



# The *W. Booth* Collection



## V. MARCHING ON!

We have seen that from the time The General had two people to follow him, he taught them to march, and so to march as to cause others to march after them, following Jesus. We have seen how the Mission, that curious mixture of fish of all sorts caught in the Gospel net, had become a regularly organised marching force, with its printed doctrines and disciplines, and its settled Methodistic government by 1873. In the ten years from 1st January 1873 to 1st January 1883 that Mission, with its 71 circuits, under the Superintendence of 12 Evangelists all laboring in the East End of London, with the exception of those at Croydon, Hastings, Bromley, and Tunbridge Wells, had grown into The Salvation Army with 442 Corps, under 1,067 Officers, laboring in thirteen countries or colonies. It would be ridiculous to attempt in one little volume a complete story of such an advance. One can only hope in a few brief lines to indicate where and how the decisive battles were fought, and why the march was always by the front and never by the rear.

The General had suffered from a severe illness in 1871-2, from which he had only been welcomed home a few days when I made his acquaintance in October, 1872. I must confess that I was much surprised, though not disagreeably so, by his appearance. After having read of a work which seemed to me so much a reproduction of that of John Wesley, I had, I suppose, inevitably pictured in my own mind a rather venerable father in Israel, breathing rather than speaking words of tenderness and mercy to all around him. It was anything but unpleasant, however, to encounter, on the contrary, a thoroughly wide-awake man of business, in his prime, wearing a "Reverend" attached to his name, and a white tie round his neck; but evidently unoppressed by any undue regard for public opinion past present and future, and above all, dissatisfied with all that had been done, and eager to do more. I was only a young layman from the country, twenty-three years of age, yet the first sentence I can remember having addressed to me by the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission was, in his most eager tones, "Can you tell me how to" do something or other better? Such people get on.

At that time the great anxiety which was pressing, above all others, on The General's mind was that of providing suitable and permanent buildings in connection with each station; this was the most recent form which anxiety for the permanence of the work had taken. Wearied and worn by seeing station after station all but extinguished after months of patient toil, by the expulsion



# The *General Railton* Collection



of the Mission from some hired room or other, it had come to be received as almost a fixed principle that a permanent work could only be done in permanent buildings of your own. But to provide such edifices for the people who could only, by the greatest effort raise as much as fifty pounds amongst themselves on any one spot, of course meant an immensity of begging labor and anxiety for The General and Mrs. Booth. This labor had been past, however, and, in addition to the People's Hall, at Whitechapel, purchased, altered, and fitted up as the Mission Headquarters at a cost of £3,000, halls had been completed and commenced at Croydon, Canning Town, and Poplar and before the end of 1873, Hackney, Stoke Newington and Bethnal Green were being provided for in a similar way, at a cost of altogether of £4,000. After months of weary endeavor only £3,000 of this sum had been raised, the rest being borrowed on mortgage.

On Sunday, the 2nd of March, 1873, Mrs. Booth commenced services in the Portland Hall, Southsea. That was the beginning of a new march indeed in that hall; it is true, her audiences were mainly of the respectable sort; but ere long, she asked them to go with her to the St. Mary's Music Hall, with drinking bars opening on the galleries, and with an attendance of its usual world, largely consisting of soldiers and sailors and their favorite companions. That glorious audience trampled out all the nonsense about halls of your own, devoted exclusively to the service of the Lord, and awakened everyone afresh to the facts so prominent in the Mission's earliest days, that if you would reach the masses with the Gospel, you must go for your indoor as well as for your outdoor meetings to the places which they frequent. If you can only induce them to frequent a building of your own so much the better; but to persist in holding forth in your own conventicle to hundreds when you can gather thousands in the Theatre or Music Hall across the way, would be folly indeed!

In March, 1873, too, services were commenced by Miss Billups, in the Wellingboro' Corn Exchange, and before the year closed, Kettering also was occupied, similar stations having also been established in the course of the year in Cubitt Town, Plaistow, and North Woolwich. I must now describe the Conferences of the Christian Mission, of which I had the distinguished honor to be the Secretary from 1873 to 1878, when the last of the series took place. The Conference consisted of the Evangelists entirely employed in the work, and of two lay-delegates, one of whom was often a woman, from each station. These lay-delegates were elected, and I do not



# The *By Railton* Collection



remember ever to have seen one whose life and work would not in itself have made an interesting volume. The first Conference was held in November, 1870, and it adopted the doctrines and discipline of the Christian Mission, after, I have no doubt, long and labored debates upon every point of interest. It fell to the lot of the Conference of 1875 to adopt another set of rules, very much shorter and simpler, adapted to the new state of things which had by that time been brought about. In other Conferences, though there was not such wholesale law-making, every portion of the work was carefully passed in review, and there was no year in which most important resolutions with regard to the management of the work were not adopted. The smallest number comprising a Conference was and the largest one, in 1876, swelled to 67.

The Conference continued generally for two or three days, from ten a.m. till ten p.m., with short intervals for meals. But there was always a timekeeper appointed, whose business it was to break in upon the proceedings at the end of every hour with the cry of "time," and a requisition on some member of the Conference to give out a hymn and pray.

The interest taken in the whole proceedings always appeared to me to be most intense, even when, very occasionally speakers were a little tedious, or the business on hand was of a somewhat dull description. Every member of the Conference listened as though they were jurymen, trying some poor fellow for his life. But it was equally manifest that the times of prayer, and any other means of spiritual improvement, were by far the most welcome to all, or nearly all, present.

There was one lay-delegate whom everyone hoped to see at each succeeding conference, and for whose rising, on no matter what subject, nearly everybody looked with the greatest desire, dear old "praying John," the navvy, from Hastings. If he was little qualified to represent the refined tastes of that remarkable watering-place, and little inclined to enter into any of the niceties of debate, John was always at home praising and glorifying God, and leading everybody towards the skies. A thoroughly sensible, shrewd, old countryman, he was perfectly well able to deal in a common-sense manner, with almost any subject that came before us; and many a time gave hints that were of great practical value. But we all knew that whenever he rose, and however he began he would rise indeed before he was done, and make everybody else rise with him. After a few brief sentences, embodying whatever counsel he had to give, or wishes he had to express, he would be sure to begin shouting, "Hallelujah!" and, spreading the contagion of his



# The *G. R. Railton* Collection



heavenly gladness all around him, amid the thunders of "amen," and "hallelujah," with which his digressions heavenwards were always welcomed, he would go up, and up, until his body, sympathising with his soul, the evangelist of his station and his fellow delegate would be seen holding on to his coat on both sides, to prevent his jumping, an attempt which sometimes succeeded, but generally ended in landing him on the floor. When the glorious old man suddenly went to Heaven, exclaiming "I be saved, and I be happy, let me go," the Conference lost one of its most cheery and brightest lights.

But of the hourly prayer times, what shall I say? The regulation was that the singing and the praying of one or two were altogether to occupy about ten minutes, and, very often, the time was not exceeded; but I remember few occasions of the kind when the whole Conference did not appear to be for the time completely merged into Heaven. It mattered not what the subject under discussion immediately before might have been, or what the division of opinion, the perfect union, the rapid rush together to the one Lord at these times was beyond all description. Perhaps I should come nearest to it if I asked you to imagine a lot of school-boy souls let out for their ten minutes from lessons. The wisest men seemed in a moment to forget that they were anything but God's dear children. The slowest and most embarrassed minds suddenly saw the clear opened road before them, and away went everybody, in prayer and thanksgiving, like so many horses whose feet had suddenly touched the heather. The wonder was that we should be able to get back to business again at all, and we did not always succeed within the regulation time, for many a delegate, and sometimes even an evangelist who had sat silently for hours would burst out in prayer and, but for the solemn determination of the President to get the business finished, I doubt if less than half an hour would often have contented the Conference when once on its knees .

Oh, why were not those faces photographed sometime before and after prayers, specially in the later hours of a long day's sittings, when faces had grown pale and dull beneath the long strain of steadfast close attention! How those ten minutes of prayer transformed them! Everybody would get up looking as though they had just found something. And so they had. They had discovered once more the glorious fact of their nearness to God and their power to overcome the devil and the world; and that made everything sunshine. Men from different parts of the country, who had had scarcely any opportunity to speak to one another before, would rise up,



# The *G. Raitton* Collection



feeling as if they had lived round the same fireside all their lives; and the speaker who was addressing the house before prayer, or the new one who rose immediately after it, would feel as if he had almost a new audience. Those prayer times in the Conference were a visible, unmistakable exhibition of the true source of The Army's strength. With joy everyone of those men and women drew waters out of the wells of Salvation; and it was easy to understand how they could and would go on pouring out streams of living water all the year round, and wherever they went. May it ever be so with all our commissioned and non-commissioned; Officers, aye, and our Soldiers, too!

But there was another feature of those Conferences which was not less interesting and important. True they were assemblies composed of men and women of the very strongest fibre, who had their opinions on almost every point connected with the work, and were prepared to maintain them intelligently and stoutly against all comers; but, above all, they were men and women full of love to God and one another. With scarcely an exception, the decision arrived at, however great the minority against it, was accepted without the slightest demur or tinge of unpleasant feeling by all alike. Of course this was due, in no small degree, to the management of the President, who could always prevail to secure the withdrawal of any proposal which was likely really to hurt the feelings of any of those who were present. But the possibility of so comfortable an arrangement, as well as all the other agreeable features of those meetings, arose from the fact that the will and life of everyone present was already surrendered to God, for His service of love to a dying world.

Never was this feature more prominent than when, at the close of the Conference, the list of the appointments of the evangelists for the ensuing year was read out. This list was arranged during the meal times of the Conference by a Committee appointed for the purpose by ballot. It is needless to say that every evangelist and every delegate had wishes, and very decided wishes to express, and that it was impossible but that most of these wishes must be set aside before a complete set of changes, satisfactory to the General and to all concerned, could be made. Yet, when all was done, and the list that was to sever friends and crushed hopes formed in all directions for a twelvemonth, was read out, the entire company would receive it with a song of thanksgiving, and, leaving the results of any mistakes that might have been made in God's hands, would go forth full of joyous love and faith for another year's fight. The exceptions which



# The *By Railton* Collection



appeared now and then only brought out in greater prominence the general sweetness and devotion which made all this possible.

The evening sessions used to be public, and annual and other special meetings were held in connection with each Conference; and thus, whatever of light and power and victory had been experienced during the year in any part of the Mission, was communicated to all the rest, so that there can be no doubt these Conferences, however great their defects, did much indirectly to promote the grand forward movement that was by-and-by to leave them amongst the things of the past.

And how did they come to an end? I question whether a more complete answer could be given than to say they were left behind. As each Conference came round, it became more and more evident to everyone that what was done or not done during the year had little or no connection with any resolution of the Conference itself. Resolutions might be moved, seconded, debated, and passed, but who was to carry them out? They were published in the "Magazine," but it remained entirely with the General Superintendent and his Staff to enforce them. Except for what might be done from Headquarters they would remain unused and forgotten in the minute-book, the interest of even the mover and seconder in the matter appearing to conclude with the session in which they were voted.

Again, a man would be appointed to a certain place for a twelvemonth, but a few weeks later, when an opportunity arose to extend the work to some new town, with his own hearty consent and that of the people amongst whom he was laboring by appointment he would suddenly be sent off to the new sphere, and when, at the end of the twelvemonth, he came with the delegates of his new Corps to tell the Conference what had been done, everybody's mouth was too full of "Hallelujahs" to make any other remark as to the change of appointment. And again, no month passed in which some earnest brother or sister was not finding out some new method of increasing the success of the work at his own station. The facts had only to be reported in the Mission "Magazine" for a good and successful example to be copied all round and the Conference, representing always more and more of new life, was never likely to grumble at any amount of innovations. True, that a Conference Committee, appointed to act during the year, was supposed to see that everything was done in accordance with the wishes of the Conference;



# The *General Railton* Collection



but, as the principal members of this Committee were scattered all over the country, it could meet but seldom, and, when it did so, had nothing to say but "Praise the Lord," and "Go on ahead."

By the year 1876 it had become so evident that the speed of the Mission's advance must make the resolutions of an annual Conference comparatively useless in directing the movement, that an arrangement was made for every large Station to be represented at a Conference Committee held at Christmas time. It had already been the custom for The General to assemble around him his principal workers at this time of the year but no one imagined in June, 1876, least of all The General himself, – what would happen before the Christmas meetings of that year.

It was postponed for a few weeks for the disinfection of The General's house, which had become a small-pox hospital for the writer, and one or two more, just about the time; but just before the meeting was at last to be held in February, 1877, announcements of the most important kind came from two or three Stations. Here one of the oldest laborers in the Mission had been persuaded to settle down as the "private evangelist" of a rich man; there two of the most important buildings hired for the use of the Mission had been abandoned contrary to the expressed wishes of The General, and to the interests of the work, by men who preferred a respectable and comfortable meeting-place to the huge draughty theatres to which the masses resorted every day for amusement, and where the Mission, in their respective towns, had won its grandest victories. Yonder, it was the wealthy friends of the Mission who were making their influence a continual drag upon the evangelists; and everywhere the life of the whole body, and the spirit, as well as the resolutions of its Conference, were being threatened by individual interference.

What a strange vein of conservatism runs through human nature! Within three months of the starting of the Mission some of the General's people would fain have had him let sittings in their little Halls! The poor drunkard, who since his conversion has got into a new suit and a comfortable home, soon begins to be very particular about any "sudden changes"! And the evangelists of The Christian Mission, when once they found themselves in a Conference where matters could be debated, soon began to long to "settle things," and especially in some cases to settle themselves. In the opinion of some of the ablest of them it was altogether a mistake to remove



# The *General Railton* Collection



a man from one town to another at the end of a year. Two years at least should be allowed him in any place where he had made himself at home amongst the people. By-and-by all the rest would have followed, and these worthy men, who were at their best in a soul-saving meeting, would have become regular pastors, and The General, as he put it, would have been left to go back to the Mile-End Waste alone, if he wished to continue the work for which the Mission existed! It was time to put an end to all that, and therefore when the evangelists and delegates met him in February 1877, The General expressed, in the plainest English, his conviction that the time had come for a complete change of regime. The Conference was to meet as usual, though a little later than usual, in 1877: but it would meet fully to recognise the facts of the case, and instead of wasting time in passing resolutions which could have but little effect, the time was to be spent rather in a united consideration of the victories over which all alike rejoiced, in the explanation of new measures, etc., and in the enforcement of the system with which all alike were desirous that the war should everywhere be pushed on, and in seeking baptism, etc. It was a change in form and expression rather than in substance; for the talk was, after all, much as it had always been. The praying and singing were more than ever delightful, and the feeling of every heart was warmer than ever. That last Conference passed no resolution, yet everyone went from it more resolute than they had ever gone from a previous one. The remarks of The General as to the change through which we were passing were received in the heartiest manner, as far as I could see, by everyone present.

The fact was that The Mission had been growing into an Army. Everybody felt it and was eager for action. The people, if there were any connected with The Mission who had other tastes, must have been unrepresented, or, at any rate, had no representative who could show head against the overwhelming tide. In answering his own question, "What is the good of a Conference?" The General said, with a remarkable anticipation of phraseology we had not yet thought of using, – "This is our Council of War."

I know that some old heads were shaken, and possibly some true hearts were saddened when, in 1878, they saw the huge posters announcing the Conference about to be held as a "War Congress." But I do not believe, when that Congress ended, there was an evangelist or delegate whose heart was not full of joy and satisfaction. The story of that tremendous year, indeed, was too much for any critic. In July, 1877, we reported twenty-nine Stations, under thirty-one



# The *G. Raitton* Collection



evangelists. At the first War Congress we were able to report fifty Stations, under eighty-eight evangelists. And this vast change in figures did not in any degree represent the gigantic character of the year's progress, because nearly all the new Stations were in towns through which The Army – already recognised as such – was sweeping with an overwhelming spiritual force, utterly surpassing all our previous experience. More than 10,000 anxious inquirers' names had been recorded at the penitent-forms in the course of the year.

The delegates who this time occupied the lion's share of the speaking – themselves in many cases astounding trophies of Salvation – could not have been persuaded by fifty Conferences that any new system of government or management was required. One of the first of them who spoke said –

"I am thankful to God that ever the Mission came to Leicester. When your people first came I had scarcely a friend. I was a despised drunkard; but it was such men as the Christian Mission sent that took me by the hand and shook hands with me when nobody else would; and now I am saved. My spiritual father is up there, and I see the man that fiddled me into the Fountain," pointing to one of the Gipsy brothers in the body of the hall, who replied – "And I will fiddle a lot more in yet."

"I belong," continued the delegate, "to the Salvation Warehouse, and I have forsaken my old companions. But since I have been there a lot of them have come and got converted, and now I can walk in the procession with two dozen of my old pals behind me."

Stupid, indeed, would have been the head and cold the heart that, listening to such talk as this, would have longed to have any resolution before the house. It was all "resolution" together, and the year that followed was to show the resolution of the whole Army carried out more triumphantly even than the year behind.

In 1879 we had not time to spare for a general meeting, neither did it seem desirable to hold one, for local Councils of War, much larger than even the War Congress of 1878 were now being held in various parts of the country. The one held by Tyneside alone eclipsed every previous gathering in The Army's history. The huge meetings held in circuses, theatres, and music-halls in



# The *Bill Railton* Collection



Newcastle and Gateshead, the mammoth open-air demonstration on the sand hills, and the presentation of nine flags to the Officers of nine Corps, formed in the immediate neighborhood since the commencement of the year, were all indications of the sweeping career of victory that had transformed whole neighborhoods both north and south of the river.

Yet this was not a whit beyond what we had witnessed and heard of amid the Welsh valleys at our Welsh Council in January or at our Sheffield Council of War in February, nor did it appear so striking as the Coventry Council of June or the London one of Whitsuntide. Best of all we had by this time begun to have the country in conference with us upon every occasion, for The Army could no longer be ignored even by the London Press.

Wherever we went it was found that there was neither a building nor an open space large enough to contain the crowds who were ready to rally round the new flag and listen to the strange new people.

Now there is abundant evidence that all that has not changed in any part of the world. It matters not into what country, state, town, or village the flag of The Salvation Army is carried, we find the same almost illimitable rush of the common people, and the same compulsory attention of all classes. And yet so accustomed have we all become to these things that it actually seems difficult for anyone who has not recently witnessed such scenes, to realise what went on when they first took place in this country. I have no doubt whatever that a great many intelligent and honest folk in the United Kingdom would tell you that The Salvation Army has lapsed into a comparatively quiet condition, and yet in no less than 30 different places during the last three months, in this United Kingdom alone, there have been opening scenes, so exactly like what used to be six and seven years ago, that I hardly know how better to describe the opening of our 70th Corps than by describing what I saw, with my own eyes, last Christmas at the opening of the 700th, in a little Cornish fishing town.

The rush of what appears to be the entire male population old and young, to see the new sight; the turning of every eye upon the new comers whenever and wherever they appear; the discussion in every home and public-house and at every street corner of the one absorbing topic; the taking up of our simple choruses by every child in the street, and their repetition from



# The *W. Booth* Collection



morning to night, all over the place; the dense crowd surrounding the speakers in the open air, and packing any building that they hire to excess; the openmouthed astonishment with which every word of song and testimony seems to be drunk in by every listener, until eyes that have not known a tear for years turn dim, and hearts that never listened to the voice of God before begin to sigh; the fall, night after night, of rows of penitents at the mercy seat, and the rise, day after day, of rows of real soldiers of Christ, ready to march to the rescue of others; such is the story of every advance of The Salvation Army. In later years, other elements have been added, of which I shall have more to say by-and-by. But up to 1880 serious opposition was the exception and hearty welcome the rule.

"Well, but afterwards!" Yes, yes, I know that, all that sort of thing which accompanies the first appearance of any great novelty cannot and does not last, nor do I question that a great deal of what appears at the first to be genuine work is only an appearance: Many a score who were, doubtless, true penitents when they rose from amongst a crowd of scoffing companions to walk forward to the penitent-form, on or before stage or platform, turn out in a few months to be as bad as ever, or worse than ever. But what of that? Is not that the melancholy story of human life throughout all ages? Has there been nothing very like it in your own life's history? Have you never broken any good resolutions, or proved false to any of your vows to God? One thing I do know: of all the towns in this country into which The Salvation Army advanced between January 1st, 1873, and January 1st, 1883, there are not half-a-dozen which do not this week see The Army still marching along in their midst, with the very same spirit, the same energy, the same glorious devotion to the souls of the lost with which it first attacked the place.

But at the end of 1879, came a new and altogether unprecedented step forward. Ever since the end of 1868 the Mission had had a monthly magazine, in which the work at the various stations was reported; but the enormous growth in their numbers during the years 1878 and 1879, made it utterly impossible either for adequate reports to be contained in a small monthly, or for The Army to wait a whole month for every item of news, and a weekly paper was therefore determined on, with the title of the "War Cry." For some time we had had a printing office of our own, and it was determined if possible, to print the newspaper at our own press. But oh, what a chapter that "War Cry" beginning would make itself, had we space at command for the story! After endless deliberation as to the matter, type, size, paper, etc., the four small pages



# The *G. R. Railton* Collection



were at last set up, and about midnight I went with The General to see the first two pages cast. After several attempts the appliances at command failed; and before the casts of these pages were actually made, some of them went to "pie." Then, when at last the "forms" were all in form, and the great work was to begin, while the expectant staff stood waiting for the first "War Cry" sheets, the machine that was to have printed them hopelessly broke down. All this time the hours had been flying, and how to get out No. 1 in any reasonable nearness to its date, was becoming a most solemn question. Of course, the forms must be sent to a large firm to machine, and then came the delivery of the papers to the railway companies, and all the complicated contrivances by cabs and otherwise to get the parcels to the newspaper trains, and to induce the companies to pay sufficient attention to the new invader.

But the "War Cry" was bound to go, and go it did at last, and, from the appearances of No. 1, there has never been any question of its going, in any part of the world where it has been introduced. From the 17,000 copies of the first number issued, the little halfpenny weekly steadily went up, until, in its bi-weekly form it had reached a sale of hundreds of thousands every week. By this time, 1888, similar papers were being sold at the same time in France, America, and Australia, so that, altogether the weekly sales amounted to half-a-million. Of the later developments of this huge enterprise we shall speak later on.

From the first the "War Cry" was exactly what its name implies, and therefore differed radically from every other newspaper published in the world. There were to be no advertisements whatever, except such as directly concerned The Army. Anything like a serial tale, or work of fiction was, of course, out of the question, as had always been the case with the Christian Mission Magazine. This was to be a newspaper to arouse everybody to fight against sin, chiefly by telling how the fight was being carried on and how the devil was being conquered throughout our ranks. From No. 1 onwards we have never had an inch to spare for general or local politics, for abusing, criticising or even describing other people's sayings and doings. Those who have more space to spare have often complained that the "War Cry" took no notice of the work of anyone outside The Army. What a mercy it would have been to many people as well as to ourselves if many editors had been content to take less notice of us! But the simple fact is that there has never been a time since the "War Cry" commenced, when our space was equal to the calls made upon it. Year after year we have had to make greater demands upon the patience of the



# The *By Railton* Collection



constantly growing host of Officers, Soldiers, and contributors who must needs find their reports and compositions left out, so that whether regarded from the point of its writing or writers or from that of its sales and sellers the "War Cry" has always been unique; and has always been a mass of testimony to the overflowing life and abounding victory of The Army.

Indeed no complaint has been more common than that the "War Cry" was monotonous and full of repetition. Well we do not boast a multitude of writers and speakers whose phrases are continually varied. We speak the things we do know in language that everybody understands, and when nearly 900 captains have to sit down and report on the very same sort of meetings carried on in the same week, amid much of the same sort of surroundings, and, thank God, everywhere with the same purpose, and more or less the same results, it is impossible to avoid a certain amount of sameness in the language that describes it. But it is the sameness of united hands and minds, and of uniform progress. However I defy any of those critics to show us a "War Cry" that is the same all the way through; I want to see that paper, from whatever part of the world anybody can produce it!

From No. 1 the sale of the "War Cry" became a new and enormously important feature of the war. The booksellers did not care for halfpenny papers, and as for that Salvation Army thing of course it was out of the question. It would not pay the little boys to sell it in the streets. Scarcely any of them ever mustered courage to try, although enterprising Officers actually offered to give them copies for the purpose. The paper has always been too much Salvation Army to be sold by anyone but The Salvation Army or its thorough friends themselves. But they have sold it with a will. Along the most crowded pavements, and away down the back lanes, and out into the most scattered hamlets, into the very lowest public-houses as well as into the most respectable mansions the "War Cry" sellers have, week after week, made their way with no hope of gaining anything but the frowns and abuse of men and the smile of God.

But they have succeeded far beyond their expectations. Publicans have bought the paper and recommended their customers to buy it too. Gentlemen have given half-a-crown for a copy. Scores and hundreds of the paper have been bought in a few minutes by crowds who never looked at another religious journal in their lives; and, best of all, no week has passed, without the glorious news reaching Officer after Officer of souls saved, and children of God sanctified



# The *General Railton* Collection



and called out to the war through the reading of the little rough-and-ready paper which will always keep on driving the same "Cry" into everybody's ears.

The first numbers of the "War Cry" contained the announcement of our first great foreign advance.

The story of our work in the United States and Canada will be told in later chapters. Suffice it to say here that in this, as in almost every forward step, the action of Headquarters has been in a manner forced by circumstances; so that we have been compelled to enter upon a great effort, which we would much rather have postponed to a later date.

Under similar compulsion an expedition had to be sent to Australia in 1880, and in the beginning of 1881 the General's eldest daughter was given up to France. At the close of 1881 the man who was to be our leader in India arrived in England to see The Army, and, after spending a great part of the year with us, he left, with a party, to commence the attack on the great peninsula in August, 1882. In 1883 the War was extended to most of the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, whilst our first Swedish Corps was established under the command of a Swedish lady at Stockholm, and a detachment of three were sent to invade England's three-cornered territories in South Africa. A party having, during this year also, been sent to California, it will be seen that The Army had, within eighteen years of the first commencement of the Mission, and within five years of its formal organisation as an Army, in a manner encircled the world, and so proclaimed its intention to march everywhere.

In the course of these three years 1881, 1882, and 1883, there was besides a marked change in the general character of The Army's progress in the United Kingdom, and of the impression made by it upon the public, and that for two opposite reasons.

In the first place, there was a change from the short, quick steps of a bounding childhood to the astonishing strides of a young giant. Instead of being content merely with opening a number of small buildings, The Army was found ready to pounce upon the largest properties that could possibly be laid hold of, and to fill them, and fill them to excess, with audiences of the sort it sought after. People had not recovered from the astonishment of finding us in possession of one



# The *G. Raiton* Collection



of the largest buildings in London, formerly the London Orphan Asylum, which we turned into a Congress Hall seating 5,000 people, and a Home for 250 of those who wished to become Officers, before they learnt that we had also taken possession of the "Eagle" and "Grecian" premises, the largest and most notorious haunts of vice in the metropolis, And the occupation of Exeter Hall with crowded audiences all day long became so common an incident as to provoke those who had always groaned at the very thought of that famous centre of truth and justice, to describe it as though it were continually and only used by us. So general was the occupation by The Army of every large public building or place of entertainment throughout the country, that alarm was positively expressed by persons in the theatrical and musical world lest serious injury would be done to their professions; and men of the world generally exclaimed at the prospect of being left without a building for any great political purpose available in their towns.

On the other hand, all this advance was resisted with a desperation which greatly added to The Army's success. The sellers of drink and the traders in ruin generally combined in town after town to "put down The Army;" and often with only too much sympathy from authorities and "respectable inhabitants." Bands of ruffians, primed with drink, were put upon the work, or the police were instructed to "take steps," which would cause us to "move on." The attempt to turn the "Eagle" and the theatres adjoining it into centres of light and salvation was resisted with such an array of ruffianism in the streets, and with such a combination of legal. talent in the courts, as London has rarely witnessed. But the more they tried to "put The Army down," the more it continued to go up. The persistently patient endurance with which our soldiers, both male and female, continued their work of love amidst the crowds who treated them with every sort of violence, gained for us an amount of sympathy with both high and low such as years of ordinary labor could never procure for us. Every attempt to crush us by the misuse of the law was sure to result in a legal victory, reported in all the newspapers in a way that forced persons who would never voluntarily have done so, to turn their thoughts in our direction.

Thus a curious combination of circumstances united to make the progress of The Army gigantic in itself, and still more gigantic in its influence upon the world at large, beyond all that could have been calculated upon, or brought about by any human contrivance. From the little deacon's meeting held in a back parlour to the grandest ecclesiastical assemblies in the country, and from



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the tap-room to the House of Lords, The Army was discussed in every circle, and became one of the most interesting topics of the day. The scurrilous infidel, and the Christian editor alike, when desirous to increase the circulation of their publications, criticised The Army, and by the very assistance of its most resolute enemies, the influence of this, even now, small force of poor men and women made itself felt more and more everywhere.

At the close of 1882 "this sect," which was more talked of and written about among civilised people than perhaps all the other religious missions in existence at the time, had only 442 stations and 1,067 Officers. The number of Officers had been more than doubled during the year, and the number of Corps nearly so, with every prospect of a continuance of equally rapid growth.

But, in time to come, if not to-day, intelligent people will all feel that this thousand men and women who held the world, as it were, between their finger and thumb, could only have gained such an influence by Divine power, and that all the attempts to account for their success otherwise were ridiculous.