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VII. WOMEN'S VICTORIES.

THE other night I was at Whitechapel, where the General went to have a look at his old friends of the first Corps. Some time was allowed, of course, for testimony, and among the first to spring to her feet, and demand a turn, amidst the chorus of veterans from all parts of the East End, was a woman converted less than a week ago. Her voice could not be heard at first, though she was close beside us, on the platform; but the vigorous action of her fist showed that she meant to have a hearing, which was soon obtained, only for her to declare that now she had "got the peace that passeth all understanding," she meant to spend the rest of her life fighting for God.

For twenty-one years The Army has been raising up such women all round the world; and tens of thousands of these are at work to-day. To their devoted labors, no small share of The Army's victory is due; but, on the other hand, it is The Army which has won for them and for all godly women outside its borders the glorious liberty they needed.

Not that we can yet claim the complete victory for which we fight. In an enormous majority of churches even now the old prejudice against the woman's voice and the woman's public work lingers on and you would find reverend and lay gentlemen, and still more lay ladies, who will quote to you with all solemnity, two or three sentences, out of what is called the New Testament, as conclusive evidence that God is not willing for a woman to understand and act upon His word as revealed all throughout His book and by His Son, to the same extent as He is for men so to do. But, as usual, the big world is ahead of the religious world and if the latter will not learn the first elementary lesson that common sense, to say nothing of religion, should have taught them – the equality of souls – the political and social world will either drum the lesson into them or will surely appreciate the one religious organisation which has proclaimed it. When I read the speech of a British duchess – at a meeting of the Primrose League, or hear of Austrian princesses taking part in Court theatricals in aid of a charity, I say, "Yes, all right; they are learning the lesson of The Salvation Army, and we shall have them on our platform some day, helping to lead poor sinners to Christ." I am not going to argue the point at all, but simply to tell of some of the victories that women have won in the great progress towards the emancipation of their sex for the service of the Lord.



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Of Mrs. Booth I have little need to speak, for she had won her victory before the first days of The, Christian Mission, and won it so completely that everyone almost is ready to exclaim "Oh, Mrs. Booth and, a few more may be gifted; but that does not say that all these Sallies are to be put up to teach religion." A very large number of the Sallies are the result of Mrs. Booth's preaching, and who can tell how many of them would have had the chance of a hearing had she not been used of God to open the road for them?

For one purpose I feel a quotation from Mrs. Booth is absolutely necessary. No experience could, perhaps, so clearly show what a victory must be won in a woman's own heart before she can go forth to conquer the world, or how manifestly her calling and power must be of God as the simple story which Mrs. Booth has given us of, as beginning of her own public work. She says: –

"For some four or five months before I commenced speaking the controversy had been signally roused in my soul, which God had awakened years before, but which, through mistaken notions, fear, and timidity, I had allowed almost to die out. During a season of sickness, one day it seemed as if the Lord revealed it all to me by His Spirit. I had no vision, but a revelation. To my mind, He seemed to take me back to the time when I was fifteen and sixteen, when I first gave my heart to Him. He seemed to show me all the bitter way, how this one thing had been the fly in the pot of ointment, the bitter in the cup. I felt how it had hindered the revelation of Himself to me, and hindered me from growing in grace, and learning more of the deep things of God. I promised Him there, in the sick room, 'Lord, if Thou wilt return unto me as in the days of old, and re-visit me with those urgings of the Spirit which I used to have, I will obey, if I die in the attempt.'

"About three months after that I went to the chapel, of which my husband was a minister, and he had an extraordinary service.

"I was in the minister's pew, and there were about a thousand people present. As the testimonies went on I felt the Spirit come upon me. You alone who have felt it know what it means. It cannot be described. I felt it to the extremities of my fingers and toes. It seemed as if a voice said to me, 'Now, if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to your own soul, as well as to the souls of the people;' and I gasped again, and I said in my soul, 'Yes, Lord, I believe Thou wouldst, but I cannot do it.'



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"A voice seemed to say to me, 'Is this consistent with that promise?' and I almost jumped up and said, 'No, Lord; it is the old thing over again, but I cannot do it;' and I felt as though I would sooner die than do it; and then the devil said, 'Besides, you are not prepared to speak, you will look like a fool, and have nothing to say.' He made a mistake. He overdid himself for once. It was that word that settled it. I said, 'Ah, that is just the point; I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one,' and without stopping another moment I rose up in the seat, and walked up to the top of the chapel. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years' and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down to ask me 'What is the matter, my dear?' I said, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise he could only say, my dear wife wants to say a word,' and sat down. He had been trying to persuade me to do it for ten years.

"I got up, God only knows how – if any mortal ever did cling on the arm of Omnipotence I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm, and yet it was a Divine arm, to hold me.

"I confessed, as I think everybody should when they have been in the wrong and misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ.

"But, oh! how little I saw then what it involved. I never imagined the life of publicity it was going to lead me into and of trial also, for I was never allowed to have another quiet Sabbath when I could speak or stand up. All I took there was the present step; I did not see in advance, but the Lord, as He always does when His people are honest with Him and obedient, opened the windows of Heaven, and poured out such a blessing that there was not room enough to contain it."

Bold indeed must be the man or woman who would dare to say that one who has passed through any such experience as this could be at liberty to abstain from public witnessing for Christ, whenever the opportunity presented itself. And I am prepared to show that just such an experience has been the foundation of all the ministry of women throughout the history of the Army.



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Among the first band of Mission Woman Speakers, led by a Mrs. Collingridge, was a Mrs. Reynolds, a woman I always used to see in the Whitechapel porch fourteen years ago, either speaking to the people, or wrestling, or struggling on her knees with some poor, ragged, drunken, dirty sinner, for whose Salvation she never seemed to grudge any amount of time or effort, the same woman was amongst the first to go out and attack a provincial town under The Army flag; nay, rather, she went before the flag, for the first flag The Army ever possessed was presented, in that very town of Coventry to her and to the Corps (No. 35), which she had raised in spite of difficulties that would have driven most men out of the place in a fortnight.

Oh, how the memory of my first sight of that great campaign remains stamped in all its freshness on my mind, just as I saw it eight years ago! With what suspicion and contempt did the police and nearly everyone appear to look down on the little friendless woman who had come from the East End of London to speak and pray with the poor drunkards! With the exception of a little ragged-school, on the outskirts of the town, she could obtain most nights no meeting-place at all. I left her, on the Monday morning, greatly rejoiced over the hope of obtaining a hay-loft that we had discovered in one of the outskirts; but alas! alas! even this could not be hired for so outrageous a purpose, when the owner fairly found out that a woman was going to conduct meetings in it. And so Mrs. Reynolds and her few helpers had to continue their nightly struggles in the open air.

The police would not allow them to stand in any visible position but they had never had to struggle against a woman's ingenuity before; and while they were hunting the new sect through the streets and lanes, the women, who only sought the privilege of speaking to the very poorest, were delighted to stand in courts and blind alleys, where, before any of the force were aware of it, they were able to get a great audience surrounding them at every window of the high old tenement houses, and to hold a successful meeting. The women, I say, for there were two and Mrs. Reynolds' Lieutenant, Honor Burrell, deserves mention in connection with that court-war, if for nothing else. The widow of a husband, once an infidel, who had been saved through the instrumentality of the Mission, and had gone triumphantly to glory, Mrs. Burrell shared the poverty and the struggles of this early campaign with a devotion and a spirit that greatly assisted her leader; and, when all was done, went with one of our first Coventry speakers to endure even



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greater hardships and difficulties in the little upper room in which our first Manchester Corps was formed.

Oh! the romance of those early days, when Mrs. Reynolds and a few more were practically deciding the question whether it was possible for women, not only to be speakers, but leaders of Corps, far away from Headquarters, and in circumstances where they must depend on their own resources! The dispatches from the field which those women didn't write – what stories they would have told. But it is only bit by bit, in the course of conversation and sometimes of speeches, that one gets the facts which those conquerors strong in their faith in God, would not deign at the time to mention. Their dinners of bread and cheese when they had even as much; the wrestling in prayer by which they obtained boots fit to appear in public when old ones were utterly worn out with their ceaseless tramping of the streets and stairs; the empty rooms in which they lived behind the protecting cover of newspaper blinds, which prevented the public from seeing too much of their poverty; the collections of a few halfpence which they sometimes obtained even from large but unfriendly audiences; the nights of weeping over rent and gas-bills, which had to be paid, they knew not how, and which they took it as a personal hardship that they should ever have to mention to the General, whose overburdened condition, from long personal acquaintance, they well knew. The crushing sorrow of seeing crowds come and go, without, in any case, seeking Salvation; and then the overwhelming joy of seeing the first, second, third, and the twentieth convert! Those battles, in which the first of our glorious host dragged women's right to conquer, as it were, out of the very teeth of the enemy, can never have their equal for interest again; for those battles were fought through and won, and the gate stands open now to every woman in every land. Mrs. Reynolds was our first Major in Ireland.

But of Mrs. Sayers, another of Mrs. Collingridge's band, I must speak; for she endured one of our first and fiercest conflicts of another sort. It was she who was sent with Colonel Edmonds, then looked upon almost as a youth, to the ancient city of Salisbury, "to speak and sing for God." The outburst of ruffianism which greeted their arrival, and which continued to surround The Army for years after their departure from that city, instead of being in any way discouraged or repressed by the authorities was rather taken up and forwarded by them with all possible ability. Mrs. Sayers had, under these circumstances, the honor to be the first of our female Officers practically arraigned before a Court of Justice in connection with her work. And here is the



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account of what passed between her and the Mayor, as reported in a local newspaper at the time. Mrs. Sayers had summoned three young men who had been persistent disturbers of the meetings, and who, being convicted on the clearest evidence, were encouraged by what took place in Court and by a nominal fine of half-a-crown to do it again. Mrs. Sayers, however, thus dealt with the difficulties of the case: –

"The Clerk (Mr. Powning): 'Are you the preacher at a place registered as the Christian Mission Hall?'

"Mrs. Sayers: 'I exhort. I am not a preacher.'

"The Clerk: 'What?'

"The Mayor: 'An exhorter.'

"Mrs. Sayers: 'I exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come' (loud laughter).

"The Clerk: 'Have you the licence registering the building?'

"Mr. Edmonds: 'We have not got it here, sir, but we will bring it.'

"The Mayor: 'I wish you would, and we will assume that it can be brought, and will go on with the evidence.'

"After some further evidence, the licence was brought into court and handed to the Mayor.

"The Mayor (reading): 'Sarah Sayers, female minister, I don't know what that means, whether—'

"Mrs. Sayers: 'It's what the law of the Lord God Almighty calls me' (laughter).

"The Mayor: 'Oh, nonsense' (loud laughter).

"Mrs. Sayers: 'I minister to precious souls, and—'

"The Mayor: 'You are not licensed to preach here though' (roars of laughter).

But it is hardly safe to say we Christian Mission people will not preach anywhere, licensed or not. The case proceeded, and speaking of another of the defendants (we are quoting from the same report), Mrs. Sayers said—"He is a young man that I am sorry for.

"The Mayor: 'Yes.'

"Mrs. Sayers: 'We have many here who were confirmed drunkards when we first came to this city, and who now have altered their ways, and given themselves to God, and are quite different;



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and you ought to be glad to see that they have altered. As a proof of this only look at their homes.'

"The Mayor: 'That is your experience" (laughter). You had better confine yourself to the matter before the Court.'

"Mrs. Sayers: ' The Lord bless you, my lord, and save your precious soul (loud laughter)! I hope and pray you will be saved and be converted to God (renewed laughter)! The Lord bless you, and save your soul; God bids me warn you to flee from the wrath to come! Lord help you and save your blessed soul! Lord help you! ' (loud laughter). This last sentence was uttered in an undertone, Mrs. Sayers having evidently exhausted herself.

"After the excitement had abated the Mayor (laughingly) said: 'You really must not, Mrs. Sayers. You are creating a disturbance yourself.'

"Mrs. Sayers (fervently): 'Lord help you, sir! Lord help you!'"

Such women are not easily put down. I remember that a younger one of that same school of early conquerors, on arriving at the great War Congress of 1878, had put into her hands a telegram sent from the distant northern station which she had left a few days before. The telegram read: –

"Stopped preaching Friday open-air. Seen magistrate; won't allow us to preach or sing in open air. Wire back how to proceed."

"The Lord save the magistrates!" exclaimed the little lass. "We had an impudent letter the other day, but we took no notice of it; and now that we are away they take upon them – but wait till we get back." A reply after this style was sent, and when the sisters did get back we heard no more of the difficulties.

Enough, however, of these struggles for the mere liberty to act. What is more interesting is to remember the great triumphs and conquests that have followed the use of that liberty.



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From the very beginning The General had firmly maintained the equality of women with men, as speakers and workers, in any department for which they had the needed strength and ability. Space forbids me to dwell upon the myriad victories which, in those early days, women won either as speakers or as skirmishers, carrying from room to room the same desperate warfare they carried on in the public thoroughfare. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the fact that women have been gloriously useful in The Army, in such ways as they are kindly permitted to be useful in elsewhere. My work is rather to point out how much wider triumphs they have gained because of the wider opportunities afforded them.

One of the first items of news I heard, on visiting the Mission for the first time, was that fourteen souls had been seeking mercy at a little hall in Bethnal Green, in connection with services conducted by one Annie S. Upon inquiry I found that she was a simple lassie from a country village. But the same story came from every quarter which she visited, that she was the means, in God's hands, while working amid the most difficult surroundings, of leading more sinners to Christ than most of the men who were laboring on the same ground. Some of the men, however, were wont to regard the work of such young women with patronising kindness, as very good, so far as it went, but needing their fostering care and supervision to make it of any great permanent value.

It was not until ten years later that, for the first time, the daring experiment was tried of putting a little out-lying station under the command of a woman; but Annie Davis, now Mrs. Major Ridsdel, in the streets and in the little upstairs Bethel of Barking, effectually settled the question whether a woman was capable of managing a Station successfully. Who that heard it will ever forget the triumph of her description of her tenure of office at that little place as she spoke of it at the meeting of Evangelists round the General's fireside at Christmas, 1875, winding up with the assurance that she had not only left behind her Women's Victories, a good society and congregation, free from debt and fear, and ready to go forward in the strength of the Lord, to greater and greater victories; but that she had even amassed a balance in hand of ten shillings towards the payment of the first week's salary of the young man who was to succeed her, and of whose ability to keep things together as well as the little woman had done, we were almost left to infer a slight suspicion. That successor, by the way, is Major Ernest Blandy of the East New York Division in the United States.



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But even the unquestionable success of Annie Davis and others in the small stations upon which the experiment was tried, could hardly be taken as conclusive evidence with regard to the probability of their useful employment as the leaders in a great attack upon a large population, and three years more rolled away before this question was put fairly to the test. Even to those of us who were most familiar with all the circumstances, it would be impossible to say just why, in 1878, and no sooner than 1878, a cloud of women officers were suddenly sent flying all over the country, with full power to attack and take possession of towns, just as the men had done. Of course these plodding and determined women Evangelists had been steadily winning the road to increased opportunity and power during the three years in which their labors were confined to small East-End congregations; and there is an old law, the fulfillment of which nobody can prevent that, "He that hath to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance." God had already been proving that the "He" of that and other promises was never intended to include only men; and we therefore saw, beyond all doubt, that we had a number of godly women who were just as certain, if not more certain, to win many souls, and to direct operations successfully as the men, wherever they were allowed to do so. But it is a singular coincidence, at any rate, that only in the year after Conferences and Committees had been left behind, was the gate of usefulness thrown wide open before these "weaker vessels." Indeed I am not sure that we have ever had an instance of a woman's successful management in association with a committee of men. A strong willed man – any man, in fact, with sufficient ability and strength of mind to be successful as an officer, might override and impose his will upon a committee, without offending or driving them away; but no woman could do this without conflicts that would necessarily destroy her influence, and make her usefulness, on any extended scale, impossible. I could tell tales as to the struggles of some of those early heroines with elders and committees; but let bygones be bygones. They could never have been sent out with any prospect of success in a provincial city had they been saddled with any of that old machinery. But in 1878 the coast was clear, and the day of The Army and of victory was come.

At 10:35 on Saturday morning, the 30th March, 1878, I saw the first two Hallelujah Lasses leave King's Cross for Felling-on-Tyne. "The Cross was before my eyes," writes one of them afterwards, "and fastening some blue ribbon to a white handkerchief, I said I would be 'true blue' to God



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and the Mission." That woman and her like-minded sister kept their word, and some idea of the result may be gathered from the following account of their first glorious days. They arrived at Felling at seven o'clock that Saturday night, after which they had a prayer meeting, which did not conclude till eleven o'clock, and on Monday morning we received the following telegram: "500 afternoon; 800 night. Offerings, £2. Six souls; lot in pickle; three open-air meetings, glorious times!"

From that day the dreadful expression "in pickle," so often quoted against us, has been a standing phrase, expressing, perhaps, a only little too pungently, a standing reality. I am quite content to leave critics to puzzle their brains over the comparative propriety of describing a man who is deeply and wretchedly under conviction as being "pricked to the heart," or "in pickle." The fact remains beyond all dispute that at Felling that Sunday night, and, thank God in thousands of other places since, men who had come to hear the lasses for the first time after a life of indifference to religion, went away in such a condition of heartache and wretchedness about their sins, that it was next door to impossible for them to sleep, eat, or work until they had been completely cured. That was all the sisters meant by describing them as being "in pickle," and all, I presume, that the Apostles meant by describing their hearers as being "pricked."

Those indefatigable sisters went out, at half past ten that first Sunday morning, marching through the town and getting a grand crowd of men, women and children. They did not cease their open-air work till half past twelve, and they were at it again at two for another hour. The total impression made in the neighborhood that first day was expressed by an old man, who exclaimed, says their report, "We had brought a new religion from London. We preach Holiness unto the Lord, and the saints do look when we tell them we can live without sin. We do, bless the Lord."

"RACHEL AND LOUISA AGAR."

The work at Felling went forward, and at the Congress, held in August, Rachel was able to report that 450 poor sinners had sought the Lord in the eighteen weeks during which she had been in the place, and that a thoroughly devoted society were ready to go forward, day after day, and do anything for the Master.



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But on that occasion Kate Watts, now the wife of Colonel Taylor, our Indian Chief-of-Staff, was able to report an even greater triumph, in view of the fact that she had been sent to Merthyr in South Wales at a time when the town was in the deepest distress owing to the stoppage of many of the principal works in which its inhabitants were engaged. It would be impossible to improve upon the words in which she herself reported the victory. She said: –

"I never realised I was going so far till the train was gliding out of the Paddington Station, and then my heart sank within me and I felt I had only God to fall back upon. And from that moment to this He has continually helped me. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

"A poor old woman got into the train, and as I talked to her about her soul she cried bitterly; but then she had to get out. And then a sweep got in. I was alone and getting near to Wales, and my heart began to shiver when the sweep came in with his brushes. I had a few words with him, and then I had to get out.

"The rain was pouring in torrents as I got out, and I thought of all the filthy places I had ever seen that Merthyr was the worst. Mr. Booth had told me it was a filthy place; but I thought it was worse. The poverty was something awful, the wickedness was shocking, and the dirt was abominable.

"The next day, Saturday, was market day, and we picked the very best place in the town where there were crowds of people, and took our stand. I trembled and felt as if I would rather go anywhere or give up anything than go there. But God said, 'I will go with thee.'

"When I stood in the Square I lifted up my heart to God, and I could not open my lips scarcely at first. Sister Parkins gave out a verse and we sang it, and the people crowded round us by hundreds. We spoke to them as long as we could, and I have never been nervous since.

"There had only been 100 bills put out for us; but we announced our services. The people followed us home and then they could see no more.



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"On the Sunday afternoon, after our open-air meeting, we dare not sing down the street, but only walked along, and the people followed us till we had 1,500 in the Drill Hall; but we had no souls.

"Oh! I forgot to say that we had a brother from Cardiff over to help us.

"When we concluded we thought it was a hard place.

"On the following Tuesday we got four souls, and felt convinced that God was going to work mightily with us. The second Sunday we got the place crammed, and a great number came out to be saved. When they stood up and sang, 'I'm going home to glory where pleasures never die,' I lost myself entirely and seemed to have got into the third heaven. That Sunday there were twenty-four saved and the collections were better.

"Amongst the many souls we have had saved is a confirmed infidel and a drunkard who has been a great trouble to his parents; but God convinced him of sin, the power of God fell on him and he was saved. He preached for us yesterday. The first time he preached he broke down; but two souls broke down before God. We have often had sinners saved at seven o'clock in the morning.

"We have got the names of some 500 or 600 converts, besides numbers whose names we could not make out at all. Many of the people are Welsh.

"It is a hard soil, and it is a great anxiety to lead the people on when you have got them. We have not nearly so much difficulty in leading the people in England. But I look forward to the raising up of many Evangelists from amongst the people.

"They call me mother down yonder; and when the grey-headed old men say, 'Good-night, mother,' I say, 'Goodnight, my dear boy'

"The people sit and think at home about it, and then come and make a full surrender. We have seen many of the worst people truly converted.



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"We found it hard at first to get the necessary funds to meet all expenses. We used to go out first thing in the morning to sweep the hall to save the expenses of a hall keeper, and one week when we had 34s. to pay for gas, we did not know where to look for the money. So we just told the Lord about it. On Saturday a gentleman gave us ten shillings for the work, on Sunday we got a lot more, and by Tuesday we owed nobody anything.

"In five months we have not only been able to meet all expenses but to furnish a Mission house that I should be proud to ask anybody to. And this, although the town is in perfect misery through the bad times.

"The Lord God has done it and will do greater things still, and the whole town shall be shaken.

"The people said to me when I told them I was going way, ' Oh, mother, I don't know what we shall do without you!'

"But I told them there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

"Whichever of you go to Merthyr, take care of my children; love them, and may God help you and them to go on to perfect victory."

It is needless to multiply accounts of this kind, even if it were in our power to do so, which it is not, for very few of the thousands of women who have gone out and fought and triumphed in this spirit have supplied us, or felt inclined to supply us, with anything like complete reports of their success. But everywhere the story has been pretty much the same; and when the time came for the extension of the war to other shores, as will be seen in later chapters, the same old story of labour, endurance and victory was repeated everywhere.

"But how do the women manage? Are they able to control the large bodies of grown-up men and women converted under their ministry – to organise them into a regular force, and to lead them on, keeping up and increasing their efficiency? Well, we have to-day, in the United Kingdom alone, no less than 363 Corps under the command of women officers, and, so far from their being any sort of slackness in the rule of a sister so placed in authority, with rare exceptions



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it has been found that they are more likely to maintain a strict and perfect discipline, and to be allowed to do so with less unpleasantness than the men.

A certain gentleman who had served in the Crimean war, and who strongly resented what he called our military jargon and assumption of titles, was once induced to spend a whole Sunday with a Corps which was under the command of a little woman. When the day was over and he had seen how, throughout every detail of its services, that woman was obeyed without murmur or hesitation by hundreds of stalwart working folk, he remarked, upon being questioned as to whether his opinions with regard to our use of military terms had undergone any change, "Well, if this is a specimen, I must say they really are Captains, and I do not see why you should not call them so."

The universal testimony of our eleven years' experiences is that difficulties, sufferings and oppositions that might well discourage and dishearten even the strongest man, are faced and trampled under foot by a couple of young girls who justify all the time the "Hallelujah" name that has been given to them by the songs and shouts of praise with which they drive away cares and fears that might well crush them. It would be unfair to my own sex not to add that this is not due to superior spiritual strength or natural fortitude. The women are generally more popular than men. They more readily gain everyone's sympathy and so enlist help of every kind, for which men could not decently appeal, and which no appeal would procure for them. It is not that women are usually gifted with extraordinary organising ability or business skill, but they can command those who have these gifts, and make use of their talent without surrendering to them any part of their authority, to an extent that no man could.

I should not like to enquire how many sister officers are thoroughly at home over their Corps' account-books. I have heard pitiful tales of the headaches some of them have had while laboring to add up a few columns of figures, or write a few pages of report. But there is brother Addup, the accountant at Ten Thousand & Co.'s. He has not to work late at his daily employment, and would like to spend his time, when free from office duty, in the meetings. Captain Matilda has only to say a word and he will gladly give up as many hours as may be necessary to keep any number of account-books in perfect order for her. And there is Jack Manley, the foreman of the big iron works, who will undertake any amount of labor as Sergeant-Major, if she wishes it, to



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organise the Soldiers of the Corp., to get up a big tea, or arrange a huge excursion visit to some other Corps.

And so the critics may grumble, may quote texts, may say or do what they like, but there they stand – thousands of women who might to this day have remained comparatively buried in quiet, obscure and very limited usefulness, but who are ministering weekly to great audiences of the poor, are conducting huge open-air and indoor demonstrations on behalf of Jesus Christ, with a success that can neither be prevented nor denied.

If The Salvation Army had done nothing else but establish women's divine and human right to such conquests of souls as this it would have conferred on mankind a benefit second to none in the world's history. But wait we have not finished yet. There are those still who will not see in all this the finger of God, and will not admit that in all this His purpose, and His power have been shown. We must go on until they are convinced by those substantial, matter-of-fact arguments, which tell so much more than words, and which must surely in the long run compel the most skeptical to confess that it was God who gave the Word to this great company of women preachers, and that He is with them, as with their faithful brethren, even unto the end of the world.

One of our first colored "Hallelujah Lasses," Clara Lewis, of Cape Town, has proved how completely a godly woman officer could triumph over every prejudice, and not only capture souls for her King, but compel the respect and even admiration of the world while doing so. She had a heroic leader, for she was taken from her home by Mrs. Major Simmonds, a mother with two babies, who confronted, without flinching, the massed ruffianism of Pieter-maritzburg, and conducted to a victorious finish services which were persistently interrupted by merchants and other "gentlemen" of that city, with the assistance of broken chairs, bricks, etc.

Amidst scenes like this Clara Lewis, mourning that she was only a "poor colored girl," and could, therefore, do so little, resolutely did that little well, and a few months afterwards, when she was accidentally burnt to death, after bearing agonies of pain in glorious peace for a few hours, the Volunteer Rifles of the city, as well as thousands of others, turned out to follow her charred remains to a Salva-tion Soldier's grave. I question whether, in all the records of British or other



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colonies, there could be found an instance of equal respect paid to a colored woman. But Clara Lewis was a conqueror, and everybody knew it, and felt and acted accordingly.