

ters kept in the jail, lest his heft should not break his neck, and they weighed so upon him that he could hardly drag himself up to the drop. At that time the government was not strict about burying the body of an executed person within the precincts of the prison, and at the earnest prayer of his poor mother his body was allowed to be brought home. All the parish waited at their cottage doors in the evening for its arrival: I remember how, as a very little girl, I stood by my mother's side. About eight o'clock, as we hearkened on our door-stones in the cold bright starlight, we could hear the faint crackle of a wagon from the direction of the turnpike-road. The noise was lost as the wagon dropped into a hollow, then it was plain again as it lumbered down the next longincline, and presently it entered Longpuddle. The coffin was laid in the belfry for the night, and the next day, Sunday, between the services, we buried him. A funeral sermon was preached the same afternoon, the text chosen being, 'He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' . . . Yes, they were cruel times.

"As for Harriet, she and her lover were married in due time; but by all account her life was no jocund one. She and her good-man found that they could not live comfortably at Longpuddle, by

reason of her connection with Jack's misfortunes, and they settled in a distant town, and were no more heard of by us; Mrs. Palmley, too, found it advisable to join 'em shortly after. The dark-eyed, gaunt old Mrs. Winter, remembered by the emigrant gentleman here, was, as you will have foreseen, the Mrs. Winter of this story; and I can well call to mind how lonely she was, how afraid the children were of her, and how she kept herself as a stranger among us, though she lived so long."

"Longpuddle has had her sad experiences as well as her sunny ones," said Mr. Lackland.

"Yes, yes. But I am thankful to say not many like that, though good and bad have lived among us."

"There was Georgy Crookhill—he was one of the shady sort, as I have reason to know," observed the registrar, with the manner of a man who would like to have his say also.

"I used to hear what he was as a boy at school."

"Well, as he began so he went on. It never got so far as a hanging matter with him, to be sure; but he had some narrow escapes of penal servitude; and once it was a case of the biter bit."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

WHETHER we admire or despise it, whether we detest or sympathize with it, the Salvation Army represents one of the most remarkable religious movements of this generation. I do not write this paper with a view either of denouncing or of defending it. I wish merely to place on record a brief account of its development, and to point out some of those secrets of its success which are worthy of the serious study of other religious bodies.

There is much in the modes of action of the Salvation Army, much in its doctrines, much in its organization, which is open to serious criticism. In the year 1882, when it first leapt into notoriety, I thought it my duty, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, to comment in a tone of warning on some of its proceed-

ings and teaching. I see no reason to retract anything which I then said; but that light of God which shines on so steadily during our fleeting years, and "shows all things in the slow history of their ripening," has brought out more distinctly how much of good is mingled with what we might regard as dubious or full of peril. Experience has also taught us to make greater allowances for difficulties, and to feel more tolerant of ways and words which to us seem crude and irreverent, but which must be judged with reference to the issues which they effect, and the motives from which they spring.

Let us roughly sketch the origin and history of the movement.

William Booth—to whom it is a churlish pander to refuse the title of "Gen-

eral" in the sense in which alone he uses it—is now sixty years old. He was born in Nottingham, and brought up as a member of the English Church. At fourteen, with his father's consent, he joined a Wesleyan chapel; at fifteen he underwent that entire change of will and purpose which consists in giving up the heart and the life to God, and which is called conversion. About that time two or three ardent youths who had experienced the same change began an evangelistic work among the poor. William Booth, though still a mere boy, flung himself into this work. He began to preach out-of-doors in all weathers. At seventeen he was a recognized lay preacher. At nineteen he was urged to join the Wesleyan ministry, but though he delayed to take this step, owing to the weakness of his health, he continued to preach as a layman until, at the age of twenty-four, he became a minister of the Methodist New Connection. In that year he married the remarkable lady whose quiet yet burning zeal, masculine understanding, feminine tenderness, and perfect faith have rendered such invaluable service to the great work of his life. His preaching was attended from the first by remarkable signs of outward success. He awakened that enthusiasm of revivalism which has been witnessed again and again in America and in England, and which characterized the evangelical addresses of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Mr. Booth succeeded in calling forth the same signs of religious awakening which have been renewed in all ages when the fountains of the great deep of spiritual emotion are broken up. He had himself been deeply impressed by the ministrations of an American revivalist—the Rev. James Canehey—and he everywhere set before him a similar ideal and similar methods. His work was so obviously efficacious that he was sent as an evangelist to many large towns, especially in the manufacturing districts; and hundreds or even thousands of hearers came forward to be registered as converts.

Such successes always kindle jealousy and antagonism, akin to that which raged in the days of the Apostles between the Judaizers and the followers of St. Paul, and in the Middle Ages between the seculars and the regulars. Yielding to the pressure put upon him by those who are suspicious of all activities except the pastoral, Mr. Booth worked in the ordinary

routine of a Methodist minister for four years. But he felt that this was not the sphere of labor to which he had been called by God; and in 1861, by a bold act of faith and self-sacrifice, he resigned his regular ministry, and went forth to do his appointed task, trusting in God for maintenance, and not knowing whither he went. How many of those who have no language for him too contemptuous would have been ready to face the world as he did, with a wife and four delicate little children, to abandon all certain means of support, and to alienate almost every friend, in order to win more souls to God?

In Cornwall, where he began his new efforts, all the chapels of his own connection were closed against him. Nevertheless he won many to better lives by open-air services, and a religious movement was begun which he then first felt it necessary to organize, lest it should drift into useless anarchy. The birth of a sixth child rendered it advisable for him to settle for six months at Leeds; but there, "in the market-place, amidst oaths and blasphemies, and peltings and mobbings, with 'skeleton armies,' who did not then bear the name, but acted after the same fashion," he struggled hard for souls. After this, the family went to London, and Mr. Booth, with ever-increasing results, began to preach at Mile End Waste. After two or three Sundays his tent was blown down and torn to pieces by a night of storm, and then he began to hire places for in-door services. From 1870 till 1878 the movement, simply known at first as "The Christian Mission," was carried on not only in old chapels, but in old wool-rooms, stables, carpenters' shops, penny gaffs, skittle alleys, beer-houses, and theatres, many of which had been noted haunts of immorality;—and everywhere with unusual consequences. Originally there had been no intention to form any separate organization. The object had been only to turn souls "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," leaving all further care of them to any permanent religious body they might choose to join. But this was found to be impracticable. The new converts, we are told, would not go to regular church services; they fancied that they were neither wanted nor welcomed; and they were themselves needed to do the work of new evangelists to others. In 1873 Mrs. Booth,

overcoming her own intense reluctance, began to preach. In 1874 and the two following years the work spread to Portsmouth, Chatham, Wellingborough, Hammersmith, Hackney, Leeds, Leicester, Stockton, Middlesborough, Cardiff, Hartlepool, and other towns, where recent converts of the humblest rank—tinkers, railway guards, navvies—took charge of new stations. In 1876, shaking itself more and more free from the trammels of custom and routine, the Army deliberately utilized the services of women. In 1877 it spread still further. In 1878 it "attacked" no less than fifty towns, and—more by what we should call "accident" than by design—assumed the title of the Salvation Army. It also adopted, for good or for evil, the whole vocabulary of military organization, which has caused it to be covered with ridicule, but which may undoubtedly have aided its discipline and helped its progress. In 1879 advance was marked by the imprisonment of three Salvationists—who refused, as always, to pay the alternative fine—for the offence of praying in a country road near a public-house, which was regarded as "obstructing the thoroughfare." In this year began also the establishment of training homes for the instruction and equipment of the young officers; the printing of the *War Cry*; the use of uniforms and badges; and the extension of the work to Philadelphia and the United States. In 1880 the United Kingdom was mapped into divisions. In 1881 the work was extended to Australia and the colonies, and so stupendous had become the religious energy of the soldiers that they began to dream of the religious rescue of Europe as well as of Great Britain and its empire-colonies. Since that year its spread, in spite of all opposition, has been steady and continuous, until, in 1890, it excited the attention of the civilized world by that immense scheme of social amelioration into which we shall not here enter particularly. At the present moment the Army has no less than 9349 regular officers, 13,000 voluntary officers, 30 training homes, with 400 cadets, and 2864 corps scattered over 32 different countries. In England alone it has 1377 corps, and has held some 160,000 open-air meetings. This represents a part of its religious work. Besides this it has in social work 30 rescue homes, 5 shelters, 3 food depots, and many other agencies for good. It began in the labors of

a single friendless dissenting minister, without name, without fame, without rank, without influence, without eloquence; a man poor and penniless, in weak health, burdened with delicate children, and disowned by his own connection; it now numbers multitudes of earnest evangelists. It began in an East End rookery, and in less than twenty years it has gone "from New Zealand right round to San Francisco, and from Cape Town to Nordköping." It has shelters, refuges, penitentiaries, food depots, sisterhoods, and brotherhoods already established in the slums. It has elevated thousands of degraded lives. It has given hope and help to myriads of hopeless and helpless outcasts. It has proposed a scheme which, in spite of square miles of damp blanket and oceans of cold water, has received the sympathy of some of the best and highest men both in church and state. I think that even the bitterest, the most unjust, the most cynical, and the most finical of the laymen and clerics who have written to traduce and execrate it might wish to God that in the life work of any one of them they had done one-thousandth fraction of good comparable in any one visible direction to that which has been wrought by "General" Booth.

It is obvious, then, that we have to deal with very tangible facts, and that if we would find any analogy for the growth and force of this movement we must go back to the enthusiasm exerted by the preaching of the Crusades, to the work of Francis and Dominic in founding the mendicant orders, to the Protestant Reformation, to the preaching of George Fox, or to the growth of Wesleyanism at the close of the last century. Further, no attentive student of early church history can fail to see many striking points of analogy between the methods adopted and the results achieved by the Salvation Army and those which astonished and disgusted the pagan world in the rapid success attained by the early missionaries of the Christian Church. Those ragged, wandering, and maligned preachers, whom trade denounced, whom respectability disowned, whom the religion of the day (including the Judaism from which they mostly sprang) excommunicated and anathematized, whom the spirit of the world spurned away with contumely, whom rulers imprisoned and martyred, whom

malignity searched with candles, nevertheless did, with the irresistible might of weakness, shake the world. They kindled—first in Palestine, then in the Greek islands and Asia Minor, then in northern, then in southern Greece, then in Italy and Spain, and then all over the civilized world, and even among barbarians—point after point of twinkling light. They left behind them small and despised communities of slaves and artisans, many of which were overwhelmed and obliterated by the violence of persecution. Critics and satirists and philosophers ridiculed the new sect and all its peculiarities—its tongues, its enthusiasm, its “Corybantic” manifestations. They prophesied that this “foul and execrable superstition,” the adherents of which they charged with every conceivable enormity, would turn out to be a fanaticism as transitory as it was contemptible. Nevertheless it lived. Whether the Salvation Army will live or not as a separate organization, it is impossible to prophesy. Other and perhaps deeper movements have had their day and ceased to be; but we may at least learn something from its sincerities, and we may be certain that if it have done any harm it will also leave behind it a treasure of valuable experience and a legacy of permanent good.

For certainly it has been partaker of affliction, and has been tried in the fire. The world, the flesh, and the devil always try to corrupt, to defile, to trample down, to imprison, to slander to death, any effort which is made against their combined iniquities and their wealthy vested interests in drink, vice, and degradation. But let the powers of evil, even when they enlist on their side a “soulless clericalism,” gnash their teeth and learn their own impotence, when they see that their very opposition is turned into a source of strength to their enemies. At first, when the Salvation Army met in purlieus as suffocating as the Catacombs, the roughs, larrikins, and young thieves used to throw stones and fireworks at its gatherings of the wretched, and to fire trains of gunpowder laid from the door inward. “I have seen the General pelted with the rest of us many a time,” writes one of his officers; “but he always used to say to the people to take no notice, and go straight on, and that was the best.” The drink sellers and gin-shop owners have especially and most naturally been mad

against the Salvation Army, and the vendors of rum have often been the founders of the lewd and infamous “skeleton armies” to put it down—too often with the secret sympathy and open protection of the “respectable” inhabitants. The officers—young women as well as young men—often in the midst of labors noble, heroic, and profoundly self-sacrificing, have been insulted with foul obscenities, spit upon, deluged with refuse, pelted with garbage and brick-bats, belabored with sticks and broken chairs, bespattered from head to foot with mud, hounded from street to street by mobs, buried under tons of printed calumnies, enveloped, from the Booths down to the humblest Salvation Lassies, with whirlwinds of abuse. Even in 1881 no less than 669 of its men, women, and children had been “knocked down or otherwise brutally assaulted.” Nor was this all. The religious bodies have rarely had a good word for them. The law, the magistrates, the police, have been generally against them. Even when they have been wearied, worn out, sickened, exhausted by their labors to reach the souls of the drunkard, the harlot, the rough, and the gutter child, they have sometimes had to bear afterward a sentence of imprisonment from some magistrate whose facetiousness at their expense has convulsed his whole court with roars of idiotic laughter. Yet not one of them has ever retaliated, however brutal the insults, however shameful and wanton the provocation; and there have been instances in which their pathetic patience has touched the souls of their adversaries. Some years back one of their officers, Mrs. Simmonds, a mother with two babes, accompanied by a poor colored girl—one of their first Hallelujah Lassies—named Clara Lewis, faced the “massed ruffianism” of Pietermaritzburg, and merchants and “gentlemen” took part in the interruption of their meetings. Amid such scenes the poor colored girl died. She was accidentally burnt to death, and passed away, “after bearing agonies of pain, in glorious peace.” “The Volunteer Corps of the city,” says Commissioner Railton, “as well as thousands of others, turned out to follow her charred remains to a Salvation soldier’s grave. I question whether in all the records of the colonies there could be found an instance of equal respect paid to a colored woman.”

How comes it, then, that an unknown,

rejected, isolated worker has struck the lightning of life into the valley of which the bones were so old and so dry? How comes it that he can point to more lives obviously rescued, more souls brought to fruits of repentance, than hundreds—I should not exaggerate if I said than thousands—of the agnostics and clergymen who have no language for him but that of hatred, slander, and abuse? The reasons are manifold, but the two chief reasons are: first, that he recognized a tremendous need; and next, that instead of acquiescing in impotence, as most men do, he determined to grapple with that need by new and unconventional methods.

1. The Salvation Army met an immense need. That anybody should deny the existence of that need is little short of monstrous. It lies at our doors. It faces us in our daily walks. We see its reeling, ragged, degraded, emaciated victims by day hanging in dirty, blighted, drink-sodden groups round the doors of the gin-shops—those licensed traps of flaming temptation—which cause the root of myriads of men and women to be as rottenness, and their blossom to go up as dust. We see the diseased and haggard faces of troops of victims of a cruel civilization, pale with the near approach of loathly death or unpitied suicide, under the gas-light of our crowded thoroughfares, in which they are permitted shamelessly to sow the seeds of physical leprosy and moral contamination. We read the story of the crimes of drunken ruffians in deeds of grotesque shame or soul-chilling horror in the records of criminal justice. They fill our prisons, they overcrowd our hospitals, they exhaust the resources of our enormous asylums, they paralyze the scattered and inefficient efforts of our charity. So familiar is the spectacle of this social wreckage, so callously indifferent have we grown to the existence of these “sons and daughters of misery and the multitude ready to perish,” so little have we accustomed ourselves to care for these “waste places fertile in sorrow,” that multitudes think no state of mind respecting them to be philosophical, except one of hopeless apathy and immoral acquiescence. Let one single chance piece of the statistics, not of crime, but of misery, serve the purpose of hundreds which might be furnished. The special subcommittee of the London School Board for School-children in London report on

July 25, 1889, that “the average number of children attending board schools in London at the time of the inquiry was 341,497; of these, 110,759 had their fees remitted for poverty; 43,888 are returned as habitually attending school in want of food; and 24,739 of these hungry ones left school unfed.” We look out upon a stormy sea strewn with unnumbered shipwrecks, and we criticise in our arm-chairs the construction of the life-boat which is being pushed over the shingle, or the religious opinions of the brave crew which fain would launch it through the overwhelming billows. We have so persuaded ourselves that the Juggernaut car of political economy must go on crushing its millions under the weight of its hideous idol, we are so piously convinced (“the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose”) that the poor shall never cease out of the land, and that every effort of compassion is certain “to do more harm than good,” that at last multitudes, in their secret hearts, have excused themselves from the incidence of self-denying duties, and have come to regard the gospel precepts of charity as a convention or a mistake. But, as Mr. Lowell warns us, “there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives has no antidote”; and the voice of Mr. George is not the only one which has been raised to prophesy that the Goths and Vandals who shall wreck those modern institutions of which we are so inordinately proud are being bred, not in the wilds of Asia, but in the slums of great cities. Professor Huxley, too, though he has raised his voice so loudly against General Booth, and the brave scheme of social amelioration of which his officers might be the humble instruments, has yet depicted in strong colors the wretched condition of “hordes of ignorance and poverty coagulated in great cities.”

2. The practical, the energetic, the self-denying recognition of this need redounds to the credit of the founder of the Salvation Army. If “love be the fulfilling of the law”; if “the end of the commandment be love out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned”; if it be “pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world”—then the poor Salvationists may claim to have lived far more nearly in

accordance with the ideal of true Christianity than the lofty and purpled personages who have sneered at them with such supercilious superiority. Varro, after the crushing defeat of Cannæ, received the thanks of the Roman Senate because he had not despaired of his country. General Booth has not been guilty of any responsibility for that long-continued rout of religious agencies by the spirits of evil which is represented by the fact that on one Sunday of religious services in London three millions of people were conspicuous by their absence from all places of worship; and that, though high sacramental teaching is so popular and predominant in the Church of England, not three per cent. of the working-classes, who represent the great mass of the people, are regular or even occasional communicants. It is, then, a service for which a public debt of gratitude is due to General Booth that he neither acquiesced in the immense defeat nor despaired of being able to turn rout into resistance, and resistance into victory.

"From the first," says General Booth, speaking of days when he was little more than a boy, "I learnt those simple principles on which I have acted with a blessed measure of success, and by that success I was convinced that God is no respecter of persons, but that human nature was as religiously impressionable, if not more so, in its poorest, most ignorant, and wretched forms as in any other."

It is on that principle that the Salvation Army has acted, with the vigor and with the results which are now within the cognizance of all candid inquirers. If we could have had a few such men in the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies, we should have made the wilderness blossom as the rose. But the men who create religious revivals are rarely welcomed by the Churches. The great moral reformers are usually the martyrs of respectability, from the Hebrew prophets down to Huss, Savonarola, George Fox, and George Whitefield.

Nor is it less to Mr. Booth's credit that he saw the futility of a dull persistence in the ordinary ecclesiastical routine. If anything be certain, it is that the working-classes will never as a body be won to Christianity—and it is *practically* a heathen population with which we often have to deal in the densely crowded slums of overgrown cities—by the long services

and to them unintelligible liturgy of the Church of England, or by any of the refined preaching which may be effective for the upper and middle classes. In a remarkable report, addressed to Convocation by the Rural Deanery of Stepney, a few years ago, the clergy said that of the wretchedest part of the population *none* attend church, and only from twenty to thirty per cent. of the artisans; that in 31 parishes there was an average of only one clergyman to every 3700 of the population; that this universal indifference to anything connected with religion was due to the overcrowding, the grim and dreary struggle for existence, the want of decent clothes, the prevalence of drunkenness, and the ignorance and prejudice caused by caricatures of religion. And their sad verdict was that in its liturgy the Church of England was offering to the lowest classes something which they did not want and could not understand; and that "after making every allowance, there is a multitude to whom no voice has spoken, to whom no hand has been held out, either by the Church or by any other organization, and who are growing up utterly neglected and outcast."

Again, in a report addressed to the London Diocesan Conference by a committee appointed to inquire into the condition of poor parishes in 1888, we find the remarkable words that, "as a rule, the parochial clergy are driven to their wits' end to find funds"; that "the crushing burden of imminent insolvency depresses in them the main-spring of vital hope and energy, and to a large extent *frustrates the intentions of the Christian ministry*"; that, "owing to ignorance and indifference, there is an *aversion among working-men to public worship in church*"; that "in six rural deaneries of London there are but 10 clergy to 83,700 souls"; that "the clergy are isolated, a mere handful of skirmishers in face of the solid squares of the enemy"; and that in many of our crowded centres "the Church is more like a bulk unable to move than a ship with her sails set, being, as she is, ill equipped with material resources, and manned by an insufficient and depressed crew, put on board to do a task which is impossible."

And yet, in spite of such testimonies, which might be indefinitely multiplied, the work of almost every religious community continues to be parochial in its limi-

tations and stereotyped in its methods. Nothing but a great extension of elasticity and a Pentecostal outpouring of enthusiasm will ever produce that moral and spiritual upheaval which can alone shake the masses out of their apathy. If the people will not come to the churches, the Church must take its services to the people, or other services less stately and better adapted for their end. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, it is a common-sense inference that Mohammed must go to the mountain. The late Mr. E. Denison went purposely to live in the midst of the people and to learn their wants, and he wrote as follows: "What is the use of telling people to come to church when they know of no rational reason why they should; when, if they go, they find themselves among people using forms of words which have never been explained to them; ceremonies performed which to them are entirely without meaning; sermons preached which as often as not have no meaning, or when they have a meaning, intelligible only to those who have studied religion all their lives?" The four simple principles of the Salvation Army, as stated by its founder, are: (1) going to the people with the message of salvation; (2) attracting the people; (3) saving the people; and (4) employing the people from the first, as far as possible, in religious work.

No objection against the Salvation Army is more common on the lips of superfine people than that which complains of its shouting and howling and blaspheming and vulgarity. Well, but though there may be at times real vulgarity, which should be seen to and checked, and often is seen to and checked, at head-quarters, it is well for us all to make up our minds that the people of our slums will never be won by a rose-pink religionism. The Salvationists have a right to say that the Father, "who desireth that all who worship Him should worship Him in spirit and in truth," may be worshipped by one of His street children in street English which may be "quite shocking" to the female mind.

The heavy wagon of misery and destitution and godlessness would have been sticking and floundering more hopelessly even than now it is, in the muddy swamps of our social neglect, if the Salvation Army had been careful to push it only in the old ruts. It has been only with difficulty

that it has saved itself from dying of respectability, as has been so often said of the Church of England, for "there is no prejudice, no regard for old-fashioned ideas and customs, which has not been and is not to-day strongly and respectably represented within the Army itself." The good sense of the General has saved it from being submerged in this Slough of Despond. "You see," he said, "we have no reputations to lose. As for you" (he was speaking to a friend), "you can do nothing without considering what somebody will say; and while you are considering and hearing what somebody will say, life is going." "Everybody," says another chief official of the Army, "has settled it that we are fools, if not a great deal worse; therefore we can go into a town and do exactly what we think best without taking the least notice of what anybody may say and wish. We have only to please God, and get the people saved."

But then the music! There are many who cannot away with their drums and trumpets and tambourines; and they triumphantly ask, Is this Christianity? The question is silly. No one supposes it to be Christianity, or to have anything more to do with essential Christianity than the crosses, and banners, and processions, and acolytes in surplices and scarlet cassocks, and thuribles, and brodered stoles of our ritualistic churches. The drums and trumpets are not even remotely associated, as are these gorgeous adjuncts of modern Anglicanism, with the insinuation of any doctrine. They have no purpose in the world but the very innocent one of attracting the people to gatherings where they may hear something which benefits their souls. "We do not believe in all this noise and blare and jiggling," says the comatose sensibility of comfortable pietism. No one does, except as David and the Psalmists believed in it, when they exhorted us "to make a cheerful noise to the God of our salvation"; to "take the psalm, bring hither the tabret, the merry harp, with the lute"; or as the children of Israel believed in it, when their tribes marched to the yearly festivals in rivers of melody. Some members of the Church of England chant every day of their lives, "O come let us sing unto the Lord, let us *heartily rejoice* in the strength of our salvation." Music is the natural expression of joy. The songs and music of

the Salvation Army may not be so refined as the hymns of Newman and Lyte, or as the music of Mozart and Beethoven, but they are even better adapted to the needs of the poor people to whom they appeal. The experience of Wesley, and his desire that "the devil should not have all the best tunes," ought to have taught a lesson in this direction to the Church of England. There may not be much poetry in

"Free from the bondage,
Free from the fear,
Crowned with salvation,
Heaven even here,
Shouting hallelujah as we march along,
O come and join our happy throng."

but those who have heard the joy of the Salvationists as they sing it may well decline to act in the spirit of the Pharisees, who, when the children shouted Hosannas before the path of Jesus, indignantly asked, "Master, hearest thou what these say?" and received the rebuke, "Yea, did ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

"These people will sing their way round the world in spite of us," said a Brooklyn divine; and he was right, as the result has proved. Cannot we echo the tolerant and loving words—

"Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error; but above
The scope of error, see the love—
O love of those first Christian days!"

The overpowering joy which some poor creature shows who has been rescued from the neglect of the respectable, who have only shrugged their shoulders at him, and left him to the tender mercies of the publican, is one of the characteristics of these humble converts. They delight to take the names of "Saved Jim" and "Happy Eliza." The drinking, fighting, foul-mouthed blackguard John Allen, a big rough navy, was converted at the East India Dock gates, and for ten years afterward toiled for the Army "with the energy of a lion and the devotion of a martyr." He died of typhoid fever, after much suffering, and he said to the General, who visited him on his death-bed,

"I am the happiest man in Portsmouth."

"Shall I tell the people," asked General Booth, "that when your feet were in the river you found Jesus as good?"

"Better, better," was the dying man's reply.

They who have been witnesses not only of such scenes, but even of ordinary meetings of the Salvationists, have often been constrained to confess, "These people have got something that I have not." It is with entire conviction that many of them sing and shout, "Heaven even here!" at the very time that they are struggling with poverty and hardship, and are being loaded with execration. The poet-preacher of the English Church has somewhere said that "the road to heaven lies through heaven, and all the way to heaven is heaven." But I doubt whether the sense of this blessedness is so vividly manifested in many churches as it is in these gatherings of humble and vulgar people, which recall to our memory the little companies of slaves and artisans—not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty—who met to listen to St. Paul in the purlieus of Corinth or Ephesus, or at Rome among the Jewish mendicants of the Trastevere. Were the crowds of Galileans who listened to Jesus by the lake-side or on the lilled hill—the publicans and harlots and sinners, the poor, the blind, the halt, the maimed, whose very speech bewrayed them—were they so much superior in refinement, or in their ways of expressing it? Has the Church no message except to the staid and the self-contained? Must she never soil her fingers or drop her *h's*? Is she never to show herself unconventional or inelastic? A visitor, who went over from the West End to hear Mr. Booth preach in the Effingham Theatre, said: "We found we were not listening to a parson who had so many hymns to sing, so many words to say, and then done. It was a *man* profoundly religious, thoroughly in earnest, but able to talk without any sort of stiffness or formality straight from his heart, and a man who was determined to be listened to and to succeed." For myself, as one who has had his own work to do, and who could not, had he wished it ever so much, have done the sort of work—rough but most necessary and most successful—which has been done by the Salvation Army, I sometimes think of these Salvationists in the words of Robert Browning:

"Well, less is more, Lucrezia. I am judged.
There lives a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed, beating, stuffed, and stopped-up
brains,
Hearts, or whatever else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of
mine.

Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

Amid such fierce storms of calumny the soldiers of the Salvation Army have found some who have been candid enough to admit and to appreciate the good which they have done.

At the seventeenth anniversary of the Army, in the Alexandra Park, in August, 1882, Queen Victoria sent this telegram to Mr. Booth: "Her Majesty learns with much satisfaction that you have, with the other members of your society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue, and religion."

A Cardinal, a Lord Chancellor, a great orator and statesman, three bishops, and two eminent preachers have added their favorable approving words.

Cardinal Manning, ever nobly anxious to help the outcast and the oppressed, was one of the earliest to write to General Booth, to praise his efforts for the good of his fellow-men, and to express the hope that God would further them with His blessing.

"What I would impress upon you," said Earl Cairns in 1882, "and upon those who listen to the reports which, either from mistake, ignorance, or prejudice, are circulated about the proceedings of the Salvation Army, is—don't believe them. Go and see for yourself, or inquire, in any case, and ask for explanation, and I feel sure you will get it. Let us, then, having got this great agency to do the work which is so much needed, not merely go away, and say, 'Yes, it is all very interesting, and no doubt much good is being done,' but let us join to lend a helping hand to this great movement."

Again, Bishop Lightfoot, one of the most careful-minded of men, said, in a charge to his clergy, "The Salvation Army has at least *recalled to us a lost secret of Christianity*—the compulsion of human souls." If in the deliberate judgment of the ablest and most learned prelate on the bench the Salvation Army has recalled "a lost secret of Christianity," it is hardly an agency to be treated by Churchmen as though it were beneath all contempt.

The Bishop of Manchester, a man of wide sympathies and large experience,

gave practical effect to his expressed approval by a gift of £100.

The Bishop of Rochester, now translated to Winchester, said: "If ever the masses are to be converted, it must be by an organized lay body. Let no one be unjust to the Salvation Army. They have set the Church an example of magnificent and undaunted courage. It is well to tolerate even greater eccentricities of method if a right notion is beneath it."

Dean Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, knows well what church work is, and has trained scores of able and devoted clergymen, yet he has not hesitated to address words of sympathy and encouragement to General Booth, and to send him £50.

John Bright was a Quaker, and accustomed to the calm, the silence, the inward peace of the Quaker ministrations. He would have felt little natural sympathy with what Professor Huxley has nicknamed "Corybantic Christianity." Yet when, in Sheffield, General and Mrs. Booth had been pelted, and one of their chief officers nearly killed, he used to them these simple but remarkable words: "The men who persecute you would have persecuted the apostles."

Lastly, Canon Liddon, whom a large number of the clergy regarded as the very *beau idéal* of a Churchman, after witnessing a Salvation Army meeting, went away deeply impressed by it, and if his natural prejudices were not entirely removed, he nevertheless used these striking words: "It fills me with shame. I feel guilty when I think of myself. To think of these poor people with their imperfect grasp of the truth! And yet what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing! When I compare all the advantages which we enjoy, we who possess the whole body of truth, and see how little use we make of it, how little effect we produce by it, compared with that which was palpable at that meeting, I take shame to myself when I think of it."

Four remarkable elements of its structure have added greatly to the rapidity of the success which the Salvation Army has attained.

1. One of these is the use which it has made of the energy and devotion of women.
2. The immediate use to which the Salvation Army puts its converts. It recognized the great and nation-regenerating

truth that every Christian should be God's missionary. Many of the wavering might have been lost forever if they had not been from the first taught and encouraged to come out of their evil surroundings, and boldly to take their side with God and with the work of good.

3. The teaching men *to give*. At every meeting of the Salvation Army there is a collection. Giving is usually declared to be abhorrent to the steady-going Christian. The offertory is supposed to frighten away congregations from churches. The Salvationists have better understood human nature, and better exemplified the spirit of the early converts. They have confidently made their missions self-supporting, and have wisely taught that acts of worship are most fittingly connected with works of self-denial. That is how this sect of yesterday, started by a discredited Methodist, has succeeded in raising a revenue of some £800,000 a year.

4. But, after all, the chief secret of the growth of the Army has lain in the self-sacrifice—a self-sacrifice not short of heroism—which it has evoked in hundreds of its votaries.

In speaking of the work achieved by General Booth we have barely even alluded to all that has been accomplished in Europe, in India, in distant lands and colonies. But we have seen enough to be

reminded of the words which the poet puts into the mouth of St. Paul:

“Once for the least of children of Manasses
God had a mission and a deed to do,
Wherefore the welcome that all speech sur-
passes
Called him, and hailed him greater than he
knew.

“Asked him no more, but took him as he found
him,
Filled him with valor, slung him with a sword,
Bade him go on until the tribes around him
Mingled his name with naming of the Lord.

“This is His will: He takes and He refuses,
Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,
Wise ones nor mighty for His saints He chooses,—
No, such as John, or Gideon, or I.

“Ay, for this Paul, a scorn and a reviling,
Weak as you know him, and the wretch you
see,
E'en in these eyes shall ye behold Him smiling,
Strength in infirmities and Christ in me.”

Did not Christ Himself sanction the mighty emotion and burning enthusiasm of publicans and sinners when He said that they should enter into the Kingdom of God before Scribes and Pharisees? Did He not say, with entire approval, “The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force”? Was it not one of the objects of the gospel that there should be

“Glory to God from those whom men oppress,
Honor from God to those whom men despise”?

THE REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE republic of Uruguay, after having been convulsed by intestine dissensions for so many years, has now entered what is called the path of progress and prosperity. Like the other South-American republics, it made a great display of its wealth and civilization at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and its painstaking statisticians drew up prodigious tables of figures, from which we were able to gather much interesting information about this rich and favored land. In many cases the data given by the official publication referred to require to be completed and controlled, which can only be the work of time and of laborious investigations; but their chief defect is the absence of qualifying clauses. This defect, it is to be feared, is inseparable from official reports. In such documents everything is presented in roseate tones; all that is

positive is stated; all that is negative is omitted; and, of course, whatever is concerned with the details of life and national character is considered too trivial to be dwelt upon. Let us endeavor to state with the utmost brevity the physical and economical condition of the country, and to resume in general terms the impressions of a short visit to the Banda Oriental, as this republic is generally called in South America.

First of all, let it be stated that the republic of Uruguay is situated in the temperate zone of South America, on the left bank of the Rio de la Plata, between 30° 5' and 35° south latitude, and 56° 15' and 60° 45' west longitude from the meridian of Paris. On the north and east the territory is bounded by Brazil; south-east and south by the Atlantic; southwest and west by the rivers La Plata and Uru-