

RED-CROSS KNIGHTS
OF
THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY "FIDELIS."



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We have all heard much of "Christian England," with its noble cathedrals and abbeys, its rich ecclesiastical heritage, its generations of culture, its Christian lives of gentle and ideal beauty. But we are less familiar with the "Heathen England" growing for generations side by side with it, under the shadow of its many churches. That heathen England is nevertheless very real, very coarse, very brutal, constituting an aggregate of gross ignorance and vice, which is like a mass of seething corruption in the midst of a fair and lovely garden. In this heathen England, the old traditions of Christianity have been utterly lost; the men are debased and brutal, often as cruel as their own bulldogs; the women have a crushed and down-trodden semblance of womanhood, and the children, alas! a wretchedly stunted and morally deformed childhood. The blessedness of home is unknown, and if, as Dickens delighted to show in his pictures of its abnormal life, "some flow'rets of Eden they still inherit," it is no less certain that "the trail of the serpent is over them all." In England there are sharper contrasts than any seen even in America. Between the refined and happy homes of luxury and culture, "sweetness and light,"

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and the dark cellars and garrets where wretched men and women, and almost as wretched children, drag out a miserable existence, revealed as

‘ They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,’

there is “ a great gulf fixed.” Little wonder if the eyes that look hungrily from the dens of St. Giles’ and the Seven Dials to the beautiful homes and parks where “ noble lords and ladies ride,” should often kindle with the baleful fire of jealous hatred and sullen despair, the certain inspiration of Chartism and Nihilism.

Into this *Inferno*, of which it might almost be written, “ *Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,*” many pitying eyes have looked, and ministering angels have descended, laden with Christian hope and consolation. And yet, on the mass, but little impression has been made by all the “ Missions ” which Christian philanthropy has instituted. Into this gloom and misery, nearly twenty years ago, one man, fired with the ardour of a Red-Cross Knight, looked, and as he looked in ineffable pity, there dawned upon him the conception of a new crusade against these powers of darkness,—a crusade to be fought with no mortal weapons, but with certain pieces of armour described in an ancient Book, the “ breastplate of righteousness,” the “ gospel of peace,” the “ sword of the Spirit,” and all used in the unconquerable and unfailing might of Christian love. These alone were to be the only weapons for either offence or defence. Even where, opposed by physical violence, the crusaders should have to march through mob-fire of mud and stones; accompanied by hootings and re-

vilings and brutal assault, the assaulters were to be met simply by Christian endurance, meekness and love.

The man on whom this noble conception dawned, and gradually grew into more tangible shape, was William Booth, now known all over the world as "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army. Beginning his ministry in the Methodist Church in 1853, at twenty-four years of age, he laboured so successfully as an evangelist that, in 1861, he resigned his ministry in that church rather than give up what he felt to be his special life-work as an evangelist, and settle down to a pastoral charge. He held services wherever he found an opportunity, crowds assembling to hear him, and whole districts being stirred by his intense and powerful preaching. In 1865, being in London, and deeply impressed by the sense of the dense masses of degraded heathenism around him, he began his evangelistic work by preaching in the open air in one of its lowest quarters—the Mile End Road. And as he studied the character and the needs of the people, the idea of the new crusade took a more definite form in his mind, and has since been marvellously carried out in the organization which we now know as the "Salvation Army." For a long time,—some ten or eleven years,—the crusaders had no such name, "no military titles, no bands of music, no tambourines, no blood and fire-bills," but the spirit of the fighters was the same, and these peculiarities of outward form were gradually superadded, as their usefulness in promoting the Army's objects commended them to the shrewd and active mind of the organizer and commander of the force, who is certainly a good reader of human nature. People accustomed from infancy to an orderly

and solemn service, liturgical or otherwise, cannot understand why such "fantastical" accessories should be introduced into any religious service. But it is because "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." To a half "civilized heathen," such as abounds in England, and unhappily in America too, the decorous and solemn service is as far above his present stage of spiritual development as a concert of "classical music" would be beyond the comprehension of a Kaffir. And that is one reason why the Churches have failed to gather in the "lapsed masses." For not only are such services "beyond them," but they are absolutely unattractive to them. And just as the church of the Middle Ages appealed to the fancy of half-savage nations by its processions and pageantry, its pictures and object-lessons, and as ritualistic London clergymen to-day use some of the same means of attraction, so the Salvation Army put on its military paraphernalia to gather men and women together by the sound of drum and tambourine and lively choruses, and then preach to them the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. For, this and nothing else, is what they do teach—no mere outward obedience to an organization, no complicated system of theology, but the simple elementary truths, acknowledged by all evangelical Christians, that sinful men need a Saviour, and that Christ is the Saviour they need, to deliver them from the guilt and the power of sin. This is true of their teaching everywhere, in the New World and the Old. As an English paper describes it: "The whole points of the creed of the Salvationists are—Man is a sinner, Christ is a Saviour. He died for every one, therefore He died for you. He saved me, therefore He can save

you. Come, then, to the Fountain ; it is free, without money and without price. The changes are rung upon these few points again and again, but they are *never reasoned about*. It is so, that is all ; if you believe, you will be saved ; if you disbelieve, you will be damned." This, as a system of theology, may seem very bare and crude to the lovers of long and metaphysical formulas like the Athanasian Creed or the Westminster Confession. It must be admitted, however, that it is enough to live and die by, as the experience of millions has proved.

But though the "Army" fights with only spiritual weapons, "in love and the spirit of meekness," this can by no means be said of the assailants it has frequently encountered. This record, given on their own official authority, speaks for itself : "During the year 1882, 669 of our soldiers, to our knowledge, have been knocked down, kicked, or otherwise brutally assaulted, 391 of them being men, 251 women, and twenty-three children under thirteen ! No less than fifty-six of the buildings used by us have been attacked, nearly all the windows being broken in many cases, and in many others even more serious damage being done." This assaulting process has continued through the nineteen years during which the crusade has been going on, though for most of the time it was not marked by any of the peculiar features now regarded as its distinguishing characteristics. The Christian bearing of the soldiers under fire has been frequently acknowledged, as it is in the testimony given by the Mayor of Bath to the Home Secretary : "The reports received by the magistrates from the police indicate that the 'Sal-

vationists' keep themselves strictly within the law. We find that even when struck, assailed with foul and abusive language, and their property broken and destroyed, the 'Salvationists' do not retaliate." And to understand what they have had to bear, it is necessary to understand something of the brutality of an English mob, perhaps the most stolidly brutal kind of mob in the world! With such a record, *for one year*, as that just quoted, who shall dare to say that there was not need for the Salvation Army? And again and again it has happened that the ringleaders in the attack have been forced by the constraining power of Christian love to join the ranks they had been attacking with bitter animosity. After a barbarous *melee* at Crediton, in which several officers of the "Army" were severely injured, the confession was made at the next visit, "Last time you were here, Major, I helped to stone you; but now, thank God, I am saved!"

But not only have they to suffer at the hands of the populace; they have had, again and again, to suffer at the hands of the authorities! In some cases, indeed, the local magistrates have firmly defended them against attempted oppression by a lawless rabble; but in others, underlying prejudice and the animosity which in some minds is always excited by any form of aggressive Christianity have taken advantage of the merest pretexts of local by-laws, broken by a quiet march through the streets, to condemn them to a longer or shorter imprisonment, in default of the fine which they *will not pay*. For to *pay the fine* would be to admit the right of the magistrate to punish them for acts which they maintain to be perfectly lawful and within their privileges as British subjects. And

no Roundhead or Puritan could have been more staunch in resisting every infringement of such rights and liberties than are these poor men and women of humble callings, but heroic hearts. For not only have men suffered in this way, but tender and delicate young women also have been thrown into prison on frivolous pretexts of obstruction, and while there treated as common criminals with more or less barbarity. Their rights, thus defended by themselves, have been further endorsed in the House of Lords by such men as the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Justice Coleridge, the latter saying that "he took it that every Englishman had an absolute and unqualified right to go about his business and perform legal acts with the protection of the law; and he apprehended that walking through the streets in order and in procession, even if accompanied with music and the singing of hymns, was absolutely lawful, in the doing of which every subject had a right to be protected."

In some cases the authorities had endeavoured to have the Red Cross Knights put down by law, for the strange reason that they had been assaulted by the organized mob calling itself the "Skeleton Army," on the ground that their peculiar proceedings provoked such violence. This attempt to visit the sins of lawless rioters on peaceful citizens was, however, very decidedly quashed by the English justices before whom the appeal came. Mr. Justice Field, in giving judgment, put this legal point very clearly: "Was it unlawful to do a lawful act merely because others made it the pretence for raising a riot? What right have others to resort to force to prevent persons from doing what is lawful? It would

come to this, that persons were to be punished for doing lawful acts merely because it led others to act unlawfully and create a riot. The authorities do not support or justify any such view of the law." He further met the suggestion that a continuance of such processions would lead to a continuance of disturbances, by expressing the "hope that when the opponents learned, as they would now learn, that they had no right whatever to interfere with these processions of the Salvation Army, they would refrain from disturbing them." "It was usual," he dryly remarked, "in this country, for people to obey the law when it was once declared and understood, and he hoped that it would be so in this case. But if it were not so, he presumed that the magistrates and the police would understand their duty, and would not fail to do it, and that they would not hesitate to deal with the disturbers and the members of the 'Skeleton Army' as they had dealt with the members of the Salvation Army in this case."

So British liberty and fair play won the day over prejudice and mob tyranny, and the Salvation Army, even in the matter of its processions and music, was taken under the protection of law. But the Army had still another enemy to encounter,—the unseen spirit of slander. Attacks on the financial honesty of its General, vile slanders against the moral character of its soldiers, especially against the young women engaged in the blessed work of "rescuing the perishing," were circulated, even in religious journals, and believed by thousands. Again and again refuted, they start every now and then into life again. One of these slanders was repeated, on hearsay, by two

English bishops, and formally refuted by General Booth himself, in what he calls his Exeter Hall Address, with such a pointed denial as should have led the episcopal accusers to withdraw the charge as publicly as it was made.

In general, however, the dignitaries of the Church of England, as well as her clergy, have extended to the Red Cross Knights of this century much greater toleration and kindness than their representatives of a former one showed towards their predecessors, the Whitefields and Wesleys. This has been due partly to the growing comprehensiveness and catholicity of the church herself and the wisdom learned by past experience, and partly to the feeling that this crusade is a kind of guerilla warfare, not interfering in any way with the regiments of the line, but rather giving them its aid through an unknown and difficult country. Not a few also, both of English prelates and clergy, are animated by the apostolic spirit which led the late venerated Primate of England to say that "the one impossible, intolerable thing would be to sit still and do nothing in the presence of this great call for increased activity." His successor, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, actually came as the representative of Convocation to confer with the "General," and spoke most favourably to his clergy of the headquarters and the training barracks, which he inspected. Even the *Times*, in a remarkable article, in 1882, took up the cause of the crusaders, and remarked that, "A cloud of episcopal witnesses to the merits of General Booth's undertaking is a suggestive sign of the times. The Church of England has taken

example by the sagacity of the Church of Rome in refusing no aid which religious fervour is willing to offer. It has taken warning by the mischief of its own conduct in expelling from its fellowship the followers of Wesley and Whitefield. As well from an increase of comprehensiveness as from a conviction of its need of strength and substance, it is ready to welcome help which it would formerly have vehemently repudiated. A contribution by the Archbishop of Canterbury towards the purchase of space in which ten thousand may attend the ministrations of General Booth, and formal recognitions by many other prelates of the gratitude of churchmen for the work the Army is doing, are testimonies that the church wants help, and that no false pride prevents it from accepting help."

Such a testimony from the *Times* shows at once that the "world moves," and that the crusade of our Red Cross Knights has, on the whole, been conducted in such a way, and with such results, as to win the sympathy and co-operation of those to whose natural predilections its methods would be most distasteful. The "capture" of the Eagle Tavern in London was one of the exploits of Christian daring which insured the sympathy and gratitude of all who "loved good and hated evil," and deserved a better sequel than it has more recently had. This well-known and seductive haunt of vice was for sale, and was purchased for the Salvation Army for £16,750 sterling, somewhere about \$80,000—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London having promised the assistance of their influence, if necessary, for securing so desirable a transformation as that of the Eagle Tavern into a place of Christian worship. With scarcely any funds

in hand, and but three weeks' time for payment, the bargain was made ; and so great was the satisfaction of the Christian public at the news of the capture, that subscriptions rapidly poured in, until, before the expiration of the three weeks, £9,000 was in hand, of which £3,000 came from the ranks of the Army,—chiefly poor men and women, who had just before been contributing towards the purchase of another property at Clapton,—and the remainder of the money was borrowed ; for, debt or no debt, the Army must have the “ Eagle.” And so, one morning at daybreak, a great procession of Red Cross Knights, male and female, to the number of about one thousand, marched to take triumphant possession, overcoming, by sheer endurance and force of numbers, the crowd of “roughs” that had assembled to oppose their entrance. Once inside, they knelt in prayer, to consecrate the building to the service of God ; and, after a brief “ testimony” meeting, returned to their homes and their daily work, but not without tasting the brutality of a London mob outside, both men and women being bruised and beaten by the “roughs,” as they stood on the railway platform waiting for the train to carry them home. But the “ Eagle” was secured, and was fitted up as a hotel and temperance coffee house—the “ Grecian theatre,” which formed part of the premises, being transformed into a comfortable hall in which two thousand could assemble for worship ; while the great centre square, fitted up with gas, fountains, and coloured lights, which had been used for open-air dancing, made, of course, an equally available place for open-air preaching to thousands of hearers. The opening day, though the hour was early afternoon,

was signalized by another demonstration of mob force; and the evening meeting, when the "unwashed" multitude was expected to muster in force, was looked forward to with so much apprehension that the captain in charge said to his young lieutenant the day before, "*Now, my lad, are you ready to die, for I expect we may get to heaven to-morrow night?*" The hour arrived, but the crowds of workingmen and women who filled the house seemed touched by an irresistible awe, and the solemn service and exhortations closed with penitents confessing their sins and seeking salvation. It is a pity that the story should not end here, and that there should be any sequel of defeat. But last summer, the legal proceedings, instituted on the ground that the terms of the ground-lease were broken by the discontinuance of the sale of intoxicating liquors, terminated in a judgment unfavourable to the Army, and the property, with all that had been paid and expended upon it, was lost!

This, however, was only one out of many large commodious halls or "Barracks" owned by the Salvation Army. In and about London alone there were, by the end of 1882, eighteen such meeting-places owned, and twenty-five more rented, while throughout Great Britain, and in colonial and foreign outposts, there are many more. The "National Training Barracks," at Clapton, is the Woolwich or West Point of the Army. Thither go cadets from all parts of the country, to be trained by a thorough physical discipline, and by strong, loving Christian influence, to be the "Captains" and "Lieutenants" who are to lead in many a future campaign, at home and abroad. All sorts of hard menial drudgery are included in the

training, so that personal activity and "capability" are cultivated to the highest degree, while all the soldiers "endure hardness," as becometh "good soldiers of Christ Jesus." The military discipline is of value in several ways;—in promoting the habit of obedience necessary to the stability and coherence of such an organization, cultivating readiness of action and promptness of decision, and giving to men and women alike the soldier's devotion and endurance, while it effectually obviates any tendency towards religious pretension or "sanctimoniousness," to which the *esprit de corps* is sternly opposed. The cadets receive experience in "active service" by being led out frequently to "bombard" suburban villages in companies under the command of one of them, who is expected to use his troops to the best advantage, and thus acquires the habit of command. The study of the Scripture is, of course, largely promoted at this Training School, and some time is allowed for improvement in writing and other elementary things necessary for future usefulness. But there is *no pretension* made to giving an "education," even a theological one. "The only thing," says an official publication, "we care to teach as to theological questions is, that they are to be avoided as much as possible. We cannot hope in a few weeks to impart much knowledge even of the great scriptural truths with which our cadets are supposed to be already acquainted when they come to us, and as to which we have only to refresh and organize their thoughts. But the one thing in which, under the divine guidance and blessing, we believe we can be greatly successful, is the detection and exposure of any lingering element of selfishness and evil, and the production and encour-

agement of a pure, hearty, single-eyed, life-and-death devotion to the good of others." And as to heroism, these Red Cross Knights have all the soldier's loyal devotion to "the service," superadded to the strong personal love for the living and personal Saviour in whom they so fully believe. In receiving their commissions as officers of the Army, they make an absolute self-surrender, giving themselves and all that they possess to the service of Christ, and pledging themselves to be true to the Army's colours, even unto death. That this is no mere form of words, their fearless daring in real danger and their willingness to endure all forms of ill-treatment, when called to do so, have abundantly proved. Indeed it is no light testimony to the truth that the vital force of Christianity can never grow old, that these simple, unlettered men and women, many of them from the lowest orders of the people, are willing to-day, either to live or die, as God may order, for Jesus of Nazareth, just as truly as were the Christians of the first century.

That an army, animated by such a spiritual force, and marshalled under an admirably devised organization, should, in a very few years, have not only gained such headway in England and France, but should also have stretched "a thin red line" round the world, is not wonderful. Mr. Talmage made a shrewd guess if he said, as he is reported to have done, at a ministerial meeting, "These people will sing themselves round the world in spite of us!" For the crusade is not only inspired by the realization of Christ as the one need and the one hope of human souls, but is adapted to the special wants of the age and class it addresses. The crusaders speak in "a tongue un-

derstanded of the people" who listen to Bradlaugh and Ingersoll; and they oppose to their bold attacks on the faith, not argument, not theology, but the far more easily understood language of the heart, and the almost irresistible example of a faith which seems to see what it believes. Wherever they go they make converts of some of the "hardest cases," who become missionaries in their turn, and the mere spectacle of "publicans and sinners" leading transformed lives and becoming "preachers of righteousness" is in itself a more powerful argument than any sermon. In America the "Army" has already here and there established a footing, growing stronger every day, and probably destined to make a far from unimportant factor in the national life. In New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Maryland, Virginia, this crusade is at work, with greater or less success, and preparations are being made, at Brooklyn centre, to attack Salt Lake City, which will doubtless be done long before these pages are read. In Canada a strong impression has been made, more especially in Kingston, one of the oldest cities in Canada, and, from its antecedents, one of the least likely to be captured by such means. At this point the interest in the Army has been greatly intensified by the circumstance that an Anglican clergymen, of previous High Church tendencies, but earnest and devoted spirit, was so drawn to it by its success in "rescuing the perishing," that he suffered the pain of severance from a much beloved and attached congregation rather than cease to countenance the "Army's" work, as he was required to do by an ecclesiastical superior. The universal sympathy excited by the

harsh and abrupt dismissal of a man warmly and deservedly loved and esteemed has of course immensely deepened the general interest taken in the "Army" throughout the whole of Canada. In Australia the Salvation Army has had signal success among the rough and heterogeneous population already massed in its great new cities. In South Africa it has had a hard fight for existence and toleration, but has held its ground. All the world has heard how Switzerland, so staunch in contending for its own liberties, tried to suppress by force this new crusade, in the persons of two young women, in whose behalf, as British subjects, the British government at once interfered. In France its work as an evangelizing agent has made some progress, but is still cast into the shade by the quieter and less startling McAll Mission, which had preceded, and in some measure anticipated it. But the trim, tasteful uniforms of the English female "lieutenants" selling the French *War Cry*, "*En Avant*," before the *Bourse* in Paris, excited no little sensation among the wondering Frenchmen. And one of the editors of a French Protestant journal, *Le Temoignage*, thus vividly describes their bearing in an encounter with the men of the Paris Commune :—

"But the public which it was the object to gain,—I said to myself—the public, notoriously hostile—the public of our Atheist press, the public of the great political meetings, in whose eyes Victor Hugo himself would pass for a clerical!—that public! Where is it? How is it to be acted upon?"

"Very well; this public I have at last seen have seen with my own eyes, at the meetings of the Salvation Army.

And I have been rejoiced and moved, beyond all expression to see it. In all my life I shall not forget the scenes at the opening of a new hall in Rue Oberkampf, and my heart was divided between the very opposite sentiments of sorrow and joy in hearing these blasphemies and these songs, and these cries of 'Long live the Commune!' because at last at last! the assault has been delivered, and the enemy struck in the face! And yet I had a very lively impression that my sentiments were partaken of by the members of the Army, to whose cold blood, energy, and, I will say, clever strategy, one would not know how to render sufficient homage in this emergency. They did not cease to repeat with a tone of conviction, 'Your tumult will be appeased; one day, you, who blaspheme the most at this moment, will perhaps be the first to surrender. We want to plant our colours on this position, and *we will plant them there.*'

"Ah! you are brave people. I understand how such lion hearts, such valiant souls, should be naturally led to give themselves a military organization. When I ask myself what can be the cause of this success of the Salvation Army, here is the answer which forces itself upon me: These people have proved in their own heart the *power* of the Gospel for salvation, and they believe that which has been able to break their own resistance will finally triumph over the same obstacles in their neighbour.

"Now it is said that 'it shall be done to each one according to his faith,' and this is what every meeting of the Salvation Army shows. One feels that every time they appear before the public, our brethren have the sentiment that they are in the battle. It is not for them a question of variations more or less brilliant to execute on the theory of the Gospel, of an hour to be well filled up, or even of the vague sentiment of doing good, but of souls which *must* be gained. As they have a grain of faith they remove mountains."

Just the same testimony comes from distant India. Thither the Red Cross Knights were led by a special train of circumstances. A magistrate in the civil service, who had been long at heart devoted to the Christianization of the natives among whom his lot was cast, came home especially to judge for himself of the work of the Salvation Army. So great was his satisfaction with its methods and success, that he resigned a lucrative appointment in order to devote the rest of his life to carrying on the crusade in India, and thither, in August, 1882, he conducted a detachment of the "Army." The little detachment made a sensational entry into Bombay in one of the native bullock-carts, attired in native costume, waving a flag inscribed with the Army's motto, "Blood and Fire," translated into the vernacular, and blowing a bugle after the native fashion.

English prejudice at once took the alarm. Such demonstrations might excite and irritate the natives, and might even produce a terrible Mohammedan outbreak against British authority! So the soldiers were at once arrested, summarily tried, and imprisoned. But the natives, strange to say, protested strongly against this injustice, as did also the British and American missionaries, whose interests were supposed to be compromised by the new arrival. An influential public meeting was held. All the native papers supported the protest, so that ere long the accused were set at liberty, and, having been largely advertised in Calcutta by the interest which had been there aroused in the trial and imprisonment, Major Tucker was led to carry the work to that city, sending on two of his officers and telegraphing home for rein-

forcements. Large numbers of natives crowded the meetings, prayers and hymns alternated in English, Marathi, Gujarati, and Hindustani, and "Cadets," with Hindu names, ere long stood up to "praise the Lord for having sent the Salvation Army to India." And the Indian and Anglo-Indian journals describe and discuss the "Army" there just as do western ones, and for the most part favourably. The Indian *Witness* expressed surprise at not finding the crusaders more eccentric (it may be remarked that their leader was a gentleman) :—

"They are not buffoons," it said, "much less savages, and they do little to amuse the vulgar. They are modest and quiet, and are much less demonstrative in their devotion than some parties with whom Calcutta has grown familiar. The leader is a young man of exceptional quietness of spirit, and we believe has never at any time of his life been otherwise than quiet in conducting his meetings. The hymns are with scarcely one exception sweet and simple little songs, with nothing in them to offend any one who combines in moderate measure true religious devotion with literary taste. The tunes are for the most part appropriate, and some of them very effective. A few familiar 'song tunes' jar on the ears of some, but ever since John Wesley, or Rowland Hill as some have it, decided that the devil should not be allowed to have all the good music, this objection has been diminishing in weight."

Another well-known journal, the *Statesman and Friend of India* thus summarizes their religious teaching, and deals with the often repeated accusation of "irreverence," after remarking that the "dread of hostilities arising between them and any class of natives in India was due to utter ignorance of their character and their ways, and almost equal ignorance

of the natives, and that the repressive and watch-dog measures taken by the Bombay police were a ridiculous blunder." —

"The Salvationists never argue or dispute; they attack no system of religion; we have not heard one of them utter a word which could possibly excite resistance in any person of another faith. Their creed, as we gather it from their own lips, is extremely simple, and, setting aside mere forms of expression, is essentially and scientifically true. They say to their hearers, 'You are all serving either God or the devil. It is infinitely blessed to serve God, while to serve the devil is to be infinitely and eternally miserable.' And on this simple statement of fact they base their appeal to decide instantly, to renounce the evil and choose the good. And they, of course, declare that Christ is present, ready to save any one that feels he is a sinner, and desires to be saved."

After referring to their evident good-will and friendliness, the writer goes on to say:—

"Mere vulgarity, which cannot but be slightly shocking to persons of fastidious taste, we pass by as a trifle. But it is not so easy to get over the shock caused by the very unceremonious way in which these men speak of the most sacred things and names, and their free and easy manner of addressing the Deity. We have sometimes felt so strongly on the subject as to doubt whether the term *religious* can with justice be applied to the proceedings of the Salvationists. One trained to pious reverence in word and act cannot but ask himself, when he hears and sees these men or reads some of their printed words, 'Is this religion at all?' We must confess, however, that it becomes necessary to modify one's judgment respecting Salvationist irreverence when one sees it near enough. It must

be frankly and fearlessly and very closely looked at, and when this is done, it is seen, we venture to think, not to be essentially irreverent. The apparent familiarity, the free-and-easiness with which these men address the Deity, appears to us to result from their extraordinarily vivid realization of his continued presence. Ordinary worshippers only approach God occasionally, and when they do so they feel it a solemn thing to enter his presence, and accordingly a thing not to be done without due ceremony. The Salvationists, so it seems to us, in all their proceedings never for a moment lay aside their consciousness that they are in the immediate presence of the Deity. They never enter his presence because they never quit it."

These quotations are given at some length, because they show the homogeneous nature of the movement and the similarity with which it strikes observers on the opposite sides of the globe. Certainly one of its most marked characteristics is its uncompromising opposition to what Dr. Robertson Smith calls "a too prevalent way of thinking, which is certainly not biblical, but which leavens almost the whole life of modern times, and has accustomed us to regard religion as a thing by itself, which ought indeed to influence daily life, but nevertheless occupies a separate place in our hearts and actions." With them all life belongs to God. Love to Him is their motive power in all spheres of action. Nothing is to be "common or unclear," and all things, great or small, are to be done with a view to his glory. It is the same thought that Jean Ingelow expresses when she sings:—

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing to Him aright the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong!"

But it is time that something should be said as to their modes of working. Their meetings are of various kinds, those which the converts hold specially for worship being of a very quiet character, and often very solemn. But all are alike distinguished by absolute unconventionality, which is with them a protest against formalism and its chilling and deadening influence. When they first "attack" a place, the attacking force usually forms a procession, large or small, as the case may be, and marches to the place of meeting, playing musical instruments if they have any, singing if they have none, and thus compel the notice of the passers-by and attract them from curiosity to come and hear what they have to say, which, whatever faults it may have, is sure to have the merits of directness and point. Circumlocution is as much at a discount with them as formalism, and this is one secret of their success.

Their ordinary meetings, held evening after evening, are, of course, not conducted on any fixed rule, although there is a general similarity. The presiding officer is usually a "captain," relieved by one or two "lieutenants," and these are, very frequently, young women. As a rule, they are active, vivacious, thrilling with electric energy and personal magnetism, and speedily make an impression even on the roughest audience. He or she is "*all there*," on duty with hand, voice, and mind, from beginning to end, acting as orchestra-conductor, chairman, prompter, and chief speaker, all in one. Beating quick time, with both hands, to the lively hymns and choruses, feeling the pulse of the meeting, ready with hymn or Bible, reading or prayer, as may seem at the moment most ex-

pedient, supplied with any amount of ammunition in the shape of appropriate impromptu remarks, hymns appropriate to each "testimony," or adroit admonitions when necessary, the "captain" walks up and down the platform, keeping an eye at once on the "soldiers" there and the audience below, and only sitting down for a few minutes' rest when relieved by a lieutenant, ready, however, to start up again, to all appearance as fresh as when the meeting first began. A "parade" is frequently held before a meeting, when the "soldiers" muster, and after a short round of the streets, singing with great spirit, enter the "barracks" with drums, cornets, or tambourines accompanying the lively hymns. The place of meeting, called the "barracks," is usually a large plain hall, with benches filling up the body of the room, and a raised platform at one end filled with seats for the converts or "soldiers," the "sergeants" in their neat red-braided uniforms occupying the front row.

When all are seated, the "captain," in her trim uniform of navy blue and red braid, with a plain black broad-brimmed bonnet, relieved by a small red band, with the words "Salvation Army" printed on it, opens the meeting by reading, with great distinctness, a hymn, verse by verse, which is sung by all standing. Before it is finished perhaps all the "soldiers" are kneeling, in which position they finish it. Then follows a prayer of intense feeling and often of great power, when perhaps another hymn, such as "Rescue the Perishing," is sung, still in the kneeling position, this being very peculiar and often thrilling in its effect. When the hymns are solemn in their character there is no drum or tambourine accompaniment, this

being reserved for the lively hymns and choruses. A passage from Scripture is read at an early stage in the proceedings, which is followed by a very few appropriate remarks, and then come some of the more joyous songs and choruses, such as,—

“ Oh, I'm the child of a King, I am,—
I am the child of a King ;
Oh, it is, it is a glorious thing
To be the child of a King ! ”

or this,—

“ Follow ! Follow ! I will follow Jesus,—
Follow ! Follow ! I will follow on ;
Follow ! Follow ! yes, I'll follow Jesus,—
Anywhere He leads me, I will follow on ! ”

These, sung rapidly, with the lively tambourine accompaniment, and sometimes clapping of hands, have an indescribably stimulating and touching influence. Another very sweet and more solemn chorus is this :—

“ It's the Old Time religion,
It's the Old Time religion,
It's the Old Time religion,
And it's good enough for me ! ”

While a standing favourite, often repeated many times in succession with impromptu variations, has the answering refrains :—

“ Oh, what will you do, brother, when He comes,—
When He comes ? ”

and

“ Oh, the Army will be ready when He comes,—
When He comes ! ”

"Roll the Old Chariot" is another great favourite, there being a strong similarity between the Salvation Army choruses generally and the melodies of the Hampton College Jubilee Singers.

But the great charm of these meetings and that, indeed, which secures for them perpetual freshness and attractiveness, keeping their halls filled, night after night, is contained in the personal testimonies of the converts as to the joy and strength which they have received in the "great salvation" from sin and its bondage. After the singing has had its effect on both the audience and the "soldiers," the latter are desired by the "captain" to "fire away," these testimonies being considered, in "Army" phraseology, the "red-hot shot," while the music, etc., are the "powder and cartridges." There is no false shame among the Army converts. Every soldier casts aside that, along with other fear, when he or she takes a seat on the platform. There are usually two or three on their feet, waiting their turn to speak. And they speak with a simplicity, directness, and force which evidently come from the heart, and consequently go to the heart. Each testifies to his gladness in "being saved," to his daily experience of the life-giving and strength-giving power of the personal Christ received into the soul; and simple, and often rude and ungrammatical as the language is, there is the power about it that strength of conviction and intensity of feeling always supply. That young men and women, but a short time before as careless or giddy, as reckless or dissipated, as any of their companions, should have the courage and power to stand up before a crowded assemblage of their own class, and declare what a

change the accepted love of God has wrought in their own hearts and lives, appears to most of the hearers little short of miraculous ; and when it is not a young man but an old world-hardened sinner who tells the story of this blessed change, the miracle seems even greater. "I once thought," a man would say, "that it would be utterly impossible for me to stand up and talk Christianity from this platform, but as soon as I had it in my heart I found I could do it at once." As all formality is discountenanced, the "soldiers" may be as unconventional in their phraseology as their hearts desire, and slang is often freely used by lips to which it is second nature, in a way that shocks ears accustomed to hear religion talked only in decorous and refined language. Frequently a humorous remark, or an odd expression, will set both "soldiers" and audience laughing, and again by a sudden turn both will be touched almost, if not quite, to tears. As each soldier finishes his "testimony," it is usual for the captain to strike in with an appropriate verse of a hymn in which all join, sometimes repeating a chorus over some eight or ten times, just as the impulse directs, while one or two more stand waiting to speak until the hymn is finished. There is no routine, and, within certain limits, variations are constantly occurring, so that at least there is no fear of monotony. After the meeting has lasted for an hour and a-half or two hours, the leaders and soldiers come down from the platform and kneel on the floor of the hall in a perfectly informal prayer-meeting for the salvation of souls. The bulk of the audience retires, and the captain and her lieutenants go about, talking earnestly to the more interested few who remain, and persuad-

ing one and another to take the decisive steps of coming forward to kneel as a penitent confessing sin and asking for salvation, while, all the time, earnest prayers are being offered for their souls, in the most direct and simple phraseology. One peculiarity of the prayers of the "soldiers," as a class, is that they, like the French, use the conversational "You," instead of the less familiar "Thou," which Anglo-Saxon usage has almost invariably adopted in prayer. But after the first novelty has worn off, this does not of itself seem in the least irreverent. These "after meetings" are the time when, in the "Army" phraseology, "prisoners are taken," and converts, by taking the step of coming forward, confess their faith and their desire henceforth to serve Christ. To some natures such an external register of an inward resolve is a great help, and certainly in the case of almost all the "Army's" converts, they henceforth are "not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end."

Such is a picture of one of their ordinary evangelistic meetings, and it is impossible not to see how true a knowledge of human nature has devised the *modus operandi*. The music and the hymns are just of the kind fitted to attract the crowds which fill their halls, and fitted also to touch and soften even the "roughs" who might otherwise give trouble, and who sometimes do in spite of all precautions. But it is seldom, indeed, that the ready tact of the leader is at fault in checking any incipient disturbance. With a few words, "Steady lads, back there!" in a tone of un-

questioned command, or an appropriate verse or chorus of a hymn, the noisy spirits are speedily subdued, and occasionally the excitement from an attempt to get up a fight is calmed down by a variation of the familiar chorus already referred to,—

“ *There'll be no more fighting when He comes,—*
When he comes !”

The leaders are trained from the first to expect and meet all sorts of unruly conduct in their rude audiences, and they meet it well.

Then, after the singing has had its due effect, and not till then, the most serious work of exhortation and testimony begins, always interspersed and varied with hymns before any tedium can possibly arise. And the perpetual variety and personality of the “testimonies” has the same advantage over mere abstract exhortation that a personal story always has over general statements. Over the audience they certainly exercise a charm which accounts in a great measure for the Army's success. Those whose faces show that they are still held captive in the toils of open sin, come night after night, drawn by a fascination they cannot resist, and listen to the joyous testimony of some of their own late comrades, as if glimpses of a higher and purer life were dawning upon them, until perhaps, in some supreme moment of softening under the realization of an infinite love, they are led to come forward and take the step which surrenders their will to Him who has declared that the broken and contrite heart He will not despise. Tired women, heavy-laden with the burdens of life, come and listen, through irrepressible tears, to the sweet tones in which they are

so earnestly entreated to come to Him who will give them rest ; and by degrees that rest steals like music into their souls, whether they come forward to the "penitent form" or not. Young lads come for an evening's entertainment, attracted by the brightness and "life" of the place, with the evident intention of having "some fun" in the stirring choruses and the speeches of the "boys" on the platform ; but occasionally some chord that can respond vibrates to a random touch, and the thoughtless boy begins a new life, and becomes an earnest soldier and a Red Cross Knight. Even children come, drawn by the music and the simple rendering of the "Old, old story," new to many of them ; and who can tell how their plastic natures may yet be moulded thus for time and eternity ?

As for the "soldiers" themselves, most of them are, as has been said, faithful soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ. There is among them many a Dinah Morris as well as many a Seth Bede, although, of course, the intellectual and moral fibre are not often so fine as in George Eliot's gentle field-preacher. But if their purely intellectual knowledge is often small, their love and obedience are great—a love and obedience not at all confined to the meetings, but influencing the whole of their work-day life. If their speech is rude and often "slangy," though, indeed, many of them speak with a power and propriety surprising in men of their class, their hearts at least are generally tender and true, and they speak in the strength of love. If there are many things that jar upon a reverent and cultivated Christian, it is easy to see that the irreverence is only apparent, arising from defective education, and that the most startling eccentricities which char-

acterize their worship are, as has been well said by an English writer, in the *Christian World*, "but the surface—the rippling, flashing, perhaps babbling surface—of what is, in truth, as far as man can judge, a very deep, strong current of devout feeling and religious life." The very qualities of young men which so often lead them astray, their life and activity and fondness for social pleasures, are enlisted by the "Army" in its fight against evil. The "parades" and street marches give an outlet to physical restlessness and an external reality to the "crusade," while the vivacious airs and hearty singing equally gratify their love of music, and any latent tendency towards "public speaking" finds abundant scope in the "testimonies." Indeed, the "Army" meetings seem to combine the benefits of a safe "club," the old-fashioned singing-school, and a *Kindergarten* for "children of a larger growth." At their more special demonstrations doubtful features, unworthy of faith like theirs, are occasionally introduced, such as appeals to mere curiosity for the sake of raising money, a pandering to mere love of amusement in encouraging religious buffoons to "perform" and air their oddities to the top of their bent, and the encouragement of mere physical excitement, always a dangerous adjunct of religious life. When, on great public occasions the rattling choruses are repeated over and over, with ever-increasing glee, while the jingling of the tambourines and the clanging of the drum grow louder and more boisterous, and men and women wildly wave their handkerchiefs above their heads for five minutes at a time, it is impossible to persuade one's self that mere animal excitement has not, for the time, ousted all de-

votional feeling ; impossible, also, not to remember that the tendency to fanatical excess and unbridled license has before now wrecked many a promising movement of religious love and zeal. Some superior "officers," who ought to know better, and who are largely responsible for occasional outrages on reverential feeling and Christian decency, seek to justify the most offensive antics from that much abused text — "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty !"

The tendency to boast of spiritual power, and to exalt the Salvation Army into almost an object of adoration, is also very noticeable at such times, and the converts especially delight to assert their ability to "lick the devil," with whose feelings and purposes they certainly claim a very intimate acquaintance. And it is seriously open to question whether the nightly excitement and publicity of crowded meetings is at all a wholesome atmosphere for young girls, especially for those on the platform. Those who are thoroughly earnest and devoted may not suffer harm more than physical, but in this respect at least the "Army" is far from being as safe a school of Christian nurture as the church and the Christian home. But alas ! for many there are *no* Christian homes, and these are chiefly the class from which come the army's converts. In many cases the influence of the parents is against all good, and it is probably due to this fact that their authority often seems to be held in light esteem. At the "all-night prayer-meetings" occasionally held, young men and women are sometimes encouraged, under the influence of strong emotional excitement, to take off personal valuables and

watch-chains and give them to be sold for the benefit of the Army. Of course, if this were done from a calm, deliberate self-renunciation, no one could object ; but it requires no argument to show the wrong involved in accepting sacrifices which are the fruit of sensational appeals and overwrought feelings, and are too often repented at leisure. But such extremes, always ending in reaction, are characteristic of all strong waves of religious enthusiasm, breaking in on a previous icy torpor of dead formalism, from Savonarola down to the Salvation Army.

We turn willingly from the blemishes which are the result of the large admixture of human clay with the pure gold of truth, to look at the onward march of the movement as a whole, and the power of the crusade against evil. In General Booth's official statement of the Army's work for 1883, we are told that it now consists of six hundred and thirty corps, of which one hundred and three are abroad, employing sixteen hundred and forty workers, male and female, who hold ten thousand meetings weekly without guaranty of any salary. This cannot, of course, mean that they do not receive the means of livelihood, as the officers in active service receive about five dollars a week, certainly no more than is barely sufficient for a mere maintenance. One hundred thousand dollars worth of musical instruments alone have been sent out, and twenty-five million copies of the *War Cry*, the Army's official organ, have been circulated, along with other publications. "At the headquarters in London, cashiers, accountants, clerks, architects, and solicitors are continually employed ; and editors toil through piles of manuscript, written in midnight hours by

noble labourers who cannot spell ?" It is to the devoted, self-sacrificing, consecrated labours of these illiterate Red Cross Knights of the rank and file that this modern crusade is indebted, under God, for its victories, often in spite of the injudicious and blatant elements introduced by some of its superior officers, which discredit it in the eyes of sober-minded men.

As regards the immense property now held by the Army, in buildings, "plant," etc., General Booth has explicitly stated that "all property of the Salvation Army is conveyed to, and held by the general for the time being, for the benefit and use of the Army exclusively"; "the register of the property so conveyed being in the keeping of the solicitors to the army." He also declares that he has "also made all desirable arrangements for securing all the property of the Army held on its behalf to the same objects, when at his death it shall have passed into the hands of his successor."

What shall be the history of this nineteenth century crusade when the large heart and brain which have planned and organized it are taken from it forever, who shall undertake to say ? Some future "historian of enthusiasm," looking back at it in the light of still hidden results, will doubtless trace out its history and appraise it as a factor in the elevation of a degraded humanity, more justly than it is possible to do amid the shifting scenes and varied influences of the present. Whether it is to have its brief day of novelty and pass away as one out of many ephemeral movements, or whether it is to continue working, an irregular force by the side of the ever-permanent Christian Church, until finally, its special work fulfilled, it

is merged in the Church as a comet in the sun, adding to its warmth and light—depends, we believe, on no man, or class of men, but on the “divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.” In its organization and character the “Army” has frequently been compared to the somewhat analogous institution of Ignatius Loyola. But if there are similarities; there are also great differences. Like Jesuitism, it had its origin in a fervid reaction against coldness and formalism. Like Jesuitism, it subjects its recruits to stern discipline, and teaches them to “endure hardness,” while it demands the absolute surrender of the individual will of its officers to the authority of the organization, and “absolute unquestioning obedience” from all its recruits, being thus, in relation to the one scriptural kingdom of Christ, an *imperium in imperio*, and for this very reason necessarily not permanent. But, unlike Jesuitism, it teaches the pure and simple Gospel to the *multitude*, appealing to no select corps of *ames d’elite*, but to all the “weary and heavy laden,” with hearts full of sin and lives full of need. Unlike Jesuitism, it imposes no elaborate ceremonial, though it has its own ways of being “imposing” to those whom it desires to attract. And unlike Jesuitism, outside the rules which guide the movement of the whole, it allows to “individualism” a scope which, as has been hinted already, sometimes amounts to license. This would probably not be the case under the personal superintendence of General Booth himself; but that it is so under some of the officers to whom he has to delegate his authority, there can be no doubt.

But certain it is, that though one man originated this great crusade, and one mind has, in the main,

organized and directed it, the Salvation Army, as it stands to-day, is not one man's work. It could never have been so. With all its aids and attractions—its stirring music—its *esprit de corps*, fostered by the neat, attractive uniform, and bright, conspicuous badge—its drills and parades, and its watchful care over the life and habits of every individual soldier, it could never have attained its already marvellous success had it not been for the causes lying far deeper below the surface. It is a movement for which the time was ripe, and which was needed by the time. It is a movement not merely for the "masses," but in the "masses" themselves, and this is probably the only possible solution of a difficult problem—a "tidal wave of human souls," answering to the strongest

" primal force,
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it reaches to."

And certainly, from the very lowest point of view, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has observed, the gospel of love and self-reformation is at least a safer and more hopeful one for the proletariat than that of nihilism and dynamite! And as a "London Artisan" has recently observed in the *Fortnightly*, the only truly effective culture for the masses is "that which embraces motives to duty as well as knowledge of facts; the culture of the heart as well as of the intellect." The "culture of the heart" is what the Army especially aims at, and it must be remembered that "out of the heart are the issues of life."

That it should be a mixed movement, as has been noticed, is not surprising. There is "a great deal of

human nature" about it, as there is about most things. And when the previous character of the human nature is taken into account, it is not surprising that it should have features and developments jarring to the susceptibilities of those whose antecedents, moral and religious, have been entirely different. Many of the expressions that have justly shocked a true Christian taste, and been with justice set down as "irreverent" in their character, are simply what might have been expected, in the circumstances, from a stratum of society which the refining and elevating influence of Christianity seems hardly to have touched. But it would, nevertheless, be deplorable indeed, were the character and phraseology of this stratum to leaven in any degree the religious expression of our time; and this is a danger which, owing to the very aggressive power of the "Army," it is by no means superfluous to consider. When we read in the *War Cry*, published in Brooklyn,—a somewhat degenerate edition of the English *War Cry*,—such telegraphic reports from the field as: "Sunday, glorious smash; thirteen in fountain, died hard;—hallelujah!" we feel that in accustoming men's ears to such rough and ready dealings with the most sacred of subjects, the Army's leaders are sacrificing too much to their desire for sensation! We must feel the same when we read the description of their "Big Goes," and other demonstrations, and of the "War Dances," as they describe the fantastic movements of some of the more hysterical subjects, which, by some of the leaders, are too much encouraged. Indeed, it has been said by members of the Army themselves, that it is only the earnest consecration of the subordinate officers which

neutralizes the harm done by such appeals to the lower nature.

The occasional grotesqueness of prayers and hymns, in which any one may make impromptu variations at pleasure, is, perhaps, scarcely to be dissociated from the thorough freedom, which is one of the Army's great attractions for the undisciplined natures it seeks. But certainly it would be no little descent from the reverent humility of attitude which the Christian Church has cultivated for so many centuries were she to encourage the *tone* of prayer, however sincere, frequently used in the Army's meetings ; as for example : " I say, Lord, make us all like you ; nothing in ourselves, but mighty in your strength." And to ears accustomed to the sweet and solemn strains of the hymns which have expressed the deepest feelings of so many generations of Christians, such a " jolly " chorus and air as—

" We've found a wonderful Saviour,
Which nobody can deny !"

cannot but seem a lamentable descent. Better that all our secular literature were vitiated, and our poetry degraded, by the coarseness and vulgarity of a " slangy " age and class, than that these should befoul and clog the wings of the one pure and holy influence vouchsafed to our fallen humanity to lift it up to God Himself !

The cure of such a tendency must be sought, however, not in the " Army " so much as in the Christian Church. Christ told the unbelieving Jews, that in the event of their rejection, God was able even of the stones to raise up children unto Abraham. But from

stones, even if vitalized; we cannot expect the songs of angels, nor from human beings who have been as clods can we expect the thoughts and expressions of a St. Bernard, or a Bishop Heber. If the Christian church generally will but draw from the indubitable zeal and fervour of these Red Cross Knights—many of them, as they openly avow, but lately rescued from the gutter—a stimulus to return to the ardour of her “first love,” and to the power of a greater and more visible unity, she must, as the greater body, wield over the smaller an influence well-nigh irresistible. And so by the attraction of brotherly love, not by a cold and contemptuous criticism, she can by degrees gather these simple, loving souls into her motherly embrace, and make them an incalculable addition to her present force in grappling with an unbelieving world. For this let us hope!

Meantime, the Salvation Army stands before us, a living witness to truths to which our age needed witness. It testifies to the power of that “unknown quantity,” the “inscrutable something which influences the souls of men,” which we call the Holy Spirit;—to the fact that despite all Positivism and Materialism can say, the religious instinct is still the strongest of all, and that thousands of plain, unsentimental men and women are still willing to live or die for Jesus of Nazareth—and to the truth, that under all misery and degradation and brutality, the heart of man still yearns, with an unquenchable yearning, for the love and the smile of the forgiving Father.

