



General Booth dictating correspondence to his Secretary.

This photo was taken through the window of the General's office. Copyright Photograph by Halftones, London.

A Strenuous Soldier

GENERAL BOOTH has so happily represented religion militant that the announcement of his proposed visit to Canada next March arouses interest in circles beyond the Army of which he is commanding officer. The General is to spend a week in Toronto, from which point he will proceed to Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, thence to Japan. In the course of a few months the General will have reached his seventy-eighth birthday, and to be able to undertake such a journey is a marvellous condition.

The General's recent book, "Sketches of the Salvation Army Social Work," which contains contributions from so "brilliant a woman as Lady Frances Balfour and so picturesque a writer as Mr. George R. Sims," is attracting a large class of readers, inasmuch as it is a veritable human document containing a record of actualities which unite the sternest practical problems with vital spiritual forces. Mr. Harold Begbie makes a pertinent comment when he says:

"I think there is nothing more foolish than the commendation which people without religion are generous enough to bestow upon the social work of the Salvation Army. It is so common to hear persons of this kind remark that they detest General Booth's Christianity, but they approve of his rescue work. General Booth's rescue work, forsooth, would be the greatest imaginable menace to the State if it were not accompanied by that which alone can effect regeneration—the conversion of men's souls."

There is talk of a great colonisation scheme in connection with Army work. According to the London (England) Daily Chronicle, the Chartered Company in Rhodesia is prepared to grant the Salvation Army something like 400 square miles of the best land without stipulation whatever for colonisation purposes.

A scheme is under the General's consideration, but at present it is in an elementary stage. The general plan

is to send out families that will develop the land and take up work in the new townships. The Rhodesian authorities are fully alive to the advantages to be derived from co-operation with the Army in immigration movements.

Caste

WHEN we hear of these daily disasters and of the deaths of sailors and train-hands, we are all moved to pity and regret. Yet when daily on the crowded cars we sit close to workers whose clothes reek of their toil and bad tobacco, we devoutly wish them where these poor fellows are now, or, at least, resolutely keep out of our faces any gleam of human sympathy, any sign of human fellowship. It was not always so. We can recall the old days in the country and the country-town, when we all went to the common-school, and grew up, boys and girls, with no thought of class, or wealth, or family. We came to the city. Some of us worked at our trades, others entered offices, others went to college, others made money quickly in business. We drifted apart. Our interests became widely different. We made different friends. Now and then we met and tried to talk; we had nothing in common. Finally we just spoke. In fact each of us had to live in his own class and tried to forget his "low bridge!" days. And our children! They will go to different schools, and will move in different social sets. The children of those of us who are poor will be unknown, foreign to the children of those of us who are rich. Indeed, the children of the wealthy man will scarcely know their father's old friends, or, if they do, they will laugh at the manners and the grammar, good enough in ruder days. So our castes grow. We are cut off from whole realms of thought and experience and life. Is it all our fault? Are these artificial conventions a necessity to those who dwell in these confining city walls? Or is it our increasing wealth that makes us hard and narrow and selfish, crushing out of our nature, instincts of sympathy, friendliness and Christian charity?



General Booth and His Dog.

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