

A SELF DENIAL LETTER FROM THE COMMANDER

To the comrades and friends of The Salvation Army throughout the country.

The clarion notes of the war bugle again call us into martial array for our great Self Denial effort. As we take our respective places in the long line of march past memories stir our hearts, and we must all and each exclaim, "How much God has done for us! How good he has been! How freely he has given!" When lost in the dark forests of sin He found us. With what patience He has led our weary, stumbling feet through the thickets of doubt. Black and heavy as were our transgressions, He heard and answered before we cried, and by the torrent of Calvary's crimson flood swept the burden from our souls. While we remember the pit from whence his bleeding hands did lift us the darkness from which Golgotha's sacrifice brought us, the stains its sufferings have removed, let us sing:

Tune – "Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb!"

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing

My great Redeemer's praise!

The glories of my God and King,

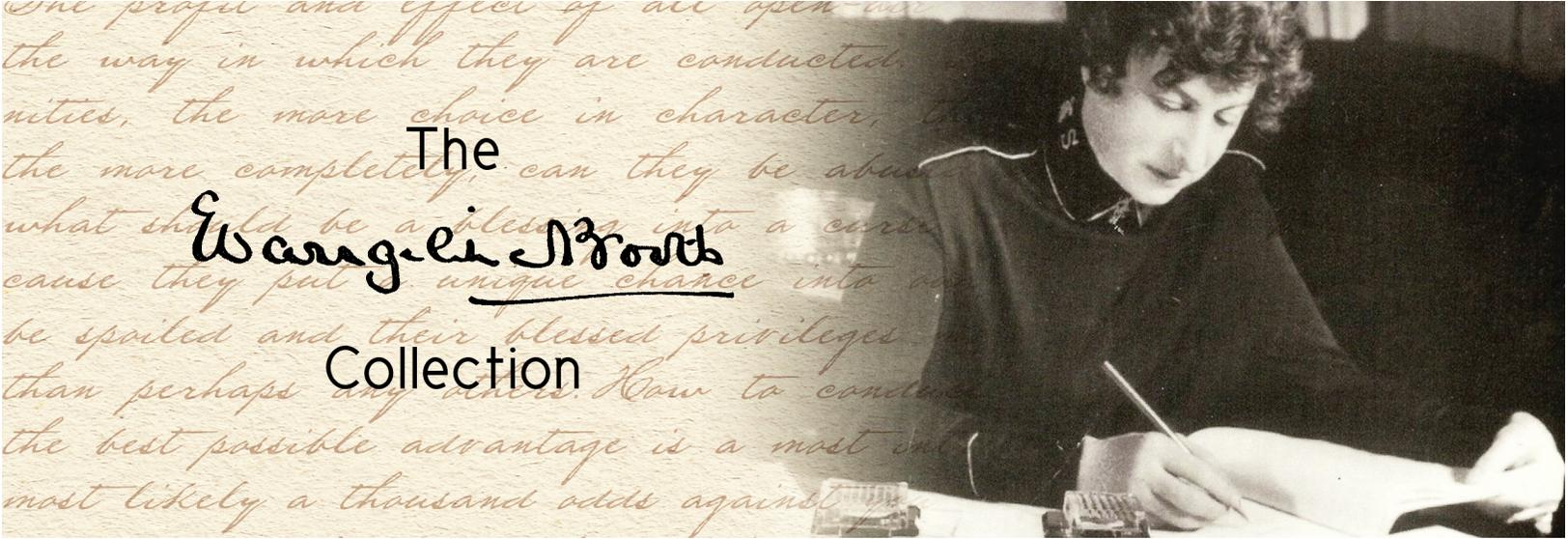
The triumphs of His grace!

Chorus.

Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb!

Truly, no pen could write what God has done for us individually, and no tongue could speak what He has done for us as a people. From field to field we have marched conquering in His name — barriers of prejudice and opposition have been rent, rolling seas of seemingly insurmountable difficulties have been divided, and all round the world stand living memorials of everlasting declaration that when God's arm is stretched out on behalf of his children, all that is against them matters not.

Forty years have marked our steady progress. With the story of the cross we have pressed our way through the darkness and the ignorance of heathen lands, and today 'neath the wave of our crested banner there stand tens of thousands who converted from superstition and idolatry, shine

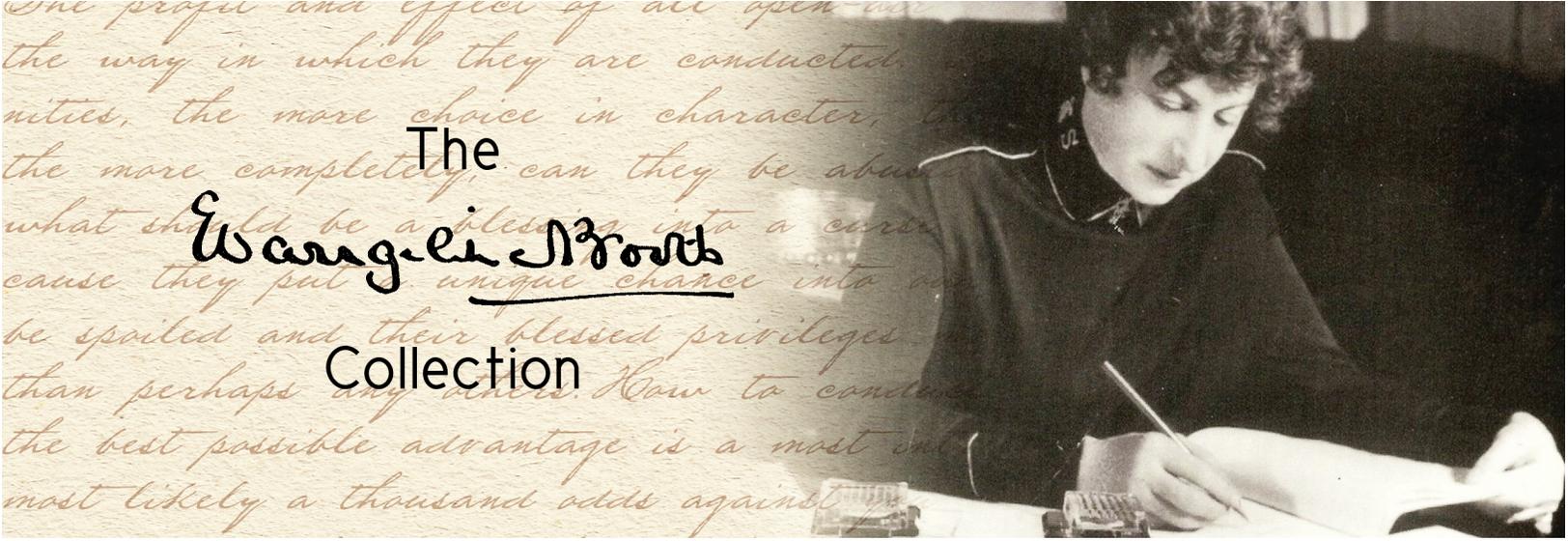


in the light of the living God. Sinners of every kind have been swept into the Kingdom. The outcast of the street — the forsaken of society — the hungry and unclothed — the depraved and degraded have been found, lifted, saved and blessed. But look away this Sunday toward the uncut fields before us — listen to the cries of sinking souls which reach us — see the numbers going down unto everlasting sorrow around us. Thickening darkness waits at the grave for thousands who travel by our side. My comrades and friends, we must hasten our feet — enlarge our gifts — double our efforts — we must keep on, press on — go on toiling, singing, praying and sacrificing. Our theme has not lost its power, our story can never grow old, Calvary's love is bound to triumph. We will sing it out here and now, and on through slum and alley, thoroughfare and prairie, torrent and plane, until in endless song we sing its praises before our Father and his Angels. Let us sing it now:

Where'er I go I'll tell the story.
Of the cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross;
Yes, this my constant theme shall be
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me
Oh the cross.

The soldiers and friends of this country have hitherto stood close by me in my endeavors for the Salvation of the people. Some of you have given your hardest toil, your most fervent prayers, your tenderest love, and you have not held back from suffering when the suffering has meant the uplifting of another, or from loss when your losing has meant a lost one's gain. How can I help but turn to you now, and ask you with me to go still further in your offerings to Jesus.

1st. For Your own soul's sake, because to they who give shall be given here and hereafter, and because apart from the practice of self denial there can be no real religion or reflection of the life of our blessed master.



2nd. Because just what the fire is to the gold and the threshing instrument to the wheat, so is the self denial, suffering and loss to the character, fitting for holy warfare as well as a golden crown. It was the scourging, privation and shipwreck that made a hero of Paul — the den and wild beasts a king's counselor of Daniel — the pit and banishment a prince of Joseph — the stone and brutality a world's example of Wesley — the boils and dead children a saint of Job — isolation and loneliness a conqueror of John — sufferings and persecutions innumerable a world's reformer of Luther, and Calvary's cross a Savior of Jesus. We must watch that we do not throw away our best blessings, because they come to us as Elijah's food — borne on black wings. let us all sing:

Oh, say will you take up your cross?
Oh, say will you take up your cross?
The Saviour is waiting your answer,
Oh, say will you take up your cross?

3rd. Because you can never estimate the far-reaching influence of any treasure or store placed upon the altar of God, for as He made the two fishes feed the thousands, in like manner He will multiply your gifts. And so I ask you in His name, and that of our honored and beloved General, to put into the treasury of the Lord that which will be acceptable in His dear sight. Remember His love, His cross, His death, His abundant mercies which have overshadowed you through all your journeyings, and by reason of all this suffering and sorrowing for you, live, and do, and give, now, and all the morrows following so as to merit the "Well done" at the last.

Your Commander, praying for you and depending upon your help,

Evangeline Booth