

aforesaid acts of suicide and blood-letting, forever." Hence this "Service of Reconciliation" on the 14th of October. *The London Times*, with a tone bordering on contempt, asks why, if the great temple was "polluted" by the crime, services were not entirely suspended—why the altar was not dismantled, and the edifice closed until the profanation could be removed by a "reconciling service?" Others ask, why the freak of a sensational suicide, should be considered as "polluting" a sacred edifice.

General Booth gives to the world his new contribution to the great problem of how to take care of the unhoused, unfed poor of London, almost at the same time that his wife's body is borne to burial.

Her funeral was one of the most impressive events of modern social history. Whatever we may think of the *Salvation Army*, it is one of the most remarkable developments of our time. Its genesis is recent—it began in the year 1865, and kept its "Silver Jubilee" in 1890. A quarter of a century ago William Booth resigned his post as a Methodist minister, New Connection, and began his "Christian Mission," thirteen years later called the "Salvation Army."

After this quarter century, this *Salvation Army*, at whose members and methods the world and the Church sneered, now has its banners flying in thirty-four countries or colonies, boasts 10,000 men and women wholly given up to its work, holds 50,000 religious meetings weekly, which are attended by millions of hitherto neglected and outcast people. It has, moreover, twenty-seven weekly newspapers, of which about 31,000,000 copies are sold in the streets, saloons, etc. It has accumulated nearly \$4,000,000 worth of property, and its rentals for meeting-places reaches \$1,000,000 a year, while it has a total income of between three and four millions.

Despite all its sensational methods,

all that offends refined taste, the *Salvation Army* compels recognition by downright earnestness and heroic self-denial. One of the most conservative ministers of the Presbyterian body, in a recent visit to London, went repeatedly to the army meetings, and, after careful investigation, declares himself wonderfully impressed with the evidences of God's presence and power.

Shortly before his death Canon Liddon went to one of the *Salvation Army* meetings in London. As he was returning with a friend, he said:

"It fills one with shame! I feel guilty when I think of myself! To think of these poor people, with their imperfect grasp of the truth! And yet what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing! When I compare all the advantages we enjoy, we who possess the whole body of truth, and see how little use we make of it, how little effect we produce compared with that which was palpable at that meeting, I take shame to myself. I did not like the women speaking, however. You know I have the misfortune to agree with the Apostle Paul on that question."

And now, Mrs. Booth, after long and acute suffering, has died, and the day of her funeral, though raw, foggy, dismal, the procession numbered probably 50,000 people, and the streets were densely thronged with spectators. At the head of the marching columns were the 5,000 officers of the army, men and women, marshaled in fifteen battalions. Each battalion carried a flag, some of them a number of flags, generally of white, with inscriptions in colored letters, such as "Love one Another," "Save your Soul," "Believe in God," and one especially striking flag bearing the words, "Mother of the *Salvation Army*." The coffin was carried on an open hearse, and bore no emblems beyond Mrs. Booth's bonnet and cloak, and the flag of the army, according to her earnest desire for simplicity in funeral reform.