to door, and from room to room, lays his hands on those who are spiritually sick, and leads them to the Almighty Healer. In its forms of speech and writing the Army constantly exhibits the same characteristic. In-

stead of propounding religious theories or pretending to teach a system of theology, it speaks much after the fashion of the old Prophet or Apostle, to each individual, about his or her sin and duty, thus bringing to bear upon each heart and conscience the light and power from heaven, by which alone the world can be transformed.

2. And step by step, along with this human contact goes unmistakably something that is not human.

The puzzlement and self-contradiction of most critics of the Army springs undoubtedly from the fact that they are bound to account for its success without admitting that any superhuman power attends its ministry, yet day after day, and night after night, the wonderful facts go on multiplying. The man who last night was drunk in a London slum is to-night standing up for Christ on an Army platform. The clever skeptic, who a few weeks ago was interrupting the speakers in Berlin, and pouring contempt upon their claims to a personal knowledge of the unseen Saviour, is to-day as thorough a believer as any of them. The poor girl, lost to shame and hope, who a month ago was an outcast of Paris, is to-day a modest, devoted follower of Christ, working in a humble situation. To those who admit we are right in saying "this is the Lord's doing," all is simple enough, and our certainty that the dregs of society can become its ornaments requires no further explanation.

3. All these modern miracles would, however, have been comparatively useless but for the Army's system of utilizing the gifts and energy of our converts to the uttermost. Suppose that without any claim to Divine power the Army had succeeded in raising up tens of thousands of persons, formerly unknown and unseen in the community, and made them into singers, speakers, musicians and orderlies, that would surely in itself have been a remarkable fact. But not only have these engaged in various labors for the benefit of the community. They have been filled with a burning ambition to attain the highest possible degree of usefulness. No one can wonder that we expect to see the same process carried on successfully amongst our new friends of the Casual Ward and the slum. And if the Army has been able to accomplish all this utilization of human talents for the highest purposes, in spite of an almost universally prevailing contrary practice amongst the Churches, what may not its Social wing be expected to do, with the example of the Army before it?

4. The maintenance of all this system has, of course, been largely due to the unqualified acceptance of military government and discipline. But for this, we cannot be blind to the fact that even in our own ranks difficulties would every day arise as to the exaltation to front seats of those who were formerly persecutors and injurious. The old feeling which would have kept Paul suspected, in the background, after his conversion is, unfortunately, a part of the conservative groundwork of human nature that continues to exist everywhere, and which has to be overcome by rigid discipline in order to secure that everywhere and always, the

new convert should be made the most of for Christ. But Army system is a great indisputable fact, so much so that our enemies sometimes reproach us with it. That it should be possible to create an Army organization, and to secure faithful execution of duty daily, is indeed a wonder, but a wonder accomplished just as completely among the Republicans of America and France as amongst the militarily trained Germans, or the subjects of the British monarchy. It is notorious that we can send an officer from London, possessed of no extraordinary ability, to take command of any corps in the world, with a certainty that he will find soldiers eager to do his bidding, and without a thought of disputing his commands so long as he continues faithful to the orders and regulations under which his men are enlisted.

5. But those show a curious ignorance who set down our successes to this discipline, as though it were something of the prison order, although enforced without any of the power lying either behind the prison warder or the Catholic priest. On the contrary, wherever the discipline of the Army has been endangered, and its regular success for a time interrupted, it has been through an attempt to enforce it without enough of that joyous, cheerful spirit of love which is its mainspring. Nobody can become acquainted with our soldiers in any land without being almost immediately struck with their extraordinary gladness, and this joy is in itself one of the most infectious and influential elements of the Army's success. But if this be so, amid the comparatively well-to-do, judge of what its results are likely to be among the poorest and most wretched! To those who have never known bright days, the mere sight of a happy face is, as it were, a revelation and inspiration in one.

6. But the Army's success does not come with magical rapidity; it depends, like that of all real work, upon infinite perseverance.

To say nothing of the perseverance of the officer who has made the saving of men his life-work, and who, occupied and absorbed with this great pursuit, may naturally enough be expected to remain faithful, there are multitudes of our soldiers who, after a hard day's toil for their daily bread, have but a few hours of leisure, but devote it ungrudgingly to the service of the war. Again and again, when the remains of some soldier are laid to rest, amid the almost universal respect of a town, which once knew him only as an evil-doer, we hear it said that this man, since the date of his conversion, from five to ten years ago, has seldom been absent from his post, and never without good reason for it. His duty may have been comparatively insignificant, "only a door-keeper, only a *War Cry* seller," yet Sunday after Sunday, evening after evening, he would be present, no matter who the commanding officer might be, to do his part, bearing with the unruly, breathing hope into the distressed, and showing unwavering faithfulness to all.

The continuance of these processes of mercy depends largely upon leadership, and the creation and maintenance of this leadership has been one of the marvels of the movement. We

have men to-day looked up to and revered over wide areas of country, arousing multitudes to the most devoted service, who a few years ago were champions of iniquity, notorious in nearly every form of vice, and some of them ringleaders in violent opposition to the Army. We have a right to believe that on the same lines God is going to raise up just such leaders without measure and without end.

Beneath, behind and pervading all the successes of the Salvation Army is a force against which the world may sneer, but without which the world's miseries cannot be removed, the force of that Divine love which breathed on Calvary, and which God is able to communicate by His spirit to human hearts to-day.

It is pitiful to see intelligent men attempting to account, without the admission of this great fact, for the self-sacrifice and success of Salvation officers and soldiers. If those who wish to understand the Army would only take the trouble to spend as much as twenty-four hours with its people, how different in almost every instance would be the conclusions arrived at. Half an hour spent in the rooms inhabited by many of our officers would be sufficient to convince even a well to-do working-man that life could not be lived happily in such circumstances without some superhuman power, which alike sustains and gladdens the soul, altogether independently of earthly surroundings.

The scheme that has been propounded in this volume would, we are quite satisfied, have no chance of success were it not for the fact that we have such a vast supply of men and women who, through the love of Christ ruling in their hearts, are prepared to look upon a life of self-sacrificing effort for the benefit of the vilest and roughest as the highest of privileges. With such a force at command, we dare to say that the accomplishment of this stupendous undertaking is a foregone conclusion if the material assistance which the Army does not possess is forthcoming.

THE END.

SALVATION ARMY PUBLICATIONS.

The following Publications can be obtained from our National Publishing Offices, 111 Reade St., New York City.—All Orders to be addressed to “The Secretary, Publishing Department.”

BOOKS BY GENERAL BOOTH.

In Darkest England, and the Way Out.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.—Contents: Part I. **IN DARKEST ENGLAND.** The Darkness—The Submerged Tenth—The Homeless—The “Out of Works”—On the Verge of the Abyss—The Vicious—The Criminals—The Children of the Lost—Is there no help?

Part II. **DELIVERANCE.** A Stupendous Undertaking—To the Rescue!—The City Colony—To the Country—The Farm Colony—New Britain—The Colony over the Sea—More Crusades—Help in General—Can it be done, and How?—A Practical Conclusion. 326 pages. Cloth boards. Price \$1.50 and \$1.00; paper, 50c. postpaid.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN; or, How to make the Children into Saints and Soldiers of Jesus Christ. Price, limp cloth, 40c.; cloth boards, red edges, 75c.

SALVATION SOLDIERY. A series of Addresses and Papers descriptive of the characteristics of God’s best Soldiers. With eight illustrations. Price, cloth boards, 55c.

THE GENERAL’S LETTERS. Being a reprint of the General’s weekly letters in the **WAR CRY** of 1885, together with a life-like portrait of the writer. Paper, 30c.; cloth boards, 65c.

HOLY LIVING; or, What The Salvation Army teaches about Sanctification. Price, 5c.; \$3.00 per 100, net.

BOOKS BY MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

POPULAR CHRISTIANITY. Being a Series of Lectures delivered in Princes’ Hall, Piccadilly, on the following subjects: The Christs of the Nineteenth Century Compared with the Christ of God; A Mock Salvation and a Real Deliverance from Sin; Sham Compassion and the Dying Love of Christ; Popular Christianity: Its Cowardly Service *versus* the Real Warfare; The Sham Judgment in Contrast with the Great White Throne; Notes of Three Addresses on Household Gods; The Salvation Army following Christ. 198 pages. Paper covers, 40c.; cloth boards, 75c.

SALVATION ARMY PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE AND DEATH. A series of Addresses mainly to the Unconverted, on the following: The New Birth; Mercy and Judgment; Halting between Two Opinions; A True and a False Faith; Sowing and Reaping; The Prodigal Son; Quench not the Spirit; Save Thyself; The Day of His Wrath; Religious Indifference; Need of Atonement; A True and a False Peace; What is The Salvation Army? Paper covers, 30c.; cloth boards, 55c.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH AND STATE. Subjects—The Salvation Army: Its Relation to the State, to the Churches, to Business Principles; Its Future; Answers to the Main Points of Criticism on the so-called "Secret Book." Cloth boards, 40c.

PRACTICAL RELIGION. Contents: Compel them to Come in; Strong Drink *versus* Christianity; Heart Backsliding; Female Ministry; The Training of Children; Dealing with Anxious Souls; Worldly Amusements and Christianity. Paper covers, 30c.; cloth boards, 55c.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY. Contents: Aggressive Christianity; A Pure Gospel; Adaptation of Measures; Assurance of Salvation; How Christ Transcends the Law; The Fruits of Union with Christ; Witnessing for Christ; Filled with the Spirit; The World's Need; The Holy Ghost. Paper covers, 30c.; cloth boards, 55c.

GODLINESS. Contents: Saving Faith; Charity; Charity and Rebuke; Charity and Conflict; Charity and Loneliness; Conditions of Effectual Prayer; The Perfect Heart; How to Work for God with Success; Enthusiasm and Full Salvation; Repentance; Addresses on Holiness; Hindrances to Holiness. Paper covers, 30c.; cloth boards, 55c.

BOOKS BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS' SALVATION ARMY. Filled with thrilling incidents of the War, and giving what has been so long desired by many friends, a sketch of The Salvation Army Work from its commencement. Paper covers, 30c.; cloth boards, 55c.

HEATHEN ENGLAND AND THE SALVATION ARMY. (Fifth Edition.) This book contains a full description from life of the utterly godless condition of millions of the inhabitants of the British Islands, of the origin and history of The Salvation Army and its General, together with hundreds of examples of the value and success of the various operations which it carries on. Paper covers, 30c.; cloth boards, 55c.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "WAR CRY." The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army, consists of sixteen pages, sixty-four columns, with illustrations, and contains the latest intelligence of the progress of Salvation Army work in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD; Stories of Wonderful Conversions; Original Salvation Songs; Lives of Prominent Salvation Officers, with Portraits and other Illustrations. Every Saturday. Price, 5c.; yearly subscription, \$1.50, postpaid.

SALVATION ARMY PUBLICATIONS.

BENEATH TWO FLAGS:

THE AIM, METHODS OF WORK AND HISTORY OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

By MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 288 pp. Price, \$1, post free.

This volume furnishes its readers with every needful particular concerning this growing organization of over 1,000,000 adherents, which, having spread out its branches throughout Great Britain, is making rapid progress also in the United States.

The Sun, New York, Jan. 12, 1890, in an interesting five-column review of the book, says: "Mrs. Booth proves herself an able advocate. Of her entire earnestness there can be no doubt. She writes in a straightforward way. . . . She defends in vigorous, dignified language the methods of The Salvation Army."

Prof. C. H. Briggs, D. D.: "It is written in beautiful style, is healthful in tone, and is full of valuable information. I have studied The Salvation Army for some years and I am convinced that it is one of the most powerful agencies for evangelization that has been organized in this century."

General Clinton B. Fisk wrote: "I have read with increasing interest from title page to finis Mrs. Maud B. Booth's wonderful book 'Beneath Two Flags,' and want heartily to commend its attentive perusal to all who would learn the history and work of The Salvation Army. I have been instructed and inspired by reading the book."

The New York Herald says: "Her book is both explanation and apology, and she writes with a sincerity and winningness which cannot fail to make the reader more kindly disposed towards the strange bands of revivalists."

John Hall, D. D., says: "I am familiar, to some extent, with the methods of The Salvation Army. . . . I think the book, 'Beneath Two Flags,' by Maud B. Booth, a fair statement." . . .

Joseph Cook says: "It is a profoundly devout and suggestive record of timely and courageous Christian work."

Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson, D. D.: "It is the story of The Salvation Army—a story which can never be less than one of the most striking episodes in the history of evangelical Christianity for the latter half of the nineteenth century.

"The book cannot fail to do good wherever it is read. It has done me good, and I thank the author for it."

SALVATION ARMY PUBLICATIONS.

"STRIDROPET" (Swedish-American), containing interesting news and articles from Swedish comrades all over the world in general, and in America in particular. Eight pages, weekly, with illustrations. Price, 3c.; \$1.25 per year.

"ALL THE WORLD." A Monthly Magazine and Record of the Work of The Salvation Army in all Lands. Eighty Pages. Illustrated. Price, 15c. By Post, \$1.50 per year.

THE "DELIVERER." A Monthly Journal devoted to accounts of the RESCUE and SOCIAL REFORM WORK of The Salvation Army at home and abroad. Sixteen pages. Illustrated. Price, 5c. By Post, 50c. per year.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"THE MUSICAL PIONEER,"

Containing 106 pages.

CLOTH COVER, 50 CENTS; PAPER, 25 CENTS.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE OF THESE HANDSOME VOLUMES.

It is the Cheapest Work of this Description we have ever Issued.

"THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST."

A Monthly Magazine, containing Compositions mostly by Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army.

MONTHLY, 10 CENTS.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4, handsomely bound in cloth, are also ready, price \$1.00 per volume.

"SONGS OF PEACE AND WAR."

ORIGINAL WORDS AND MUSIC

(Over 30 never before published),

By **COMMANDANT and MRS. HERBERT BOOTH,**

With Splendid Photograph.

Price, - - - 50 Cents.

SONGS OF THE
SPEAKING, PRAYING AND SINGING
BRIGADE,
WITH MUSIC, **35 CENTS.**

"SALVATION MUSIC,"

(VOLUME 2),

A choice selection of Salvation Army songs. **Price, 40 Cents.**