



CHAPTER IX

The Newspaper Tribute FROM 'THE DAILY NEWS'

TODAY Mrs. Booth lies in state at Olympia — if such a term can be applied to the ceremonial. Tomorrow she will be buried at Abney park Cemetery; and one of the most solemn and most effective processions which will follow her remains to the grave. The lying-in-state, as we must continue to call it for want of a better name, will perhaps be the more remarkable spectacle. It will strikingly illustrate the great Salvationist theory that the building is nothing, the persons who are within the building are the all in all. Olympia is a skating-rink, yet the Salvationists will know how to bring there the body of their most venerated leader but one, and to conduct a service to her memory without the slightest loss of the solemnity befitting the occasion. It is their secret, and perhaps it lies in the earnestness which renders them absolutely insensible to ridicule.

'They have exemplified the truth of John Foster's saying, that there is nothing that men are so much mortified to expend in vain as their scorn. Everything in the ceremony of today is distinctly Salvationist, and indeed pre-eminently so, in its celebration of the memory of a distinguished woman. It has been remarked with justice that the Salvationists owe their rapid rise, and astonishing success, to the very effective way in which they have testified to their belief in the spiritual and intellectual equality of the sexes. Promotion is by merit in The Army, and not only promotion as between man and man, but as between Salvationists of either sex. Mrs. Booth was not only the devoted helpmate of the General, she was his co-worker; and many of the most fruitful ideas in Army organization originated in her mind.

'In all the long history of religion there is no such instance as The Army affords of the absolute sinking of the disqualification of sex. In honouring Mrs. Booth today, the Salvationists testify in a peculiar manner to the strength of their hold on this great principle of progress. This alone has won them millions of the most devoted recruits. They have made women very active agents of Salvation for themselves and others, instead of passive recipients of saving grace on their own account. The entire body of adherents has been won in much the same way. The meanest individual seems to cooperate in the work that it is doing on his behalf. He is not merely saved,



he is saving. He may rise to any post for which he is qualified by his zeal and his powers. There is no one to bar the way with a claim of exclusive sanctity or prescriptive right. Every recruit carries the Marshal's baton in his knapsack. Working through the masses in this way, The Army is obliged to work for them. It is necessarily democratic in its aims, and it cannot afford to dismiss any popular grievance as either unworthy of its concern or beneath its powers. The Army's latest experiment in Social effort will always be profoundly interesting as an experiment, whatever may be its result. It acknowledges obligations which the Churches have for the most part succeeded in denying or evading, and if it should succeed in the fulfilment there would be no calculable limit to its influence from that time forth. Amid all the contending Churches of the present, the Church that best succeeds in feeding the hungry and in clothing the naked, stands the best chance of becoming the Church of the future.'

FROM ' THE DAILY GRAPHIC '
'ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMEN WORKERS'

'It is not too much to say that the late Mrs. Booth was one of the most remarkable women workers of the day. Whenever the history of The Salvation Army is adequately written, to her really powerful intellect, her keen judgment, and her organizing powers, not less striking than those of General Booth himself, will belong a leading share in the development which The Army has now reached. Outside the ranks of the Organization she loved so well, it is hard to realize how great her personal fascination and influence really was. Her books were hall-marked with the earnest sincerity which was one of her greatest characteristics, and throughout the long, wearying illness, to which she has length succumbed, her advice and her letters upon every point of Army extension and discipline have been regarded as of supreme importance. As a speaker, she possessed an extraordinary power over her own sex, and the sweet, rich voice seemed able to reach the most hardened. Every one, whether they admire the methods of The Salvation Army or not, will sympathize truly with her family in their heavy grief, and will feel that a noble woman, great in purpose and in strength, has gone from our midst.

'From the very commencement of her career, she was an unflinching advocate of teetotalism, and to her, in some degree, is to be attributed the acceptance by The Army of the absolute



exclusion from membership of any one who takes intoxicating liquors. Mrs. Booth has also been from the first, both in precept and example, an extraordinary advocate of the plainness of dress, which is another characteristic of the lasses who followed her. In the intervals of her public work, Mrs. Booth was a prolific writer. Among the best known of her works are "Aggressive Christianity," and "The Salvation Army in Relation to Church and State." Much of the time during her protracted illness was employed in dictating or revising the "Reminiscences" of her life, which are to be published.'

FROM 'THE LEEDS MERCURY'
'A WOMAN OF HIGH CAPACITY'

'The death of Mrs. Booth (writes our London correspondent) will excite regret among many thousands of people who have been deeply influenced by her works, and who have profoundly admired her character. She did much to assist her husband in carrying out his great undertaking of The Salvation Army. She was a woman of high capacity, and she could address a public Meeting in clear, vigorous, and passionate eloquence. As a preacher, indeed, she surpassed her husband. Those who have heard her at Exeter Hall and other places will recollect the power which she wielded over large public audiences. She possessed the two most necessary qualities for a religious preacher — intense and deep feeling. Undoubtedly she will be a loss to the great Organization of which she was one of the founders; but it is so strong now that the death of an individual cannot much weaken it, and Mrs. Booth had been long laid aside from active work by her severe illness.'

FROM 'THE STAR'

'The Salvation Army has suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Mrs. Booth, and widespread sympathy will be felt for the family. Although she suffered much from the most painful of all diseases, she showed unconquerable heroism up to the last. Her heart was always in the cause, and she had the flag of The Army, under which she had fought, above her head when she died.

'Mrs. Booth was a woman of singular ability, refinement, and culture. But for the services of his



wife, Mr. Booth would never have been able to inaugurate The Army and carry on its work. She was the life and soul of the movement, especially at the beginning, when she worked very hard — writing, speaking, and organizing.

'There was a certain saintly atmosphere about Mrs. Booth's personality — a suggestion of gentleness and peace. She had a beautiful voice, with a clear thrilling note in it, and she had the genuine gift of oratory. Her religious teaching had that note of passionate devotion which one associates with Charles Wesley. In a word, Mrs. Booth was a poetess. She was largely the mind and soul of Salvationism, as the General has been its organic centre. Her creed was a kind of perfectionism, always with a mystic touch in it. She was one of the great women of the century.'

FROM 'THE MANCHESTER EXAMINER'

By a lady correspondent

'Wherever, in all the four quarters of the globe, the Salvationists have pitched their camp, there will today be mourning and tears, for Mrs. Booth, the wife of the General, has at last succumbed to the fearful illness which for some two years had compelled one of the most faithful and enthusiastic workers in The Army to lay aside her arms. It was at the wedding of her second daughter that the wider public became first aware of Mrs. Booth's illness. Instead of being, as usual, first and foremost among the speakers at the wedding, Mrs. Booth sat silently among her family, and the bride's eyes filled with tears whenever she looked at the white patient face of her mother, who wore her right arm in a sling, and appeared to be in great physical pain.

'When the history of the latter half of the nine-teenth century is written, and The Salvation Army and its development are treated among the religious movements of our time, the name of Mrs. Booth, the General's wife, will stand out as that of one of the noblest and most devoted of the leaders of The Army. It was she who first drew large crowds of fashionable men and women into the Halls at large seaside places, to compel them, by her boundless enthusiasm and irresistible eloquence, to hear what they would not allow any minister or priest to tell them from the pulpit. It was Mrs. Booth again, who, after once The Salvation Army was formed, was ready to make every sacrifice in the cause which she and her husband had espoused. The General himself, ever



ready to submit his plans and movements to so wise and so selfless a counsellor, is the first to admit that to his wife's wisdom, energy, and devotion, a great deal of the success of The Salvation Army is due. But while she was always in the front ranks where the battle was hottest, Mrs. Booth never lost anything of that modest, affectionate womanliness which attracted the hearts of all those who came in contact with her, and which today makes her husband and children stand round her form in grief too deep for words, while legions of Soldiers all over the world repeat with tearful eyes, "Our Mother is dead." It has been often quoted, that short, grand epitaph which Abraham Lincoln's death first called forth, but it has never been more justly applied than it is today to the wife of General Booth: "Life's work well done, life's course well run, life's crown well won, now comes rest."

FROM ' THE MANCHESTER EXAMINER '

By W. T. Stead

'It is not three weeks since I last saw Mrs. Booth. It was on a Sunday afternoon — one of those glorious summer days which this year have made September a belated substitute for July. The sun had just set behind the roseate western clouds, and the air was filled with stillness, the lapping of the rippling waves on the beach below being hardly audible. In pain that ever and anon increased to anguish, in weakness so great that her voice could hardly make itself heard, she spoke to me for the last time.

'But, although the long suffering had left her but a helpless and shattered wreck, her spirit was still as high, her interest still as intense, even her sense of humour as quick and keen as in the days when she had held listening thousands by the power of her eloquence and the consuming passion of her love. And in the light that gladdened the Valley of the Shadow of Death there was no gloom, but a great joy, that was born from the new hope that had arisen, that at last something practical was to be done to improve the condition of the poor.

"Yes," she said, speaking with difficulty between the fierce thrusts of pain that shot through her frame, "Yes, thank God, we may rejoice that something on an adequate scale is to be done at last; and I most of all, through all these years, have laboured and prayed that this matter might



be done; but, thank God! thank God!" She has not been allowed to see the formal publication of the great manifesto in which General Booth proclaims the determination of The Salvation Army to address itself to the solution of the Social question, but she was no stranger to its contents. She was the prophetess of the new movement — she saw it afar off, was glad she was a Socialist of the heart, full of passionate sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. of every land and clime; full, too, of fierce indignation against all who did them wrong.

'That The Salvation Army is entering upon a new development is probably due more to her than to any single human being, and in its new Social Work we see the best and most enduring monument to the memory of the saintly woman who has at last been released from her sufferings. But that may be said also to be true of The Salvation Army itself. The Army could no more have come into existence without Mrs. Booth than could the family of sons and daughters who are now carrying on the Movement. No one outside can ever know how much all that is most distinctive of The Army is due directly to the shaping and inspiring impulse of Mrs. Booth. But even outsiders like myself can see that but for her it would either never have been, or else it would have been merely one more of the many small but narrow sects which carry on mission work in nooks and corners of the land.

'It was Mrs. Booth who made The Army the great instrument that it has been of revealing to the world the capacities and resources of her own sex, and it was Mrs. Booth who, by the warmth of her love and the strength of her prudence, supplemented the genius of her husband in such a way as to enable him, with her, to do a work for which there is no parallel in our times. Mrs. Booth was one of the most retiring and modest of women. She has told us in one of the many autobiographical touches which add such human interest to her discourses — how the thought of speaking in public terrified her like a nightmare; how she fought against the call as long as she dared, and when she gave way at last it was with positive anguish of soul, and not a little feeling of distress, that so heavy a burden should have been laid upon her- this even when her ministry had been wonderfully blessed, and the announcement that she was to speak was sufficient to attract great multitudes of high and low.

'There was an intense humanity about Mrs. Booth. She was a very human woman. You never felt



of her that you had to climb a ladder to get within speaking distance. She was human in her feelings as well as in her virtues. Her zeal — not so much of later years, but in the earlier times of their struggle — was sometimes narrow, and while intent upon saving the lapsed and the lost, she was often in the mood of the prophet Samuel when he hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord. I think it used to be a standing marvel to her why it was the Lord did not call down fire from Heaven to consume utterly whole hosts of oppressors. She could smite and spare not, but for the individual sinner, when once he showed signs of turning from his evil ways, no one could be more compassionate or tenderly kind; and although some found her intolerant, she was in reality kind-spirited to an extent rare among such enthusiasts. She never could see the reason why people should rejoice over the decay of Catholicism. She had a sturdy love of righteousness, which made her somewhat fierce in her denunciation of anything that savoured of Antinomianism. Faith without works was abhorrent to her, and with her works were not child's play.

'She was a great Englishwoman — one of the greatest Englishwomen of our era. In this reign only three women have died for whose graves posterity will look in Westminster Abbey, and in each case they will look in vain. Elizabeth Barrett Browning sleeps in Florence; George Eliot's grave lies in the northern heights of London, while Mrs. Booth will be among the many Army graves in the cemetery at Abney Park. But it is better so. Over the grave of Mrs. Booth a shrine should arise in which devout pilgrims from the uttermost parts of the world, who have been blessed by her teachings and inspired by her example, might meet to pray and to thank God for the gift of so valiant and true a leader in the War. Apostle she was and prophetess, but she was a mother first of all and last of all. "O Mr. Stead!" she exclaimed, almost as I was leaving her on that solemn parting scene, "try to raise up mothers! Mothers are the want of the world." And for all those who are forlorn and oppressed, among all the disinherited and unfortunate of the world, she felt most for widows. She had always hoped that our widowed Queen would not go down to the grave without signaling her reign by doing something for the widows of the land; and she died commending the care of the widow to those whom she left behind. It was a great heart that ceased to beat on Saturday at Clacton; but although it is still, the throbbings of the passionate love that filled it will not cease to vibrate through the world. No, not while our children live, or our children's children.'



FROM 'THE NEWCASTLE DAILY LEADER,
A REMARKABLE FUNERAL

' The funeral ceremony with which the body of Mrs. Booth has been consigned to the dust has been as unique as the life of which it was the closing scene. Kings and conquerors, emperors and states-men have been buried for all time with something of the pomp that surrounded their lives, but it is, we believe, the first time at least in our modern history when the funeral of a woman of the people has been attended with something like regal display. Regal it has been in everything except wealth and rank and social ostentation. A mighty mass of devoted people, with hearts suffused by real sorrow, took part in her obsequies, and, in accordance with the custom and, indeed, central idea of The Army, the most elaborate arrangements were made to enforce the lesson of death and give scope for the expression of the emotions. The scene in Olympia described by our London correspondent yesterday is surely unparalleled in the annals of the dead. There the great power of organization displayed by the Booths, the clear and steady purpose of their mission, and the devotion of their followers came to light. The "Mother of The Army" had been "Promoted." There was the sadness of bereave-ment, but the hope of reunion, held not merely as a speculative idea, but as a solid fact — as tangible to them as the sun shining in the clear October air. Yesterday the final scene of all was, of necessity, more in accordance with custom, but even so it is impossible to read of the vast concourse of people, of the bands of music, and the banners flying without realizing that here also death is made less sombre by the brighter ideals of a vivid faith.

'The careful reader of the reports of Church Con-gresses and the like which have been appearing in the papers recently will have observed that one and all have the same tale to tell. Some churches find their numbers diminishing, others complain of a want of fervour in religious work. The cry of comparative failure is unanimous. It is while a process of what looks like standing still, if not going back-ward, has been going on in the ordinary religious communities that The Salvation Army has grown up a mighty Organization, mighty in its power upon great masses of otherwise neglected people as well as in numbers and character. General Booth, as he is now called without a shade of sarcasm, has been able, by the help of the devoted woman who was yesterday laid in her grave, to establish a new religious Organization on purely evangelical lines



amid difficulties that might well have seemed insuperable to any one endeavouring to forecast the future. The Salvation Army has not proved the evanescent thing it was expected to prove. The Booths have lived down ridicule and calumny, and even persecution. They have converted the organiza-tion of war into an engine to fight the Devil himself. There has been no previous religious movement like unto it that has grown to such vast proportions. Wesley founded a Church by great organizing power and extraordinary fervour, two of the chief charac-teristics of those who have established The Army. Chalmers in Scotland created a new ecclesiastical organization. But both had the middle classes for the staple of their strength. They built themselves churches that stand even to this day as monuments of the solidity of their position. The churches of The Army are mere sheds, little more than tents, "barracks" indeed in fact as well as in name. Their people are not the people who have ideas about church government, and who will rend house-holds and churches with disputes about the mere letter of the law. They are mostly poor men and women who know little more than the single central idea of Christianity, and that they need to be "saved" from evil lives and from "the wrath to come." Their creed is of the simplest; of ritual they have none. They carry no weight of social ostentation. They cultivate ugliness rather than beauty, the primitive virtues rather than the adornments of life. They enjoin a simplicity of life as rigid, a self-denial as severe, as that of any monk of the older world. And all this in an age when the churches are making splendid their build-ings, are improving their music, increasing all those elements that attract the eye and fascinate the ear. Music is indeed not disdained, but it is music calculated to serve the central purpose of rousing to action rather than pleasing the hearer. There may come a time when a more advanced education may crave higher forms of worship and less boisterous appeals, but one can hardly imagine a time when it shall be no longer necessary to preach the virtues of self-denial, of self-reliance, and of honest, pure and simple lives.'

FROM 'THE WAR CRY'

'Catherine Booth, the Mother of The Salvation Army, entered into the presence of the King on Saturday afternoon, her hand in our beloved General's, and with many members of her family around her couch. The end was peace. Through the cold and deep and stormy waters the Pilot bore her into Harbour. Every conflict passed, every vic-tory gained. At peace with all the world,



reverenced by tens of thousands known and unknown. Loved, honoured, trusted, obeyed on a thousand of God's battle-fields — a chosen Leader and Warrior lays down her sword, a conqueror takes up her crown. Hallelujah! Glory be to the Father, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

'Yes, a Warrior lays down her sword. She was a Warrior of the Cross, a Warrior-woman, a Warrior-wife, a Warrior-mother. Compromise — she would have none of it! Her Lord's interests were hers, His enemies were hers, His out-and-out friends hers. Of all things under the sun to her the most amazing and most shameful was a lukewarm follower of Him who trod the winepress alone. She went forth unflinchingly to the help of the Lord — to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The Spirit of the Lord of Hosts came upon her, and weakness was made strength. The feeblest of instrumentalities thrashed the mountains of pride, of doubt, of sin, sent home the word of truth to all alike with fiery zeal and holy love, breaking in pieces like a hammer, and dividing asunder, as a two-edged sword, even the bone from the marrow. She did it, did we say? Nay, HE did it. Let us adore Him. Of Him, and through Him, and by Him are all things. He inspired her heart, and quickened her mind, and loosened her tongue. Standing, as we do today, by the side of a soldier's grave, let us give to God the only, all-sufficient Strength of her life, the ever-lasting praise. He called her from her mother's womb. He touched her lips, and sent her to a rebellious people. He gave us, her children in all lands, to her for an inheritance, and gave her to us for a mother in Israel. It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

' And a Conqueror takes up her crown! Magnify the Lord for her life of conquest! Conquests for God, for The Army, for woman, for the oppressed and lost, for all that is most holy and most precious in the revelation of the Father's eternal love for man. Conquests won single-handed, in face of hatred, obloquy, and scorn; won in spite of the world, the flesh, and the Devil; won amidst inward tempests of sorrow and affliction and temptation hardly known by her own, and only measured by her Lord; won in her home, in the hearts of children who rise up amongst us today to call her blessed; won in the great congregation whenever her voice was heard — in all the world wherever her words were read. For it all let God be praised. Let men rejoice, and angels sing, and cast their crowns with hers at her Redeemer's feet. It was by the Blood of the Lamb that she overcame. Blessed be the Lamb for ever and ever! He shall reign!



'What shall we say of our loss as an Army What can we say? It can't be repaired. It can't be even estimated. A great heart, a Leader of unfail-ing courage, a Teacher sent from God, a Counsellor wise in the hour of peril, a lover of souls, a Defender of the Faith once delivered to the saints, a sinner saved by infinite Grace — this, all this, by the unsearchable mercy of God, was the Mother of her people at whose tomb we stand today, speaking in reverent submission, as the voice of one man, though in many languages and tongues, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

'For the one over whom the deepening shadow of a life-long sorrow has at length fallen, there is all round the world only the strongest, truest sympathy. If we could voice the message of a million hearts to him and to those who stand around him today looking across the waters, we believe it would be, "Your sorrows are our sorrows — your losses are ours. Here we renew our covenants of faithfulness to God and loyalty to you and one another. Be of good cheer! 'He that turneth the shadow of death into the morning 'doeth all things well. The Lord is His name.'"

FROM 'THE METHODIST RECORDER'

"'Until that I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel." In many ways Catherine Booth has been the Deborah of our Christian life. Mrs. Booth impressed us always as being essentially a good woman, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. We could never think of her except as a saint, a prophetess, a chosen servant. Even the enemies of The Salvation Army, and people who, whilst not enemies, did not approve of its methods, revered Mrs. Booth. Popularity did not spoil her. She steered a straight course and clave with dogged determination to principle. We have heard on other than Army authority that her influence in the upper circles of English society was very great. The plain, motherly woman, who talked good Saxon with a north-country inflexion, and set forth God's truth without passion or eccentricity, but the profound earnestness, was to multitudes of educated people like a messenger from God. There was also about her a certain winsomeness which drew, touched, melted, fascinated. Yet she was not sentimental, or tragic, or dreamy. Quite the reverse. She loved her people and loved all who helped them, without hating or scorning those who disagreed with her and them. We are disposed to attribute her



immense influence among English-speaking people in some measure to the intense and beautiful Christianity of her domestic life. She loved and honoured her husband; she was a good mother to her children. Englishmen believe in a true wife and mother. A woman whose enthusiasm for saving the world destroys or dulls her home sympathies can never be either a Deborah or Huldah, a Dorcas or Lydia, in England. Mrs. Booth created a Christian home. She "brought up her children."

'The wise and gracious influence she gave to her husband and their eight sons and daughters she gave also to those in The Army, whom she always called her " children." And her sympathy went out freely and tenderly to all the suffering poor, and especially to the sinful. She was a " mother in Israel." Respectfully and affectionately we mourn her loss.'

FROM 'THE BRITISH WEEKLY'
'CATHERINE BOOTH'

'The news of Mrs. Booth's release has been heard with thankfulness by the multitudes who for these weary months have borne her on their hearts. The long-drawn agony, so patiently, so meekly, so devoutly borne, ended on Saturday afternoon. The sufferer is at rest. In another column, one who knew her well has recorded some impressions of the intense and forceful life now fulfilled in that completer service which is followed by no weariness. The great Organization of which Catherine Booth was the life and soul is still on its trial, but round her grave no words will be spoken but those of reverence and sympathy and love. Her ministry was apostolic in its richness, single-heartedness, and power. Men like the late Bishop Lightfoot acknowledged her deep influence over them; but the sweetest tribute to her life-work will be rendered by the sisters whom she brought back to purity and peace. There was no schism in her life from end to end of its wonderful days. The lonely, delicate girl; the young wife facing poverty bravely, but shrink-ing in an agony of reluctance from the burden of public testimony; the heroine facing unmoved calumny, hatred, and scorn; the almost adored mother of a great Society: she was the same through all. She was happy in her death, for she saw The Salvation Army steadily advancing to new fields, and her whole heart consented to its every movement. We shall always think of her in associa-tion with Catherine of Sienna. But Catherine Booth was spared the last struggles of



her sister, who after her innocent and fruitful life, was heard on her death-bed pleading hard with God for mercy, as she thought in awful distress of all that she had left undone. Mrs. Booth passed through bodily agonies known only to herself and her merciful Saviour; but her spirit was kept in peace, and she testified to her people that her faith rose with the rising waters.'

FROM 'THE CHRISTIAN WORLD'

'Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Mrs. Booth's life-work, both as preacher and writer, has been her ambassadorial position between the richer and poorer classes. The intensity of her sympathy for all who were in any sort of spiritual or temporal distress, and the simplicity and directness of her appeals to the hearts of her hearers, to whatever class they might belong, peculiarly qualified her to promote practical charity as between all sorts and conditions of men. In the morning she would be denouncing the extravagant waste of life and money in the drawing-room, and demanding that those who had talent and education should devote themselves to the service of Christ in ministering to the poor and fallen. The same evening she would be demanding, with no less energy, from some huge audience of the working-classes, an abandonment at once of low, sensual indulgences, and of all bitter feelings against wealthier neighbours, and upholding Christ as the Deliverer from evil passions and appetites, and from that fear of others' sneers which among high and low alike is so common a hindrance to nobility of character and excellence of life.

'The result of Mrs. Booth's training and example in her own home is only a striking exemplification of the effect of her ministry in the homes of thousands of the people who, directly or indirectly, came under her ministry in various lands. Many are in danger of losing sight of the extraordinary educational effect of The Salvation Army's work in view of its more evangelistic characteristics. What would be thought of a lady who should inspire a costermonger's daughter with a desire to become a religious teacher, and should lead her to seek, by the study of the Scriptures and by prayer, to fit herself for such a position?

Catherine Booth has no doubt done this for thousands of the daughters of the common people, whose lives have been lifted out of a narrow and more or less debasing groove of sensual self-



gratification on to the plane of devotion to the benefit of the community; and, considering how strong were Mrs. Booth's views upon the training of children, and how deeply they have been impressed upon all the members of The Salvation Army, who can measure the after-result of her labours in this direction?

'Nothing has been more remarkable than the intense personal affection felt for Mrs. Booth by multitudes who never saw her, but who were led into a life of greater usefulness by the perusal of her books. Her "Aggressive Christianity," "Practical Religion," "Popular Christianity," "Godliness," "Life and Death," mostly reports of her addresses, were trumpet calls which will be heard all the more loudly now that the writer's hand lies still in the rest of death.'

FROM 'THE METHODIST TIMES'

Nothing about Mrs. Booth was more lovely and admirable than the pre-eminent importance which she always attached to the training of children. Faithfully she has dealt with many a fashionable and many a titled mother — for her ministry was far more influential in the high places of the land than most people are aware; but always, whether rich or poor, the burden of her message has been the same — "Get your children saved!" And it is a very remarkable fact that every child of hers was saved, and soundly saved, at an early age. Grace is not hereditary, but all the Booths have been effectively called to the Christian ministry. Other men have founded religious organizations; The General and his wife alone in the history of Christianity have reared a family capable of carrying on the work when they pass away. The family is, perhaps, more unique than The Army itself. Each child was dedicated to God from the first, and the whole of its training was directed to the end of making it a Salvation Soldier. But Mrs. Booth's last word on the whole matter strikes the true note. "Try," she said to a friend as she was very near her end, "try and raise up mothers. Mothers — mothers are the want of the World!" What The Salvation Army will do without its Mother remains to be seen. She was at once its inspiring soul and its restraining genius. Caution and practicability were distinguishing notes of her character.

'Mrs. Booth, above all, did more than anyone else to recover and vindicate the Scriptural right of woman to be a prophetess, a preacher of righteousness. John Wesley reestablished the right



of the layman to preach. Catherine Booth rendered the same inestimable service to woman. It is delightful to notice how unanimously all sorts and conditions of men are now agreeing to lay tributes of affectionate gratitude upon the grave of this holy and blessed woman. It is a pity that such expressions of sympathy and approval are so often withheld until the object of them needs them no more. How that gentle and sensitive heart would have valued a little more kindness amid the distressing conflicts of the fading past! But it is ever thus. We curse and stone our benefactors, and then we utter beautiful sentiments over their dust. It is not so in Heaven, where Catherine Booth is now rejoicing.'