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**COMMISSIONER JOHN LAWLEY**  
**'A Living Hallelujah'**  
**-- General Bramwell Booth**

**By Mrs. Colonel Carpenter**

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## FOREWORD

OF one thing I feel assured. All who read the following pages will agree that here is the story of a life which deserved to be written and to be preserved.

John Lawley was a striking product of The Salvation Army. Alike in his character, his experience, and his work, we see manifest the spirit, will, and aims of a true Salvationist. Few men of his time, either within our ranks or outside them, were permitted to see so much of the world, and few men -- very few -- were able to carry as he did, north and south, east and west, the influences of exalted and uplifting Truth and of a happy conquering Religion.

Those who read with attention this brief history will not fail to find many revelations of the spirit which has made The Army so attractive to the common people, and made the common people so powerful to attract. This man, destitute of learning, utterly unacquainted with either the ancient or modern literature of the world, indeed practically without the knowledge of any book but the Bible, was enabled to do something really effective for the illumination and education of multitudes of his fellows in one Nation or another. More important still, he did something to promote their friendship with God and their Salvation for this world and for the world to come.

The gifted writer of these pages has earned our gratitude by her frankness in dealing with some of the purely human traits, including flaws and failures, in her hero's character. We see Commissioner Lawley as a prophet of God, as a sweet singer in our Israel, as an Apostle of the penitent-form, but we see him also a man subject to like trials and passions with ourselves. After reading this story no one can honestly say, 'I could never rise to those levels of service and devotion because I am made of another kind of clay,' for happily we see that Lawley's was much the same clay as ours, and the wonders which the Divine Spirit, working in a consecrated soul, could accomplish for him may, we are encouraged to believe, be accomplished for us. And so being dead he yet speaketh.

Bramwell Booth.  
At Colombo,  
February 24, 1924.

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CHAPTER I

BORN AND BORN AGAIN

ON the last day of the year 1859, a baby boy was born in Foulden village, Norfolk. This small unit of the British nation, who was registered in the name of John Lawley, inherited nothing of material riches; nevertheless, the home that received him was rich in the rarer wealth of happiness and contentment.

William Lawley, the father, possessed a healthy body, a wife with a heart of gold, four bonny boys, a joyous disposition, a tuneful voice, a merry whistle, and a knack of managing horses. He was a farm laborer, and earned nine shillings per week.

Anne Lawley, the fair little mother, scarce five feet in height, had inherited or acquired those qualities of home-making which, the world over, have made the English-speaking nations great. Duty was the motive power of her life, and love for her family the tender, ruling passion. How to feed and clothe six people on nine shillings a week- which sum had disproportionately increased to thirteen shillings by the time the family numbered ten children-would have been an insoluble problem outside the realm of love. But love is a miracle-worker; and so to her heart, that throbbed with faith and hope, and the love which never fails, Anne Lawley welcomed to her arms

twelve little lives in turn, ten of whom she reared to maturity. Face to face with the instant demands of her lot, this mother's soul cried out for a Divine Helper. She worshipped at the village church; but in the solemn, formal service there, God seemed too great and lifted up to care about her small affairs. Soul-hunger guided her surely, and in a meeting of the Primitive Methodists she heard that God wanted to live in the hearts of men and women; to keep them company through their common days; to be their Comforter and Friend.

Before this revelation she bowed her whole being, and opened her heart to the Saviour, Jesus. From that day forward, the Presence of the Highest rested upon her lowly life. She had discovered the secret of the ages, and henceforth prayed and labored to bring her family to a knowledge of God.

In her children, Mrs. Lawley laid the foundations of thrift, ingenuity, and contentment, and by many clever devices she contrived to keep poverty from laying a hurtful hand upon them.

Lawley senior was the gayest-hearted man in the village. As he guided his plow, he whistled and sang. All nature—the blue sky, the rich brown earth, the tender promise of spring, the joyousness of summer, the glory of autumn, and the sparkle of winter—ministered to the joy of the man's nature. It was a jolly father who came under the thatched roof in the evenings; he tossed the children to the rafters, or jiggled them on his knee to lilting songs, while the little mother of the smiling eyes stitched at shirts, which she made for sixpence each.

The rent of the thatched cottage and garden was one shilling a week; this was managed by extra labor during harvest time. After the farmer had cleared the fields, mother and bairns gleaned; and the gathered grain, thrashed and ground, provided flour for the most difficult of the winter months. Sixty years ago, few laws governed education, and from the time the Lawley children could toddle, they began to help to provide the means for living, hunting for mushrooms and helping with the fruit and potato harvests.

John was the fourth child, and from his early days it was clear to his mother that in him the best qualities of both parents had united. When the other bairns grew tired of gleaning, and escaped into the neighboring woods in search of nuts and blackberries, a perspiring, fat little boy would come to his mother, and laying an armful of corn in her lap, would say, 'I got it all myself for you.' After a high wind, this same little fellow would disappear, and by and by would arrive home, dragging fallen limbs from trees in the near plantations; or after the farmer had lifted his potatoes, Johnny would hie off to the field, and industriously dig until he had found sufficient potatoes for a meal; these he would carry with great satisfaction to his mother.

At eight years of age, he joined a thrashing machine, as handy-boy, moving from farm to farm, eating with the men, and sleeping in the hay lofts. At the end of the week, the little man ran home, and made his mother open her hands to receive his first wages.

But this child of the tender heart was not lacking in true boy qualities. No lad in the village laughed more gaily, or romped with more delight, than Johnny Lawley. Life was a struggle, but of the sort that made his body tingle with the joy of living. Winter with the snow, the bracing air, the clear starlit nights, filled him with an exhilaration; while in summer, the whole, high, wide, blue

skies, the song of birds, and all nature praising God, moved the child's soul with a sense of awe. Deep down in his nature were feelings which found no power of expression. Lawley loved the country and the country people throughout his life. In his latter days he used to say, 'I've seen more of sweet content and gratitude, more of Heaven among the villages in an hour than in a year among city crowds.'

One anxiety cast a cloud over the Lawley home. Such good company was the father, that neighbors would knock him up out of bed to make merry for them; and, as time went on, he spent more and more of his evenings in the beer-shop. 'Go, William, with your father, and coax him home early,' the mother would say to her first-born. 'No, mother,' William would reply; 'I don't like to hear my fayther sing and shout in there.'

Then Johnny would volunteer, 'I'll go, mother; he'll come fine for me.' Between father and son grew a bond of sympathy which enabled the man to open his heart to the child. One day Lawley senior took John to a churchyard. Taking up a position at a certain wall, he stepped several paces that way and this, then stood still with bared head. 'John,' he said, 'this is where I laid my mother. She was a kind mother, but I often wounded her heart. Remember, lad, and never grieve your mother.'

John looked up wonderingly into his father's face, and saw that it was wet with tears.

In spite of all the gleaning, dibbing, wood gathering, and other odd jobs, when ten little Lawleys filled the thatched cottage, the clever mother could hardly make ends meet. A neighbor migrating to Yorkshire wrote of abundant work and high wages there, whereupon Lawley senior decided upon a great adventure, and taking William he set out to seek the fortunes of the family in Bradford. The father and son found work, and in a short time the whole family transferred thither.

Johnny had never before seen a Street lamp, and from the railway station to the new home the little mother had difficulty in keeping him with her flock, so lost was he in amazement at the city sights.

Life for Mrs. Lawley became more easy in Bradford, and with utter contentment she gave herself to her home-keeping. The 'back to back' cottage was as clean as soap and water and energy could make it. The kitchen range, that pride of every Yorkshire cottager, shone like silver, and the tiny garden was filled with such flowers as no other cottage of the street could boast; it seemed that the touch of the little mother's hands made them flourish. She even scoured and whitened the flags that paved the yard. But her love of cleanliness did not make her fussy or nervy, and the whole family of twelve gathered with sweet accord in the evenings under the guidance of her cooing voice. They kept mostly to Norfolk ways, and no dishes tasted so good to those growing bairns as Norfolk dumplings and steak pudding.

With more money at her disposal, Mrs. Lawley decided that Johnny must have some education. Accordingly he was sent to school, but the boy had no liking for pot-hooks and reading-lessons, and after his name was registered in the mornings, he would slip out of school and at dinner-time make a little offering to his mother-the result of his morning's work. The fair little mother would shake her head, and say, 'But ye've not been to school; Johnny, ye've been

"slannin" [1] again.' At last she decided that since John wanted work rather than study, he had better be properly employed, therefore, a proud little boy of ten, he was admitted to the spinning firm of Illingworth.

John was a bobbin ligger, that is to say, when a bobbin filled on his machine he released it, and replaced it with an empty one. The racket of the great spinning machines awed the country child, and the money he earned for his mother gratified him; but after a while he grew accustomed to these conditions, and there did not seem much in 'laying bobbins' all day. Across the road was Isaac Holden's mill, and through the gate John could see the steaming mill reservoir. He succeeded in making friends with one of the engine minders, and, as a great treat, was allowed into the engine-room. John was enchanted. He surveyed the great, oiled, leaping machine which never stopped for a moment. It spoke to his soul of tremendous energy; disciplined, co-operative energy. The parts of the thing! The smoothness! The force of it!

Those were free-and-easy days of factory life, and the engine minders, pleased with the frank-faced, amiable Norfolk boy, indulged his unobtrusive enthusiasm, and let him spend many an hour in the power-house. They were a hard-drinking set-the wonder is, that the wheels ran as smoothly and safely as they did-and their drinking habits occasionally caused a vacancy. One day an engine cleaner was wanted. John felt he was a made man when he was installed in the position.

'Johnny, the blacker you are the happier you seem to be,' laughed his mother, when her son, with far more oil about him than was necessary, came home in the evenings. He loved his engine-that shining, moving mass of steel; he oiled, and rubbed, and tended it as though it had been a living thing. He was never late, never off work, and therefore came into high favor with the engineer. Thus he was at seventeen years of age, and John Lawley might until this day have continued an engine minder at the Isaac Holden mill had not a tremendous change taken place in his life.

John had no experience of religion. He regarded his mother's walk with God as part of herself. Since coming to Bradford, his father had been converted among the Primitives; but so even and pleasant was his disposition, that beyond not spending his evenings at the beer shop, and singing hymns instead of bar-room ditties, the change did not greatly impress John. As a child, he had attended the village chapel with his mother, and joined heartily in the cheerful singing; but his only memory of the preaching was the antics of a demonstrative exhorter, who so pranced that he came perilously near to reaching the low ceiling; and Johnny, watching him intently, mentally declared, 'He'll crack his head for sure this time.'

He first felt conviction of sin when about eight years of age; it came about in connection with the telling of a lie. John's conscience so troubled him, that he dreamed that the Devil put a ladder up to the window of the room in which he slept, and looking in said, 'You belong to me. I know you do, because you told that lie. I've come to fetch you.' The little lad awakened in a frenzy of terror, and, as he shivered in the darkness, vowed to God that he would never tell another lie.

In order to participate in a Band of Hope treat, he signed the pledge, and never broke it. Thinking to appear manly in the eyes of the engine-man, he essayed to smoke, but becoming ill, he determined to have no more to do with such a foolish thing. He sometimes attended church with his

parents; spent as many evenings of the week as he could afford at a music-hall, and the others in talking and larking with a dozen other mill lads on the cobble stones of the street in which he lived. 'E-e-e I Johnnie was a great boy to laugh and to lark, but never could we get him to play a joke that would hurt or provoke anybody,' says one of these very chums.

A tragedy at the mill was the first link in a chain of events which arrested his aimless life. One of the men, a hard drinker and reckless character, in a bout of delirium tremens, vowed that he would swim the mill dam. He climbed a high wall, stripped, and with a cry: 'Here's to Hell!' dived. His head stuck in the mud; his body was dragged out by the police.

To Hell! To Hell! Johnny could not shake off the awful sense of the power of evil which he saw blighting men's lives here. 'What of the hereafter?'

John's chief pal was also an engine minder; they worked alternate shifts. One night he charged John with a mean action. John denied it, but in hot anger which was fanned by jealousy, his pal declared that their friendship was at an end. Combativeness had no place in the make-up of the original John Lawley. Another lad might have disposed of the incident in half a dozen ways and turned to find fresh interests. Not so John. Ill-will and contention were the only miseries he feared in life. He walked the streets alone, and felt the world had become a wilderness. Leaning against a lamp-post one night he mused, 'I wonder what I'll do now I've lost Fred?'

It was a drizzling night, and at that moment a huge man, wearing oilskins, came striding along Westgate, Bradford. He offered John a handbill, and pausing a moment said, 'God bless you, my boy. To-morrow night in Pullan's theater there'll be a casting out of devils by the power of the Holy Ghost. You come.'

He passed on, and, by the light of the lamp, Lawley learned that he was James Dawdle, evangelist of the Christian Mission, and that there was to be a meeting in the afternoon as well as night. He would go to both.

The Holland Street boys turned up at Pullan's theater in force; all except John's offended mate. They enjoyed the singing led by Dowdle's fiddle. For the first time in his life the Word of God entered John's heart as the evangelist exhorted the people to 'Break up the fallow ground, sow to yourselves in righteousness; it is time to seek the Lord.' At night, the same bunch of boys occupied seats in the gallery.

Pullan's theater had been the happy hunting-ground of Lawley's evenings. Times without number he had sat there and listened to songs- sentimental, comic, profane, silly-and joining in the choruses. The words mattered little so long as there were catch and swing in the rhythm and tune. How different the place seemed to him with the big Dowdle as stage manager! There was abundance of life in the meeting; the hymns lilted along; Converts testified, and Mrs. Dowdle talked about life and God and eternity in a most natural and charming way. Then Mr. Dowdle rose and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. He did not picture an Eastern young man of two thousand years ago, but the prodigals of Bradford, squandering their money on things that do not satisfy; forsaken by their friends; eating the husks of the world.

The Holy Spirit used Lawley's lonely mood to show him Himself. As he viewed things in the light of God, his life appeared an appalling waste. What a fool he was! Living like an animal, as though he had no immortal soul to save; no God to worship; no Saviour to adore; no King to serve!

The gallery was cleared when the prayer meeting commenced, and, escaping from his friends, John set out for home, but he had not gone the length of a street when the burden upon his spirit brought him to a standstill. 'I will arise, and go to my Father, and say unto Him, "Father, I have sinned."' This was the message of the meeting, and it was the cry of Lawley's soul. Mechanically he retraced his steps. Arrived at the theater, he crept down into the pit, and sat in the shadow of a column. A godly man who knew Lawley's praying parents, moved among the people searching for signs of soul anxiety. Noting the lad, he said to him, 'Johnny, don't you want to come to Jesus?' 'I want something,' replied John. 'Then, come.' As that humble lover of souls watched the lad spring to his feet, climb the ladder to the stage, and fall at the mercy-seat, how little he dreamed that his 'fishing' had captured one who would in the days ahead win thousands to God!

James Dowdle knelt beside John Lawley, and began to sing:

There is a Fountain filled with Blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The familiar words sounded new and strangely meaningful to the kneeling lad. He had come to seek the Lord with his whole heart; there were no reservations regarding sin or worldliness, nor how far he should obey God; therefore, no hindrance obstructed the Holy Spirit in coming to meet him. The song went on:

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That Fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

The thing was as clear as the day. John had been a forgetter of God; he deserved Hell, but the Son of God had died to save him. His heart melted before that wonderful revelation of sin on the one hand, and of redeeming love on the other. An unutterable peace and joy flowed into his soul as he sang:

I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross He shed His Blood  
From sin to set me free.

On the wings of song he was born into the Kingdom of God. Jesus once cleansed ten lepers; only one returned to give Him thanks. Not all the souls who kneel at Army penitent-forms follow Jesus all the way. The night that John Lawley sought God, nine others knelt with him; eight



were lost sight of. The other, one Lottie Franks, found Jesus and with great joy followed Him. She became one of The Army's early missionary Officers in India. Falling ill of cholera, her nurse asked her if she had any regrets. She knew that her life was running out, and with the glory of the eternal dawn lighting her face, exclaimed: ' Regrets? No! If I could have a thousand lives I would give them every one for Jesus, as I have given my one little life,' and her spirit sped to the breast of God. John Lawley became a world name among the people who led him to the Saviour.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER II

### FINDING HIS FEET

LAWLEY was born into the Kingdom of God singing; the next impulse of his soul was to run with the good news of Salvation to others; to the end of his career these two services of love were characteristic of the man.

Scarcely waiting to give his name and address to Dowdle at the penitent-form, John seized his, cap, and slipping out into the night, he ran the mile and a half to his home. Of all people, the one with whom he longed to share his new experience was his mother. He burst into the living room, and there, seated at the table, with her Bible open before her, was the peaceful little woman. John reached her at a bound, and putting his arms around her shoulders, said, Mother, your prayers for me are answered. I've been converted at the Christian Mission.' The mother's heart was too full for words, but she beamed upon her laddie with shining eyes.

John's first testimony had been easy; his second was harder. He went out to find his offended chum. The reserve caused by the disagreement all forgotten, Johnny bore down upon him with his usual warmth, exclaiming: 'Fred, I've been converted at the Mission.' 'There was no responsive glow. The lad surveyed John coldly for a moment, then replied, 'Have you?' and turning, went away into the darkness.

Wonderful is the work of grace in a new-born soul! Lawley stood looking after his retreating friend with genuine sorrow in his heart, but the sense of loss was now on his friend's account, rather than his own. Though only a few hours saved, he was conscious that he had found a Friend who would never forsake him.

Twenty years later, John Lawley, accompanying the Founder on a campaign in a distant land, received a letter bearing a prison postmark. It was from Fred. He wrote: ' I heard you were coming to this country. How differently things have gone with you and with me! The night you told me of your conversion, you began to go up; I turned away and began the downward course. I wish I'd gone your way.'

Being on night shift, John needed to hurry to the mill, and did not see his father until Tuesday at midnight, when he took the lad's supper to the engine house. The father greeted the son with solemn joy, and raising his face to Heaven praised God for saving his soul.

Johnny was well born in Christ. He did not get to a meeting until the following Saturday night; but the new life within him craved for nourishment, and the desire to pray and read his Bible came to him naturally, as hunger to a baby, and to testify to the new birth involved no strain upon him. On his way to work one of the Holland Street boys waylaid him. 'Johnny, hast a jined 'em?'

'Yes, ar've gotten converted.'

'E-e-e! Why didst tha' cry?'

'I felt a big sinner.'

'E-e-e tha' didst snotter an' all.'

Later the same lad accompanied Johnny to a cottage meeting, but too afraid to accept the invitation to go inside, he went home and discussed Johnny with his drunken father.

'Johnny Lawley's jined t' Dowdles. He's gone t.' meetin' at Uncle Tom's cabin. E-e-e but e's full o't.' Something worked in the drunkard's soul.

'Good for ye -- jine what Johnny's jined,' he replied, and acting upon this new impulse, he rose up, went to the meeting, and that night was gloriously saved. He lived a triumphant life until, at a good old age, he was promoted to Glory.

John's first public testimony was in the open-air, the Saturday night following his conversion. Dowdle put him into the ring, and he declared that he had been saved 'from sin for one week.

His work in the engine-room cut him off from the crowd of the mill workers, but he had to stand to his new profession, before, perhaps, the toughest of characters there. Emerging from boyhood, he had felt strong impulses to harangue, and mounting any convenient vantage foothold, had addressed his companions on various topics of interest.

Now that he had found God, he had something worth talking about. A force not unlike his engine -- powerful and propelling--had come into his life; it made every part of his being to throb. He talked to his workmates of sin and its wages;. but more, of the love of God and the joys of Salvation. The innate amiability of the lad, his round, smiling face, and mellow, conciliatory voice, won him a hearing, and his mates did not retaliate 'more seriously than to shut him in the mill well, when he descended to attend to the pumps, and to keep him there till he had sung and prayed as long as they wished.

About the time of Lawley's conversion another lad, Ted Irons, the son of a godly widow woman, also sought the Lord. A youth of exceptional ability, he had received a good education, and on leaving school, accepted the offer of a lucrative position in Bradford. This move landed Ted in the 'far country.' He gave full rein to the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the Devil, but not once did his mother lose faith for his soul. Night after night, as he went out to the theater

and the card-table, she went to her knees and pleaded with God to have mercy upon him, open his eyes, and save him. A sudden sorrow brought him to a full stop, and to his mother's joy he began again to attend church. But he became so utterly miserable in trying to be religious without a change of heart, that he pleaded, 'It's no use, mother; let me go. I'm not built for a religious life, and I won't be a hypocrite.'

But the mother wrestled with God, and, believing for his soul, refused to let the Devil have her son. The Dowdles arrived in Bradford about this time, and Mrs. Irons attended their meetings. Her heart warmed toward them; here she felt was religion of the sort to suit vigorous young life. She offered Ted a sovereign if he would go to one of their meetings, but he fought shy. Then one Sunday night in chapel the Holy Spirit smote him so sore that he rushed into the vestry seeking God. Finding little relief from the unrest that possessed him, he left the church, and walked miles into the country; then, raising his face to Heaven, he pleaded with God to save him from his sins, and to give him peace of heart.

He returned home a new man. Then came the question, What should he do with his life? The Mission attracted him, but he wanted no more to go his own way, and spent a Sunday in fasting and prayer, seeking Divine guidance. He came to see that this open door to the souls of the common people was God's way for him. Straightway Ted Irons threw himself into the warfare of the Mission, and he and Johnny Lawley, dissimilar in every respect except their spirit, became comrades in arms. When work permitted, they attended every service, outdoor and in, and soon were leading meetings and seeking souls with all the Dowdle abandon.

In the 'Christian Mission Magazine' we find Dowdle's earliest mention of them:

'On Sunday morning we mustered full force at City Road end and opened fire on Brown Royed, a 'suburb of Bradford, inhabited by just the class we are after. I led the singing with my Mission fiddle, Brothers Lawley and Irons led the procession, and we missioned every street in Brown Royed; the sisters visited every house with handbills inviting to our meetings. The people turned out well to listen to the experiences of their mates who have been saved, and tears were stealing down many faces while the brethren were speaking.'

The Army spirit was born in Lawley before the movement emerged from the Christian Mission chrysalis. He wanted to wear a dress that would declare to all that he belonged to God, so, behold this bearded youth of seventeen in the garb of a missionary-frock coat, black necktie, wide brimmed hat, and an umbrella wherewith to wave in the processions.

At this time the education of the masses had begun seriously to occupy the legislators of the Old Country. One of the first moves in the industrial centers was the institution of night schools for mill workers. Without doubt, John Lawley stood in need of very elementary book lore, but to his soul had come the vision of a greater claim-the people of Bradford-forgetters of God, unblessed, unhealed, uncomforted. They must be aroused to a sense of their condition, and pointed to God. Lawley felt that he could not spare time to increase his knowledge of the things of earth. He was in touch with the realities of eternity; he could tell the sinful of a Saviour, the captives of a Deliverer, the sorrowful of a Consoler; and he must do it with haste, since souls were dying.

Speaking of his decision at the close of his life, he said: 'Education is very good, and some must have it, but I do not regret the way I took. I believe it was God's way for me. I had heard' a Voice; I had seen a vision. The Lord had said to me, "Follow Me, and I will make you a fisher of men," and I responded with all my heart.'

And those who best know Lawley and his work, feel that he was right. When the Lord Jesus called the fishermen to His ministry of 'seeking and saving the lost, He did not send them to college, but just as they were, loving souls full of ,faith in Him, He sent them forth to work His works. But he did not call fishermen only. He had His Paul, and His Luke, and His Mark, each prepared and equipped for special work. In this, one sees how different are the ways of God from those of man.' In the ministry of reconciliation God uses every type of sanctified personality; whereas, man, for this same ministry, inclines to refuse all who do not reach his standard of excellence, which is usually determined by the measuring tape of scholastic attainment.

James Dowdle believed in that state of grace which is expressed in such varying terms, as the Blessing of Holiness, Entire Sanctification, Perfect Love, or a Clean Heart. He proclaimed and lived the life with such power, that his Converts in the Mission early began to inquire and seek after the experience.

Conversion had wrought so real and radical a change in Lawley and Irons, and they were so entirely devoted to the service of God, that, for a while, no second work of grace seemed necessary for them. Surely, they had Full Salvation! A sense of lack came first to Ted. His quick, alert mind was allied to a generous, fiery nature, which, upon occasion, developed to fierce resentfulness. He handled his work with such intelligent dispatch, that he occupied a position superior to men years his senior. After his conversion, his workmates found excellent opportunities of taking their grievances out of him. He was subjected to a continual fire of teasing insults. Dowdle preached to his Converts, 'No retaliation for persecution.' Ted dearly longed 'to thrash the fellows who sneered at his religion, and inwardly fumed when they jeered at his discomfort. Many a dinner-time he arrived home, and rushed to his room at the top of the house, there to spend the meal hour pleading with God for power to overcome his temper. His gentle mother had a Spartan soul. She wanted nothing but the best for her son in the Heavenly Kingdom, and would speed him to his knees with the words,

'You'll never make a soldier, dear boy, unless you can stand the fire.'

It now needed no argument to convince Ted that there were the remains of inbred sin in his nature. Anger and resentment were not Johnny's difficulty. He was never known to be 'out of temper'; but when Dowdle sang 'None of self, but all of Thee,' Johnny knew that he had not reached that experience except in desire. Not that he wanted to get, and have, and hold things for' self; but deep down in his nature was a species of religious pride, which caused him to blush beneath the searching light of the Holy Spirit. The lads began to earnestly seek and pray for deliverance from all sin. They met together for a night of prayer in an old stable, but made little progress.

After a Holiness Meeting, in which Dowdle had spoken on the changing of Jacob's character, he found Johnny and Ted still on their knees. 'Here, you boys! What seek ye?' he inquired. 'Full deliverance, and we won't leave the Hall till we get it,' Johnny replied. 'God is not

far away. It is His will to cleanse you. Surrender yourself entirely. Stretch out your hand of faith, believe, and accept.'

Was it not this scene that years afterwards suggested to Lawley the words that have helped many a score into liberty:

God's great, free, full Salvation  
Is offered here and now;  
Complete Blood-bought redemption  
Can be obtained by you.  
Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,  
The Cleansing Flood will flow;  
Look up just now, believing,  
His fullness you shall know.

Looking back on this experience forty-five years later, he said: 'We prayed, and light came. We stood up, and claimed the blessing, and kissed one another for joy.'

From that night these lads Were conscious of a wondrous power in their lives. Ted could take insults with a smile since there was no fire of anger in his heart, and his life of meekness preached more loudly than his fiery eloquence.

Johnny ceased from his own works in which self-gratification had hitherto shared, and henceforth worked the works of Him who had called, and cleansed, and sanctified his soul.

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### CHAPTER III

#### THE CALLING OF A PROPHET

SINCE Mother Eve listened to that lie of the Devil, 'Ye shall be as gods,' her children have followed her along the way of folly and sin. Today, one finds inherent in human nature the desire to take to itself the glory that belongs to God alone. It seeks to enthrone itself, and, for its achievements, to receive credit and homage of one sort or another. It likes not only to acquire knowledge, but to receive degrees and gowns which declare this possession; not only to win battles, but to wear the decorations which denote the fact; not only to rule, but to display the scepter of office.

In order to reserve to Himself the glory that illumines the redemption of lost mankind, God has, in all ages, chosen men and women from lowly walks of life, and out of the pressure of adversity, to bear His message to the people. Of the prophets of the Old Testament, few facts concerning their antecedents have been preserved. We find one a villager; another a herdman; another a plowman; others 'of the inhabitants'; which in present-day language would be interpreted 'of the people.' Of others, no personal clue can be found, as though God would say, 'It matters

nothing about the messenger, give heed to the message.' Few who had the advantage of education were called to prophesy.

When the Lord Jesus needed men to help Him to proclaim His Evangel, His choice passed by the students of the colleges of that day-whose minds were already steeped in the traditions of men-and fell upon pure-hearted men who lived near to nature; in their unsophisticated souls He sowed the seeds of the wisdom which is from above.

The significance of this fact burst upon St. Paul, as he watched the spread and development of the early church under the ministry of humble men, whose hearts were aflame with love for Christ, and who were taught of Him. He wrote:

After . . . the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believed. . . . We preach Christ crucified, the power of God, and the wisdom of God. . . . Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence.'

Later, Thomas a Kempis emphasized this truth as he saw it in his day:

'An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. But because many endeavor to get knowledge rather than to live well, therefore they are often deceived, and reap either none or very slender profit of their labors.'

The Salvation Army Officer is a striking example of this divine plan, and few Officers have more beautifully demonstrated the power of God to make much of little that is yielded to Him, than John Lawley.

After entering into the experience of Full Salvation, communion with God and soul-seeking became the chief joys and sole object in life for Lawley and Ted Irons. The 'Christian Mission Magazine' of that date contains many accounts of their doings.

They would meet at six o'clock in the morning to spend an hour in prayer together; between the Sunday meetings, after they had eaten their sandwiches, they gave themselves to prayer on behalf of the godless of Bradford. At the theater, while Dowdle preached, they would creep under the stage and plead for souls to be convicted of sin. Little wonder with such a spirit of prayer abroad that a genuine revival of religion moved the town.

Gradually, the thought took shape in Lawley's mind that he should devote his life entirely to seeking the lost. Not that he felt able for so great a service, but he was a little friend of God. He could work with Him. He could listen to Him speaking to his soul, and could give His messages again to the people. The need of souls-sheep straying upon the mountains-the triumphing sin of the world, all this appealed to him with an insistence that would not be hushed.

He used to tell his mother of the fights and victories of the meetings, and once added, 'Mother, I think I must give my life right up to the work.' Mrs. Lawley looked around upon her little flock-six younger than Johnny-and replied, 'Ah, no, Johnny. How should I do for the little 'uns without you?' And Johnny, who had never said 'Yea' when his mother said 'Nay,' held his peace.

But one night he had a hand in a notable victory. A man kneeling at the penitent-form, crying over his sins, confessed that he had at home a barrel of beer. 'Turn it down the gutter, man,' counseled Johnny. 'Would you let beer keep you from God and Heaven?' That injunction settled things; the man rose from his knees, and in company with John and Ted went home. They rolled the barrel of beer into the street, knocked in the bung, and to the astonishment of the neighbors tipped the beer down the gutter.

Lawley, full of rejoicing, went home and told his mother of this conversion. His joy burst the restraint which he had imposed upon his lips, and he declared, 'Mother, I see it more clearly than before: I should offer myself to be an evangelist.'

In silence, for some moments, the little woman surveyed her son, radiant with holy enthusiasm, then, once and for all, she laid her Isaac on the altar, and replied in her gentle, cooing voice, 'Then Johnny, if you must go, you shall go. The Lord will provide.'

The future now settled in his mind, John took no immediate step; he was only seventeen; but afresh consecrating his life to God, went on with the work of the moment.

He carried a New Testament in his coat pocket, and studied it in spare moments. To his delight, he found that the words began to shine to his inner understanding; that texts fell into divisions, and that thoughts, not of his own, interpreted them. For in-stance, when he read, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' four points appeared: i. An invitation. 2. Who gave it. 3. To whom was it given. 4. Conditions of acceptance. Thoughts applicable to each point came trooping along, and sermon-making began delightfully to occupy his thoughts as he tended his engine. At last an extraordinary announcement excited the Christian Missioners of Bradford. The Superintendent, the Rev. William Booth, was to visit the town to conduct the first anniversary services.

Dowdle reported the event to the 'Christian Mission Magazine ' in terse sentences:

'Twelve months have passed away since we hoisted the Christian Mission flag in this great town. Not a Sunday has passed without souls crying for mercy and passing from death unto life, for which we thank God and take courage. Over six hundred have given in their names as getting converted, including drunkards, infidels, blasphemers, adulterers, comic singers, clowns, and actors.'

No eyes greeted the coming of the tall, spare Superintendent with the dark hair and flowing beard with more interest than those of John Lawley and Ted Irons. To the close of his life Lawley loved to recall that first meeting with the Founder, and the thrilling impressions which accompanied it. He described them thus:

I sat just behind the orchestra in the morning meeting, watching. and listening; taking in all that eyes and ears could seize upon. Mr. Booth began to give out a hymn in an arresting voice: "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" He stopped and remarked, "This is not a bad hymn. I wonder who made it? But why didn't he say:

I am a Soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb.  
I will not fear to own His cause,  
Nor blush to speak His name?

'So he went on making alterations into a positive note till he reached the last verse, then more comments:

'Sure I must fight if Christ would reign.' Why didn't he say, 'Sure I will fight, and Christ shall reign'?

My soul so agreed with this straight-out way of declaring holy things, that I shouted "Amen! Mr. Booth turned about, and sweeping me with his penetrating gaze said: "I hope you'll make as good a fighter as you are a shouter!"

'That was a great day at the theater. Ted and I were in our glory, singing and praying, fighting for souls and rejoicing over victory. Before the day was out Dowdle introduced us to the Superintendent.

'A little later he came again to Bradford one weeknight, and Dowdle asked Ted and me to go to his house to meet Mr. Booth before the meeting. There was little time; he was going upstairs to wash his hands, and invited us to go up with him. He asked us questions .about our souls, our work, our families, then he looked at us solemnly and said, "Lads, I want you to come and help me. I can only offer you hard work, and poverty, and a constant fight against the powers of darkness, but there is something more-a chance to give your every hour to publishing the sinner's Friend, to seek the lost and bring them to the Saviour. What do you say?"

'We both replied that we would go with him.

'Then he knelt down, and we knelt before him. He laid a hand on each of us and prayed, dedicating our lives to the Salvation of souls.'

John Lawley's career lies before us. Ted Irons, one of the saints of the early days, gave promise of becoming a leading Officer. His life had remarkable power in winning souls. Though scarce out of his teens, to him was committed the great work in progress at Portsmouth. Thinking to gain a soul, one morning early he took a lad out for a swim. After leaving his lodgings, he returned, and said to his landlady, 'If I should not come back, I shall go sweeping through the gates.' It would seem that he was seized with cramp, for though a powerful swimmer he sank in deep water, and was drowned.

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## CHAPTER IV

### TROWEL AND SWORD

NINE months from the date of John Lawley's conversion, he was appointed fortieth evangelist of the Christian Mission. His departure from home into this sphere resembled the beginnings of many of the works of God. It was 'without observation,' no sign prophesied the development that lay ahead.

When Johnny 'gave notice ' to his employer, that gentleman inquired, 'What is your reason for leaving us?' 'I'm going to be a preacher,' replied John. 'Tell me about it.' John made the best of his opportunity to testify to the head of his firm of the ways of God with his soul; the business man listened with interest, and concluded the interview with, 'You go with my goodwill, and may God bless you.'

As he felt befitting a minister of the Gospel, Johnny had gathered together a few books, including some outlines of sermons and a Commentary, but he had not found time to study them. Considering his future, he recollected that by living in the spirit of prayer and meditating upon the Word of God, the right message for the unsaved had always come to him at the right moment. He therefore decided, that for the work of an Evangelist, he needed no more than his Bible and Song Book. With this sling and stone he went out to meet the enemies of God. Until the finish of his fight, these were Lawley's chief weapons of attack, and who shall say that he would have succeeded better than he did, had he multiplied to himself others of less effect?

Farewelling from the Bradford Mission, his friends presented him with a Bible, and lifting it above his head, he declared as his parting testimony:

With Christ in my heart,  
And His Word in my hand,  
I'll march on in haste,  
Through an enemy's land;  
The way may be rough,  
But it cannot be long,  
So I'll smooth it with hope,  
And I'll cheer it with song.

Had he seen to the end of his career he could not have chosen more appropriate words.

Lawley was appointed as assisting Evangelist to open Spennymoor. A theater had been secured for the Sunday's meetings, and an old chapel for weeknights. Alfred Russell and he proceeded to 'open fire.' One of their methods for moving the town to thoughts of God, was to kneel and pray at every street corner; one old Irish woman who heard Lawley pray for the Salvation of the whole town, exclaimed wrathfully at his 'greediness.'

The chapel, which prophetically came to be called 'The Salvation Hall,' was in a state of utter dilapidation, and the two Evangelists spent weeks with hammer and saw, trowel and whitewash renovating the interior. They worked by day and preached by night. Before long the town was stirred by the message of the new religionists; heavenly joy was experienced at the early morning love-feasts, to which Converts and Christians flocked; at night hundreds crowded to the open-air meetings, and many souls were saved.

Lawley was now hard put to, he had to make fourteen sermons per week! The first he preached was on the text, 'Behold He cometh with clouds, every eye shall see Him, and all nations shall wail before Him.' His sense of unfitness dismayed him, and he pleaded with God to give him a seal of His call to this great work by saving souls; that night seven knelt at the mercy-seat, and John was encouraged. He persevered in the now established habit of continually having some word of God to meditate upon; the Holy Spirit clothed his words with power, souls fell under conviction, and sought God at his invitation.

The first report from Spennymoor sent to the 'Christian Mission Magazine' reveals the atmosphere in which John Lawley fought his first battles as an Evangelist:

'After much prayer, we commenced on Sunday, April 28th, by holding two services in the open air, and two in the theater. It was a powerful day, closing with four precious souls and a lot of lads, more than we counted. During the following week we worked during the daytime at the old chapel. We had some happy seasons; everything in the place seemed as though God were in it. The tools seemed to say, " Amen! " " Hallelujah " ! " Glory be to God! " At the close of each day we went to the Open-Air, and afterwards preached in the New Connection Chapel, and every night we had anxious souls. The next week we worked on in the same way, the crowds listening as though we had brought them strange news. For the two Sundays we have had sixteen souls. We give a few instances of what we have seen of the triumphs of God's grace. A woman wounded by the Holy Spirit could do nothing but groan. At last she broke through and cried at the top of her voice, " Lord, save me! " Still she could not get liberty. We sang, "The Blood of Jesus cleanses me." She sang it, she felt it, and then, her face radiant with glory, she shouted, " I do believe; He does save me! " Then turning to a woman by her side who was anxious, she said, " Do trust Him, He will save you. He has saved me." Salvation came to her heart also. They have both been scrubbing out the chapel since then.

'Two women came one night to look at the old chapel. Seeing its filthy condition, they began to clean it in right earnest. They informed us that they used to attend the Sunday School there. On Sunday night they came to the theater, where God met them, and showed them their hearts-all filthy like the neglected chapel. We prayed with them, and God saved them. They came to clean the N chapel and got a clean heart.

'Blessed be God! crowds are flocking to hear the word of life, who have not been inside a place of worship for years. The power of God has come down, hard hearts have been softened, eyes have filled with tears, and many who a month ago were singing the Devil's songs are singing,

New songs do now my lips employ,  
And dances my glad heart for joy.

'Glory, glory glory be to God. Those who have been saved are giving up everything of a worldly nature.'

Again:

'On Saturday night, at the opening service of our Salvation Hall, we had a Hallelujah Love-feast, when thirty-three people testified. We observed a big man very uneasy; we invited him out. He came and cried for pardon, and was soon afterwards on his feet. He said, "I was attracted by the singing and followed your people, when I came to the door I seemed to be drawn by a lodestone power, and my whole body began to shake. Now I know I am born of God, through the Blood of Jesus."

'On Sunday morning while some twenty-five of us met for prayer at seven, I noticed a man come in at the door, and seeing his miserable appearance went to him and found him unsaved. I told him of a loving, mighty Jesus. His heart broke; he wept like a child; he prayed, and as he prayed light came. He exclaimed, "I feel better now." He arose and told us that drink was his snare; three times has he attempted to commit suicide; he has been wandering about the country; this morning he got up and was in search of drink, when some brother invited him into our meeting.'

It is not surprising to find that opposition to the work soon arose. For obstruction of the streets, the Evangelists were summoned to appear before the police-court at Bishop Auckland. Thither they marched in procession with their Converts, singing all the way. The Evangelists were sentenced to prison with the option of paying a fine. The fine paid by a sympathetic onlooker, the Spennymoor Converts joined those of Bishop Auckland, marched off for an open-air meeting in the market-place; afterwards they marched singing back to Spennymoor, where they held a rejoicing meeting in the open air. They experienced no further interference.

Mr. Bramwell Booth, tall, black-bearded, serious, earnest, aged twenty-one, visited the new opening. Lawley described his first sight of the future General. He arrived during an open-air meeting, and in the procession to the Hall he marched with a stiff leg and shot up his umbrella at every step. This to attract attention!

The 'Christian Mission Magazine' refers to these meetings:

A man testified the other night: "Hallelujah! I am saved from all sin." He told us he had been the greatest sinner in Spennymoor; such a drunkard that his parents would not own him, and an awful blasphemer. One week he took all his wages, bought a concertina, got drunk, and the next morning found himself in a ditch, wet through, with the concertina torn in pieces. He used to play at parties for beer. In drink he was violent, and thrashed the police. Thus he went on till one Sunday morning he heard us singing in the streets, the Spirit of God took hold of him, and showed him what he was. Thus he remained for some time, till one night he came to the Hall, and heard Mr. Bramwell Booth preach from the Word, "The time is short." This made him realize that he might be in Hell before the morning, so he came out for pardon. He had not been kneeling long before he got up and shouted "Hallelujah! I am saved." The next day while we were visiting, we came to his

house. The wife said that her husband was at the meeting the night before and had got converted, and that she was coming that night to give her heart to the Lord. We urged her to do it at once. After prayer and singing she got liberty.

'Another man came the next night and heard Mr. Booth preach on "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The Spirit of God strove mightily with him, and he felt his need for the Water of Life.' He saw clearly that it was for him. The word "Whosoever" rang in his ears, and while sitting in his seat the Spirit of God descended on him. He prayed, and while the service was going on the Lord answered his prayers. He felt the Lord had pardoned his sins. His wife also has given herself to God; they are both in the Hallelujah Army, living for God and souls.

'It has been said by one of this town, "I could do with you people if you wasn't to be at it so often." Well, we have been at it, and are still at it, and are going to be at it. Since last report, we have been preaching the Gospel to the crowds of people flocking to the horse races. God has owned, and blessed, and brought honor to His name in the Salvation of souls.'

Staff-Captain William Hodgson, who came into The Army at Spennymoor, tells of Lawley's capers of those days. The lad's meat and drink was the Bible, and there he read of David dancing before the Lord. This exercise so accorded with his feelings of joy, that he danced, and shouted, and praised God with such fervor, that the whole town was shaken out of the orthodox belief that religion was a long-faced affair.

At this early date, Lawley began to use unusual methods of illustration for which he became famous. Hodgson remembers him tearing his little Song Book in shreds in order to illustrate how the Devil tears his prey; and to illustrate the sea of God's love and forgiveness he has dived from the platform and gone on with his arms performing the swimming motion. If a crowd did not readily gather in the open-air, he would put up his ever-present umbrella and run round and round in a circle. Would such a ruse fail to attract today?

Mrs. Commandant Cape was converted at this time. She was a very prim young person who delighted in well-laundered attire, and remembers that when she walked down the aisle to the penitent-form in the old theater, Lawley shouted at the top of his voice, 'Oh, glory, here comes five foot of starch!' Such methods and language shocked many pious souls who had been used to studied speech, unnatural tones, and formal ceremony in connection with religion, and had no idea of admitting everyday thought or expression to things pertaining to God; but, gradually, they became convinced that the fire was not false; that the power of God was indeed with these men. Many of the chapels were warmed and stimulated by contact with them.

During a short stay at Attercliffe, Lawley helped to capture one of the early musicians of The Army. The veteran Trumpeter Sheard writes:

'When first I saw Johnny Lawley he was in the midst of a little group of people called the "Hallelujahs." He had on a bowler hat and carried an umbrella. With him were Skidmore with his fiddle, and Yorkshire Hannah, wearing a close-fitting bonnet, with white strings. They were singing-the composition of another Evangelist:

The line to Heaven by Christ was made,  
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;  
From earth to Heaven the line extends,  
To life eternal, where it ends.  
Will you go, to that beautiful Land with me?

"The earnest joyousness of the singers captured me at once. I said, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." I remember the first meeting-place we had. It was an old mill. While the meeting was in progress, the old engine could be heard grunting away, the water running, and the noise of great lumps of stone and slag being ground to powder. And the "Hallelujahs" were grinding, too, making sinners into saints, for the building up of the Heavenly Kingdom. A revival broke out. Lawley was as lively as a spring lamb, but his high spirits were tempered by a realization of the sinner's position before God, and a great compassion for the sorrowful and sinful.'

Lawley's next appointment was to assist in the opening of Jarrow-on-Tyne, and here he received a baptism of fire in earnest. The coming into the town of two plain, religious men, with a message to the people's souls, raised such a commotion that a superintendent of the police, two sergeants, and seven constables were unable to keep order. The wild element of the town received the 'Hallelujahs' with fierce hostility; greeting them on the streets with yells of derision, and pelting them with every insulting missile which hatred could invent. On their arrival at the meeting-house, the mob outside continued to yell; but in the midst of this tumult, souls were convicted of sin and desperate characters saved. In one open-air meeting Lawley was thrown to the ground, and the mob closing upon him, things were at a serious pass. Just then a newly converted desperado fought her way to him, hauled him up by the collar, and holding him thus, with flaming eyes and clenched fist, dared the mob to touch him. Under such protection, he preached the power of God to deliver from sin.

It was bitter winter weather, and the Evangelists were so poor that they could not afford to heat the hall; but in order to gather the Converts together to plead with God for power to triumph against the entrenched wickedness in the town, 5 a.m. prayer meetings were announced.

These early-morning cryings to God broke the power of evil; men and women convicted of their sins could not sleep, and got up in the night to seek God.

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## CHAPTER V

### THE SALVATION ARMY

THE Christian Mission was thirteen years old when Lawley became an Evangelist. During the first decade, the movement resembled troops attacking an enemy country. The fighting was hand to hand; fatigue, and the lack of necessities, were suffered to the point of exhaustion; but endurance gained a footing, and faith pressed forward and won a territory. After becoming established, with gathering strength and confidence, the Mission advanced rapidly.

The Mission Monthly Magazine for the year 1878 pulses with life in every page. Like 'a strong man,' it delighted in the prospect of much land to be possessed. What artless, rejoicing faith the following extract reveals:

'Where are we going? What is going to become of us? we feel constrained to ask, as our people, one after another, declare themselves ready to go out in the name of God to labor anywhere so they can promote the glory of God and the Salvation of souls. Men and women, who would once have refused to speak at all in the name of Christ, are eager to leave comfortable homes to go to work among strangers. " Money! " they cry, "we don't want money. Only let us go and work! "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'" This is the warrant of our extensions.'

The year had been the most remarkable in the life of the movement. From twenty-nine Stations and thirty-one Evangelists, it had increased to fifty Stations and eighty-eight Evangelists, and from all parts of the kingdom came requests to open fresh Stations. Almost every opening was accompanied with riots; the result of the forces of evil opposing the forces of light; sometimes the Missioners suffered defeat, but more often they rejoiced over victory. In such circumstances, it was inevitable that fighting tactics should supersede conventional missioning methods.

At this time the Russo-Turkish war was agitating England; war became the subject of discussion in Parliament, in the streets, wherever people gathered. Up in Whitby, the ingenious Evangelist Cadman seized upon the war theme for his campaign in that town. He called himself Captain Cadman, and placarded the city with declarations of war. The Superintendent of the Mission being due to visit Whitby, Cadman billed him as 'The General of the Hallelujah Army,' announced that he would conduct reviews, attacks, slaughters of the enemy, and used any other warlike term which he could reasonably apply.

About that time a change is noticeable in the terms of the Christian Mission. The next month's issue of the Magazine reporting 'A Council of War,' described the Evangelists as 'Poor men and women, with their hearts burning for war to the very death, determined by the grace of God to shake the country.'

The month following that, Railton [2] wrote a powerful article on 'Peace or War,' followed by another on the 'Terms of Peace'; and the next month one appeared, presumably by the Founder, on 'Rushing into War.'

The idea of war against sin and selfishness, and the liberation of the slaves of sin, increased, until when the Annual Conference came to be reported in the September issue, the leading article opened with, 'The Christian Mission has met in Congress to make War. It has glorified God for the conquests of 1877-8.

It has organized a Salvation Army to carry the Blood of Christ and the Fire of the Holy Ghost into every corner of the world.'

Those who have studied the rise and progress of great, spiritual movements, will have noticed that God often deals with the men and women to whom He has entrusted His schemes as with children. He does not reveal the whole design to them, and, saying, 'Work to that,' leave them. If He did, there would be no room left for the exercise of faith, the great essential of the spiritual life. Rather, He leads His chosen ones forward step by step, revealing only the duty of the moment. In years to come they, and those who come after them, see that they were guided by a wise, unerring Hand.

By degrees, the Superintendent came to recognize that the Christian Mission-this fearless, mobile force that was leaping forward on every hand- was an entirely new thing in the religious world for which history provided no precedent. By very reason of its abundant life, its leader was faced by several, momentous problems. How should the financial responsibilities of the many new openings be safeguarded? He had no reserves. And the Evangelists! He had no means of either testing or training them; there was no option but to accept them at face value; they made good or failed under the pressure of circumstance. Half a dozen rogues or muddlers could involve the Mission in such difficulties as would make it bankrupt.

The Evangelists were drawn, almost without exception, from the laboring classes. They were practical men and women who were accustomed to live near to the problems of workaday life, but they were of very limited horizon. Among them were navies, factory hands, colliers, railway and engine men, domestic servants, one or two shopkeepers and clerks; perhaps the only man of education was Railton.

Clearly, to follow the conference plan with such helpers would be to invite insuperable difficulties, and the Superintendent more and more favored the idea of an Army of Salvation. An Army, making war upon sin; an Army, with trained Officers, and loyal, alert, obedient Soldiers, led by a General. Those were the tactics upon which to run a successful campaign for capturing the slaves of the Devil!

Also, he arrived at the decision that the new openings must be largely self-supporting. On no account must the Evangelists incur debt. By the time the Annual Meeting was due, the Superintendent had decided upon The Army idea, Mrs. Booth, their son Bramwell, and George Railton approving. On August 6, 1878, the eighty Evangelists were invited to attend a great War Congress in London. On page 44 appears an advertisement taken from the 'Christian Mission Magazine' of this important event.

Those were five wonderful days. Interspersed between the war reports, love-feasts, Salvation campaigns, musical festivals, and all-nights of prayer, were Council Sessions, of greater moment than even those who conducted them were conscious. The entire change of policy which the Superintendent had decided upon had to be declared to the Evangelists and their judgment carried in a way that would ensure a continuance of loyal co-operation.

As we follow the Superintendent through the Congress reports, we see the same personality who, in later years, was to make all the world listen to his schemes, and who was to command an Army whose rank and file included many nationalities.

Frankly admitting flaws and failures in the past year's work, he said, 'Fools do not learn in the school of experience. They learn nowhere. Wise men learn by experience.' Proceeding to discuss the failings, he would, if he felt the pulse of the meeting growing feverish, steady it with such good-natured words as, 'Sometimes, when out at sea, the sailors see land ahead a long time before the passengers do, and, if any of my brethren here are inclined to say they don't see where we are going, I would say to them, "I see land, if you don't. Trust me, have faith in me, and be happy.'"

On the subject of finance, he enlightened them in words that left no doubt as to the poverty of the new Army, 'By the time you have eaten the food provided for you here, I shall have fifteen shillings left.'

On Tuesday afternoon of the Congress, the Superintendent delivered an address, which was, in fact, the presentation of the constitution of The Salvation Army.

The Magazine reported:

Mr. Booth delivered an address on "The Future of the War." Dwelling upon the difficulty of the task undertaken to overthrow the kingdom of Satan and establish the Kingdom of God, he showed the necessity of the utmost possible force, and, therefore, for adopting plans of organizing a force upon a thoroughly military system, of which the distinguishing features were: (1) authority; (2) obedience; (3) the adapted employment of every one's ability; (4) the training of every one to the utmost; (5) the combined action of all. He showed that such a system, although almost unknown in the religious world, was the one in vogue in all armies and in all human undertakings, and the only one manifestly calculated to accomplish our purpose. He asked why it should not be possible today to raise an Army of crusaders for the Salvation of souls, as it once was to raise armies for the recovery of a sepulcher?

To the end of his days, John Lawley delighted to recall the reception wherewith the announcement of the change of constitution was received. He was at that time eighteen or nineteen years of age, and felt himself to be no more than an interested spectator of a straightforward and normal event. All was fish that came to his net. The Mission had given him the chance of his life, and the Superintendent's address strongly appealed to his common sense. Surely, such plans would attract more people and facilitate the management of affairs. Some of the older Evangelists viewed the prospective changes with a reserve that bordered on hostility. The conservative Dowdle looked darkly at the radical Railton, upon whom devolved the congenial duty of outlining the plans for the future conduct of the War, including the adoption of the title of 'Captain' in place of that of Evangelist.

But where the heart is pure and the spirit willing, temperamental differences find a common place of settlement at the mercy-seat, and there the Congress gathered and concluded in a Night of Prayer. It was a season of power and liberty which stands out today in the memory of many of those early-day fighters.

One of the contributory helps of that memorable meeting was the introduction of two songs which have become a very part of the Organization, 'Precious Jesus, Oh! to love Thee,' with the



chorus, 'Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,' and ' Where He leads I will follow; I will follow all the way.' These simple words of affirmation and prayer were sung, until those men and women felt that nothing mattered except to follow the Saviour in His quest for lost souls.

## OUR WAR CONGRESS

Mr. Booth invites all Evangelists and others coming to Conference to meet him to tea at the Fieldgate Hall, Whitechapel, between 6 and 8 p.m., on Saturday, the 3rd August. At any time between those hours the Brethren and Sisters arriving from the country will find warm refreshment awaiting them, and there will thus be abundant opportunity for conversation and prayer together.

On SUNDAY MORNING, the 4th August, at 7 o'clock, there will be GREAT LOVE FEASTS at Bethnal Green, for Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Hackney, and Stoke Newington; Poplar, for Limehouse, Poplar, Canning Town, Millwall, and Plaistow; and also at Barking and Hammersmith.

MONDAY, 11 a.m. -- 'Pentecost.' 2 p.m. -- 'War Memories.'

Opportunity being given for Evangelists and others from the Stations to give news of the progress of the work.

Tea, and 6 p.m. -- Tickets, 9d. each, which will also secure Bearer a seat at the evening Meeting.

The morning and afternoon Meetings will be held in the Spitalfields Wesleyan Chapel, Brick Lane, East. The Tea and evening Meeting at the People's Hall, Whitechapel Road.

Processions led by a band of musical instruments will march to and from Fieldgate after the morning and afternoon Meetings, and before the evening Meeting.

The Annual Meeting will commence at p.m.; the Rev. William Booth in the chair.

TUESDAY, 10 a.m. -- Address by the Rev. William Booth on 'THE PAST.' 2.30 p.m. -- On 'THE FUTURE.' 7 p.m., HOLINESS MEETING.

Opportunity will be given during the morning and afternoon for the description of towns and districts not yet missioned, and appeals for the extension of the work to them; but persons desiring to take part in this must give notice not later than Friday, the 3rd August, to Mr. Booth.

WEDNESDAY, 10 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. -- The morning and afternoon will be devoted to testimony as to the spiritual experience of Evangelists and others while engaged in the work.

7 p.m. -- A MUSICAL SERVICE. All who play instruments are requested to bring them, and singing, speaking, and prayer will be mingled.

THE NIGHT OF PRAYER will commence Wednesday, 10.30 p.m., continuing till Thursday, 6 am.

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## CHAPTER VI

### CAPTAIN JOHNNY LAWLEY

FORTY-FIVE years is a long way back in memory, but happenings of that date associated with Captain Johnny Lawley remain vivid and clear with many who knew him under that title. Ancient albums have yielded up photographs which show a well-conditioned, pleasant-faced, bearded man of, say, thirty-five; he wears a black cloth suit; has a book before him, and sits beside a draped table. That was Lawley in the photographer's studio; but the real Lawley, aged eighteen, memory of whom sets eyes dancing, and words running by lip and pen, was a very different person. No one can remember him in relation to books or studies, but rather, as a lad whose very being exuded joy, laughter, and kindness, and whose ruling passion was love to God and his neighbor.

He was something of a conundrum to the orthodox Mr. Thomas Henry Howard of Ilkeston -- later second Chief of the Staff of The Salvation Army- who attended some of his meetings at Nottingham. At first, Mr. Howard was half shocked, half amused, by the laughing religion of this fat, rollicking boy-Captain; but when Captain Johnny took up his Bible and began to talk upon the joys which God has reserved for those who love Him, Mr. Howard lost all sense of time and place. With great delight he accompanied Lawley into heavenly places, and came back to earth with something of a jerk. The fundamental honesty of his character caused him to dismiss prejudice, and soon he became impressed and deeply stirred by the spiritual power which moved crowds to God under the ministry of this God-taught young man.

Lieutenant -- Commissioner Unsworth writes of Captain Lawley:

"The common people heard him gladly and loved him much. I remember him in the old days, forty long years ago, in the canny North, among the miners and iron workers. His laugh, his shout, his friendly manner, reached the hearts of many of those rough, hard-drinking men in Jarrow, in Sunderland, and all along the banks of the Tyne and Wear. They knew him not by any title, but by the love name they gave him in the years gone by, Johnny Lawley."

In all, Lawley commanded eight Corps: Mountain Ash, Hayle, West Hartlepool, Stockton-on-Tees, Sunderland, Nottingham, Bristol Circus, and Plymouth. At every place he found different circumstances out of which emerged flew problems. He set himself to conquer them each in succession by the power of God.

There is a popular illusion that the early-day fighting included only poverty and active opposition. To face a visible enemy, calls up all there is of the heroic in most natures. Let the young Officers of today who confront the more difficult enemy of indifference, know that at

Mountain Ash, Lawley's first command, his tiny Hall-a converted pawnshop with accommodation for sixty people-was without a congregation and his Soldiers numbered three.

Coming from the stirring experience of his previous Corps, conditions here seemed arctic-like. In great faith he took The Workmen's Hall, which would hold seven hundred, and visited, sang, shouted, prayed, and made the town realize that a live 'Hallelujah' man was in their midst. He got 'a move on and a few Converts. Then the visit of a traveling show made him tremble for his Recruits, and he determined upon an extraordinary counter-attraction.

Getting the help of a young Officer from a neighboring Corps, Lawley tied a halter round his neck, and solemnly led him through the town, announcing at convenient corners that the Salvation Madman would preach that night. The People's Hall was crowded, and eight souls sought Salvation. The Work progressed.

The Army Mother, visiting the town to present Colors, had her suspicions about the condition of Lawley's cupboard.

'What did you have for dinner today, Lawley?' she asked.

I fared well, Mrs. Booth,' he replied serenely.

'I want you to answer my question exactly.'

'A red herring and bread.'

That night Mrs. Booth told the crowded meeting that the man who was spending his life to save their souls was willing to live on red herrings and dry bread, but she did not think this was according to the people's wish. Lawley lacked for nothing after that.

The Devil began to rage against the glorious work of God that went forward. The processions were hustled off the streets, but the Salvationists, repairing to cottages, preached from the doors and windows to the crowds which congregated.

As he neared the end of his course, Lawley delighted to look upon his Field days, and sharp as silhouettes stood out special cases of conversion among the great number who sought Salvation at the various Corps which he commanded. Two of this period included an old lady of ninety who came to the penitent-form, but being too bent to kneel, sat there, and sought the Lord, until rejoicing, she could repeat over and over again:

'Jesus saves me now,'

and the Cornishman, who in his prayer for Salvation fought as though he were attacking a regiment, until assurance came; then, rising from his knees and shouting for joy, he rushed through the town shouting, 'This is Glory!' Meeting a policeman he threw his arms around him and carried him along, still shouting ' Glory.'

At the recently opened Corps of Hayle (Cornwall) Lawley encountered a new experience. A curious combination of forces determined to oust The Army from the town. On the one hand, the drink trade was enraged at The Army because of the loss of customers; and on the other, a blind, or backslidden, Church was offended at the extraordinary methods of the Salvationists. The Army was prevented from hiring the Public Hall, and every effort made to buy a building or even a plot of land in Hayle was blocked.

Things were difficult indeed. In after years Lawley liked to remember a visit of Commissioner Railton, who traveled from Headquarters to encourage the struggling Corps. After his meetings were over, Lawley walked with him to St. Erth, where he was to board a train. As they stood together on the railway platform, Railton toyed the ground with his boot, and when about to jump into the train, he smiled, and pointed to the platform. In the dust he had traced 'Victory.' Lawley went back to Hayle to win it.

One of Hayle's reports to 'The War Cry' indicates the joyful spirit which bore the Salvationists through their strenuous fight:

'We had a Salvation Free-and-Easy meeting in Foundry Square on Sunday afternoon. It was a heavenly time. At night we commenced in the same place. Hundreds of people listened, although the weather was cold and piercing. We stood there for three hours, and ended up with two cottage meetings. We danced, we jumped, we shouted, we laughed, and best of all two souls found grace. Hallelujah!

'Soon the objection was raised that the Salvationists were obstructing the streets. The little Corps was constantly moved on from place to place, but the more the Soldiers were persecuted, the more people turned out to hear their message. Many souls were saved and the Corps grew apace. The Founder visited the town for the purpose of presenting Colors, and it is interesting to find his own report of the event:

'We marched to Foundry Square. There must have been over a hundred in the ranks, and headed by their Officers and the hallelujah cornet, it looked and sounded well. When the Square was reached, we found hundreds waiting. It was dinner hour, and the men from the ships and the foundry-the kind of men The Salvation Army is after, and the kind of men by whom God proposes to shake the world-wanted to spend their dinner-hour with us, to look on with sympathetic interest at the ceremony of the presentation of Colors to the brave 80th. It was one of the most picturesque and interesting scenes that we remember. We stood on the steps of the Public Hall, with Officers and men in front. Densely packed together, in order the better to hear, were two thousand people, almost. At the open windows, doors, terraces, on the ridges of the roofs, far and near, the people looked and listened. Men, solemn and earnest as though in chapel, and in many hearts the Spirit of God spoke, urging and entreating to the saintship and soldierhood of which we spoke.

'We gave the Colors to the 80th, and handed them to Captain Lawley as their present custodian. They are, we feel, quite safe in his hands. He has fought well without them, and deserves well of The Army; he will fight under them boldly and bravely still. He told us so, not in any spirit of boasting, and when he declared his resolution to be faithful to God, and to The Army,

and to his General, many a heart said, "Amen." And God helping us, so we will be faithful. The benediction dispersed the multitude, who went wondering to their work.'

Another Corps report tells of the acquisition of a Hall:

'After twenty weeks' hard fighting in the open air, we have, at last, secured a warehouse. Our opening services on Good Friday were a grand success. We commenced at seven, with a public love-feast, at which one hundred were present; open-air at ten; Salvation meeting at eleven. In the afternoon we held a camp meeting, assisted by a Band of the St. Ives Corps. Fifty-one spoke. There were about a thousand present. We marched triumphantly back to our Hall, where two hundred and eighty sat down to tea. At night the crush was great. After packing the warehouse, there were hundreds outside seeking to get in. Captain Hansen, of St. Ives, conducted the meeting inside, while I conducted one in Foundry Square, where there must have been nearly a thousand people. Hallelujah! we enjoy the glory.'

The concluding lines of the report show the humility of Lawley's spirit. He handed his new Hall, which was the triumph of his faith and hard work, to a visiting Officer, while he went out to lead the overflow Open-Air.

Some educationalists say that in the acquisition of knowledge, at certain periods of life, the mind progresses uneventfully; it travels as it were along a table land, until, suddenly, it apprehends a height; this it attains at one leap, and hereafter it lives in a new region of mental ability.

Whilst at Hartlepool, Lawley's next Station, he experienced just such a bound in the apprehension and presentation of spiritual truths. This is illustrated in 'Gathered Gains,' chapter vii.

The fight at Stockton-on-Tees was perhaps the roughest of Lawley's experience. He recollected being knocked off the monument on the marketplace; and once, at least, the roughs kicked him to the Hall.

The following extract from a Canadian sketch, shows how just such an incident helped in the capture for God of Jack Addie. [3]

'Jack Addle was an ordinary, fun-loving, mischievous boy. He was gay and light-hearted, fond of music and singing, and was gradually beginning to take a glass or two "for company's sake."

'One night Addie was walking up the street with two or three chums, when he saw a great crowd of people at the top of a hill jostling and shouting. He looked closer, and saw that a group of rough, hard-faced men were rolling a bundle down the hill. Propelled by the hands and feet of the men, the bundle soon reached the bottom, and then, much to Addie's consternation and amazement, this mysterious arrangement, gathered itself together, stood up on its feet, shook itself all over, and shouted in a stentorian voice, "Hallelujah!" "while a jolly-looking, round face," set with a pair of laughing eyes, beamed up at these "rude fellows of the baser sort" with unutterable love and sympathy.

"The bundle was none other than Captain Johnny Lawley, and this was Jack Addie's first introduction to The Salvation Army. He went away convinced that Captain Lawley was a "good-un."

A little time after this Jack got converted. Some one has written since Lawley's death there was 'no fight in him'; and, indeed, there was no fight such as that which moved Peter when he cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, upon which act the Lord Jesus commanded, 'Put up thy sword'; but there was a sweet, sunny endurance that never knew when it was beaten, and that won through by love.

Lawley had the honor of a term at the Founder's birthplace, Nottingham. He delighted to take a wagon to the Sneinton Market Place on Sunday mornings, put the wheels on the spot from whence young William Booth used to speak to an earlier generation, and there hold forth. The British Commissioner of that day, visiting Nottingham for a Sunday, wrote his impressions to 'The War Cry':

Sunday morning's open-air in the old Sneinton Market, pleased me most of anything. The march through the slums of the town was in itself a triumph. I have seldom seen a Corps march with such perfect order. Now presenting a broad front of eight abreast; then, at a give signal, dissolving into a long, thin line, and wending its way through a narrow alley. A perfect march, bringing credit upon its Officers. The scene that presented itself from the wagon-that sea of upturned faces-told us plainly the class of people we had to talk to. Here the poor, besotted wretch; there the wild young man; here the mocking lips of a lost woman; and there little half-starved children. It was a sea of lost humanity of all sorts and condition!, which could not have numbered far short of four thousand. For close upon two hours they stood there with eager faces and open ears, while we poured out the story of Salvation.'

One of Lawley's reports to 'The War Cry ' tells of:

'Larger crowds filling our Hall; souls are rushing to Christ. Waves of glory are rolling over our meetings. Fire is burning in our Soldiers' hearts, and our ranks are being swelled by men and women who, a few days since, were Hell-bound at fork-lightning speed. With beaming faces they are telling their old pals what God has done for them.'

Brigadier Sarah Alvey, one of the Converts of these days, says:

The night after my conversion Captain Lawley made me give my testimony."

Typical of his watchful care for all his children in the Gospel, the Brigadier tells how through the intervening forty years, the Commissioner never met her without a grip of the hand and the injunction, " Keep true! " A few weeks before he passed away, with his own weak hand he wrote me such a kind letter, full of trust, telling me of his looking forward to seeing his wonderful Saviour.'

Mrs. Brigadier Andrews, of the United States of America, who was a Soldier under Lawley at Nottingham, contributes some happy recollections:

'As a Corps Officer, he was a true leader and shepherd. His knowledge of his Soldiers was remarkable. He seemed able to carry them in his mind, and if any were absent from the meetings he must know the reason. His anxiety for the spiritual development of his people was wonderful. I have seen him on Friday night stand on the platform and weep over his people. Then he would say,

I am going to Calvary to pray. Who will come with me?" Then he would kneel down, and hundreds would follow him to that altar. He infused his Soldiers with his own passion for souls.

'His influence on the working-people in the lace factory where I worked, was remarkable. The women who could not attend the meetings at night, would come to me in the morning to inquire what the Captain had preached about. Many of them became so interested, that they had cold Sunday dinner in order to attend and hear him preach on Sunday morning at Sneinton Market.'

Lawley regarded his term at Sunderland as his greatest Field triumph. On his arrival, he found few to pray for the souls of the city. He concentrated his efforts to bring about a spirit of prayer among the Soldiers already won. The knee-drill attendance rose to four hundred. This had its effect upon the other activities of the Corps, and soon the congregations rose to two thousand. The singing on the march was led by a blind man with a piccolo, and a bargeman beat the drum.

'The War Cry' reports of that day give glimpses of the fight:

'The magistrate's clerk sent us a donation and said that the Court had not had a sitting for some weeks, owing to the fact that many of those who used to give the most trouble have joined The Salvation Army. He is coming to see and hear them in their new quarters. The Children's Services are happy hours. Sixty have found the Saviour, and tell and sing of His love.'

Marches are grand, the streets crowded with people. Thousands hear about Hell, Heaven, God, Judgment. Congregations larger than ever. Books could be written on the lives saved from sin.'

Nor were they the poor and the vicious alone that were attracted to The Army by the Spirit of God, who worked so mightily through this plain man. He was the talk of the business quarter as well as of the slums.

Minnie Clinton, a well-placed young woman, was moved to investigate for herself this power of attraction. As Mrs. Commissioner Lamb she writes:

'The first time I saw Captain Lawley, he was leading a procession in the High Street of Sunderland, walking backwards swinging his umbrella, and singing in a voice that could be heard above all others. I followed. And what wonders that joining with the busy throng has meant to me! It was a Sunday night. I found myself in a huge building which was crowded. As I look back, I can see Captain Lawley giving out his first song; the hush in that great place was awesome. Suddenly he would stop in the middle of a verse, making such wonderful appeals that I felt the Judgment Day

had come for me. What power was in his prayer! And then his singing, it was a sermon. He did not mind interrupting a song. He would hold the congregation up to a word or a line, and over and over again he would cry, " Sing it! Do you hear it, sinner? But I must come to the moment, when, despite all the dear memories of a godly home, I realized I was an outsider in heart. In the midst of his singing the Captain calls, " Are you coming Home? " I see him rush down the platform this side, and then the other, crying, " Are you coming?" Thank God I was one of the crowd that filled, and refilled that penitent-form. God met me. I was born again.'

Thousands have cause to thank God for the blessings of Salvation, healing, and comfort that have come to their lives by the ministry of this one Sunderland Convert.

Lawley did not stop at proclaiming Salvation. He urged his Converts to seek Holiness of heart, as an extract from a ' War Cry ' report reveals: ' Our Holiness meetings are times of mighty power. Christians who have been converted for years are crossing over into the Land of Beulah and rejoicing in God for a Full Salvation.'

By the time Lawley took charge of Bristol Circus, he was, in many respects, the man who in years to come became known throughout The Army world. His voice speaks through every 'War Cry' report; and there, too, one sees him leading, commanding, rejoicing. Did ever anything more 'Lawleyish' than the following run from his pen? It is taken from 'The War Cry' of October 5, 1882:

'BRISTOL 1. -- Boom goes the drum, blast goes the music, " What's up down that street? Salvation Army at it again? What are they doing now? " "Why, it's a Salvation funeral." Yes, the chariot has rolled from the throne, and its wheels were heard rumbling up by Comrade Davis' cot a few days since. Almost his last words were, "There is a light in the window! There is a light in the valley! " Then his eyes closed; he stepped into the chariot, and swept through the wide gates of Glory! Praise God!

'As we marched to the cemetery our Band played, " I'll stand by you till the morning." Crowds lined the march. About eight thousand people round the grave. God gave us liberty, and during the prayers and talking, many were bathed in tears. We marched back, the Band playing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!

'Just time to have a cup of tea, then off to the Open-Air. Soldiers all on fire. Fall in! Then off we go sweeping along the streets In the Circus again. Grand time. One dear old man with silver locks, rolls seventy-two years of sin in the fountain of the cleansing Blood.

Splendid times on Sunday. Salvation all day. Twenty-four souls. One woman who was eighty-three years old, came to Jesus. Two gray-haired sinners brought together one hundred and fifty-five years of guilt to Jesus, and the Blood washed them white as snow. Hallelujah!

And again:

What means this waving of handkerchiefs, smiling faces, and these crowded streets? The answer is, Why it's The Army coming along. What Army? Are they off to the war in Egypt? No, no, it's The Salvation Army. What are they doing? Picking up drunkards, saving the harlots, feeding the



hungry, clothing the naked, caring for the outcast, lifting up the downtrodden, and healing the broken-hearted.

'On we march, drum beating, music playing, Soldiers singing, and devils trembling. On arriving at the Circus we find it filled, singing goes off well, Heaven crowds the building, conviction seizes the people, at the close there is a rush to Jesus. How that young man does cry for pardon! God soon saved him. Listen how he sings:

Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe on the Son,  
I'm saved through the Blood of the Crucified One.

Listen! What is that man saying? "I am too foul to be saved. I have said there is no Heaven, no Hell, no God, no Devil. I cannot get saved! So we all sang:

He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free,  
His Blood can make the foulest clean,  
His Blood avails for me.

He lays hold of God, his soul is flooded with Salvation. Who is this by his side? Why, that is his wife, who has just found the same Saviour!

Everything the man did was a service of pure, hot love for Christ. He could not even write a 'War Cry' report without making an appeal to souls:

Last week we had forty souls at the Cross-some in rags, others in silks; but they all fared alike at the Cross. The world's Christ washed them white, eased their troubled hearts, and whispered, "Thy sins which were many, are all forgiven; go in peace, love Me, serve Me, live for Me, fight for Me, and, if needs be, die for Me." Soldiers, live at Calvary; he across the Saviour's heart; get filled with the red-hot Fire from the skies; then crowds shall be saved. My God, let it be so! Amen.

'Capt. Johnny Lawley.'

It seemed likely that his term at Bristol was to mark the finish of his career. coming home from a Sunday afternoon meeting he felt a strange depression; he was conscious of the powers of evil combating, enveloping him. He felt too weary to pray, as was his custom between the interval of meetings, and threw himself on the couch. But the sense of dark, spiritual forces arrayed against him increased, and going to his room, he fell upon his knees and remained in prayer until the time for the evening meeting. He went out, strong in the realization that the power of God was mightier than all the power of Hell. He had bound 'the strong man.' That night sixty-one souls-the prey of the Evil One -- were taken from the mighty. Then Lawley fell ill of a fever. Life flickered low, and he felt a desire to see his Band for the last time. They squeezed into his bedroom, drum and all, and

Lawley; march! From that hour he turned back from the gates of death.

Plymouth, his last Field Command, saw many trials and victories. Lawley's predecessor had been a man of impressive appearance, and the new Captain suffered by comparison. The congregation was not pleased with 'this navvy-fellow, rolling along the platform.' But Lawley cared nothing for these things, he persevered, and love won its way.

The week-night meetings were held in a building so much the worse for wear that the people had to put up umbrellas in wet weather. Strangely mixed were the congregations; poor street women who fought the roughs; gangs of fisher lads, crowds of the common people and women of gentle upbringing, such as the now Colonel Mary Bennett.

The Founder came to Plymouth for a Campaign. A camp meeting had been arranged, and the General and his staff preached from several wagons. The roughs seized the wagons and dragged them about; but the Salvationists, unperturbed, stuck to their guns. This Campaign, with its burning enthusiasm, its attack upon thousands of all kinds of men and women, its crowded meetings and seekers after God, was a fitting conclusion to Lawley's Field Work.

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## CHAPTER VII

### GATHERED GAINS

ONE of the joys of Commissioner Lawley's latter days was to count, and admire the treasures he had gathered as a Field Officer. When a leader of an earthly army looks at his medals, they remind him of battle-fields, of hand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy, of long endurance, when faith in Lis arms and the will to win turned the scale to victory; they remind him also of revelations which came to him in wonderful moments, and of experience gained in difficult situations, both of which-revelation and experience-united and resolved into priceless knowledge for all future campaigns. So it was with Lawley; but, as things spiritual exceed in value things material, Lawley's gains were of more intrinsic value.

During the strenuous years of his Field fighting he had continually to face great crowds, and needed the right message many times a week. Being no student in the ordinary sense, his usual text-books for preparation were the Bible and human nature, and he needed to rely directly upon God for the message. It was not a lazy reliance, since his every hour and every power were taxed to the utmost in seeking souls. God did not fail him. Very wonderfully the Holy Spirit fulfilled to him the promise, ' He shall teach you all things,' and he found himself 'prepared unto every good work.'

While at his first Corps as Captain, the Holy Spirit moved mightily among the people. One abandoned sinner sat cold and unmoved. 'Peter, come to Jesus,' pleaded young Lawley. The man shook his head. He saw his need of God, if he were to be saved from Hell. 'But,' said he, 'I have no more feeling about these things than that wood,' nodding to the seat before him. Like a flash the Holy Spirit put a word into Lawley's mouth, 'Peter, the promise isn't to him that FEELETH, but to him that COMETH. Jesus says, " Him that COMETH unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." ' 'Then I'll try Him,' said the man. A few long strides and he fell at the penitent-form. The love of God

broke his heart. Silently he prayed for an hour, then, in a voice full of wonder and joy, he began to sing:

My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear,  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear.  
With confidence, I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

God had come into that man's life. He carried the Colors of the Blood and Fire in his town, and witnessed for Christ until he was called to Higher Service.

For half a lifetime after this man's conversion, Lawley wrestled for souls in every clime, but from that night the 'non-feeling' difficulty presented no problem to his faith. He had learned at Mountain Ash that a yielded will and faith in God makes all things possible.

Lawley had a temperamental horror of death, but all along his Field days God gave him glimpses into the Glory Land. Some of the most precious of his memories were of deathbeds, to which God had allowed beams from the brightness just beyond to illumine the room, and strains of heavenly music to reach earth. As he pleaded with men and women to prepare for the solemn hour when the spirit must leave the body and go into the presence of God, he pictured the agony of the unprepared, but also he exulted in the triumph of the saved.

Down all the intervening years, this light and these strains came winging to bring him cheer in his own 'valley of the shadow.' 'I've never heard such songs of sweetness as those that come up from the valley through which Jordan flows,' he said when he lay on his own deathbed.

During that bitter winter which he spent with his Corps on the streets of Hayle, a girl, who might never have entered an Army Hall, heard the message of Salvation in the open air. In a little room packed to discomfort, and lit by a tallow candle, she heard the way of life more perfectly, and sought and found the Lord. A few weeks later she was convicted of her need of a clean heart. She yielded herself- body, soul, and spirit-to Christ. When Lawley asked her, 'Do you feel that Jesus fully saves you now?' she answered, 'No, but I can trust Him.' For some days no ray of light or assurance honored her surrender. Then Christ said to her soul, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon Thee.'

Her spirit, and also the very expression upon her face, reminded the people among whom she moved of an angel. After about two years she became ill and developed consumption. She continued to attend the meetings, until she could no longer stand alone; then two sisters would support her in the open-air ring, while she testified to the wondering crowd that Jesus could save and keep to the uttermost. At last she was not able to leave her room; it became an antechamber of Heaven. People at variance with God fled before the sense of purity and brightness of glory reflected there. With a wonderful radiance illuminating her face, she would testify, 'I am safe in Christ, safe for evermore! Sing " Bright angels are from Glory come. All is well!

Second to her passionate love for Christ was her devotion to The Army. 'Let me die, holding the Colors,' she asked. An Army Flag was placed over the foot of her bed. As long as she could lift her hand, she loved to stroke the Colors that held for her their true meaning, forgiveness and purity through the Blood of Jesus; power for service through the fire of the Holy Spirit. With her hand holding them, her face shining with the light from Heaven, she passed into the presence of her King. Lawley visited her on her deathbed, and the memory of that white, triumphant soul never faded.

In the years that lay ahead, he was to urge people of many nations to seek cleansing from all sin. Satan does not leave such souls unmolested; he attacks them with his fiercest darts; he brings against them great, heaving billows, and fogs of doubt. But however he might rage, declaring the impossibility of human nature to be saved from all sin, Lawley could for ever point him to a shining witness, that unanswerable miracle of grace in the girl of Hayle.

With no uncertain sound, Lawley was to declare to tens of thousands that Jesus could satisfy the soul. His own early experience declared this truth; we find an ancient 'War Cry' reporting his happy face continually preaches "rejoice evermore." ' But he was young, and strong, with but few needs, and of a care-free disposition. To serve his purpose, he needed to see how God could satisfy a soul bereft of all earthly comfort. To this end was brought into his life at Nottingham the saintly, aged cobbler, 'Dad' Morrell.

One morning, Lawley accompanied him home from knee-drill. As they walked, the old man said:

'Look at me. I am almost eighty years of age. Look at my horny hands. I must rise every morning by four o'clock to mend shoes for my daily bread. I have much sorrow in my family. These are my circumstances, but I have peace. The other midnight, I went and looked at our river; it has been flowing by day and by night, in winter and in summer these many years; that is like the peace of God in my soul. In prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, the peace of God flows, nothing hinders it.'

Later, the old man lost his sight, but his peace flowed on. At last, the Saviour bent down and said, 'Come'; and the spirit left the failing house of clay, and fled to Christ. The funeral was watched by tens of thousands of people. 'Dad' Morrell had impressed himself upon the town as its holiest and happiest citizen. When through the forty years that followed that death, Lawley saw the people of God suffer, and sometimes murmur, while the Devil hissed, 'Does God care for His own?' he pointed to 'Dad' Morrell, whose soul had found the secret of plenty in the time of drought, peace in the time of storm; who, having nothing, yet possessed all things.

Does God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth? The Devil came to the Son of God with the most atrocious insinuations, and those who follow Him will not escape similar shafts. Men and women who declare that Christ has come to dwell within them, that He leads and keeps their spirit in whiteness, are sometimes the while conscious of a hissing voice taunting, 'It's all a myth. Prove it otherwise.'

When Lawley was a Divisional Officer in Wales, Mr. Billups [4] took him to visit an aged saint who lived in a tiny cottage on the Welsh hills. She was very old and poor; but when Lawley crossed the threshold of her bare, clean cottage, he was conscious that he was treading holy ground. Gladly would he have removed his boots or done any other act of reverence to acknowledge the sense of Holiness that pervaded the place. The face of the old saint was strikingly transparent; peace, love, meekness, adoration were in every line of her countenance.

Mr. Billups spoke to her of her prayer life. She replied with wonderful sweetness that she was almost through with prayer; her days and nights now were filled with adoration and praise!

Lawley went away from the little cottage silently communing with his heart. He knew in a way that he had never realized before, that the Lord God Almighty who inhabiteth eternity, comes and dwells with those who seek Him with all their heart; and according to the measure of their obedience and faith, He makes them like unto Himself.

A man seeking God at the penitent-form at Bristol Circus found peace and joy, as Lawley sang by his side, 'Jesus saves me now.' Shortly after the man's conversion his wife died. The convert gathered his children around the coffin, and sang through his tears, 'Jesus saves me now.' When he had laid his dear one out of sight, the song of the Soldiers returning from the cemetery was still 'Jesus saves me now'; and when the bereaved Soldier faced the congregation at the Memorial Service, his message to the glory of God was the same -- 'Jesus saves me now.'

The theme seized upon the Corps. Men and women realized as never before the presence of the Saviour with us, bearing not only our sins, but our sorrows, and that in the darkest hour of life He stands at our side, a Consoler, a very present Help in trouble. From that time theme choruses became a feature of Lawley's service, and by this repetitious means he carried light and conviction, faith and comfort, into souls unnumbered.

It was on the Field, too, that God opened Lawley's eyes to see spiritual analogies in passing events, and gave him skill to apply them. The first incident that brought these powers into action occurred when he was stationed at Hartlepool.

Three boys went out in a boat. When they had finished their fun, and wished to return to shore, they found the wind and tide too strong for them; they were being driven to the rocks. People on the beach saw their danger. Men ran for a rope, then, forming a living chain, walked out into the sea. They watched the boat pass, and the leader putting his hand to his mouth, called, 'Jump! We will save you.' Two jumped, and were saved. 'Jump! again cried the fisherman, to the last boy. 'I'm afraid. Come nearer!' he replied. Then a wave struck the boat, and the boy was gone.

The mother, distraught with grief, came to the shore. 'Could no one save my boy?' she wailed.

'No, mother.'

'Show me where he went down.'

Lawley listened; his tender heart wrung at the mother's anguish. His eyes glowed, and a threefold message burned in his heart. The first he gave to his Soldiers: 'Souls are in eternal peril upon the sea of life. Get the ropes, link hands, wade out. Never mind the cold, the wet, the hour. Go out, shout, throw your line. Throw it there where the drink flows; where immorality blights; where worldliness snares; where rebellion holds sway. Throw it! You will save some.'

To parents his message was: 'Where are your children-what of their souls? Are they in danger? Know where they are, or their souls will be wrecked.'

To the unsaved: 'No preparation, no effort, no agony on the part of others, will save your soul apart from your own effort-the forsaking of the thing that is wrecking your life, the committal of your soul in faith to the Saviour.'

The Founder went to Sunderland to conduct a Campaign in the Victoria Hall during Captain Lawley's term there. The great Hall was gorged. Passing behind the stage, the Captain noticed a ragged, little match-seller. Determined to get into the meeting, he was too ashamed of his rags to mingle with the crowd, and shrank at the Captain's approach. But the kind arm went around his shoulder. The mild voice and gentle gaze dispelled the child's fear and shame, and he allowed himself to be taken to a seat on the platform where he could see and hear the great General. He found Jesus that night, and in after years became an Evangelist.

The reader may have noticed that in one of the early reports from Spennymoor, 'lads' were not counted as 'souls' at the penitent-form; but Lawley learned his lesson, and henceforward, through all his long campaigning days, he had an eye, a touch, and a word for the children; and sought to bring them into touch with the Saviour.

Two other great possessions did Lawley carry away from Sunderland. One was the certainty for himself that God could save a man in drink.

One night, the procession swept up a man who was too drunk to move out of its way. Linked up by two strong arms, his legs moved mechanically, and the Hall was reached. So intoxicated was he, that he could not keep his seat, so he was placed full length on the floor beside the penitent-form. When the prayer meeting opened, the Soldiers gathered around the poor fellow, and sang and prayed; but he gave no evidence that he had heard the Word of God or received a divine touch. The only sign suggesting that he might be conscious of religious surroundings, was that he threw kisses heavenward! He lived three miles away, and to the amazement of Officers and Soldiers, came to knee-drill on the following morning, sober, and gloriously saved from sin. He became a fighting Salvationist, and died, triumphant in Jesus. 'That man was saved when he was drunk,' said the Commissioner, as with great thanksgiving he recalled, a few weeks before his death, this miracle of grace.

Henceforward, the silliest or most drugged specimen of intoxication presented no impossible prospect to Lawley. He had grasped the plain truth that, with God, all things are possible.

Some people who find it possible to believe and wrestle for the Salvation of a lost man, are hopeless and helpless in contemplating similar conditions in a woman. One such poor drink-slave began to attend Lawley's week-night meetings. Her face was marred with the marks of her sin, and her body was so saturated with spirits that even to approach her was offensive. One night she went to the penitent-form, but no gleam of light or hope penetrated her dark soul. Going home, she said to her mother, 'I'm tired of life. I'll live like this no longer. I've been to The Army, and I'm going once more. If I get no relief, I've chosen a spot where I will end my life.' The next night she knelt again at the penitent-form. Her body reeked with alcohol, and a lady church-worker who knelt with the Soldiers, tapped Lawley on the arm, and said, 'No chance for her. Never!' The Captain paid no heed. He prayed, and then sang, tenderly:

Sad and weary with my longing,  
Filled with shame because of sin,  
As I am in conscious weakness,  
Here I must Salvation win.  
All I have I leave for Jesus,  
I am counting all but dross;  
I am coming to the Saviour,  
I am clinging to the Cross.  
And over and over again, the chorus,  
I am clinging to the Cross.

Presently, the poor woman's voice was heard repeating, 'I am clinging to the Cross.' in the song she had seen the Saviour. She had come to Him; she trusted Him; she would follow Him. At that moment she was delivered from all her sins, and rose up a new woman in Christ Jesus. For fifteen years her husband, though reconciled to her, withstood her Saviour; but on her deathbed he threw himself across the bed with a bitter cry, 'Lord, have mercy on us, and save us!' 'Hinney, He does! Hinney, He DOES!' she cried in triumph, and with her hand clasping that of her husband she passed in triumph into the presence of her Lord.

The saddest and most hopeless of Magdalens, who, in any part of the world crept to the mercy-seat in the Founder's great gatherings, could be sure in John Lawley of a loving, believing welcome, a song of faith, and a hand to help her to rise from the slough of despair. Thus, in His wondrous way, did God prepare His simple, true-hearted servant, for the great future He was preparing for him.

These are just a handful of the precious things which John Lawley gathered in the fight upon many a battlefield.

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## CHAPTER VIII

LAWLEY, D.C.

CONSIDERING the success which had attended his Field appointments, it is not surprising that the leaders of The Army should have marked out young Lawley for increased responsibilities.

His first Staff appointment was as A.D.C. to the Cornwall Division. The experience gained at Hayle prepared him for dealing with the Cornish temperament. As is well known, if the Cornish people 'like 'e ' at first touch, they usually 'like 'e' always; whereas, their prejudices, if aroused at the onset, are difficult to overcome. Whatever qualities Lawley lacked, he abounded in love, enthusiasm, and song: essentials in the code of Celtic excellences.

Upon the arrival of the new A.D.C., the Division was in rather a fratchy mood. The Divisional Officer, a stirring, masterful man, was chafing because his tactics, successful in other parts of England, were failing here; the people were moody, and the Officers, not understanding them, became discouraged. Lawley burst upon the wintry prospect like summer sunshine; he beamed, and sang, and worked, and encouraged, never once admitting the gloominess of the situation sufficiently to shake his head, or to make unfavorable comment. The Divisional Commander was blunt, but generous, and in an Officers' meeting he put Lawley up, saying: 'Tell us how you manage these people.'

Lawley, modest, but unhesitating, told that the Word of God holds good, 'He that winneth souls is wise.' He said, 'I find that if I serve the people because I love them, they serve me; that if I am willing to be a door-mat because I love them, they make me a prince.' A profounder truth lay in this answer than the young man suspected. For, as many have experienced, if without love, and for the purpose of getting something out of the people, one becomes a door-mat to them, it is more than likely that they will wipe their feet, and pass on, without a thank you! Then the 'door-mat' is apt to rise in anger.

To Lawley's statement one Officer replied:

'That's all very fine for Staff-Captain Lawley, but it doesn't suit a pugnacious fellow like me. When folks are cheeky I fight 'em.

That's the wrong sort of fight, and you should get it out,' continued the A.D.C. 'The only safe place to deal with crooked people is at the foot of the Cross. We read once only, of the Saviour taking a whip to the people, and that was when they made His Father's house into a den of thieves.

It is not surprising to learn that the 'pugnacious fellow,' refusing to get 'the wrong sort of fight taken out, did not long endure; whereas, Lawley's life has often demonstrated that 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'

While A.D.C., Lawley commenced to perform that extremely delicate work of showing Officers where they fail in their duty. In those days, a Divisional Officer could be very severe with any of his Officers whom he considered to be a failure. The Cornish Divisional Officer wrote to Lawley of one such, 'I want you to see - on my behalf. I'm done with him!'



To be deprived of his place as an Officer in The Salvation Army, would have been to Lawley a sorrow, second only to losing Heaven, and he expected that every Officer felt the same. When 'the failure' came into the War Office for the interview, Lawley looked at him with a fountain of love springing in his heart. He began to talk to the man about his work; how he spent his time, how he tackled his difficulties; then added tenderly, 'You know, you are not succeeding. I've instructions to finish things up with you.' Tears filled the man's eyes. Lawley said, 'Let us pray.' In that hour, new strength, and hope, and vision came to 'the failure.' Today he is a valued Staff Officer; the arbitrary Divisional Officer is an almost forgotten name.

Commissioner Jeffries, who came in touch with Lawley at this time, says:

I first met him when he was A.D.C. for the Cornwall Division, to which I was appointed as a Lieutenant. I have vivid recollections of his visits to my Corps and the impression he made upon me as a young Officer. Even in those days I felt, as did others, that he was a "Great-heart." His sunny smile and loving disposition radiated geniality and blessing! I remember a young Lieutenant who, in a fit of discouragement, decided to go home. Lawley saw him. It was no official interview, but, getting him on his knees, Lawley put his arms around his shoulders, prayed and wept over him like a father, until the lad wept also, renewed his vows, and went on with his work.'

Lawley's next appointment was Chief Divisional Officer for Wales, four lesser Officers operating under him. Here, his growing adaptability and close walk with God gave him great success in leading the Celtic people. Throughout his life he preserved the stolidity of the slow thinking, slow moving Norfolk countryman; but to this was added a touch of fire which delighted the Welsh.

One of his Officers of those days writes: 'His Officers would have gone through fire with him. Not only did he lead people to God, but his compassionate spirit helped his Officers into a better understanding of the blessed ministry of reconciliation, of which his life was a beautiful example.'

Major David Morgan, recently promoted to Glory, said:

'When Major Lawley came to Wales I was stationed at Cardiff I. The Corps was threatened with a big split. It was a time of great anxiety; I went to see my new Divisional Officer, and told him all about it. He listened patiently, and when I had finished, he got up and beckoned me to follow him into the passage. There he pointed to a motto on the wall, "What would Jesus do? He made no comment, but knelt down and prayed for the Captain and his people. Strangely moved, I went home and sought God on my knees until I felt I knew just how the Lord Jesus would act in the matter. I tackled the difficulty in that spirit, and everything came right.'

For the first twelve months of his command in Wales, Lawley's theme was 'Calvary.' He made the love, and sacrifice, and sufferings of the Saviour so real to the Officers, that they were ready to go almost to any lengths in seeking to save the lost.

His Officers' meetings are unforgettable memories to many. To Major Morgan, with whom he lived, we are indebted for a glimpse into the spiritual wrestlings of this plain, simple man, for the souls of the men and women whom he led in the fight. Said the Major:

'The Officers marveled at the power that possessed him. I lived with him, and knew the secret. The Officers' meetings on Tuesday began at ten o'clock, but the Major's preparations began at four. With his Bible and his Song-Book open before him, wrapped in a rug, he knelt and pleaded for the Holy Spirit to have all His way in him, and to make him His mouthpiece. Often I have heard him pleading, "O God, The Officers! The Messengers! The Messengers-coming from every direction Oh, I want them to meet with Thee; to meet with Thee!"

At seven o'clock I used to knock at his door with a cup of tea; but on these occasions he would say, "Leave me alone, David, I'll have it by and by." And so he would wrestle on.'

To Commissioner McAlonan, then a young Divisional Officer working under Lawley, these meetings stand out as one of the wonders of his varied experience. He says:

Those meetings were full of extraordinary power. They were not instructive in the ordinary sense. There was nothing cool or collected about the teaching. Rather, a sort of white light and heat seemed to center in, and emanate from Lawley. Intensely human, nevertheless he was possessed of a divine passion; he was a flame, a candle lighted by the Lord, and those who came in contact with him caught the fire, and went out and set others on fire.'

Says another Officer:

'Through his weekly Officers' meetings, his loving mellow soul brought the realization of the presence of God to his people. The greater part of the morning session was spent in prayer. Often during a song prayer, such as, " Oh, 'tis coming, the power of the Holy Ghost," or, " Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet," we felt the Saviour was verily in our midst, blessing, strengthening, and empowering us for service.'

His A.D.Cs in the Welsh fight included Staff-Captains McAlonan, Jonah Evans, David Thomas, David Morgan, and Herbert Barrett. All speak with enthusiasm of the blessed experiences of the days they spent under Lawley.

His methods were within the powers of the youngest Officer. He exalted the Saviour, Jesus Christ the Son of God; from his heart he believed in Him as his own personal Saviour, and the Saviour of the world; by word and song he lifted Him up and made men desire Him. He used the national love of song. 'I have an interest in the Bleeding Lamb,' 'There is a Fountain filled with Blood,' 'When the mighty, mighty trump sounds come, come away,' and other such songs were caught up by the people until towns and hills and valleys re-echoed with them. He triumphed in prayer in private and in public. He conducted two, and even three half-nights of prayer at different Corps, until the spirit of prayer and praise moved the Division.

Lawley prayed about everything. The following incidents supply some glimpses of this intimacy with God. Says Major Jonah Evans:

I remember an incident which revealed the true meekness of his spirit: Two women Officers stationed at one of his leading Corps, having received correction on some aspect of their work, wrote him a very ungracious letter. His reply was not sent by return post, with his pen dipped in ink of similar acid. No, Lawley went to prayer, and his reply was such as only a true man of God who is saved above touchiness could have sent. He was pure in heart, saw God, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Barrett writes:

'I was appointed his Secretary when he was Chief Divisional Officer of Wales. Arriving late in the afternoon at the Headquarters, he came to the door, led me into his office and said, "Well, Barrett, you've come. Let us pray." We got on our knees, and he prayed, " O Lord, here's Barrett. You've sent him to me. Help him; help me; save souls, and damn the Devil."

Of his farewell meetings to the Division, Colonel Barrett writes: ' The power of God came upon us all so that for a long time no speaking or singing could be done. We were prostrated before God; every one bathed in tears; a veritable Pentecost. He greatly influenced my life. His simple faith in God was wonderful.'

Lawley, D.C., took little thought for his personal affairs. It was inconvenient that his clothes did not grow on his back, for then he would have been provided with a new suit once a year, and that, with a daily brush up, would always have appeared presentable. The Founder, going to the Welsh Division, found the work progressing in a manner after his heart. But the Divisional Commander! His clothes were shabby beyond excuse, and, moreover, this was his wedding campaign. Such carelessness of proprieties vexed the precise soul of the General, who exclaimed, 'Lawley, you surely have some better clothes than those to be married in! ' Happily the bride-elect had already taken steps to provide against such shortcomings in the self-forgetting bridegroom.

He was for ever spying out new ground for fresh openings, and seizing new opportunities, almost to the despair of the Field Secretary, who was hard tried to keep pace with the various Divisional Officers' requests for Officers. 'Go slowly, Lawley,' he would admonish. Lawley would reply that they were the out-of-the-way souls that the Saviour went after, and he was following His example. And, indeed, many leading Officers of The Army have been captured in villages and hamlets off the beaten track.

Veterans, who in those days were young Converts, write gratefully of the man who revealed Christ to them. The composer of that favorite Army song, 'There's no one like Jesus can cheer me today,' was a poor drunkard whom Lawley followed night and day, and loved into the Kingdom of God. One of the last messages the dying Commissioner received was from him.

The spirit of the shepherd was strong in Divisional Commander Lawley. He would go to great trouble with wobbling, weak souls. At one Corps, a quarrelsome, mischief-making man had caused much trouble, and the Officers and Local Officers were instant for the removal of his name from the Roll. The Major interviewed the man with the Officers and Locals. He looked at him, then

at the Officers. 'Where shall I send him?' he asked. 'Back to the public-house? back to the Devil?' The man was deeply moved, likewise his much-trying comrades. They took hold of God on his behalf; that night he became a new creature; today he is in Glory.

A Welsh Salvationist writes:

I once had to call at the Officers' Quarters where Major Lawley was staying, and from the door I heard what sounded like a conversation. Believing that the Divisional Commander was alone in the house, I paused. This is what I heard: "Lord, Lord, tonight, tonight; that crowd, that crowd, that crowd! Help Johnny, help Johnny! I believe You will!" He had no idea that any one heard him at prayer. That petition has stayed with me all these years. It revealed to me the intimate terms upon which he lived with God.'

The same comrade contributes a memory which reveals Lawley's intimate association with his people.

'The Officers of Swansea and the surrounding Corps chartered a steamboat to take the Soldiers for a day's outing. The boat was packed. We had a rough trip. Got through the day, and because of the stormy conditions, began the return journey an hour earlier than the advertised time. A gale developed, and there was a panic on board. Some went below, expecting the end. Some were praying, most were very ill. Major Lawley sang during most of that unhappy five hours' voyage, and all the time he moved among the frightened, sick people, cheering them with his own calm, happy confidence in God. News had reached Swansea that the boat had foundered. When the boat was safely berthed, the Major stayed until all the people had landed. Those who had suffered most he himself accompanied home.'

Many of the roughs loved him. They would follow him over the mountains, and from Corps to Corps competing for the pleasure of carrying his bag.

Yet he did not allow popularity to turn his heart or his head. After a wonderful week-end campaign the people would carry him shoulder high, but next night would find him wrestling again for souls, perhaps dealing with a fractious Band that had 'downed tools.' He sat down with the men and let them 'blow off' their grievances; then brought to the settlement a cool mind, using such kindness and heavenly wisdom, that generally the difficulty ended on the side of the high standard of Army requirements.

Soldiers delighted to accompany him on his campaigns, even though it would involve walking all night over the mountains in order to arrive home in time to take shift at the pit.

Some of the Local Officers, to whom he entrusted the Colors or other local responsibilities, write with pride that they still keep the charge he gave them.

Lieut.-Colonel Lilian Soper (Mrs. Bramwell Booth's sister), who during Major Lawley's command in Wales was a Soldier at Blaina, a Welsh mountain Corps, treasures warm memories of the man and his service. She writes:

I well remember the inspiration of his visits to our Corps. He would walk backwards at the head of our little procession, cheering us on with gesture and song; his overflowing joyousness shining out of his face. I also recall times before my own days of Soldiership, when he came to our house, calling to see my father, who was then very bitter in his opposition to The Army. On these occasions the Major must have used great tact and winsomeness. I was never permitted to be present at the interviews, but they must have influenced my dear father for good, for when he returned among us, he was not more irritable nor more ruffled in spirit thereby.

'My acquaintance with the Commissioner in those days of long ago was only slight and of short duration, which accounts for the lack of incident in reference to them; but it surely accentuates the strength and godliness of character of the man, when I have to say that my recollections of it centered themselves less in what he said and did than in what he was. He lived in an atmosphere of buoyant faith, and seemed to impart it to those with whom he came into heart fellowship. Contact with him had the effect of lifting one up to realize the possibility of a like triumphant experience in one's own spiritual life.'

Lawley's second Divisional appointment was at Ipswich, a large center of the Eastern Counties of England. 'Looking upon the crowds who, with no thought of eternal matters, were giving themselves up to all kinds of excess, he decided upon an extraordinary campaign throughout the Division. The methods he adopted were startling, and at Bungay he was summoned for Street obstruction. As Lawley said, "The worst thing we said was, "He was bruised for our iniquities," and the worst thing we sang was "Depth of Mercy." He was sentenced to fourteen days in Ipswich Jail, and there gained an experience which gave him a wealth of compassion for prisoners to thousands of whom he was to take the message of Salvation in days to come.

Lieut.-Colonel Beaumont came in touch with The Army and with Lawley about this time. He writes:

'To see this jovial yet intensely earnest man about his work of blessing souls, and to know that he was under summons to appear before the magistrates the following day, was a revelation to me. It was an interesting and helpful study, this man so full of work and energy, laboring under the care of the churches, yet quite unconcerned about "going to Rome bound." I realized then that one who is wholly absorbed in Christ's work loses self consciousness. I saw in him the spirit of the Apostles present in our world today.'

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## CHAPTER IX

### THE MYSTIC

FROM the early days of Lawley's service it was clear to many discerning minds that there was about him a power that could be accounted for on no human basis.

It was not animal magnetism, for, apart from his message, he did not much attract or impress. Put him in a railway compartment with a dozen other men of his own age, and he was the most silent.

Nor was it strength of intellect or ready wit.

Lawley's chief power, early and late in his career, lay in a clear apprehension of Jesus Christ as Son of God and Son of Man; Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, coming to earth; living, and dying for the sins of the people; risen, and alive for evermore, offering Salvation, joy, peace, consolation, and power to all. Lawley knew Him, loved Him, and worshipped Him. Jesus was the central fact in his life, and his faith made Him a fact in the lives of others.

But to this experience of God, which is present in a greater or less degree in all soul-seekers, was added the soul of a mystic and the eyes and message of a prophet. God gave to Lawley a vivid, clear vision of things that pertain to the spiritual life, and also a gift of torrential emotional speech which arrested, thrilled, and awed great numbers who heard him. 'Where many men discerned no star in the sky, Lawley saw a clear light shining; where others might sniff a suggestion of smoke, Lawley saw Hell uncovered, with all the horrors of the abode of the lost. As for Heaven, he saw right into it; he sang about it, and wrote about it until he made others think of it, believe in it, choose it, and live for it.

While on the platform, Lawley could command and lead thousands; away from that place of ministry, he was, as is the case with most mystics, a lonely soul. The secret life of his spirit few, even of his nearest and dearest, penetrated. Only in his journal and his letters to his wife, did he seem able to let himself go in spiritual confidences; but there he poured out his soul, recounted the everyday battles with the enemy, and told of the power by which he overcame.

One of the signs of the prophetic gift is the unfading impression made upon those who hear, of messages spoken under the influence of the inspiration of God. The recollection of Lawley's messages goes back to the beginning of his career and extends to recent years.

Says a Welsh Salvationist:

I shall never forget a Holiness meeting Major Lawley held one Christmas time in Cardiff. He spoke of the sacrifice of the Son of God. The Holy Spirit swept down upon the crowd, and applied his words. How wonderful were the contrasts which he introduced! I remember among other things he said, " He sacrificed the golden streets for earth's dusty highway; He exchanged a throne for a stable; the glory of His Father's house for the contempt and scorn of the people who rejected Him! " At his invitation to consecrate life and service to Christ, the meeting rose as one man, so mightily had souls been moved by the Holy Spirit working through the heart eloquence of the speaker.'

Lieut.-Colonel Etherington recalls two striking incidents which illustrate the type of Lawley's messages. He writes:

I was present at one of the earliest Two Days with God, conducted by the Founder in the Exeter Hall. The building was densely packed, and at the close of his address, the old General called upon Lawley to speak. Lawley instantly came forward, and I shall never forget the impression of those few moments. Pointing toward the far, left-hand corner of the building, he cried, " Make way there! Clear the aisle! Can't you see Him? A Man! Don't crowd Him! Look! Can't you see His feet are bleeding, that blood is on His hands, that drops are falling from His lacerated brow? And, Oh! my God, look at that wound in His side! He's coming nearer. Make way! I say, make way for Him, it is Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend."

'The effect was most moving. Lawley motioned, as if trying to clear a way through the aisle, for the people were then standing, and it appeared as if he were actually bringing Christ forward. In his call for surrenders I think the crowd forgot Lawley-forgot every one! They saw Jesus only, the Crucified, and men and women trooped to the mercy-seat.

'The other occasion was at Reading. His text was, Let me in." With vivid imagery, he pictured a mother coming to the gates of Heaven, and saying, "My child's in there. Let me in." But the angel at the gate replied, "You are not washed in the Blood of the Lamb. You cannot come in." A son came, imploring, " My mother's in there. Let me in." A husband, a wife, a daughter came pleading for admission; but none who were not washed in the Blood of Jesus were permitted to pass the portals.

'The place was as still as death, and at the invitation there was a great response to the mercy-seat.'

Brigadier Fred Cox recalls a vivid passage from an address in which the Commissioner described what it cost Jesus to purchase Salvation. He portrayed a climb up a green hill. He, and his supposed companions, made the ascent together. The grass seemed wet. Lawley stooped down and touched it. He lifted his hand and looked. ' It is wet! It is wet with Blood.' The house seemed to shiver! He was describing Calvary, and it seemed as though his hearers stood there beside him.

Another remembers an address he gave at the Clapton Congress Hall at a watch-night service, in 1908, in which he illustrated the passing of the year:

'What sort of a volume are you handing over to God? Twelve chapters, three hundred and sixty-five pages, twenty-four lines for each day.

'Soldier! How many duties neglected? How many crosses refused?

'Backslider! How terrible to hand God a book changed, smirched, stained!

'Sinner! Three hundred and sixty-five pages filled with transgression and sin.

It now wants fifteen minutes to a New Year! All the past can be pardoned. All can be put right before the clock strikes twelve.'

Major David Morgan could never forget an address Lawley gave on Lazarus and the Rich Man. His audience followed him to Heaven, then he took them to Hell. Amidst breathless silence he handed the meeting over to Major Morgan. The Major rose, but felt he dare not occupy so great a moment, and said, 'Major Lawley will pray.' As he lifted his voice to God, and before the invitation was given, twenty-seven people were at the penitent-form.

One tells of a musical festival held in Cardiff. A gentleman who was an unbeliever had been persuaded to attend the meeting, and sat on the platform. The song, 'Drifting, out on the sea of eternity,' had been sung; then Major Lawley prayed.

He carried the ungodly out on the billows of eternity -- out of sight of land -- out of range of voice -- out of reach of hope -- alone -- lost! The infidel involuntarily ejaculated, "My God, where shall I be?" This was the turning point in his life. He was soundly converted and died in the fight.

This song appealed powerfully to Lawley as a message. Commissioner Sowton adds a further reminiscence:

'As a young Lieutenant I was appointed to the Speaking, Praying, and Singing Brigade, and went on tour in Wales. At Newport, Major Lawley joined us for a few days. The song, " Drifting, out on the sea of eternity had just been introduced, and the Major heard us sing it for the first time. As we commenced the prayer meeting, he so pictured the sinner drifting on the sea of time to eternal doom, that we could visualize the awful fact. As he prayed, a shiver seemed to go through the congregation, and many souls came to the Cross.'

There came a day when God gave to Lawley another gift-that of seeing, in passing words, pegs upon which to hang vivid pictures. One Sunday morning the march was about to start in Swansea, and the Bandmaster announced the tune to the nearest Bandsman, 'Joy,' and added, 'Pass it on.' To Lawley, the words throbbed, and danced, and shone with a heavenly inspiration. 'Joy! Pass it on! On the march his soul bubbled with the joy of the Lord for all the great things He had done for him. Yes, he would pass it on. The next week's 'War Cry' contained an article with all the spring of the fountain from which it leaped. From then on, Lawley cultivated this gift, till he became able to see ' sermons in stones and good in everything.'

Of much of this mystic power he was unconscious; but there were times which Lawley himself felt an intruding inspiration, which carried him beyond the bounds of his own abilities. He believed the articles wherewith he called Candidates to service were given him of God, as also were many of his songs; and sometimes, quick as light, he felt that God put a message into his lips. This was so on an occasion when he was twenty-eight years of age and Divisional Commander of the Ipswich Division.

In the course of an Officers' meeting, a Captain fresh to the Division, was called upon to give his testimony, and a report on the work of his Corps. He was obviously depressed. A city man, used to city ways and city people, he was stationed at a village Corps; and of Soldiers, congregation, or money there were hardly any. He did not understand the people, and they did not



want him. He ended his discouraged report with the challenge, 'If you know of a blacker prospect than that, tell me.'

In an instant Lawley was on his feet. His whole being quivered with a powerful emotion as he replied, 'Yes, Captain, I can tell you of a darker prospect:

I know a Man, a City Man. His Name is spread abroad throughout the earth today. He was rich; but for our sakes became poor. He was appointed to a village Corps, and to fill His appointment He left behind Him unfading flowers, flowing fountains, brightest beauty, grandest glory, seraphic singing, matchless music.

It was Christmas Eve when He made the change. Look at Him. He steps off the highest throne; He receives His Father's farewell; the angels' good-bye. He walks down the Golden Street; He is passing through the Pearly Gates. He arrives at His new quarters, to find there is no room for Him. He is not wanted. His quarters a stable; His bed a manger, with the beasts' straw for a covering. That was a black reception; but I can show you something blacker than that.

So much was He unwanted, that His life was threatened. He was without cradle or country, crib or city; the foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man had not where to rest His head. He who created the world, laid Himself down upon the mountains, He hungered and thirsted; was contradicted by sinners; derided by His own, tempted by the Devil, and alone wrestled with the powers of darkness. But He plodded on. His was a hard fight; but that is not all, it was only the beginning.

Gethsemane was blacker than anything that had gone before; the loneliness; the sweat; the blood drops; the bitter cup, with no hand but His to hold it. The tired disciples, and their failure to watch; and inability to help; the betrayal kiss.

Darker still; the mock trial; Pilate's bar; the nails; the hammers; the spear; the soldiers; the thirst; the vinegar; the gall. They fetch this, and they bring that, to complete the death grip and the crucifixion.

Oh, those nails and thorns! Oh, the tearing of the tender flesh! Oh, the thirst! Oh, the mocking voices Oh, the humiliation of such a public spectacle! Black, black, black, but darker still!

'He hung there for your sins and mine, and in that moment it seemed that the Father had turned away from His Beloved because of sin. He cried out in the supreme agony of His life, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But to save you and me, He held on, held on in the darkest, blackest hour, and at last, with a triumphant cry, " It is finished," He died. He was faithful unto death.'

Lawley talked as a man inspired; his eyes flashing, his voice vibrating with passion. The meeting was melted before God. Then the tender thrilling tones took up another theme:

'Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds. Consider Him, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God. No more darkness; no more sorrows; no more pain; no more hunger nor thirst; no more revilings, nor any want. Darkest Calvary led to the Resurrection Morning; the breaking of the seal; the rolling away of the stone; the ascension to the Skies. " Lift up your heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lifted up, ye Everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!

Would you know the joy that is set before Him, then share His sorrow. Do not shrink from the agony of the cross. For if any man would be His disciple, he must take up his cross daily, and follow Him.'

The man who called forth this moving answer to discouragement continues in the holy war today.

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## CHAPTER X

### THE FAMILY MAN

TEN years passed from the time of Lawley's conversion before he took to himself 'a continual comrade in the War.' During his Field days he had had the help of an excellent Lieutenant, and he was simply too busy to think of marriage. But when he became Divisional Commander, he was conscious of a great lack in his service. Under his direction were woman Officers, and he found himself wanting to say, 'Speak to Mrs. Lawley about this or that.' At every turn he felt the need of a woman's touch, a woman's view, and a woman's word-and there was no Mrs. Lawley in prospect.

Now it was so, that his chief Corps was commanded by Captain Harriett Charteris, an Officer who was a successful leader on the British Field. As is often the case with 'a mother's boy,' Lawley was not 'a lady's man,' but he thought very well of Cardiff's Captain. One day, his A.D.C., the married David Morgan, needed to see the Captain on a matter relating to her Corps, and called at her Quarters. Being absent from the office for some considerable time, the Major inquired, on Staff-Captain Morgan's return, 'Where did you get to?' 'The Captain asked me to have tea,' replied the Staff-Captain. With a jerk, something awakened up in Lawley's mind. David Morgan used to chuckle to remember the long silence that followed, and the Major's subsequent remark, 'You might have asked me. Next time you go there, take me with you.'

The A.D.C. arranged to have business with Captain Charteris during the following week. The Major found things at her Quarters much to his liking, but the center of attraction lay in the Captain herself, a comely Irish girl. Her assured, calm presence soothed him. She had a fine reputation for sacrifice and service for her Saviour's sake, and she was by no means solemn; smiles lurked in her Irish eyes, and her charming speech sparkled with good humor. Lawley felt he had discovered his other half. Prayer and subsequent meetings confirmed this impression. The

Founder conducted the marriage of Major Lawley and Captain Charteris at Cardiff during Easter, 1887.

The Major's wedding speech was typical. He reviewed his conversion and the ten years of joyful Salvation service, and declared:

I have run, and run, and run till I've got out of breath; but now I've got some one to pat me on the back and say, " Go on again." I'm fully the Lord's, to live, or die; and when the fighting's done, He'll send a chariot and pair, and I shall be taken up to the music and the streets of gold.'

That day sealed one of those unions for service in the Heavenly Kingdom for which The Salvation Army is famous.

To Lawley, marriage meant either increased success in his work or disaster. He brought to his wife an offering of love, rare for its depth, and tenderness, and constancy; nevertheless, a divine passion held first place in his life.

After their marriage he continued his campaigns like a flame, and soon his young wife realized that with her husband, a host in himself and accustomed to use Converts and his Officers, there was little opportunity for her on the platform. How should she adjust matters? In order to gain a true perspective of her view-point let us glance over her career.

Harriett Charteris had been reared carefully; from childhood she attended church, but the light there, concerning Salvation by faith and separation from the world, shone dimly. At the age of nineteen, she was seized with a deep sense of dissatisfaction with life. The pleasures of the world she found to be husks, and turned from them.

Coming to England on a visit to friends, she entered upon a round of pleasures with an intense weariness oppressing her soul. One night she begged to be excused, and went out for a walk alone. The music of an Army Band attracted her, and she followed to the Hall. She had heard that Portsmouth was a wicked place, and it was in some fear that she peered in at the door. There she saw red-jerseyed men singing, and swaying as they sang, and women, wearing queer head-dresses, clapping their hands and smiling as they sang. What sort of show could it be? Glancing around the Hall, her eyes rested on some Scripture texts. Religion! She fled from the place horrified.

She had been taught that it was right for Christians to dance, attend theaters and otherwise to indulge in the pleasures of the world; but to laugh, and clap hands in church! This was sacrilege! Nevertheless, a few evenings later a strange compulsion drew her back to the Hall. This time a Holiness meeting was in progress.

She heard men and women tell that they had been delivered from sin, and that Jesus satisfied them. Oh, the rest in that word-satisfied. As she looked before her, a vision appeared against a heavy curtain over the platform. There she beheld the Saviour crucified. She realized that all His love and agony and sacrifice was for her. Her heart gave one bound, and involuntarily

going forward she knelt-as near to the vision as she could-at the penitent-form. All the restlessness of her spirit was stilled as she made an entire surrender of her soul to the Saviour.

Trouble attended her first testimony that Jesus had saved her. Her friends, believing the Salvationists to be bad characters, wrote to her mother begging her to recall Harriett immediately; but Harriett would not return. Thinking that stern measures were necessary to bring the girl to her senses, her hostess told her, not unkindly, that if by a certain day she did not refrain from attending The Salvation Army, she must leave her home. The time appointed arrived, and Harriett, returning home from a meeting was asked for her decision. She replied, ' If I must go, I will go now.' She walked out of the back door, and the little dog of the house following her, kept her company during the night, which she spent in an out-house.

With the morning light Harriett went forth in search of means to earn a living. She tramped all day, but found nothing. Renting, from a respectable woman, a room, so poor that it was furnished only with a chair, she spent that night and many another wrapped in her heavy coat. Days crept into weeks, and the young Soldier came near to starving; but Harriett trusted in God and endured. The Soldiers at the Hall stood a little in awe of the handsome, reserved girl; that she should be in any sort of need did not occur to them, until, in His own wonderful way God put the thought into the heart of a little Irish Salvationist sister. Tender words spoken in the sweet home accent, brought a rush of tears to Harriett's eyes. The truth was discovered, and a few days later she said good-bye to her little empty room, where in cold and hunger she had spent many precious hours with God, and was welcomed into the home of one of the Soldiers of the Corps.

Four months from the night of her conversion, Captain Harriett stood on the platform of her own Corps. From the night when she found the Lord, the words:

Now Jesus has called you. Tell others the story, had chimed in her heart. She had needed no persuasion to give her life to this ministry; but she had never seen a woman lead a meeting; and, in some doubt as to whether she was embarking upon this great work at her own charge, she pleaded with God to give her a sign of His approval. That night, nine souls knelt at the mercy-seat seeking God. As Corps Officer in Southampton, Plymouth, Exeter, Battersea, Gravesend, Cardiff, and Regent Hall, London, Captain Harriett went seeking souls. She visited all hours of the day and night; she filled great Halls, mastered large audiences with her message, and inspired young people to leave all and follow Christ as she had followed Him.

This girl of twenty knew no fear. She sought souls in quarters where her life was threatened. ' Do you think I am afraid of you, or a thousand like you? I have One with me who protects me,' she would say to her adversaries.

Wonderful were the manifestations of God through this yielded life. There is only space here to mention her term at Gravesend. This was the scene of some of the most fierce riots which accompanied the planting of The Army Flag in the London area. Every window of the Hall was broken, and the instruments of the Chatham Band, which had come to assist at the opening, were smashed; the Soldiers were beaten, and driven to the Hall, where they were held captive by the mob. Captain Harriett never flinched nor feared. One night, exhausted and ill with the conflict, she stood on the platform, and wept over the sins of the people. The only words she could speak were

-- 'Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!' That night hard hearts broke, and fifty souls sought her Saviour. Before she left Gravesend fifteen hundred souls had professed Salvation.

Such was the woman John Lawley had married. As good a Captain as her husband, she realized that it is impossible for two Captains to command the same ship, to lead the same meeting, but instead of fratching, she set herself to say her word as opportunity offered, and to fulfill those less public but invaluable ministries which call for the touch of the wife of a Divisional Commander. When her husband was in a distant part of the Division she went specialling alone.

In the Ipswich Division, as we have seen, the Major was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for obstruction. During his absence, Mrs. Lawley led the Division with courage and resourcefulness, and taking her baby sang beneath the prison wall: And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus has done all things well.

Lawley in his cell heard and was cheered; climbing to the bars he got a glimpse of his brave wife, as she had hoped.

When the Major was appointed to the Candidates' Department, and was absent from home almost continually, Mrs. Lawley was entrusted with responsibility for the Channel Isles Division. Taking her baby with her, she traveled and conducted campaigns, leading her Officers to many victories. When increasing family responsibilities claimed her presence at home, she became Young People's Sergeant-Major of the Clapton Congress Hall Corps; and when her hands became too full to permit of this heavy responsibility, she continued in the work as a Company Guard. [5]

Commissioner and Mrs. Lawley carried out in the letter and the spirit the vows of The Army Marriage Articles. After Lawley became the General's A.D.C., a deeper test was applied to husband and wife. It would be impossible for a man to have greater love of home and family than Lawley, yet for thirty years he was a world traveler, often spending less than six months of the year in his home. He never left home without heartache, and he reached it again at the earliest possible moment.

As Commissioner Duff has written:

On reaching London after a long and exhausting journey, one of Lawley's traveling companions would sometimes propose a meal together before they parted. But no; he made a bee-line for home! In distant lands Officers would often ask him, " Now, isn't this a wonderful view, Commissioner?" "Yes," he would smile, " but I know of a better." "Surely not! Where?

"My little backyard in London."

The Commissioner's traveling companions used to smile affectionately over his letter-writing. Commissioner McAlonan, who often shared a billet with Lawley, tells that after conducting an exhausting prayer meeting, and just before going to bed, he would bring out a writing-pad. 'What are you going to do now?' he would ask. "just a note to my Harrie."

Commissioner Unsworth writes:

'No wife had a more loving husband, nor children a more devoted father. His duties removed him again and again from the family hearth, but no distance could separate his affection from his dear ones.

Often and often in far-off Australia, when our promoted comrade and I were billeted together, Lawley, before turning into bed, would say, " Don't put out the light yet, Isaac." Then he would take from his pocket his well-worn leather case, and gaze tenderly at the photo of his wife and of the children one by one. Sometimes I would indulge in a little chaff, but he would answer,

Isaac, she is the best wife in the world, bless her Then he would kneel down with the leather case still open, and in simple, beautiful words, sometimes with a sob in his throat, commit them one by one to God.'

Perhaps there are few ways in which the character of a man may be so truly discovered as in a correspondence, extending over a long period of years, with his wife. Lawley's letters to Mrs. Lawley would make a book of real interest, because of the scope of travel and events with which they deal, but their greatest value is the portrait they supply of Lawley's soul-life. In them as nowhere else, this loving, devoted, godly man stands up life-size. Mrs. Lawley has been good enough to entrust me with such correspondence.

When on a sea journey, he wrote every day and posted at the ports of call. One of these letters ran into almost two hundred pages; and he wrote, when on land, as often as he could. They were no duty letters, but the expressions of a loving heart upon every aspect of his life-his joys, his interests, his trials and difficulties. While they are marked with great candor and simplicity, 'never once does the writer descend to gossip; to unkind criticism; or to anything associated with a low level.

It is with diffidence that we scan pages of the heart, written by one who has passed on, but Lawley's private correspondence contains gems of love too precious to be hidden. The following word-picture culled from his journal, shows him removed from his loved ones by thousands of miles, yet in spirit gathering them to the mercy-seat for evening prayer:

'This day has been a sad one. I have thought so much of home. My precious Harrie has been before me so often. Just now I gaze into her blessed face as it hangs before me in my little cabin. I love her with all my heart.

'And my five precious chicks. First comes Bramwell. He knows I love him, and shall expect him to be good all the time. Next my sweet Florrie. Bless her chubby face. They say she is like me, and I believe she is.

Ah, ah, ah, who is this? Look, his hair is curly. Who can it be? I think I know. It is Bertie. Lord Jesus, keep him good till Papa returns. Well, well! Who is this? Why, it is Eva. She is Mamma and Papa's little girl, who is going to love Jesus always. And who is this saying, "Mam, Mam, Mam"? He is our darling little Oswald. How many teeth has he? Can he walk? Does his hair curl yet? Mamma must tell me all the news.

Now, all my darlings, it's getting late and time for bed. I am going to read from God's Word, and commit you all to the care of the kind Shepherd.

Such a lot of kisses. Good-night.'

Mrs. Lawley's share in the consecration, which involved the long and repeated separations, was very beautiful. 'She never put the strength of a spider's web round my neck or heart to hold me back from duty,' said her husband.

At home with her little flock, she wrote a little to her husband every day, and posted once a week.

I told him everything, down to such trifles as what we had for dinner, and the little things the children said and did. We lived our lives together in our letters, and so were never far apart.'

Once, Mrs. Lawley found one of her small sons sitting on the floor vigorously attacking the Founder's photograph with a fork. 'Darling, whatever are you doing?' she asked, picking up the photo. A defiant little man looked up and declared, 'I'm poking his eyes out because he takes my papa away.' Then Mrs. Lawley felt she had a special work to do. She picked up the photograph, and mourned over the 'poor, dear General': then tenderly told her little son it was for Jesus' sake, and to save the poor, wicked people, that the General took dear papa away on long journeys. In turn she pointed each of the children to the Saviour, and so fostered in their hearts the love for Army service that they joined her in devotion of their father to the War.

In his letters, Lawley linked his wife with his life at every point. Describing some soul-saving victory, he continued:

'No position on earth can compare with wiping away tears, binding up wounds, healing broken hearts, seeking the lost, and leading wanderers home. There is a sense in which you are away from the front. But there, you have the charge of five destinies. Five souls that have set sail for the eternal world; and as I am away so much, you have the shaping and molding of them. Oh, may God make you equal to the occasion, so that when the worlds assemble, the white throne is set, and they, Bramwell, Florrie, Bertie, Eva, and Oswald are with you and me. at the Judgment Bar, they may have to say,

Mother, your life, your love, your pity, and your prayers, taught us to love God." With what unutterable pleasure you will see them rise to be with Jesus for evermore. Surely this, and only this, will make your heaven complete. God grant it. Amen, a thousand times.'

On one of the long-distance journeys his soul was deeply moved by the utter godlessness of the ship's company. He writes:

Harrie, dearest, I am really sick at heart over these passengers. All they seem to care for is to eat, sleep, dress, smoke, and drink. The more I travel, the more people I meet, and the more of

the world I see, the more I thank God for Salvation. Thank God, it came to me as a lad; it is with me today, dear and precious as ever.'

He mourns over a lad on board who is drinking himself to death, whose drink bill was £30 for one week.

A burial at sea on the same voyage made a deep impression upon him:

I mentioned, yesterday, about the death on board. I am sorry to say it has made little impression upon the passengers; they went on with their gambling just the same; in fact, next door to the cabin where the corpse lay, they continued to play cards, a lady (so called) among them.

'The funeral took place at 8 a.m. today. It was a solemn incident. The tolling of the bell; the stopping of the engines; the assembling at No. 4 hatch. The captain marched at the head of the procession; then came the body, sewn in a canvas shroud and carried by six sailors; the other officers followed, and after them the stewards and sailors.

The captain read the burial service; the body was pushed out; there was a thud, a splash. All was over. The engines were started again, and on we went. Before long some passengers were betting as to whether the body would sink to the bottom. It makes my soul sick.

I went to my cabin, and bowed myself in prayer, giving myself afresh to God. While on my knees I thought of the Scripture which says, " At eventide it shall be light." Quite so with the saint; there will be light from a holy life; light from the men and women he led to Jesus. There will be light from behind, light from within, light ahead, and, best of all, light from the Lamb of God. Harrie, darling, may you and I so live that we shall die full of light. Harrie, how is your soul? Is it well saved? Is the sky clear? Tell me in your next, fully.'

This tender care for the soul of his dear one flows through his letters. Here is another of the intimate heart-talks, whereby Lawley sought to keep in touch with his wife's spiritual life. This is also penned aboard ship:

'On board ship, after dark, they always put a man on the forecastle; that is to say, near the bow, right in front of the vessel. His business is to look out all the time, and see the way is clear. Every thirty minutes he rings a bell, and shouts, " ALL'S WELL."

'I can assure you those words are music in one's ears. When clouds hang low, and the winds blow, and the ocean is angry, and great waves sweep over our decks, and we are tossed up and down, and to and fro; when the tempest is at its worst, the man on the look-out calls, " All's Well." And if those words mean so much to me out on this wild waste of waters, 2,000 miles from shore, how much more is it of eternal meaning to you and me as regards our souls. We have pushed off from the shore, we sail an ocean, around us sharks of Hell wait for us. At times the tempests sweep, no sun nor star can be seen in our sky. The heavens look black, and a chilly blast comes from the four quarters of our universe. Our souls are sorrowful, tears bedim our eyes, a great loneliness creeps over us. At such times it is grand for the Man on the look-out to cry, "All's



Well," which means: Go ahead; no rocks, no reefs, no sand-banks. " All's Well." Blessed experience.

Harrie, is it so with you just now? Look within, look ahead, look above, and when having looked well, including into the face of our Father, give me the reply in your next.

'With me, all is well. Thank God. I know you will understand me asking about your soul. You are alone, and no one else may. I should like my letters to help you, darling.'

The Commissioner's letters were by no means serious throughout; they abounded in description of the places visited, and also in charming little human touches. En one, written on an anniversary of their wedding he occupies pages, just telling over again the old story, and describing the many beautiful things in nature of which his wife reminds him. Under Mrs. Lawley's training he had become more careful of his earthly affairs, as the following extract shows:

'Well, darling, I am doing my best to keep my clothes together and my buttons on. I have sewn three buttons on this week, but I am sorry to say I have lost four handkerchiefs. I gave them to the wash, but did not get any back.'

Lawley was a delightful father. His eldest son says:

The earliest recollection I have of Pa is the morning after he came home from a tour. He would have the whole five of us in bed with him, singing Army choruses which he had picked up on his travels, or made up himself. I remember the one I, boy-like, enjoyed most went:

When you are properly converted,  
And your heart is quite clean,  
You can snap your fingers at Beelzebub:  
You know who I mean!

'Pa would snap his fingers, too, and we'd all laugh and dig each other, and have the jolliest sort of time. I remember that I used to think, "That's the kind of religion I want if I have any."

Both my father and mother were true Salvationists, you see; and there was nothing but The Salvation Army in the home. But plenty of love and mirth, and pleasure as well. He would take us out to fly kites or play cricket; and always, when he was home, he took us boys up to bed and heard our prayers.'

Next to his example, his letters to his children are their precious heritage. Here are some extracts from one to his firstborn:

Bramwell, darling, God bless you! I have praised God for you often since I left you at Euston. To leave you is very difficult for me, but duty calls, so away I must go. And, Bram, I want you to realize that the path of duty is the path of safety. A man is only blessed as he does his duty to God and his neighbor.

'Bramwell, you and I must try, day by day, to do our duty, and do it well. That we may receive our Heavenly Father's help in this, I bow my knees morning, noon, and night. Oh, that we may do our whole duty to God; that is, love Him with all our heart, serve Him with all our powers, and delight to do His will. Having done this, we must do our duty to our neighbor, and then our duty to ourselves; that is, cultivate our mind, store it with knowledge, pay attention to our business and lessons, and thus fit ourselves for the battle of life. Without doubt that battle is a keen one, and it seems to me, will become keener.

'May God, our kind Father, help you, my son, to do your part in all earnestness. I know. you will say,

There is Pa, on with the same old thing." Yes, I am. But, oh, my boy, my dear boy, I see the need of it so vividly. There are young men on this boat who are neither one thing nor another. What sort of a place they are going to take in life I can't imagine, and I want you, my boy, to rise up, and by the grace of God make yourself.

'You have the brain, you have the time, and Mamma and I will see that you have the opportunity. Don't be vexed with me for writing so; say, "Thank you, Pa; I will do better than ever before." My soul is. all ablaze with desire for you. God will answer my prayers for you.

'I know that you will not fail dear Mamma. Study her wishes, and do all you can to make her life like Heaven. I love you with a love that knows no bound.

'With all affection.'

There was not a place in the children's affairs but he strove to turn their eyes to God. In one of their albums appears the message:

God's richest blessings often come through the darkest gates. When sorrows come, when storms blow, have faith in God. Papa, 30.11.06.'

By his letters he held his children through all the difficult growing years. in choosing his first situation, one of his sons recalls how he placed him where he would receive a small wage, but would have the company of a good Salvationist, rather than accept the post where a higher wage was offered.

We were always his children right up to the end. In every detail of our lives, our work, he chose for us; even in our engagements and marriages we confided in him from the beginning, and had his assurance and advice,' says his firstborn.

Lawley was the Salvationist at home that he was on the platform. Once a person at his table began criticizing certain phases of Army life and service. With a firmness that had in it the growl of the lion, he said, 'None of that in my house.'

During the European war, Lawley's trust in the overruling love and wisdom of the Heavenly Father met perhaps its greatest test, and sometimes it failed. War, for any cause under the

sun, appeared to him the most horrible, senseless, diabolical thing that could occupy the mind and energies of man. Throughout his Salvation Army life, he had not found it difficult to commit his life, and what was dearer to him-the well-being of his dear ones-to the care of God, and to go his ways in peace; but when death hovered in airplanes above peaceful abodes, and his sons went out on military service, Lawley's heart almost broke with misery, and his mind near reeled with rebellion.

With a weakening of trust in the center of his being, Lawley lost something of his wonted calm. For awhile he walked shorn of his strength, and became weak as other men. The heavenly Father spared him the anguish of his sons' slaying a fellow being, and they returned to him through the manifold tests of army life unscathed in soul.

With, his grandchildren was delightful, and nothing pleased him or them more than for him to dress as Father Christmas at the festive season and sing carols to the rest of the united family. Already is his influence on the third generation bearing fruit. After the Commissioner's Home-going, his little grand-daughter was selected to attend an educational performance in connection with her school work. Without asking her mother's mind, she decided before she arrived at home. 'I will not go. Grandpa would not like it,' she said.

Such abounding love, such placing of first things first, as Lawley bestowed upon his family, has its rewards even in this life. When he lay dying, they were his wife's and children's hands that unfailingly smoothed the way.

A man making no profession of religion asked if he might visit the Commissioner. Lawley's voice was very weak, but he stretched out his hand in welcome to the stranger, and said, 'Friend, I hope when you come to die, you will have the comfort I enjoy-peace with God, a dear, godly wife and loving children to help you in the difficult hour. But if you would wish for this in the hour of death, you must prepare for it in life.'

The visitor, much moved, bent over the Commissioner's hand, and hurried away.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XI

### CALLING OTHERS

IT is a rare soul' that, being prepared for some high service, has so clear an apprehension of the purposes of God, as to rejoice in all the processes necessary for the fashioning of a vessel of honor. Gladly would it spare itself the graving and the furnace, content to be a chosen vessel of humbler order.

In the position of Divisional Commander, Lawley realized all of his heart's desire of service and of happiness. He had Officers to lead and train; the souls of millions of people to plan and seek for, and a platform which commanded the best that he could give. To have remained in this position, advancing in later years to the command of a Territory was, perhaps, Lawley's

dearest hope. But those who loved and appreciated him most, realized that his greatest success in the Kingdom of God would not be achieved in administrative work, but, rather, in the exercise of those spiritual qualities by which masses of people are 'moved to God and inspired for His service. Lawley's appointment in the United Kingdom as Spiritual Special, and, later, as Secretary for Candidates, gave these gifts full play.

After the first wrench of leaving his D.C. ship his eyes were opened to the tremendous responsibility which had been committed to him-that of arousing in young men and women a passion for the Holy War. Speaking of this charge during his last days, he said:

'There is no position in The Salvation Army one might covet-that connected with the penitent-form excepted- as the work of getting Candidates. I loved it. I came to see what God wanted in Officers of The Army-shepherds for the sheep; physicians for the sick; 'a captain for the ship; seekers for the lost; a crew for the life-boat; a brigade for the fire; nurses for the sick; reapers for the harvest; commanders for the battle. To discover such people, to arouse them to the terrible position of the unsaved, to make them feel, "Woe is me, if I do not respond," or, better, to inspire them with a love for the lost-that was my charge.'

For nine years he traveled the British Territory pouring out his soul upon the people, and many leading Officers like to recollect that it was Lawley's voice that aroused and called them to leave the trivialities of life for Salvation warfare.

His helpers of those days have happy recollections of his methods in securing and dealing with Candidates. Lawley was among the enterprising Officers who fastened upon the then popular catchword, 'Boom,' and applied it to Army service. The method in respect to Candidates was to invite all the applicants for Officership in the London area to an interview. Nothing pleased him better than to meet two or three hundred in this way, and to feel that the enthusiasm of these Young People had been kindled by his enthusiasm for Christ. He would go on interviewing till ten or eleven o'clock at night, patiently and thoroughly dealing with each Candidate.

An Officer recalls:

'Now and then I was with him when he interviewed London Candidates. I watched how he dealt with even the most unpromising; whether he saw a future Officer in the Candidate or not, each found in him a comrade, a father, a friend. The most shy and awkward would unfold in his presence as flowers to the sun.' He had his own way of telling Candidates that they were over age. I can hear him now. "You were born a little early," he would say, pausing between each phrase. "So was I; but God has made use of me, and He can make use of you, even though not an Officer." So they would leave him, feeling-in spite of their disappointment, cheered and appreciated.'

If sufficient Candidates were not forthcoming, Lawley would "blaze away' in The War Cry.' As many as fifty applications came to Headquarters in reply to one of his articles.

To this man who lived for one thing only, God opened His secrets; and his articles of thirty years ago stand as examples of moving appeal, searching condemnation, and fiery challenges on things eternal.

He would, for example, catch up a stray phrase spoken 'by the Army Mother, who had reached the most dread and dark place in the Valley of the Shadow A prominent Officer had died some hundreds of miles from London It seemed that the Founder should conduct the funeral His heart was torn with agony at the thought of leaving his beloved, whose spirit he might find had flown on his return; but she sent him forth with the words, 'Go, I have never held you back.' This Lawley applied to parents, anticipating the searchlight of eternity upon their deathbeds, when the only satisfaction would be that they had not withheld their dearest and best from the service of Christ.

He had an intense love for young men, and longed to see them despising all and following Christ. To the Corps he wrote a powerful appeal on the words, 'Separate unto Me Barnabas and Saul.' He pleaded with the Officers, the Band, the Soldiers, not to hold back their best for the local work, but to set them free, to push them forward, to separate them for the work to which the Spirit had called them.

To the care-free young people, who, glad that they themselves were saved, gave no thought to the millions yet unsaved, he penned an arresting article on the almost scathing question, 'Why should I trouble?'

To the wealthy he dedicated a tender, lofty appeal on the words, 'He was rich.'

To the attention of the undecided-those vacillating between desire to live for God and the ambitions of friends and worldly prospects-he directed the solemn words of God: 'I have chosen you.'

To those who deliberately turned away and sought self, here is one paragraph from an article which flames with holy passion:

'Oh, the awfulness of seeing some one being driven away into outer darkness. Oh, the horror of seeing people whom God called you to seek and to save, go to the left hand; to hear the words, " Depart from Me." The blood of such souls will drip, drip, drip from your skirt. God will then reckon up with you, and you too shall receive the fruit of your own ways.'

He wrote a series of seven powerful articles on 'Laborers Are Few'; another, on 'Wanted, a Life-Saving Apparatus'; still another, on 'Pulling Them Out of the Fire,' and each tempts one to repeat his clarion calls.

The following are extracts from an appeal, entitled, 'Add Your Length':

Fire! fire!! fire!!! sound the alarm. The sailor's home's in flames. 'The city clocks had chimed the hour of midnight; all the inmates had retired to rest. The flames spread so rapidly, that when the fire brigade arrived', they' saw it was little use trying to save the building, so every effort was put forth to rescue the souls within. They must be saved at once, or they would suffocate in the smoke, faint in the flames, and perish.

Crowds soon gathered, and brave men volunteered to help in the noble, dangerous work. Into the burning building they went, and up the stairs, and carried out one, and another, and another, and another, and still more, till ninety-seven had been snatched from death.

It seemed that all were saved; the men wiped their streaming faces, satisfaction seemed to fill every heart. The massive building is now wreathed in flames.

Hark! there is a shriek. Look! yonder, on one of the highest ledges of the tottering building are five men. They call for help.

The longest ladder is run up. Alas, it is twenty feet too short. Disappointment wrings the heart of the onlookers. Hope of saving the men is small, when a man appears carrying another ladder. "Stand back," cries the resolute, courageous soul. Up the ladder he runs. He reaches the top, and attempts to join the two ladders; but, alas! there is still a hopeless gap- What can be done? Look! he raises the loose ladder to his shoulders, and with superhuman strength places it against the ledge. Adding his own length he shouts to the men, "Come down over me." Down they come, one, two, three, four, five. All are saved. The crowd gives vent to its delight in ringing cheers.'

In burning, moving words, he pleads with young Salvationists to add their length, so that souls may be dragged out of the flames of sin.

An example of his more gentle appeals is found in extracts from an article, 'His Life for the Sheep':

'The sky is black, the clouds hang low and cover the mountain tops. For hours the sun has hidden his face behind the storm, a pitiless wind howls up the ravine, snow is falling fast, deep drifts are covering everything.

'Away upon the mountain pasture-land is an old man with his faithful watch-dog. He has been braving the storm all day, and has spent every energy and every hour in going after his wandering flock.

'The shades of night are gathering. There is no cessation in the storm. The northern winds bend the trees, the snowdrifts become deeper. The ravines and crevices and corners, where the poor affrighted sheep have found shelter, are fast filling with the drifting snow, and soon a rescue will be impossible. The day's toil has already told upon the shepherd's strength, and he is weary and should rest. His tired feet and exhausted frame are crying out, "Go home, seek some rest, have some sleep; you have already done as much, if not more, than can be expected of an old man like you. Go home!

But selfish voices have no claim on him. He arouses himself, his shepherd-soul triumphs.

Brave old man! Look! Yonder he is. He has just counted the sheep, and to his dismay he finds a number missing. For a moment he returns to his shepherd's hut. The winds howl on every side, and the terrible storm rages with increased fury. He lights his lantern, and prepares for a

further search. Before leaving the hut he looks for a pencil, and in words worthy of being recorded in letters of gold, writes, " I am almost exhausted, but I am going out again after the sheep. -- William Graham."

'The message finished, the old man faces the blizzard once more. Alas! the winds, the snow, the cold, the storm, and the darkness are too much for him. His strength fails, his lantern dies out, .the old shepherd sinks in the snow.

'Those in the mountain huts near by, await the old man's return, but they watch in vain. A party is formed; they find him in the snow, with his faithful dog beside him. Did I say they found the shepherd? That is a mistake-they found his crook and his lantern. The shepherd was gone. His spirit had fled.

'Does not this story remind you of another Shepherd of the sheep, and of another storm? Even as I write, my mind is full of that Shepherd, the sheep, and the storm. . .

He describes in moving terms the sacrifice of Jesus, and then goes on:

'You have read of the faithful old shepherd who, forgetful of himself, went out into the darkness and climbed the cold, bleak mountain in search of his flock. You have read of the Good Shepherd who left the ninety-nine and scoured earth and Hell for the one that had gone astray. Now, let me ask you, What are you doing? What is it that fills your heart? The moments are flying; the hours are passing; .the weeks are going; the months are dying; the years will soon have fled. What, Oh, what are you doing?

The sheep still wander, the lambs are still tracked by cruel wolves. Hundreds of thousands-mothers, fathers, boys, and girls-are the prey of the Tempter, and, unless you help them, are doomed by sin. The Good Shepherd is forming another search party, and He asks for volunteers who, with lantern and staff, will follow Him. Will you make one? If you will, " Give to Jesus glory! " And by and by, when the storm is passed and the clouds are lifted, you will be able to say before an assembled world, " Rejoice with Me, I have found My sheep which was lost."

'Candidates are being enlisted today. Mind you send in your name!

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## CHAPTER XII

### AT THE FOUNDER'S SIDE

THE penitent-form was ever the central spot in life to our beloved Founder. From the time he was sixteen years of age, everything in his affairs led up to it-every interest was made to bend to it. To bring souls to that place of decision where rebellion against God is renounced, and His will is embraced, was his supreme object.

During his Campaigns, when a minister, he conducted his own prayer meetings, and when The Salvation Army arose, and the pressure upon his life so increased that he needed to relinquish certain responsibilities to others, he still reserved to himself this most delicate ministry. Nevertheless, he was alive to the value there is in introducing another voice in calling the convicted to decision. In connection with special Campaigns in London and some other parts of Great Britain, the present General- then Chief of the Staff-assisted the Founder for some years in his after-meetings. But as time passed he felt he must appoint an Officer especially to assist in this work-one who could accompany him on his Campaigns abroad, as well as in the Old Land. The choice fell upon Colonel Lawley. He was specialising in Scotland when a telegram from the then Chief of the Staff bade him meet the Founder at Durham, where a Campaign was in progress.

Lawley arrived as the General was conducting an afternoon meeting. Slipping into a back seat, he watched the proceedings until the prayer meeting commenced, then the General motioned to him. 'Here, Lawley,' he said, 'see what you can do to help me with this.' Lawley mounted a seat in the middle of the chapel, and led his first prayer meeting with the Founder.

Afterwards, the General took him into the vestry and continued, 'I want some one to help me to pull, when it comes to the prayer meeting. Some one who will give his life up to help me to capture souls. I believe you're the man. Will you come?' Lawley replied, 'Yes, General, by the grace of God I will live to be a fisher of men-but '-he added, with a sudden consciousness of the strain which the call would entail, 'my voice and throat are very bad just now.'

'A few meetings will put that right,' twinkled the Founder. They knelt, and with his hand upon Lawley's shoulder, he prayed God's blessing upon the appointment. Then the Founder exclaimed: 'Lawley, I've annexed you.' From that day, except when illness forbade, for twenty-two years-until the Founder lay down his sword-Lawley was ever at his side in his world-wide labors for souls.

Until his appointment as A.D.C., contact between the Founder and Lawley had been of the slightest. Except for the first meeting at Bradford, and later, touches in Cornwall and Wales, only one other incident of personal association stood out in Lawley's mind. It dated back to when the lad was a Lieutenant in the North of England.

The Founder had been announced to install Major Dowdle as the Divisional Officer at Sunderland. He arrived at the railway station with a badly sprained ankle. A heavy snowstorm was raging, and the only conveyance in the streets was a milk-cart, that took him a little distance on its round, and dropped him. Then, as he could not walk, and no other conveyance could be obtained, a builder's barrow was requisitioned, and the General-his long legs and hurt foot dangling over the front-was wheeled to the Hall. There he remained all day, speaking at the three meetings from a chair, and wheeled away in the same barrow to his billet at night. This incident is related by the Founder himself in the 'Christian Mission Magazine.'

On that never-to-be-forgotten day at Durham Lawley obeyed the call to accompany his General to the ends of the earth, but he needed to maintain the consecration which increased with the years. In this his wife was one with him.



The Army Mother had gone to Glory, and the Founder's family was scattered throughout the world on service for God. Lawley determined, as much as in him lay, to fill a little of the gap of loneliness in his great leader's heart. He obeyed the injunction, 'Let those that have wives be as though they had none' for the Gospel's sake. He did not spend Christmas Day at home for fifteen years.

After serving a few short months with the Founder, it seemed that Lawley's fight had finished. A severe attack of rheumatic fever held him prisoner for twelve months and, complications setting in, his life was despaired of. A conclave of doctors and Commissioners met in Lawley's front room, and broke the news to his wife. Weary with long nursing, and stricken with sorrow, she turned from them all and left them unanswered. As she mounted the stairs, one of those flashes of revelation, which have more than once illumined her path, reached her. 'They are all wrong; he will live,' said a voice to her soul.

At this time, the Founder was conducting Officers' Councils in London. He referred to Lawley's grave condition, and speaking of the loss his death would be to The Army and to himself, he asked the Council to rise and clasp hands; he then presented to God a united petition for the life of the stricken Soldier.

Mrs. Lawley had been absent from her husband's room for a few minutes; when she returned she found him much moved. He said to her, 'Harrie, darling, I am not going to die. The Saviour has been here with me. He stood just where you are standing, and told me that my bark is going to sail the seas a little longer. He wishes it!' God added to the life of John Lawley twenty years.

For a while, after his appointment to the General, Lawley continued to devote part of his time to the work of the Candidates' Department, but as time went on, the General came to require more and more his help. One day he said to him, 'Lawley, no man can serve two masters. You know what I want in my meetings, and also the other things that will help me. I want you to live so that we may get the highest possible results out of every Campaign. Do what I want, and drop the rest.'

From that time Lawley devoted himself exclusively to the Campaign efforts of the Founder, in connection with which he traveled half a million miles. From the snows of the Arctic Circle to the torrid heat of Australia; throughout the length of the United States of America and Canada; across the continents of Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and as far east as Japan, Lawley accompanied his beloved General, except, indeed, when he went before to prepare his way. Such duties alone called for special ability; but Lawley's charge included also the prayer meetings of the Campaigns, and on his own account he gave his leader the protecting love of a loyal comrade; the devotion of a son for a beloved father, and his unfailing fellowship in the task of soul-saving.

Between the General and this armor-bearer, a bond of sympathy and understanding formed, which strengthened with the years. If any circumstances prevented Lawley being with him, the Founder would dash him off characteristic notes. The following was scribbled on the train, when Lawley had been left behind to continue a Campaign:

Go ahead, be a simple Salvationist, and yet be strong to declare the truth. Be clear and straight in your definitions, and in your own experience. Push the same on all about you.'

On another occasion when Lawley was following up the work of a difficult week-end:

'Thank you for your telegram. It did me good. Go ahead; be 'blood and fire,' as you say, and leave some of the same precious article behind you.

I came away rather depressed. Indeed, I was really disappointed. However, it will all work together for good.

I am writing a line to tell him that I am still relying upon him. . . - and - and - seem too meek and mild. Fierceness is the want of the whole set, it seemed to me.

Yours, with love to the Soldiers. Tell them to pull Hell's throne to pieces, to win the prey from the jaws of the Devil and lay it at the feet of Jesus. 'W. B.'

When on one occasion, through illness, Lawley was unable to accompany the General, he wrote him:

'My Dear Lawley,- 'I am indeed sorry that you should be incapacitated and unable to accompany me to Glasgow. Well, you must make your mind as easy as you can. I know it is because you are not able to be there.

We will do the best we can. I was really bad on Tuesday night, coughing and sneezing and had burning fever. But I have been mending since, and although the cold is still in me, I think I shall be equal to the task. God must help me again.

'I shall miss you, and pray for you. Give my love to Mrs. Lawley and the children. I have not forgotten the interview I had with them.'

From another letter:

'I want to see you about the South African Campaign. You must pray, and trust, and fast, and hang on to- your affectionate General.

PS. -- The compartment at Sheffield was a dirty affair. The tickets were taken for the terminus, so throwing away three shillings.'

Lawley had the advantage of being an excellent sailor. The wildest sea that raged, while his health kept up, left him undisturbed.

One of the Founder's settled principles was, Pray, consider, pray again, and go through with the program.' Acting upon this, the General and Lawley have set out upon a world journey in the teeth of a gale that caused hearts to quail for their safety. On one occasion, the crossing at

Dover being abandoned, the Founder and his Staff went on to Folkestone, and taking a big risk crossed over to catch the Eastern Mail at Marseilles.

One of the worst (bits of sea) experiences in their world travels was in Bass Straits, between Tasmania and Australia. The captain was on the bridge throughout a fearful, black night, and great seas threatened to engulf the small Coo gee. Lawley stood beside the old General's bunk all night. The General, though much shaken, jocularly remarked, 'If ever I meet a man who says he's been round the world without being ill, I'll ask him if he's been this trip on the Coo gee.'

During his last days Lawley loved to go over these experiences. He remembered another terrific night in the southern Pacific. The baggage was rolling about, the gale roaring. Lawley fixed up the other members of the Staff in their berths, and went to the old General. He greeted him with, 'Well, Lawley, here's a pretty kettle of fish!' Lawley laughed reassuringly, and balancing himself beside the bunk, held his old leader in his arms so gently, yet so firmly, that he went to sleep. Lawley treasured that memory above many.

There was plenty of fun to be gathered by the way on these journeyings. In Canada, on one occasion, the Territorial Commander arranged to convey the Founder to an engagement across a lake in a steam launch which had been presented to The Army. The Commissioner was determined that The Salvation Army boat should make its presence conspicuous, and installed in it so powerful a hooter that some Wags declared that when the hooter blew the engine stopped for lack of steam! On the trip, and whilst the Founder was having some rest in the cabin, the launch stuck on a sand bank. After fruitless efforts to get her off, the Commissioner requested Lawley to go and tell the General that it had been decided to take him off in a rowing boat! For once Lawley reckoned without his host. He delivered his message, to which the General replied, 'You go and tell -- to teach his grandmother to suck eggs. Why doesn't he say we are stuck in the mud?'

In a little while the General appeared on deck and with a whimsical look in his eye, marshaled the whole company at one side of the launch. 'When I say, Go,' all run to the other side of the ship; and again, when I say the word, run back.'

The crowd obeyed, and the order was repeated several times. The rocking of the launch caused a basin in the mud. Then the General ordered, 'Full speed astern,' and the boat promptly slipped out.

On one Continental tour, when changing trains at a junction, the General's high hat-which he used to wear before he abandoned this last vestige of convention-was left behind. Upon arrival at the next place of call, another hat was bought, which proved to be two sizes too big. No record is preserved of the General's comment when he had to wear it to the meetings, but putting on the offending headgear as he neared the London terminus, he remarked, 'Well, Lawley, don't I look a guy? The boys in Queen Victoria Street will be shouting, "Where did you get that hat?"'

And there were spices of adventure too. Following the stormy days in Switzerland, it was a high day, when, for the first time, a State church was placed at the service of the Founder of The Army. But the occasion roused the ire of some of the baser sort, and during the service stones began to fly through the cathedral windows. At the conclusion of the meeting, the mob waited for

the General-the man with the hat-who passed out safely under the protection of Lawley's cap; whilst, later, Lawley made his way to his billet carrying the troublesome hat.

The bringing together of such vast audiences as came to hear the General was not without its dangers. Lawley was alive to this aspect of the Campaigns, and when the General was fairly launched into his address or lecture, he would frequently slip off the platform, and make a tour of the corridors of the building. On more than one occasion he found that the doorkeepers had not resisted the temptation to be included in the audience, and had gone inside. He administered rebuke for this breach of rules, but has himself kept the doors to allow the doorkeepers the privilege of hearing the General.

Once, Lawley's tour threatened to end in confusion for himself. He was very weary, having had a heavy time arranging affairs in Sydney; and the temperature was appallingly high. The General had almost finished his address, when one of The Army journalists entered the staff room under the platform. There he found Lawley sitting at a table, his head fallen forward, sound asleep.

He surveyed him a moment in horror, then going to him, shook him gently, and said, 'It's time you were on the platform.' Lawley opened his eyes, stretched his arms, and, comprehending, went to a wash-basin, refreshed his face, and from a back door walked calmly on to the platform just as the Founder was saying, 'And now, my friends, Colonel Lawley will invite you to Jesus!'

Marvelous were the journeying mercies of God to His servants. Only twice upon the rails did it appear that danger threatened them. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, a snow-slide had occurred. Creeping along a ledge cut out of the mountain-side, the train suddenly came to a full stop that shook it from end to end. Within a dozen yards of the engine lay a great tree covered with snow; hundreds of feet below was the frozen river. Another time several carriages of an express train by which the Founder and Lawley were traveling, became uncoupled; but the carriage occupied by our travelers was unaffected.

As we have said, Lawley went to the Founder shortly after our great leader suffered the desolation of his heart and home in 1890. He was with him at his last engagement, when the Founder's eyes had grown so dim that he needed to be led from the platform. He was then so frail that he was unable to remain to the prayer meeting. The address concluded, Lawley gently took his arm to lead him away. The General paused, and turning back, looked toward the congregation. His sensitive, nervous fingers played with the calm, firm hand of his armor-bearer, and he said, 'Lawley, I'm not satisfied-I want the penitent-form.'

The last letter that Lawley received from his old General was written during his convalescence after the first operation upon his eyes. It is written large, in his own firm hand:

'I am delighted to hear reports of soul-saving. Surely, the good providence of God will allow me a little more experience myself in this direction. I am hungering and thirsting for the penitent-form. It seems an age since I saw man, woman, or child march up to the Saviour's feet. I have had some dark times since we parted last, in more ways than one. My loss is indeed a great one. I did not fully appreciate the length and breadth of it until I sat down at the desk to regular work. Let us make the best possible use of the powers we possess and the time that is still ours.

Love to everybody,  
'Your affectionate General,  
'W. B.'

No man can do more than live his life unto God. Lawley appreciated the honor of ministering to his General; he delighted to help him in the work of his heart, and found untarnished joy in seeing thousands of souls seeking God, but in some respects his appointment called him to a constant denial of all that made up the human Lawley. He saw some of his contemporaries become Territorial Commanders, while his work took him from country to country. No man in The Army loved home, wife, and children with a greater passion than he, and only for Christ's sake could he have endured the frequent separations.

During his last illness he reviewed this chapter of his life:

Notes of praise go up from my heart for all God's goodness to me and mine. I have not lost one of my children. All are on the way to Heaven. God helped Mrs. Lawley in my long absences. He made up for my lack in the home. Thank Him! While I have been away with the two Generals on their world Campaigns He has kept us, and preserved us as a family. Were such a call to consecration repeated, I can say my soul would respond as readily for God's glory and the Salvation of souls as it did thirty years ago.'

Commissioner Jeffries remarked at Lawley's funeral, 'There was something woman-like in his tender care for the old General.' That was so. Often without the comforting presence of son or daughter, the great, aged campaigner went on his way from land to land, seeking to bring people of all nations to the Salvation of God. Not only did he conduct heavy Campaigns, involving many and varied gatherings, and endure the publicity which encroached upon his every waking hour, but the weight of the world, with its sins and sorrows, was ever upon his heart.

After the work of the day was over and the records of results had been made up, Lawley would sometimes visit the old warrior at his billet to give him a last word and to see that he was comfortable. One Commissioner tells how he has gone to the Founder with radiant countenance, and voice ringing with victory, but merry and gentle withal, saying, 'General, I'll raise your wages! A glorious victory! Two hundred and sixty for the day. Hallelujah!' The Founder would chuckle, 'Very good, Lawley,' and, thus comforted, would go to sleep.

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## CHAPTER XIII

### WORLD SNAPSHOTS

WHEN Lawley became an Evangelist of the Christian Mission he could scarcely fill in the required meager forms of his Candidature. Years later, when his poetic soul found expression in original verse, his faulty spelling resulted in queer rhymes, which the editors were happy to correct because of the native rhythm and living ideas expressed. As he progressed in Army

service, he increased in knowledge, but Lawley was never able to give himself to education in a methodical way. Indeed, it almost seemed in God's plan to keep this servant of His unsophisticated as far as the wisdom of this world goes. Lawley was committed to God, who in His school opened to him secrets which He has reserved for those who fear Him.

Lawley knew nothing of journalism, but in passing events he discerned the very points which journalists seek after. He never had a lesson in composition, but his sympathetic soul expressed what he saw in language gentle or vivid as the occasion suggested, and much of his writing was distinguished by a touch of refinement which is the hallmark of the pure in heart.

During his thirty years' service with the two Generals, Lawley became a valuable contributor and correspondent to the various publications issued at International Headquarters. Before me is a mass of material, oppressive in abundance and bewildering in interest and charm; world snapshots, selected from his description of travel and incident by land and sea.

The following notes were written after one of his many farewells from home:

'When I met God in The Salvation Army, twenty-eight years ago, I had no idea that He would raise me up, and confer upon me the honor of traveling again and again to the ends of the earth with our beloved General; and yet this has all come to pass, not of my own seeking, but through putting Christ and His Kingdom first, seeking alone His glory, and day by day following hard after Him. I did not hesitate in saying, "Yes," when asked to accompany our Leader on this tour. My dear wife also gave her blessing, saying at the same time that God would watch over us, and bring us safely together again.

'When the morning of farewell came, we turned to our "Celestial Fruit Basket " to see what promises God had for us each. To Mrs. Lawley He gave, " I will trust and not be afraid," and to me, "The crooked ways shall be made straight, and the rough places plain"; so resting in these and ten thousand other promises, we parted.'

The Founder had once experienced the discomfort and interruption of quarantine upon arriving in Australia. On the occasion of another visit, a signal hailed the ship to stop. There was some anxiety on board. The Commissioner writes:

'After a few minutes I heard the commanding officer of the ship say, " General, all is clear: the flag is down."

Ah," replied the General, " that is how I want to go into Heaven, with all clear. What about you, captain?

"Yes, yes," answered the captain; "that's the best way to go in, ' with all clear.'

'The tenders were soon alongside, the mails and cargo transshipped, and at 7.20 we weighed anchor, and commenced to plow our way towards Melbourne, facing one of the blackest, if not the blackest bank of clouds I ever beheld. East, west, north, south, we could see the shaft lightning, chain lightning, and sheet lightning in every direction; the pealing, clapping, rolling of the thunder was as if the artilleries of the skies were let loose. Then such rain I never did see before:

it fell so thick, and came down so fast, that our good captain could not see ahead and stopped the engines; this he did three or four times until the worst had passed. The storm, however, did not spend its fury until the morning hours. We are safe in our Father's keeping.'

Of the Australian Salvationists he wrote:

'We have reached the top-notch! I wish you could be in one of the General's meetings, and hear your Australian comrades sing. They make the large Halls echo with thunderous song: in fact, the singing is as the voice of many waters. One of their favorite choruses is:

Launch out, launch out into the deep,  
Oh, let the shore lines go:  
Launch out, launch out in the Ocean Divine,  
Out where the strong tides flow.

'Sing it! I should think they do, and as they sing, men, women, and children cut the shore lines, and sail out into the full tides of God's boundless mercy.'

The volcanic wonders of New Zealand greatly impressed him:

New Zealand is a wonderful country. It can boast of burning mountains and boiling lakes. In some of the smaller lakes the natives cook their food. The boiling lakes, of course, are the outcome of the burning valleys beneath, and so fierce are the fires that at times the boiling water shoots up hundreds of feet into the air. Truly God's world is awfully, and yet gloriously grand!

Lawley was as much at home in the great centers of Europe as in his own land. His sympathetic heart found a fellowship with all peoples, and differing countries merely supplied him with fresh interests. The following notes give glimpses of a Scandinavian tour:

'The journey was a tiring one. It took nearly forty-eight hours. The General spent the time in planning and praying for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. I wish you could have looked into his small railway compartment! The windows were cased in ice, the train was covered in snow; the General sat with overcoat and rug pulled tightly round him.

'Papers, notes, and letters, and blotting-pad were upon his knees: to his left was his secretary with typewriter going full speed: on the rack could be seen the General's food-basket, containing white bread, fresh butter, unsweetened biscuits, milk, and a little fruit, a spirit lamp, a kettle, a cup, a saucer, and a few items such as spoons, knives, salt, that go to make up a traveling kitchen and a wanderer's cupboard.

'While standing almost knee-deep in snow this morning a gentleman came to me and said, " Why do you bring the General to our cold country in winter? The climate is far too severe for him! " I could only reply,

Sir, the General knows no seasons or climates: he goes about doing good in season and out of season. And wherever he goes, hope springs up in desolate souls, and a better day dawns on the horizon of those whose future appears black with despair

I cannot fitly describe to you the journeys of the last two or three days. Snow, deep, spotless white, abounds; in fact, we are running through a world of white. Lovely are the trees upon the mountain-sides, all covered with snowy down. Snowflakes flit hither and thither in dazzling millions, and as they silently fall they compel us to look upwards towards the City whose people walk with God in white, and where our Redeemer dwells, who shed His Blood that our hearts might be made whiter than the snow.

Sleigh-bells fill the air with music: boys and girls gambol in the snow, while many of the older folk have joyous times on the miles and miles of ice that cover the lakes and rivers. The sheep are all safe within the fold, and the cattle are fed in the barns of the kindly farmers.

In winter, the bird creation are provided with little houses all of their own, by the dwellers in villages and cities. These little wooden homes are hung from the boughs of trees, or fixed to props and poles, and are supplied with sheaves of corn. No matter how humble and poor the family may be, they gladly find a sheaf: and thus the little birds of this land are fed and housed through seasons such as you are strangers to in the British Isles.

'In all my travels I have not come across a kinder race of people than the Scandinavians. Goodwill shines out of their eyes, lights up their faces, and overflows with their every action.'

He thus describes a Salvation meeting in Amsterdam:

'The battle for souls took place on Sunday night, in the People's Palace. This is no ordinary place, it was never built for public meetings: and is similar to the nave of the Crystal Palace, but a smaller scale. The suspended flags, the arches of decorations, the long streamers -- the brilliant lights, sparkling chandeliers, the massive organ all help to make a superb sight. Policemen in military dress stood at their posts. Firemen, with their shining helmets, were standing at every exit.

The orchestra rising tier upon tier, was crowded with those who had washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. The high galleries were full, the broad floor was crowded and, as we sang "There is a Better World they say," I glanced upwards, and, beholding the great glass, arched roof, it appeared to me as one big window through which the "cloud of witnesses " from above were watching a memorable scene. Lovers of souls were stationed in every part, a great battle was in progress, the armies of Heaven and Hell had met face to face; the fight was a hand-to-hand one; to lose was damnation, but to win was Salvation.

'Every eye was fixed upon the General, who, following a most earnest appeal that lasted for fully an hour said, as he looked Heavenwards: " I can hear voices calling me, and I answer them back, 'Wait awhile longer, I must finish my work, and I must get a few more sinners saved, and then I shall mount up, and we shall meet each other again.' " Fixing his eyes on the multitudes before him, he cried, "Oh, men and women, and children of Amsterdam, settle your destiny, settle your destiny for Heaven, for the Celestial City, for a place in the Skies! Settle it, oh, settle it for the



sake of your own soul, for the sake of the souls of others, and for Jesus' sake, settle your destiny, and settle it now."

"What shall the answer be?" echoed through the great palace dome, and sixty answered by kneeling at the Cross.

A Campaign in South Africa opened a new set of circumstances. From the boat on which they traveled, the Commissioner wrote of Madeira:

What a lovely spot it is. Its houses built upon the mountain-side and surrounded with tropical trees, beautiful flowers, and luscious fruits, make me think of the Garden of Eden and Paradise. If sun, rain, flowers, and fruit can make an island so beautiful, what must Heaven be like? Heaven knows no winter, no withering blasts, nothing of sin's cruel blight. There will be no night there. The Lord God giveth them light. May you and I pass through its gates, walk its streets, look at its walls, climb its thrones, put on its robes, wear its crowns, join in its songs, walk in its processions, live in its palaces, and behold its King.

'Some time today, we shall, all well, leave the Canary Islands behind. One of the passengers asked the captain if we would touch there. "I'll watch that," he replied,

I shall keep at least ten miles away, for the sake of the owners of the ship and my own peace of mind. The shores are too dangerous."

What a lesson! If we do not want to become a spiritual wreck, we must keep far from the rocks, the shoals, and the shallows. Steer by God's Word: if we follow the chart He has given, we shall never be at a loss.

The ship's officers changing into white when tropical regions were reached, at once suggested the white robes of the Spirit. If it charms us to see freshness and whiteness, how much more must it please our Heavenly Father to see His children walking in white!

Of the journey through Africa he says:

'We traveled through the verdant tracts of the Western Provinces, over the famous Hek River Mountain Pass, on to the great Karoo, with its vast stretches of open veld, relieved only by the never-ending series of kopjes, across the scenes of the terrible struggles at Belmont, Orange River, Magersfontein, and Kimberley, on to the "gold fields of the Rand."

The General's first native meeting was held in Durban. No Hall could be rented for this, as the only buildings suitable are not available for native gatherings. The municipality, however, have erected a large market, where the natives assemble to eat and drink, and sell their wares. This building has no sides, a mud floor, and a corrugated iron roof.

'When the General mounted the platform, at least four thousand Zulus shouted him a welcome. The market was literally gorged, and there were throngs outside, peeping through the railings, sitting upon the walls, and by every conceivable contrivance endeavoring to catch a

glimpse of the General. The great congregation had faces as black as jet, eyes as dark as sloes, and their hair (or rather wool) was in tiny little black curls. Nearly every man was six feet high.

'They sang as I have never heard people sing in my life. One of the choruses that seemed to charm them was:

Even me, even me,  
Blessing others, Lord, bless me.

In Zulu it reads:

Nkosi yam, nkosi yam,  
Ngi busise, nkosi yam.

'To be present some had walked three hundred and sixty miles.' In a description of a native meeting among the kraals the following occurs:

'When the invitation to the mercy-seat was given, the first to respond was a little boy: He was naked except for a cloth tied round his loins. He was not long alone, for, ere the meeting closed, one hundred and twenty followed him to Jesus.

It was delightful to see our dear old General holding a little Zulu baby while his mother sought Salvation.'

One of the joys of Lawley's campaigning was to meet those whom he had helped in years before.

Six or seven years ago Mrs. Lawley and I spent Sunday at the Hadleigh Land Colony. Seventeen or eighteen men and women were seen at the mercy-seat: among them was a child about nine years of age. Although so young, God took great notice of her, and we felt sure that her sins were pardoned.

'Upon my arrival in St. Louis two or three days ago, a tall, fine-looking girl in full uniform, shook my hand, and said, " Colonel, I look upon you as my spiritual father. Six years ago you and Mrs. Lawley spent a day at the Hadleigh Land. Colony: that night I found Jesus, and He saves me today."

The Founder's motor tours were a great delight to Lawley, chiefly because they touched the villages and small towns where The Army was little known and the simple message of Salvation often unheard. He writes:

I like the motor tours because the children get their chance, and because the poor have a good time. They have no flags. or flowers, but aprons and caps; love beams from their faces.'

The rural beauty charmed Lawley:

'The valleys and dales, the mountains and hills, the roads and rivers, the forests and fields, and the great sea. What a world we live in! It seems to me that every flower on every stem, every leaf on every tree, every bird on every bough, and every color on every cloud, points us upward.'

Again: 'The cars halted at one of God's beauty spots. The group of villagers was as charming as the scenery.'

'The Saturday night's meeting in the Stuart Hall, 'Cardiff, had only just been closed, when a man found me out, shook my hand, and reminded me of my Officer-days spent at Mountain Ash, nearly thirty years ago. Being anxious to get hold of the pitmen at that time, I went down with them into the coal-mines and filled a tram with coal, while I talked to them about the Salvation of God. As I walked back towards the pit-mouth, I put my arm around the neck of one of the colliers who was a drunkard and a great gambler. Into his ears I whispered of the great love of Jesus, and, on leaving, I asked God to bless him.

These words, and that walk to the pit's mouth, were the means of his Salvation, and although that happened twenty-nine years ago, he sought me out after the Cardiff meeting, and thanked me for my effort on his behalf.

Twenty-five years ago, a poor, forlorn, sawyer knelt at The Army penitent-form in Monmouth. He had been almost, if not quite, given up by all. Soon, however, a changed life made all confess that Tom Jones had experienced a change of heart. Some twenty-two or three years ago I entrusted our Colors to him. When receiving them he said, " Major, these shall never leave Monmouth until they have waved over my coffin." For certain reasons The Army has been obliged to withdraw from Monmouth, but Torn still sticks to the Colors, and scores of times he has marched through the town all alone, and with Flag unfurled to the breeze has sung, 'We'll form our battalions and we'll march on.'" Tom Jones was the proudest man in Monmouth on the day of the General's visit!

The following notes give glimpses of boat travel:

'Up to the last the General and the Chief of the Staff were in consultation, then the bell sounded, "All ashore!" The gangway was lifted; the shore-lines let go. The captain gave the signal, the engines started, farewells were shouted, and once more we were on the move. We put off into mid-stream and plowed our way down the Mersey. The Old Land left behind us.

'Saturday, September 14th. During the day we encountered heavy seas, strong winds, and not a little inconvenience. Our good ship seemed to have turned into a great rocking, rolling machine. The General made a brave struggle with his papers, and wrote a few things that will tend to make the world better.

'Tuesday, September 17th. Thank God, the fog-horn has ceased. The sun, however, has not yet put in an appearance, neither has the moon nor a star been seen by night since we came on board. Yet there is no talk of turning back or stopping the machinery. On, on, on, we go. Everybody has faith in the compass, faith in the chart, faith in the captain, and in the ship.

What a lesson there is in all this for us. Oh, that we had more faith in our Compass, our 'Chart, and in our Captain and Ship!

I was in with the General very early this morning- what to do and where to go on the next Campaign in the Homeland was the topic. Several centers were discussed. But after a while the General said to me, " I want to be alone." As I closed his cabin-door behind me, I saw him kneel in prayer.

This has indeed been a day of stress and storm. The sea has been lashed into fury. So terrible was the gale, that our good ship Virginian had to heave to: we were just by the Labrador coast, and near the Straits of Belle Isle. it seemed to me that our captain knew not whether to stay out all night or make for the Straits. The indecision ended, the engines started, and we found ourselves committed to what must have been a risky run. For with the wind traveling at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, we ran before the gale into the Straits of Belle Isle.

Thursday, September 19th. Today finds us in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I have just learned that the hurricane that struck us yesterday afternoon traveled at the speed of seventy miles an hour. Two vessels fighting the same storm foundered with all hands.

The following are snapshots of Canada:

'At three o'clock in the morning the Virginian cast anchor, and at 4 a.m. the General and his Staff boarded the tender. Within two hours we witnessed a remarkable sunrise. The sky .was ablaze with color, the horizon was tinted with beauty; and white clouds, that scudded across the ocean of space, were tinged with gold, while rays of silvery light danced upon the face of the St. Lawrence. It was a superb sight, and one that carried our minds away to a stormless sea, a cloudless sky, a grand Land, a deathless Country, a tearless City, a sorrowless, World -- the Home beyond the River.

Once ashore, the Customs passed, baggage checked, "All aboard "was shouted. The engine-bell sounded, and we were away for a fifteen hours' run to St. John, N.B. What a mighty Continent this is! It is waiting for the plow and the people, the seed and the sower. In the Old Land there are people without room, and here there is room without people!

'What a mercy it is that The Salvation Army is in at the foundation of such a nation as this is destined to be! May God help us to put in the foundations of righteousness, and then, building upon the same, Canada shall, indeed, be exalted to Heaven and a praise in the earth.'

Here a glimpse of a homeward journey:

'Sunday, November 10th. Homeward bound: all well, the sea is calm, the breeze warm, the sky clear, and our good ship St. Louis is without doubt doing her best.

Tuesday, November 12th. As I write we have, for the last fourteen hours, been running through a troublesome fog. Every minute the fog-horn blows. This, I am sorry to say, has caused the General to have a restless night. But fog or no fog, we keep going on. The captain took his

place on the bridge early last evening, and there he has been ever since. He stands at his post watching the compass, reading the chart, directing his men, and ever looking out into the dark vista for any object that may appear, and listening continually for the answering horns of passing ships.

Wednesday, November 13th. The mists have lifted, the fogs are gone, the horn has ceased, the sky is clear, the captain has left the bridge, the sea is much more restless, the Staff-that is, two of them-are only fair, the men on watch pass the word, "All is well."

'Before closing my notes I would like you. to look into the General's cabin-home, which is situated on the promenade deck. You will find him in Room 7 on the port side. Gathered round him are his Staff. It is morning prayer time. Brigadier Fred Cox has just closed the Soldier's Guide," and the General takes us to God in prayer.

'O Lord, help us each! Help The Army! Help me! We have done something, but how little it is compared with the need. We do ask Thee to bless the poor. O Lord, do bless them! How hard it is for them to be good. Six in a family, and living in one room. Six in one room, and a drunken father. Six in one room, and a drunken mother. Six in one room, and nothing to eat. Six in one room, and without friends. O Lord, do help us with the poor, ragged children. We do want to be a blessing to the little hungry, starving, cold, uncared-for children. Lord, we have only got five loaves, and what are those among so many? Come, Lord, and help us! Bless us again. Bless Mrs. Higgins and the children; Mrs. Lawley and the children; Mrs. Cox and the children; and be with my loved ones, and help and bless us all. Amen.'

The following extracts from letters written to Commissioner Higgins, the Chief of the Staff, give glimpses of General Bramwell Booth's first journey and visit to Australia:

R.M.S. Ormonde,  
May 1, 1920.

'We are now within a few hours of Fremantle; the journey has without doubt been the most trying I ever took. This, owing to the slow run and the excessive heat.

'I have very happy memories of Ceylon. The crowds were excellent and the General did well. He made a good hit every time. There was much business to do and a good deal of time was spent in conference. Not being essential to that I went my own way.

I attended two meetings in prison; spoke to five hundred and fifty men; had an interview with a man condemned to die for the murder of his wife; called twice at our Vagrants' Home and spoke there at two meetings; conducted Sunday night's meetings in our own Hall. In all one hundred and thirty-seven men and women sought Christ. I tell you my soul did indeed dance for joy, and I feel I have earned my traveling 'Life on board ship is a queer affair. I am sick of it all, and am longing to be ashore.

'Melbourne,  
'May 13, 1920.

I know you will be delighted to hear that everything here has gone beyond our highest expectations. The public, Soldiers, and Officers have simply swallowed the General. They have, indeed, fallen in love with him, and he has struck fire every time. He spoke to about eleven thousand people on Sunday, and up to Monday night we had some three hundred and thirty at the penitent-form.

'The Officers' Councils were superb-grand-glorious! The General charmed the Officers. The last sitting was memorable, indeed. . . . The General, I believe, is satisfied; I know everybody else is.

'Melbourne,  
'May 29, 1920.

Australia has been a triumph! The largest halls have been crowded in every city. We have had overflows every time, and about one thousand souls have come to the mercy-seat.

'The General has done well. He has captured the country, and, as I told him today, he has gone through the entire Territory on a white horse of victory! Praise the Lord! Give to Jesus glory!

'Affectionately yours,  
'John Lawley.'

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## CHAPTER XIV

### A SINGER AND HIS SONGS

NOT the least of the contributions of The Salvation Army to the world are its songs. Unique as is the Organization itself, they mirror its beliefs, its spirit, and its purposes so well that if The Army were blotted out at a stroke, and one Song Book remained, a new beginning could safely be founded upon its songs.

Unlike the bulk of secular compositions, the main purpose of which is to articulate an air, in The Army song the air is a secondary consideration, being merely the vehicle by which is carried the message the singer desires to express.

Few writers of Army song would ever have been conscious of the slumbering gift within them but for the touch of God upon their lives. This has reached the depths of their being, and stirred up, or created, powers undreamed of. They have supplied songs for every mood and condition of the soul, in the sinner and the saint; and not a Salvation Army occasion eventuates, but on some part of the battlefield a poet will arise to perpetuate it in strikingly appropriate words.

Among our songs are some which, for depth of spirituality, and beauty of expression, are not unworthy to rank with the hymns of Wesley and Tersteegen; some suggest such delicate minds as those of Anna Waring and Frances Ridley Havergal; others, the plain forcefulness of J. Russell

Lowell; while others, again, which capture the ear of the crowd, are 'Kiplingish' in their apt and practical expression.

Lawley contributed many songs to The Army's collection. Except in rare instances, his compositions are not marked by originality of style or intellectual beauty. They are songs of the heart, and therefore they remain when more ambitious verses are forgotten. Because of their ring of sincerity, all kinds of persons 'find in them a strata of comforting solidity upon which they may rest their souls, while to the mass of people, for whom they were composed, they are a spiritual delight, expressing the experiences, hopes, desires, and meditations of which they themselves have been conscious. They discover needs; they inspire faith and hope; they expose self-pleasing, and in a wonderful way, they bring the Saviour near in His Sacrifice and love-so near, that His Voice is heard, His touch felt in them.

From his childhood he had been a singer, and when he was converted song provided a natural outlet for his spiritual enthusiasm. It seems that in his early days as an Evangelist, he 'began to string together crude lines which expressed his hopes, desires, or experience. The record of his first jingle hails from Spennymoor, where, it is said, he added a verse to 'The Devil and me we can't agree.'

It ran

The Devil is a sly old fox,  
If I had him here I'd put him in a box;  
I'd lock the box and lose the key,  
And drop the box in the deep, deep sea.  
Glory, Hallelujah!

As his experience deepened, and his vision broadened, he wrote an occasional song in the succeeding years, such as, for example, 'The Upline to Heaven is clear,' which was a great favorite with railwaymen.

An engine-driver of the Great Western Railway was led to God through this song. Years later, when he came to his deathbed, he had forgotten the words, and sent to Lawley for them, so that he could sing them in triumph when he was putting out of the earthly station.

At one of his earliest Corps, a navy joined the Soldiers in prayer at Knee-drill. 'Are you saved?' asked Lawley. 'I used to be,' the man replied. He was prayed into the Kingdom, and from then on he lived a life of victory and joy. He became blind, and was a parish pensioner, but his joy still triumphed. Lawley went to see him on his deathbed. He was almost a hundred years of age, and with the Flag above his head and the joy of God upon his face, he sang 'Oh, the peace that Jesus gives!' Lawley came from that deathbed determined to write a song for 'the used-to-bes.' 'Save me again' was the result.

Accompanying Commissioner Howard to Rochdale on the occasion of the opening of the Citadel, Lawley composed in the train 'Give us a day of wonders,' and sang it in the meetings with powerful effect.

But it was not until he became the Founder's A.D.C., and his mind was unceasingly engaged in seeking ways and means by which to win or compel men to Christ, that gradually God opened to his vision the untold possibilities of the power of song.

He saw how great a place song played in the works of God. The morning stars sang together at the birth of the world; the service in the temple of God at Jerusalem was interwoven with songs of praise; the angels visited earth with heavenly song when the Saviour was born; and where it is written, 'There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth,' Lawley was sure that such joy must have been expressed in song. He gloried in the thought of the new song of the New Jerusalem. He realized that almost the first impulse of a new-born soul is to sing. He had seen souls in sorrow, souls in sin, souls in the valley of the shadow of death rise on the wings of song. With this vision upon him, Lawley laid open his mind to God as a harp to the wind, to receive any impression he might wish to make that would move the heart of the sinner to the Saviour, and stir the saint to sacrifice and service.

The subject of his songs often seemed to come by inspiration. Sometimes the words sprang faster than he could write them down, but not always so. Over some of his songs he labored and wrestled and prayed; some were laid aside unfinished for years, then one day the missing line or verse would be given.

The story of Lawley's songs would make a book in itself; we have space to deal with only a few that have become well known -- and been greatly blessed -- in Army service; most of them appear in The Army's regular collection of songs.

The Founder's addresses suggested many topics. For instance, the General had been stirring up his congregations on the subject of heart religion.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free.

'Oh, for hearts that burn with love to God! Oh, for hearts that ache for the sins of the people! Lawley meditated upon this, and one night in his Quarters at Clapton, God gave him a song that has inspired thousands-No. 456 [6] in the Song Book: 'Wanted, hearts baptized with Fire.' He wrote down the lines, as they came, but, strange to tell, he was not sure of their merit, and the last line finished, he grabbed his hat and ran to his friend, Brigadier Cox. 'Here, Fred, tell me if this is any good,' he said.

After the fatal accident which called away the Consult from the Founder's reach, scarce pausing for a moment in his Campaign, he crossed to Paris for a Sunday's meetings. He preached a wonderful sermon on the text, 'Thy will be done.' Lawley was deeply moved, and on the way home he sought from God words that would perpetuate this message in song. The night was very dark and the Channel rough; Lawley stood on the deck of the Calais to Dover boat, and with his eyes peering through the gloom to catch the Dover lights he composed the following:

Though long the night, and dangers may surround,



Thy will be done!  
Though not a star or gleam of light be found,  
Thy will be done!  
Though I am called to follow all alone,  
I'll keep the path till I arrive at Home.

Though all alone I face Gethsemane,  
Thy will be done!  
With bleeding feet I mount my Calvary;  
Thy will be done!  
Though Jesus hides behind the clouds His face,  
I'll follow on, supported by His grace.

Though friends may fail, and enemies arise,  
Thy will be done!  
Those I love most be carried to the Skies,  
Thy will be done!  
Though breaks my heart beside the open grave,  
I triumph still, for Jesus lives to save.

Though gales may blow and storms of sorrow roll,  
Thy will be done!  
Though angry seas sweep o'er my trembling soul,  
Thy will be done!  
He'll steer my bark towards the harbor light,  
And keep me safe till faith is lost in sight.

Others of his songs were composed to the order of the Founder -- as, for example, that favorite: Have you seen the Crucified?

In Holland, the Founder had been laying before great gatherings the responsibility for missionary endeavor. He pictured the crying needs of Java- the blind, the lepers, the poor-reminding his hearers that these ills were types of terrible spiritual needs. He 'slated' the ease-loving, save-myself, 'stay-at-homes.' Lawley's soul was stirred, and in the train on the homeward journey he composed No. 82 in the Song Book.

One of the Founder's most powerful sermons was on the text, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.' He described the Saviour as a peddler offering his goods. Hear him.

'Give me your attention. My Saviour has precious things to dispose of. To the wretched, He offers happiness; to the weary, rest; to the poor, riches; to the blind, sight; to the sick, healing; to the naked, robes of righteousness. My Saviour is at this moment standing at the closed door of your heart; He wants to come in. He knocks! He knocks!

The Founder asked Lawley to write a song in keeping with his theme. After much seeking and prayer, he wrote No. 61 in the Song Book:

Weary wanderer, wilt thou listen,  
While I sing of dying love,  
With the chorus,  
Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!  
Wilt thou let Him enter now?

The Commissioner told me, "This is one of the songs of which God said to me, "Here you are, Lawley," and I had only to write it down. I sang it at Norwich, and wept at the last verse:

Listens sinner! thou art drifting,  
Drifting downward to thy doom;  
Far from mercy thou art sinking,  
Where the wild waves ever foam.

Dark and sad will be thy morning,  
Shouldest thou wake up as before;  
With this awful feeling dawning--  
Knocking, knocking days are o'er.

"The Founder stood behind me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said, "Well done, Lawley! That song will live."

Many of the songs were composed at the ends of the earth. That favorite,

Oh, happy, happy day,  
When old things passed away

(Song Book, 302), was written on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and to carry out the cosmopolitan idea, Lawley liked to remember that it was set to a Finnish tune.

'Jesus laid His glory by' (No.. 304) hails from Holland; 'No night There' (No. 646) was written in the land of the midnight sun. The unending day deeply impressed Lawley.

Overtaken in a fog on board a ship between Chefoo and Dalny, Lawley could not sleep. Dressing, he went on deck and stood at the bow of the boat. Suddenly out of the mist, rocks loomed ahead, and the engines were reversed. Another venture forward was made, and again the great frowning rocks appeared. Then the boat cast anchor. The morning light and clearing mist revealed the boat to be right out of her course. This gave the Commissioner the subject for a striking song, 'Rocks ahead,' which he composed on the coasting steamer that morning.

Some of his songs were what Lawley called 'patchwork.' For instance, the Founder much liked the first verse and chorus of the song now appearing No. 9 in Song Book, but not the other verses; he told Lawley to write others. The Founder and his Staff were traveling in Queensland, Australia, when a hot axle caused the train to pull up at a remote spot. Lawley slipped out of his

carriage, and going along to the General's compartment, repeated verses 2, 3, and 4, which he had just completed. He received the General's twinkle, and 'Those will do.'

Of his song, 'The Heavenly Harbor is near,' Lawley says:

'I have never had joy in leaving my home. But do you know what it is to cross the ocean on the return journey? To take your place on the deck, and look out for the black ridge on the horizon which indicates land? I do!'

Coming into Plymouth from one of his world wanderings, he composed the song which has for the chorus:

My Heavenly Harbor is near,  
I'll weather the gale a while longer,  
For the Heavenly Harbor is near.

Of another song Lawley said:

A feeling of intense longing seized me to write a song. I went down on my knees, and cried to God to give me some words that He could use in the blessing of many souls.' Surely the hand of Another was laid upon the pen as he wrote, 'Give them a welcome.' Of this the Founder wrote in his diary [7]: 'Lawley sang with delightful influence his song, "Give them a welcome."

One of his best known and best loved songs is, 'Come, with me visit Calvary' (Song Book, 346). The circumstances in which it was written are full of tender significance. The Commissioner then lived at Wood Green, and traveled to the City by the Great Northern Railway. Alighting at Farringdon Street, he always passed a public-house near Holborn Viaduct, and as he passed, he saw the wretched, drunken men and women who gathered there. One morning a question shot into his soul, 'Can such people be saved from sin?' Back he gave the answer, 'Yes, He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.' Arriving at his office, his soul thrilling with this fresh expression of faith in Christ, straightway he wrote the first three verses, and the chorus.

That evening he was indulging in a pleasure which he always reserved for himself during his brief stays at home, that of putting his boys to bed. He had undressed Bram, put on his nightshirt, and as the father knelt with his little son, the last verse came, and with gratitude he wrote it down.

This song has blessed thousands. A few days ago the writer was in a meeting where a woman rose to give her testimony. There was a ring, an urge, a sparkle in it, that told of 'a well of joy within.' She said, 'Until a few months ago, I was saved, but I had no zeal; if things hindered me in God's work, I just let them; but one Sunday morning we 'sang that song in which are the words,

Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,  
The cleansing Blood will flow;  
Look up just now, believing  
His fullness you shall know.

Something gripped me. I saw what I was-so poor and helpless-and what I might be. I reached out my hand in faith, and claimed what God had for me. The power of God came to me, and ever since my spiritual life has been changed. I 'understand and experience something of His fullness.'

On one of his long sea journeys the Commissioner looked out upon a vast expanse Of mountainous seas; he felt his sin had risen to Heaven like the waves, but that they had been covered in the depths of the mercy and love of God. Song 260, with the favorite chorus, 'My sins rose as high as a mountain,' was the result. Arriving home, he ranged his five bairns in the kitchen and taught them the song with appropriate actions. 'It went fine' in the kitchen.

He then launched it at a great meeting in the Queen's Hall, London, where immediately it caught the ear of the crowd. Thence to America, where it became a feature of a great Campaign.

It was a special joy for him to share his songs with his wife. Those he composed on tour, he copied at once for her, and when at home he liked to sing them to her. His experience song, 'I know of a Saviour from sin,' which was a special favorite with the Founder, he first sang to his ' Harrie, darling.'

Not only did God give to Lawley the gifts of songwriting, but throughout The Army there were few soloists, and few conductors of massed singing, so able as he.

While he lingered on the Banks of the River he was visited by the veteran composer, Lieut.-Colonel Slater. During their conversation on Salvation Army singing the Commissioner dropped grains of gold, which Songsters throughout the world would do well to gather and preserve. Speaking of song as a Salvation carrier, the Commissioner said:

After prayer and the prayer meeting, I think fifty per cent of my best work for many years was done by solo singing. I did not become a successful soloist in a flash, but by prayer, and real hard work at myself, I sought to meet the demands of the task that was put before me.

The Founder's meetings were no place for experiments. He could not afford to have mere trials of a solo or chorus, or to permit several repetitions to get the words and tunes off, and the chorus caught up by the people. He looked for immediate results. If a solo did not go the first time, it was dropped and heard of no more. It was necessary, therefore, to have simple tunes already known by the people, or at any rate sufficiently easy for them to catch on to, after the first or second hearing. The words, also, had to be simple and straightforward, easy to learn and to hold in the memory, so that the chorus could at once be sung by the congregation. The Founder's standard was no easy one to reach. He would look at my mood and manner; see how far I was master of my words and of the tune; how far plain, straight, important truth was expressed in the words, troubling little about their literary merit, or poetic claims; and then judge how far the song helped him in conjunction with his address, and what force it had to help toward the penitent-form. Quick learning of the chorus by the people was an essential in every solo.

Of course, a soloist must, in the first place, have a voice. A voice of medium range is, perhaps, the best; not really high or low. Otherwise, the chorus will not go in a pitch to suit the

average voices of the crowd; and so will not prove effective. The singer must be master both of words and tune, for only so will confidence in his or her efforts be possible. To be tied to a book is fatal to effective solo singing.

A soloist must sing the truth or the experience of the song, as a truth personally believed, or an experience actually enjoyed. He must speak out his own soul in the song with fervor and warmth, otherwise the effort is like trying to satisfy thirsty people from a frozen village pump.'

Speaking of the Song Book, the Commissioner said:

'The Song Book has been a source of comfort and consolation to me, and a tower of strength to my soul. There is enough spiritual meat and drink in it to carry a soul from a pub to paradise. The songs deal with the Saviour's life and death. They take up the great themes of grace and the cleansing Blood. They deal with the fundamentals for which Jesus lived and died -- repentance, faith, holiness. The songs are on the same themes as those of Heaven, and it should be observed from what is revealed that Heaven's music is almost all vocal music, with instruments acting only as servants; just as The Army Bands here should be the servants of the people in their singing.

'Let the choice of a song agree with the object of the meeting; avoid undue repetition of the same songs; join old words to old or known tunes rather than venture on new and untried melodies.'

Of his ability to get cold, restrained, reluctant people to sing, he said:

'Do not think that I had natural fitness for this ministry: I have had to work hard, to use spade and plow, to spend hours alone with God, toiling and praying to find the right word, the serviceable tunes, and to group my materials in agreement with the subject and mood of the occasion. I worked hard, and God blessed my labor.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XV

### LAWLEY'S JOB

TO those who take surface views, it might have seemed that as Traveling A.D.C. to the Founder, had one of the pleasantest and least exacting positions in The Army. He had the pleasures of world travel; he was in the center of every big Army 'go,' and what had he to do except to look after the General's boats and trains and to conduct the prayer meetings? So much for surface views.

Whether the sun has a strenuous time as he runs his course we know not, but whenever we see his face it is shining, and, certainly, 's face declared that he was very happy to be alive. Those who are acquainted with the runnings of great Campaigns, know that the Commissioner filled, especially during the Founder's later years, a most important and exacting appointment. Where the

Founder and later the present General were concerned, Lawley knew neither time nor trouble, nor the word 'impossible.' His duties were manifold and complex. His work in the great prayer meetings is dealt with in another chapter.

Take the arrangement of tours. The General would inform Lawley that he had decided upon a Campaign in a certain country about a certain date, and would indicate what meetings and features he wished arranged. Thereupon Lawley would set to work.

Among other things, he had to arrange the means of transportation-by boat or train or motor. He must assure himself that the proposals from the Territorial Headquarters were suitable, and that there were no hours of precious time wasted by waiting at junctions-making rail and boat connections.

He needed to be reasonably familiar with foreign time tables and foreign conditions, always keeping in mind the climate, season, and length of day at the time of the Campaign. Those unacquainted with such work would not realize that a tour in Scandinavia in June needed an entirely different scheme from one in the same countries in December.

He also carefully considered the Halls to be used -- their suitability, and so forth. Lastly, as to the General's billet. Notwithstanding what might be done by others who had responsibility for the Campaign, Lawley never rested without having himself gone over these details and arrangements, satisfying himself that the General would be spared any unnecessary distraction or inconvenience.

Having thoroughly informed himself, he compiled a brief, setting forth in detail a Campaign from the hour of departure to the hour of arrival back in England.

Often, after much careful work, because of some re-arrangement of business at International Headquarters, a prospective tour would be seriously changed or even 'scrapped,' entailing days and weeks of further preparation; Lawley might growl a little; never discouraged, however, he would set to work at once on another brief. The tour finally arranged, he saw to the General's railway compartment, or, if a sea voyage were involved, personally chose, and, if possible, inspected the cabin.

For the Continental tours he often went ahead to make sure that everything was in order. What appeared perfection to a casual observer, was sometimes found to be very faulty in Lawley's experienced eye. If he could work the necessary change without giving offense -- and that was the Lawley way--well; if not, nevertheless he had his way! The General and the War came before all.

Not the least of the difficulties to overcome were those connected with halls in which the meetings were to be held. Every preparation was made to eliminate conditions likely to hamper the General in his work, militate against the comfort of the people, or in any way hinder the success of the effort.

Arriving at the building in which the Campaign was to be held, Lawley took in the whole Hall at one long, silent survey. Then he examined the platform. 'This will not do. You could never

grip a crowd from this. Raise it eight inches.' It was no use saying it would be a very awkward piece of work, or making any sort of objection. It must be done.

'The piano is in the way of the General's view. Get that moved to there!

'Where do you propose the Band should sit?' 'Oh, no, that won't do!' 'And that gas just over his head; it would frizzle him. It must be moved a little to the side.'

'This place must be heated; we can't risk the General in a cold Hall, nor can we get souls saved with cold feet.'

'The sun will be on those windows by meeting time, and the people facing them will be dazed. Cover them over.'

'That door will be banging. Put a curtain there.'

He considered the ventilation from every aspect. 'The wind is in that direction, open the windows the opposite side.'

The temperature had to be kept as near normal as possible.

Lawley studied the brief prepared for the meetings down to such details as the collection. The people seated on the platform must be waited upon first, so that the General might proceed with his lecture as soon as possible without distraction.

He discussed and settled what choruses would be suitable for the prayer meetings in the eight or nine languages of the Continent. These must be set to world-wide tunes and translations of such themes as 'His Blood can make the vilest clean.'

Lawley had devoted his life to assisting the Founder, and later his successor, to secure for the glory of God the highest possible result from every Campaign. Very mundane affairs entered into this consecration. Some who closely observed Lawley's methods in arranging Continental Campaigns for both Generals for many years, marveled at the skill with which he carried his points with a minimum of friction and a maximum of success.

Colonel Gauntlett [8] describes some of the difficulties Lawley encountered and overcame as the Founder's forerunner the first time he traveled to East Prussia, on the borders of Russia:

We traveled all night and there were no facilities for sleeping, except on the wooden seats and on the floor. We arrived in Konigsberg, where it was very cold; a lot of snow had fallen; it was a real East Prussian winter. After a little breakfast, the first thing was to visit the hail in which the Founder was to conduct his meeting. The Commissioner decided that the platform must be rebuilt. Some of us asked if this could not be avoided; but no, the comfort of the General and the success of the meeting were more than anything else. I can see the Commissioner now, superintending and helping where he could to pull down the platform and erect a new one. It was a tedious job, but it was done in spite of the cold and weariness of the body.

We spent the following days of the week in various towns of East Prussia, sleeping on the floor and having our meals in the back of the Hall. They were pioneer days, but the great success of the meetings cheered everybody-the Founder and most of all.'

It was a source of keen disappointment to parents in many lands that they were not permitted to take their small children to the Founder's great gatherings. Lawley described how the decision which made this rule was reached-a decision whilst greatly adding to the Founder's comfort in carrying on his Campaigns, was equally a satisfaction to the large audiences drawn together to hear him. It could be no satisfaction to them to be disturbed by crying and fidgeting little things who could not understand what was being spoken. Nor could such distraction be other than an unnecessary strain upon the speaker.

The decision was reached at Peterborough, Canada, of which the Commissioner said:

'When we reached the church where the afternoon meeting was to be held, if there was one pram in the churchyard there were fifty, to say nothing of the little folk holding their mothers' skirts. The little dears chirruped from gallery to gallery; their mothers danced and bounced them up and down, to keep them from crying. The General made a valiant attempt, but for him to talk with that moving picture before his eyes was an agony. He felt he lost the meeting and was much distressed. When we got alone, he said, " Now, Lawley, we've been coming up to this for a long time. Make your choice. You shall have the babies or me." On the spot we settled the familiar announcement-" Children with or without parents are not admitted."

Things went better after that; but before many months had passed he said to me, " Lawley, those little faces will haunt me, if I don't do something for the children." It was in Australia that he began his meetings for children, and thenceforward whenever it could be arranged, one such gathering was included in his Campaign.'

Great Campaigns entail an enormous amount of anxious work on the part of Territorial Leaders and their Staffs, and by the time everything is in readiness, those responsible, unless they are men of extraordinary nerve, are somewhat 'wound up.' An Officer who came in and changed this, that, and the other would, as we all know, be regarded by ninety out of every hundred, as a first-class nuisance. And while it must be admitted that, at certain moments. Territorial Commanders have wished Lawley at the North Pole, yet, when his changes had been effected, and the Campaign progressed and concluded without a hitch, their blessings came down upon his head, and ever afterwards they willingly waited for his 'O.K.' before finalizing any such arrangements.

By nature Lawley was a peace-at-any-price man. He would remain silent, or go a long way round to avoid contention; but when choice lay between getting the best to be had for his General, or taking the line of least resistance, and so keeping in with a comrade who did not like trouble, Lawley took no time to consider. In his journal we find traces of the difficulties which he sometimes encountered. In the following case he had to persist in his arrangements with a slow-moving, unimaginative 'T.C.' [9]

He writes:



He thinks I ought to consider his feelings and opinions more than I do. He opposed me severely today. I stood my ground, and told him I am here to consider the General.'

In spite of this exacting quality, it is interesting to find that Lawley was one of the most loved of International visitors at the various Headquarters of the world. The unfeigned love and sincerity of the man spoke to the best in other men of all nations, and as with his Generals, they thought of him not as English, but as 'Ours.' As one of his comrades says:

His happy personality was a link between strangely differing peoples. In him was demonstrated the fact that The Salvation Army spirit is more beautiful than that expressed in the word Internationalism. His life declared the possibility of Christ's ideal among the nations- "That they may be one." Wherever, he went, his influence meant drawing a considerable number of people towards that higher ideal of unity; that spirit which draws together individuals, communities, countries, the whole wide world in brotherly love, which is the bond of perfectness.'

The Founder had apprehended more clearly and comprehensively than most men the Saviour's call, 'Compel them to come in.' He was out to compel the attention of every soul he could reach to hear the message of his Lord. If he could catch the ear of a king, or of a president, he could, as a consequence, more easily catch the ear of the people. So, unblushingly, he desired to talk with kings and other great ones of the earth. Lawley was out to help him in this as other matters.

As a 'forerunner' of the General, he met perhaps his most difficult experience in Japan. In order to make the most of a great opportunity, he went about to introduce the bold, dashing western methods to the conservative east, laying his plans with that audacious faith that has successfully applied Salvation Army methods to peoples of many nations.

But the Territorial Commander was troubled lest such unconventional ways would prove offensive to the ceremonious Japanese; and the modest Japanese Field Secretary was also apprehensive lest Lawley's pushfulness would shock the susceptibilities of his cultured countrymen to whom many of the suggestions needed to be submitted. Commissioner Railton, who was on the spot for the purpose of helping Lawley to develop the Campaign, regarded the whole effort of publicity as 'of the Devil,' and telling Lawley so he went off 'specialling.'

Lawley's journal of this date makes pathetic yet amusing reading. He gave personal attention to every detail of the Campaign, visiting each center the General was to touch; interviewing editors; inspecting the theaters and halls where it was proposed the General should speak, and the hotels where he was to stay. He refused what was unsuitable, and searched till he secured something better. As time progressed, and affairs were still far from being in order according to his standard, he confides to his journal. The days alternate between good news and disappointment:

I am rushed, and weary, and cold. Commissioner Railton is not with me one bit in arrangement. I am sure he feels-in fact, he told me-that I am a backslider: all for demonstrations and receptions!'

Sometimes a great sense of loneliness pressed upon his spirit. He writes:

Went to station to see about trains, great snowstorm, feel very sad.'

At last every arrangement was made even to Lawley's satisfaction, and, greatly comforted, he was giving God thanks when a telegram arrived announcing that the Minnesota (on which the General was traveling) was twelve hours ahead of schedule time. For once Lawley's countenance showed consternation; then he exclaimed, 'Never mind, praise God!' and rushed off to be on the spot when the ship dropped anchor. He went out to the ship in a tender. Later, he confides to his journal:

'I had only good news to report, for which, thank God. The General looks well. He gave me an affectionate glance, a fatherly shake of the hand, a kindly

Good-night," and, with my comrades, I made my way back to the shore. Standing on the wharf was a Japanese Salvationist, who, with bared head, and tear-dimmed eyes, rested his arms on the iron fencing, looked across at the good ship Minnesota, and then with buried face praised God for allowing him to live to greet his General.'

How much of the victory which attended that extraordinary Campaign was due to the untiring efforts of the forerunner, will only be known when the books are opened. How well he kept his trials to his own heart, and triumphed in peculiarly difficult circumstances, will be realized from the following comments by those on the spot. Commissioner Bullard writes:

'The conditions of Japan at the time when I came to prepare for the Founder's Campaign, were absolutely different from those of any country he had previously visited. . . . But from the time he landed until he left, the Commissioner kept cheery, bright, and smiling. Whatever the anxiety or disappointment, he still smiled.

'There are many customs peculiar to the nation, but I adapted myself to these, and by so doing won the admiration and respect of the people. For example, it is the custom when a European enters a Japanese house, to take off his shoes, leave them outside, and walk on the matting or tatami floor in stockinged feet. To some English visitors this is exceedingly embarrassing, but the Commissioner did it as to the habit born.

'Then in the matter of sitting on the floor and eating the Japanese food; he was able to accommodate himself to this with perfect ease. The food was so different from anything he had previously had, and coming direct to Japan he might have been excused had he been a little fastidious in this respect, but the Japanese dishes he appeared to enjoy, and when in the country, and in the Japanese homes and tea-houses, he invariably sat on the floor just as the Japanese do.

Devotion and loyalty to one's leader are national characteristics of the Japanese. They were able, therefore, to appreciate the Commissioner's unwearied and constant care for our Founder, and his manifest desire to do anything that would contribute to his Leader's comfort and usefulness.'

Colonel Yamamuro writes:

One of the great events of the whole tour was when the Founder addressed some thousands of students from a specially erected platform in the grounds of Waseda University. In connection with this gathering, Commissioner Lawley was doing his preliminary inspection, and noticed that the platform had been put facing the open field. He realized that by moving it to the other side of the campus, and thus having the walls of the buildings as the extremity before the Founder, his voice would be given added range. The Commissioner requested that the platform be taken down and rebuilt in the desired spot. Marquis Okuma then remarked on the thoughtfulness for his leader, which enabled the Commissioner to notice immediately what had not occurred to those who were so anxious to do what was really best in the arrangements.

'Throughout his stay in Japan the Commissioner's beautiful spirit and smiling face won for him a permanent place in the hearts and minds of many Japanese.'

Lawley's journals are full of tender, anxious references to the General's health. Sometimes it was not possible for him to inspect the boat by which the General was to travel. We find this reference:

The General not quite so well; his cabin is noisy. This is a calamity; could not see ship before fixing cabins, and did the best with plans and information before us. May do something better after Aden.'

The motion of the boat sorely tried the General's head. The heat of the tropics exhausted him; the cold of the north nipped him; the dear old warrior rarely slept in the same bed, and if disturbed, was a martyr to insomnia.

That the Founder worked unceasingly, preached and lectured to great congregations, met the leading men of every city he entered, worked by day and night, is accepted with little thought. He did it before our eyes for fifty years, until familiarity with his stupendous efforts robbed them of their full significance. With Lawley, the marvel never lost its wonder, though for almost twenty years he was so frequently in the Founder's company. He realized the tremendous strain that was ever upon that grand old veteran, whose make-up was so much more of spirit than body, but who had sufficient of the body about him to make him suffer sorely almost every day of his life.

Lawley was a good listener. Sometimes on a journey the General would enjoy going over his experiences with him, and Lawley would listen, the light and shade in his violet eyes-at one time like restful pools and another like laughing water in the sunshine-almost his only comment. He would vanish when the General wished to be alone, but was at hand, the unfailing, calm, loving Lawley, the moment he was wanted, and at a time of victory could rejoice and exult with the best.

At the time of the Founder's' death, Lawley was out of health, suffering from an illness which later necessitated a surgical operation. After an absence of about twelve months from the battle's front, the Commissioner was attached to the present General's traveling Staff, assisting him

in Campaigns in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Continent of Europe, and in the United Kingdom.

As with the Founder, so with the second General, he was the same painstaking, faithful helper, loving and seeking souls. One incident the General likes especially to recall. During a Campaign, while the General was delivering his Salvation charge to a great audience, one of the Staff, whose duties claimed his presence in the rooms at the rear of the platform, found Lawley upon his, knees in prayer. With tears upon his cheeks he was pleading with God for the souls of the people. Later the General remarked, 'Perhaps, Lawley, your tears will be found to have helped as many souls into the Kingdom as your songs.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVI

### IN THE STEPS OF HIS MASTER

IT would be interesting to know how many men who began life as a bobbin ligger in a cotton mill have had the privilege of visiting the Holy Land. This rare joy fell to in connection with the Founder's Tour to Australia in 1905.

Lawley's mind resembled virgin soil, in that it had not been plowed, harrowed, fertilized, and cropped to exhaustion; when it met fresh sights the imagination was lively, and straightway the wonder, the beauty, the heart of the thing stood out clear and vivid to his mind. There were few memories in his eventful life so dear to him as those associated with his visit to the land where his Saviour passed the days of His Flesh. His impressions are preserved in his journal and in reports which he wrote to The Army press.

In order to visit Jerusalem, the Founder traveled by a mail boat which sailed a week earlier than the one by which he was to travel to Australia. Lawley went in advance to arrange for meetings in Jerusalem, and by traveling overland to Naples, breaking his journey at Rome, he had a few hours of wonderful sight-seeing. It will be noticed that Lawley saw everything through spiritual glasses, and only preserved those mind pictures which suggested spiritual lessons for himself and others. His journal entries of this period are interesting:

16.2.1905 Records.

'This has been one of the most interesting days of my life. I have had the great pleasure of seeing Rome.

'The Coliseum! What an imposing ruin; without doubt built to stand for ever, but decay seems to be written on every wall, every dungeon.'

With an eye for hail accommodation he continues:

When in its glory, it could seat easily seventy thousand people.

What stories these walls could tell! What horrors those dungeons could unfold! What saints have winged their flight to Heaven from its arena! Tradition has it that St. Paul was imprisoned here, and near-by, died for Jesus' sake.

'The Forum. Here I saw monuments erected to the Vestal Virgins who kept the fire ever burning on the altar of the God Vesta. One of the pedestals is bare. It is said that one of the Vestal maidens became a Christian, and, in consequence, was thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum. To show contempt for her memory her pedestal was erected with those of her companions, but not her monument. Her monument rises in another City where the Lord of the martyrs reigns.'

While waiting to take boat at Naples, the Commissioner visited Vesuvius. Thus his journal:

Climbed Mount Vesuvius. A long way up, but well worth the effort. I went to the mouth of the crater, looked into its depths, smelled its sulfur and its smoke; heard the roll of its boiling lava, and must confess to being a little nervous. This is one of the earth's safety valves. It reminds me of the smallness of man and the mightiness of God.

'From Naples: Had a good look at Puteoli, where Paul landed on his journey to Rome. God kept Paul faithful, and He is the same eternally. He can, He will also keep me.'

He regretted that the Mediterranean boat which he boarded at Naples was 'not at all clean,' but that is his last comment on the subject. Other diary entries suggest interesting experiences. Of the touch at Messina he remarked, 'A city of orange and lemon groves, beautiful for situation, horrible for sanitation.' He does not wonder that 'it has twice been stricken by plague.'

He was highly interested to see herds of goats driven through the streets, and milked into jugs at the customers' pleasure. The journal continues:

'Leaving Messina, we sailed closely to Reggio, a town on the coast of Sicily, where Paul was driven by the tempest. Today the skies are blue, the sunshine abundant, and the sea is calm. We are almost opposite Alexandria, where Paul took ship for Rome.'

A stay of a few hours made possible a visit to the Pyramids. His diary continues:

'The Pyramids. Most impressive, but their glory is passing away. The tombs of the Pharaohs stand on the edge of the mighty desert. They look much higher than St. Paul's.

'The desert is wonderful. It fascinates me. Saw the Nile to which Moses was committed in his ark of bulrushes.'

Summing up the Right of time which carries away the sons of men-its Pharaohs and its fallaheen- as the Nile waters hurry to the sea, he rejoices that God remains.

A remarkable incident occurred as Lawley, wearing a sun helmet and seated on a donkey, was nearing the Pyramids. A fresh young voice called, 'Hallo, Colonel Lawley!' Lawley looked round in surprise, and greeted a young, smiling man:

Well, and where have we met before?

In Berlin. Do you remember the old General putting his hand upon a lift-boy's head at - Hotel, and speaking to him about his soul? I'm the boy.'

The diary, dated February 27, 1905, reads:

'Jaffa. The Holy Land. Arrived at 6 a.m. Watched the sun rise over the land that gave Jesus birth. Landing pleasant; sea like oil. Called upon Miss Newton and Miss Arnott; arranged with them to billet the General, also arranged a meeting. Visited the house of Simon the tanner, and left at ten o'clock for Jerusalem. Caught first sight of Jerusalem at four-thirty.

The following days were spent in strenuous and sometimes disappointing efforts to make suitable arrangements for meetings whereby the General might preach Jesus during his brief stay in the Holy City. Diary entries throw a little light on the difficulties incidental to such a campaign:

'Went to see British Consul. Was received most kindly, and offered every possible help.

Spent most of day seeking halls; very little success. Tent impossible; only one in the country, and that not available -- and -- church refused. Offered us iron room. Useless. Mr. Thompson, American Christian Alliance, offered his Tabernacle for any day and any hour. Rather small and out of the way.

'Called on Russian Consul. He knows our work, and will render us all help possible. With wife and daughter will attend select meeting.

'Called on French Consul. Cynical.

'Called on Bishop Blythe; was cordial, and promised to attend meeting, if possible.

Went with British Consul to see the Governor of Jerusalem. Quite a civic affair, dragoman with drawn sword cleared the way. Governor occupied Pilate's house. He was off-handed, could or would give no concessions. Offered cigarettes and coffee. Was with him twenty minutes. Finally decided to cable the Sultan for advice.

'The church quite unsuitable; acoustic properties awful. -

'Tried to get an iron shed in Russian colony; no success. Saw theater-useless.

'Saw the Armenian Patriarch. Nice old man, over ninety years of age.

Called to see the Coptic Bishop; well received.

Spent all day pushing meetings. Ordered bills, etc.'

In between his work Lawley contrived to visit Calvary and Bethlehem. Thus his diary:

'Up and away soon after 6 a.m. The foot of Calvary. Ventured to climb its summit. Feelings indescribable. Hallowed hill. It was here that my pardon was bought; my Salvation was sealed; the gates of the Skies were opened, and my debt to the uttermost was paid. I stood and sang:

The Son of God was left alone to die,  
'Twas all for me.  
The thunder rolled, and darkened was the sky,  
'Twas all for me.  
The rocks were rent, the veil asunder riven,  
When Jesus died he op'ed the Gates of Heaven.

I also sang:--

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver;  
I'll follow Thee, suffering Redeemer;  
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never;  
By Thy grace, I'll follow Thee.

At the sight of Bethlehem he was much moved, and, as at Calvary, it was his joy to sing his praises to God in a song of his own composition:

The King of kings was in a stable born,  
'Twas all for me.  
He left His Heaven to face a world of scorn,  
'Twas all for me.  
They had no place to lay His Infant Head;  
A manger bare was Jesus' cradle bed.

Lawley left Jerusalem purposing to meet the General at Port Said, but the weather becoming stormy, no boat would put out from Jaffa. The gale increased in fury, and, unless it abated, it was clear that no boat could land. Lawley was asked to conduct meetings among Christians while he waited. This he did, but his diary reveals much stress of spirit:

'I have had a very restless day and night. So much depends upon the change of wind and weather. Have prayed hard. God will listen; God will answer.'

Next day:

Had restless night; the weather troubled me. God is good; the wind changed; sea much calmer. General arrived in good time; fair health; transhipping in open boat was a little trying; much tossing.'

As on many of his journeys, the Commissioner described passing events for 'The Young Soldier,' published at International Headquarters. The following description of the Founder's visit to the Holy Land is taken from these notes:

'The morning the General arrived at Jaffa, the sea was rather angry; and as there is no proper landing convenience, we were just a little anxious.

'The General, however, felt his way carefully down the gangway; two big burly natives passed him into the arms of two others, and in this way our Leader reached the small surf boat in safety. Eighteen or twenty native boatmen were soon plying their oars, and to a native air they pulled the General towards the shores of the Holy Land.

Perfect silence reigned as the General bared his head and prayed that his visit to Palestine might result in world-wide blessing.

'The journey to Jerusalem was very interesting. The Plain of Sharon was covered with green pasture, lovely flowers, olive trees, and Eastern shepherds with their sheep. I never understood as I do now the meaning of the words of Jesus when He said, "My sheep hear My voice, and follow Me."

'This was made clear before our eyes, for the sheep were literally following the shepherd, and at his call they answered to their names; the little lambs, the shepherd carried in his arms.

When the General reached the Hill of Judea -- where the Israelites assembled to fight the Philistines-his eyes danced with interest. The brook from which David chose the stones was pointed out to us, and, in imagination, we saw it all. God's handful, Hell's multitude; God's little champion, Hell's mighty giant! The challenge; David steps out and accepts it; watched him sling the stone; hit Goliath; level him to the ground; run away with his head; while the armies of Israel shouted their praises to God. David's God is our God, and although the Goliaths of sin may be mighty, and threaten us with destruction, yet Jesus lives to bring us through.

'Let us gather stones of God's Word, use the sling of faith, in the name of Jesus, and we shall win right gloriously.'

In 1905, there was neither gas nor electric light in the streets of Jerusalem, and only here and there a dim oil lamp; moreover, pariah dogs prowled about the streets in such numbers that it was not safe to go out at night unarmed.

Naturally some fears were entertained as to the attendance at the General's meetings. These were held in the Tabernacle of the American Christian Alliance. The minister was an Army Convert, having found the Lord as a boy at The Army drumhead at Owen Sound, Canada.

The first night the Tabernacle was full, and the second and third nights people could not get in; twenty souls sought the Lord. It greatly touched the General to see two young Jewish men crying to God for Salvation.



Lawley wrote:

The congregations included Jews, Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, Armenians, and English. All heard of the Son of God, who once lived in their city, and died without its gates for the sins of the world.'

Lawley's description of the Founder's visit and the places of sacred memory around Jerusalem is very interesting. We make a few extracts:

'On the Monday, the General and his party were astir early. As the carriage climbed up -- the Mount of Olives, the mountains that skirt the Dead Sea are seen in the distance. At their base we can easily see the Dead Sea itself, and about nine miles this side the River Jordan.

The Mount of Olives is reached, and the General stands upon, or at any rate near, the spot from which Jesus ascended to His Father. What a going up that was! Jesus without wings or chariot ascended, up and up, until a cloud received Him out of their sight.

It was on this spot that Jesus wept over Jerusalem. From where He stood He could command a view of the whole city; see its crowds; hear its people; watch its sins; contemplate its doom; hence the bitter cry, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thee..

As the General stood there, his eyes seemed to look far beyond the walls of that ruined city; He scanned the world, saw the ruin that had come on it, and prayed God to help him to lead His Army forward to the rescue and Salvation of all.

'The Garden of Gethsemane was next visited. The Tree of Agony, under which Jesus is said to have knelt and uttered that bitter cry, " Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done,' was pointed out to the General. He knelt down beneath its boughs, and cried aloud to God, asking that grace might be given to him, to us, and to all who named the name of Jesus, to drink the cup that might pass to our lot, and at all times to say in faith, " Thy will be done."

The place called Calvary came next. Solemnly and slowly, the General climbed to the summit, bared his head, and with a voice that told of his deepest emotions, he said, " Blessed, blessed Master, Thou didst die for me, for us, for all." Aloud we repeated together:

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.'

At the Pool of Bethesda, on the inspiration of the moment, Lawley composed and sang his compelling song, 'Step in.'

With graphic touch and yet with simple grace Lawley describes the Founder's last meeting in the Holy Land:

So as to ensure the General catching the S. S. Victoria at Port Said on the 11th, we had arranged to leave Jaffa on the 12th; but no boat came. Of course, the General could not be idle; and although there were only six hours to seek a Hall and arrange affairs, we set to work with a will, and at eight o'clock all was ready.

Miss Newton's mission hall was full, ninety out of every hundred were natives; so it was a native meeting.

Oh, what a meeting we had! What the General said could be understood by all through a translator.

"The way of - Salvation was made plain, and when Just as I am, without one plea" was sung, God came near, and at the words, "O Lamb of God, I come," forty-three men and women came forward. Others could not leave their seats, so they knelt where they were. It was a time of tears; cries could be heard all over the place.

In their own language (Arabic) we sang: " Jesus saves me, Jesus save me, Jesus saves me just now."

"This was followed with: " I believe it, I believe it, I believe it just now."

When the General gave them his blessing, he prayed as follows:

"O God, bless these people! In a strange way they seem to have become my children. I love this country; I love them. I shall never meet them again here; but I shall look out for them all in Heaven. Give them victory over every temptation, in the hour of darkness help them to look up to Heaven, and say, "Jesus saves me now." Help them to stick to their consecration, and trust, trust, trust, trust all the time

"The last scene was very affecting indeed. Young and old alike pressed towards the General, kissed his hand; then, placing it upon their forehead, they bowed to the ground, wiped away their tears, and I know that many of them said, "Thank God for the great good man that has brought us the message of Jesus!

The General returned to the small office, and as I lifted his coat, he said, " Well, Lawley, you and I have lived and loved for a long time, and seen some wonderful things; but I do think that is the most wonderful sight of all."

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVII

### 'THE HEART OF HIM'

COMMANDER EVA BOOTH wrote of Lawley: If asked what was the feature that impressed me most in the man, I should say without a moment's hesitation, it was the heart of him. It came into everything that he was and said and did-because he would not go into anything without it. This was the secret of his power in song, in prayer, in invitation to the sinner, in joy. This was the secret of his indispensable service to his " old Captain," my Father. It was the heart of him.'

These words express the feelings of thousands who knew and loved Lawley. It was the heart of the child that so peculiarly endeared him to his little mother, in the days long flown; it was the heart of him that made him a friend to thousands.

Some hearts expand and contract in such a way, that render them incapable of holding friendship for long at a time. Lawley's heart never contracted. Once he had given a welcome, one stayed in his affections unless he himself withdrew. His comrades and friends belonged to the wide world. They included the veterans of the Corps he had commanded; the Officers whom his call had aroused to war; his Officer comrades in every country whither his travelings took him; the servants of the State, those helpers of world travelers-policemen, railwaymen, porters, stewards.

He had an extraordinary memory for faces, and was able to greet people by name after a lapse of many years and in other countries. When he was claimed as friend of a host of people who knew him merely by sight, he never required credentials, but had a smile and words of fellowship for all.

He, who for Christ's sake was so often separated from his own children, kept open heart for all young people. At the home of Officers who entertained him, he was, to the children there, as one Officer puts it, 'A combination of saint, prophet, and Santa Claus.' To get a child on his knee; to feel little arms about his neck; to listen to questions and answer them; or 'tell stories,' was heaven to Lawley. One of his especial joys was to reckon himself 'godfather' to the children he had dedicated to the War. These he followed with affectionate interest, watching their development, and reminding them of the vows made concerning them. But his tenderest love was reserved for a suffering child.

Colonel Gauntlett tells of the bond of affection between his little Caughey -- whom an accident had made a lifelong invalid-and the Commissioner.

The little lad was truly converted, but a highly sensitive conscience sometimes plunged his soul into gloom. He eagerly looked forward to the visits of his big friend. Somehow, his problems seemed to vanish in the presence of the Commissioner's sunny faith. He gave up his short leisure in the house to sitting beside the little sufferer, telling him the choicest stories of his travels, and incidents of the Founder's great Campaigns. Caughey listened, his pain and depression charmed away.

An extract from one of the sheaves of letters Mrs. Lawley received after her husband's promotion to Glory, says:

I remember the first time I saw him. I was only about five years old, and at a big meeting. Mother had been called away to speak with some one, and I was feeling lonesome and rather scared. Along came the Commissioner, said a few kind words and kissed me. All the fear disappeared, and I was happy. It seems to me that his life has been like that action all along, only in a bigger way.'

Heaven will be full of surprises for Lawley, for he was always sowing good seed which later sprang up and yielded fruit.

A young Officer tells how, as a girl in a distant country, she sat in a prayer meeting rebellious at the thought of the way of the cross in her life. The Commissioner walked down the aisle, took her hand, spoke a few direct, tender words about her future. She could not explain how, but self-will seemed to loose its defense, and to follow Jesus seemed to be the only thing in the world worth while. She did not go to the penitent-form that night, and Lawley never knew that his words, by the power of God, changed her life.

Brigadier Matilda Hatcher accompanied the Commissioner across Siberia after the conclusion of the Founder's Japanese tour. She tells an incident which illustrates Lawley's compassion at the sight of sorrow.

At Mukden, the Commissioner lost his suit case. It was beside him on the seat of the railway compartment when he stood up to look out at the window; when he sat down again the case had disappeared. A thief had entered the train by the opposite door and gone off with it. It contained his passport. The misfortune held up the party at Moscow.

One evening the Commissioner and the Brigadier went to the cathedral and watched the worshippers there. It was a baptismal occasion. Mothers with their babes in their arms paid the priest a certain sum of money; whereupon the infants received the priest's blessing.

The Army Officers watched a frail woman carrying a babe, and, with another little child at her skirts, approach the priest. She spoke to him and offered money; but he shook his head, and the woman turned away. All unconscious of any interested eyes upon her, she sank upon the stone floor; the little group, a picture of misery.

Inquiring of an interpreter the cause of the woman's trouble, the Commissioner learned that she had not sufficient money to purchase the baptismal blessing; the babe was ailing, and according to the teaching of the church, could not enter Heaven if it died unbaptized.

'Come on, Hatcher, let's see this through. I'll be godfather and you be godmother,' said the Commissioner.

Through the interpreter, he told the woman that he would pay the fee. It was discovered that the boy also was unbaptized. Raising the mother, the Brigadier took the baby, the Commissioner lifted the wondering but willing little boy in his arms, and, with the mother, the little procession came before the priest. The fee paid, the blessing was pronounced, and the mother, radiating with

gratitude, departed. Lawley looked after her with shining eyes. 'Maybe we'll get that family when we open Russia,' he remarked.

Before he was clear of Russian territory, Lawley unexpectedly met a very old friend. The passport affair hindered him again at Warsaw, and the officials were ugly. Somewhat harassed, he went in search of the British Consul. Arriving at his house, he was told the Consul was away. Dismay was taking possession of him, when a lady appeared on the scene, and with a mixture of wonder and joyfulness exclaimed in charming English, 'Major Lawley! Imagine seeing you here!' It was a lady who had known 'the Major' quite well in Cardiff, now the wife of the British Ambassador in this a corner so remote from Army activities. She negotiated the passport difficulty with much pleasure.

The simplicity and sincerity of Lawley's spirit made his friendship a refreshment to widely differing temperaments. Perhaps his closest friend was Commissioner McAlonan. This Officer, practical, analytical, and studious by disposition and training, found rest of heart and mind in his mystical comrade, with whom for over thirty years he was associated in a variety of positions. Commissioner McAlonan has contributed many illuminating touches to this sketch; but, in a nutshell, he says:

'I found Lawley to be an entirely true man. A transparent soul; guileless and humble of heart as a child, and as sensitive, easily affected by the buffetings of the War. He often carried a sore heart, but he never held bitterness. His loving spirit was an invaluable asset to The Army.'

The simplicity of spirit which Commissioner McAlonan loved in Lawley was noted and appreciated by all his near friends. Brigadier Cox supplies the following charming incident: 'Crossing the Great Australian Bight one night, Lawley and I stood together for a little while on deck watching the wondrous display of lightning, during an electric storm.

'I felt him take hold of my hand, while he whispered, " 'He sent forth His lightnings, and they did fly.' Moses was not afraid of the lightning, why should you or I be?'

One of Lawley's most pleasurable occupations on his long journeys was the writing of letters to comrades in many parts of the world. In this way he cultivated fellowship with an almost untold number of people. His letters were neither long nor descriptive of events or places. They were just breaths of the gladness of remembrance.

To his old friend David Morgan he would begin: 'Dear David, -- All hail the power of Jesus' name! How are you? I hope you are well. My heart is hot towards you. My love abounds.' Then would follow news of the Campaign in progress in the same style of telegraphic terseness. His last letter to this old comrade was from Australia, and reported, 'The General has done finely. He is a great, good man.'

Of such a spirit, Lowell wrote (if we may substitute the masculine gender) He doeth little kindnesses, that most leave undone or despise. For naught that sets one heart at rest, or giveth happiness or peace,

Is low esteemed in his eyes.

The comrades and friends of the Clapton Congress Hall-for many years his home Corps-are rich in memories of his kindliness. Discovering that one was suffering from a bad cough one winter's night, he hied home to get some cough mixture that had helped him, and then out again through a snowstorm to deliver it.

A poor widow is never finished telling of his thoughtfulness for her, throughout her husband's long illness.

Major Morgan liked to recall an incident of the coal and food shortage which occurred during the war. One winter's night he and Mrs. Morgan arrived home from a campaign. The house was bitterly cold. There came a knock at the door. 'Who's there?' inquired the Major, peering into the darkness. 'Only the coal man,' replied a cheerful voice. Lawley had anticipated his comrades' difficulty, and borrowing a perambulator had wheeled a little coal to their door. 'You must not come home like this any more, to a cold house, David,' he said. 'Always let Mrs. Lawley know when to expect you, then go straight to our place, and have something hot.'

Reverence toward old age is ever present in refined souls. In many corners of The Army world dim eyes shine and wrinkled faces wreath with joy at mention of Lawley's name. His tenderness soothed the sorrows of the aged; his lightheartedness refreshed them, and his faith lit the westering sky for them. Such love was mutual. Many of Lawley's dearest friends were lowly, aged saints.

But for old people in spiritual distress, all that was strongest and most patient in the man rose to minister. To the penitent-form once came an old lady who believed she had sinned away her day of grace. The hour became very late, but the poor old soul still knelt in hopeless misery. Lawley got all who remained in the Hall to kneel around the penitent. He encouraged their faith, and had them to sing over and over again:

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
Not till earth and not till Heaven  
Pass away.

Gradually the glorious truth of the mercy and love of God burst upon the distressed mind, and presently a quavering voice joined the others, and an upraised hand told that faith had triumphed. The old lady went home rejoicing.

When the Commissioner lived at Wood Green (North London), a neighbor came to ask him to visit her dying father. The old man was stone deaf, and for some time the Commissioner was at a loss how to deal with him about his soul. Then he asked for a slate, and wrote upon it words of promise and assurance. The old man read them, but shook his head. The Commissioner tried one thing, and another, without success. At last he wrote, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' Jesus says, 'Him that COMETH, not him that FEELETH.' The Commissioner lifted the slate; the old man read, and nodded his head. Now on the right road, the Commissioner led him,

step by step, to Jesus, until finally he was able to testify that 'Jesus saves me now.' At 2 a.m. he asked his daughter to prop him up, and giving further proof of his faith in Jesus as his Saviour, his spirit slipped away to be with God.

In Lawley was fulfilled that word of God, 'There shall be in you a well of water springing up.' This overflow brought refreshment to souls, without Lawley ever being conscious that virtue had gone out from him. Field-Major Ebbs tells how in a time of personal trial, Lawley strengthened his hands:

'We were at Alexandra Palace for a great Field Day. The Commissioner came over to where we were standing, and putting out his hand, gave me a hearty handshake, saying, " God bless you, Ebbs! " This kindly touch and cheering word stirred my soul to new courage and determination to conquer, and conquer we did by the blessing of God.'

Commissioner Mildred Duff belonged to the same county as Lawley, and had a warm appreciation of the Norfolk characteristics which marked his life. His calm, deliberate ways were an unfailing refreshment to her spirit. She remembers on one occasion being suddenly called upon to pray in a great Army open-air meeting. Fearing that her voice might not carry, and that the petition would be lost upon the crowd, she felt agitated. caught the look of anxiety in her face, and as she reached the speaking-rail, she heard him saying in a steady, confident voice, 'You're all right, Duff. Hold up your head and speak slow.'

During Lawley's world travels, one of his anchors was to know that during his long absences from home, Mrs. Lawley had an open door to Commissioner Duff. She could talk out those little anxieties that do arise with a growing family. 'There,' she would say, 'I feel better now, and I won't tell Pa, for it will all be over by the time my letter will reach him. Why should he be worried needlessly?'

At the Commissioner's Memorial Service, Commissioner Duff used a pleasant thought of Colonel Forward's to illustrate her appreciation of her old comrade. Lawley was a great believer in the S's. She said: Commissioner Lawley killed many a Goliath with the sling and stone of Sincerity. He was himself; absolutely frank. I never knew any one who so hit the mark for happiness and earnestness.

His Sympathy was wonderful. He could take your hand, and say more with one hand-shake than others could do in a whole sermon. His Sincerity blessed me. The more anxious he was, the more calm he appeared; the more agitated, the slower he spoke.

'I saw him a few weeks before he died; then it was his Submission that touched me. He was full of interest and anxiety about the General's tour; he wanted to be well and at work; but he settled his soul upon the word, "Thy way not mine, O Lord."

Lawley's comrade over a long stretch of years was Brigadier Fred Cox. The Brigadier says:

I can remember no single instance where his genuineness and purity did not shine, like a bright and beautiful example of what a Salvationist should be. He was more to me than a comrade; more than a brother; more than an example; he was Salvationism embodied.

Under trial he knew how to keep silence. His speech was silver, but the gold of his silence was his chief asset.

'Not once did I ever see him ruffled or out of temper. I remember him once strongly reprimanding a railway porter who had spoken disrespectfully to the Founder; but although Lawley's eye flashed, the even tones of his voice indicated that his spirit was calm.

'Once at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, a man whom Lawley reproved for misbehavior, became violent and attacked him. With another Officer, I came upon the scene and found the man struggling with Lawley and twisting his head so as to cause him great pain. We overpowered the rough, and as we were carrying him downstairs, Lawley's voice reached us, "Be pitiful, lads; be pitiful!" That was John Lawley.'

One of the charms of Lawley's character was his constancy. Commissioner Jeffries first met him when the former was a Lieutenant. His kindly interest in the young Officer's soul made an impression on Jeffries that has ever remained with him. The lad became a Captain, and was sent to the ends of the earth. Commissioner Jeffries says:

'On my farewelling for Australia, the Commissioner gave me a book entitled, " Perfect Love "-just the kind of book Lawley would give. I saw him on several occasions in Australia, when he accompanied the Founder there, and he was the same happy, genial, loving personality. During the last twenty-five years I have traveled up and down Great Britain with him, in connection with the meetings of the Founder and the present General. I have billeted with him, and worked with him, and I always found him a tender, sympathetic, loving soul, ever ready to cheer those in trouble. He would generally do so by singing one of his own simple songs, with a smiling face, until the despondent comrade could not help but smile and cheer up.'

His good humor was infectious. It radiated warmth, and often dispersed mists of depression. Among many Officers he was known as 'the oil-can man.' One remembers an occasion when, during certain Officers' Councils, an innovation in Field methods was being introduced. The Officers could not see how the proposal was going to work, and were in a serious, if not gloomy mood, when Lawley was called upon. With beaming countenance he began, 'Let's have a good sing,' and started off with 'We shall have a new name in that land.' He turned and twisted that chorus till it seemed to meet every need and condition of the F.O., and the meeting finished in a boil of joyful enthusiasm.

Lieut.-Commissioner Unsworth, one of his oldest comrades, writes:

'He loved his comrades about him, and they loved him in return. Even those who dropped out he could not forget. He thought of the good days he had spent with some of them, and in the memory of those days he largely overlooked the bitterness of parting.



He has gone. His last kiss will remain on my cheek, and his last words, breathed into my ear in husky tones scarcely above a whisper, " Good-bye, dear Isaac, don't forget to pray for me."

Dear, dear Lawley! We shall meet again!

Nothing less than the Divine call would have taken Johnny Lawley from among his own people, and through all the years of his career he never grew away from his humble, cottage home in Bradford.

His father became a Soldier of the Bradford No. I Corps, and for years was the Hallkeeper there. On Sundays he started his day at 6 a.m., packed food, and set off for Knee-drill. He remained at the Hall for the long day of fifteen hours and gloried in the fight. During his later years he became blind, but his joyous spirit sustained him. He liked to sit at the cottage door in the sunshine, and sing the songs he loved. When he was dying, he raised himself, and said to his wife, 'Ann, can't you see Jesus? He's coming for me,' and so saying he passed into the Glory Land.

The little mother, still pink and round of face, and gentle of voice, with few gray hairs, and able to read without glasses at eighty-seven, sits in the sunniest corner of a daughter's home. She darns and reads; nearest her hand is a large print Army Song Book, in which are marked all of her 'Johnny's' songs. She now looks forward to a glad day when she shall join her beloved ones.

To his old home Lawley traveled at every opportunity. There he was the lad again; he heard of his old companions, some of whom would drop in to see him and have a 'crack'; or, if he heard of one being ill, he would go and visit him. Mother would make him a steak pudding or Norfolk dumplings, and together, and as other members of the family dropped in, they would talk and laugh, and he would sing them his latest songs. Then off he would go again to the battle-field which was his by choice and his mother's by sacrifice.

Yes, it was the heart of him that made Lawley great; a cleansed heart, devoted to the service of God and man, and filled with love for all. The longer the world lives, the more surely is proved the truth, that love is the greatest thing.

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### A PRIEST UNTO GOD

In his early days there was much about Lawley that was suggestive of the prophet, but during the past thirty years he has occupied the office of a priest unto God. Like Aaron in the camp of the stricken Israelites, he stood between the living and the dead, and interceded for the people, and the plague was stayed.' -- Commissioner Howard [10] at Lawley's funeral service.

THOSE who have to any considerable degree engaged in congregational soul-saving work, highly appreciate the importance of the after prayer meeting. So sacred does this ministry appear to many Army Officers that they would prefer to be responsible for any other duty than that most

delicate work of bringing souls, who, by the speaker's efforts, have come under conviction of sin, to decide for Christ. Multitudes in the valley of decision! but how great a proportion of those multitudes miss the path that leads to the Cross!

Often, the speaker trembles to 'pull in.' He does not feel able to exercise that tender, strong, compelling hand at the vital moment. Therefore, he commits the prayer meeting to another. He, perhaps, feels unskilled in this fine art, or he may not have caught the tone of the message, and so labors to 'create an atmosphere' of his own before making an appeal. Meanwhile, behind him, soul-lovers groan, as they see the crisis pass and the meeting lost. Others are adepts in appealing only to the emotions of a crowd; but this is largely surface work, the results of which pass away.

Few, indeed, are those soul-specialists, leaders of the great after meeting, who are able to lay hold of the convicted in the mass and lead them to make sincere, whole-hearted surrender to Christ.

To attain this rare ability, a man needs to prepare and to devote himself, as does a man of science to his calling. In the first place, he must believe the message preached-that Jesus is 'able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.' To truly believe this, he must have experienced it for himself; and every man possessing this experience is certain that since God is able to wash and keep his soul white, He can do the same for any other soul.

He must believe that the wrath of God is the inevitable portion of souls who willfully refuse Salvation.

He must be fully conscious of the sacred, and even awful responsibility of being a Priest unto God.

It was because Lawley believed all this, realized all this, and lived all this, that he became a prince among Army prayer-battle leaders. For thirty years, in all parts of the world, he co-operated with his Leaders in bringing great congregations to God.

By its very nature this work allowed little variety. Lawley's words were necessarily limited in scope, for they were all related to decision; they all led to the penitent-form. But wonderful as it is to the whole Army, and most wonderful to his contemporary Commissioners who understood the difficulties of his work, Lawley's message, though it was ever the same, the world over, seldom appeared stale. This could not have been unless the dew of the Holy Spirit fell upon it continually.

In order to operate in harmony with the Divine power on the platform, Lawley needed to live in the spirit of separation for that holy service..

First of all, he kept his own soul right. He would not allow clouds to come between himself and God. And he kept in right relationship with men. If he missed fire, or neglected opportunities, and was brought to account, he took the reproof and endeavored to do better. If misunderstood, or wrongly blamed, or hurt in his spirit, he took the matter to God, and got so well comforted that he was able to meet with a smile of friendship the person who had grieved him.

Indeed, so thoroughly did he triumph in this respect, that only his closest intimates knew how sorely he felt hard knocks.

Lawley lived in the prayer that Jesus taught His disciples: 'Deliver us from evil.' He did not play with fire. He had no spiritual 'ifs' or 'buts.' A comrade tells that while on a long journey, for the sake of interest, he tried to draw Lawley into spiritual argument. It was 'no go'; he simply would not waste a thought on vain speculation; but said, "'His Blood can make the vilest clean, His Blood avails for me.'" That's all I care about.' Says another comrade on the same score: ' He never met, never entertained doubts. He scooted them as evil things.' Lawley kept his heart free from distractions; he mixed as little as possible with the affairs of this life, that his heart might be free to respond to the whispers of God.

Lieut.-Colonel Henry Taylor, who was reporter of many of the Founder's and the General's great Campaigns, tells of his silence while traveling:

'We might be five in a compartment, Lawley was generally apart from us. Occasionally we would become conscious of his presence by a shrewd remark on the subject in question, accompanied by a merry smile or by a mirthful song. He lived in his work, and thought it out beforehand.'

But this apartness of spirit had no savor of the morose. Colonel Taylor continues:

He was a great big human, with a child's soul. Pure merriment was always simmering behind his violet eyes.'

Another comrade speaks of his introspective attitude during long journeys:

His mind was occupied with the meetings that lay ahead, accumulating thoughts for the platform. He would be pondering how to bring souls to decision, and how, when they arrived there, to carry them through to liberty.'

Commissioner Jeffries, describing Lawley's methods in great prayer-battles, says:

'I have been present at immense gatherings from which great things have been hoped, when somehow, no one could tell exactly how, the meetings have gone flat. The outlook would have scared most people; but Lawley never quailed, never betrayed anxiety. He just took a good look round and called up a great fund of faith; gradually, his optimism affected other people; he got hold of the situation, and simply dragged victory away from defeat.'

Again to quote Colonel Taylor, who in a period covering many years studied Lawley in prayer meetings in various countries:

'There were different kinds of prayer meetings. In some, victory came rolling in like a wave. Lawley let it come. He never talked the Spirit's influence away. At other times, it seemed the very Devil was present contesting for the souls about to be saved. This influence roused in Lawley all his fighting qualities. He understood the principle, " first bind the strong man." Strong

in the strength of the pure heart, he and his workers set to work and delivered the captives from the mighty.

Still another prayer meeting reminded one of the field of battle. The slain of the Lord and the wounded lay about in all directions. Lawley then stood forth as Captain of the ambulance. The walking cases were directed to the dressing station and came trooping up, while the red-cross men and women brought in the others.

'Still again, some meetings seemed stiffened by the Giant Despair. Up came Great-heart Lawley, attacked the giant, and rejoiced in the liberation of captives from Doubting Castle. And yet again, he would be like some admiral in a sea encounter directing here and attacking there. His faith and hope for the lost were delightful.'

Commissioner Jeffries adds another view:

He always impressed me when either the Founder or the present General was speaking on the Sunday night, as though he were following and travelling in spirit, getting himself ready to take hold of the prayer meeting.

'A prayer meeting to Lawley was a living thing, needing to be gripped, and guided, until, no matter how hard and indifferent the people seemed to be, how stubborn the spirit of unbelief, by persistent prayer, song, and faith, the break came. Then his voice in triumphant tones would be heard exclaiming, "The first has come"; then on, and on, until at times the number ran to two or three hundred seekers.

Lawley's skill in this work was not an acquisition of recent years. God had been training him for it from his early days.

He was among the first Officers who used the Band to lead the singing in great prayer-battles.

It is interesting to read one of his reports from Bristol Circus in 1882

Grand Go inside. No pen can describe the meeting. What power flooded our souls as we sang, " We are bound for the Land of the pure and the holy! " While singing,

Come along, come along,  
O sinner, come along to the Eden above,

hundreds waved their hands in the air beckoning the crowd to Heaven with them; conviction seized the mass, the Brass Band played with power, " Depth of mercy, can there be." Out sinners flocked to Jesus. " Make way there. Here they come! God bless that dear fellow in soldier's uniform,- with his sword at his side; he has come to surrender to the King of kings." Band is now playing " Almost persuaded." Still they come! What a sight for angels to look at! How the bells of Heaven chime! Behold how Hell shrinks from the scene! Look at those saints, their very eyes sparkle with joy. One soul says, " I will not yield tonight "; rushes out of the Circus, off home she goes. God

follows her. "Make way there; let the young woman come to the Cross. Who is she? That's she who said, 'I will not be saved tonight!' God has fetched her from borne again. Hallelujah! down she goes, making forty-nine at the Cross." The overflow place, which holds over five hundred people, was full. Sergeant Sperring is assisted by our Concertina Band of Hallelujah lasses, numbering thirty-five, the majority in Army bonnets. They will be a mighty power for good, and a tremendous attraction. My prayer is that they may be the means of playing tens of thousands from the discords of sin into the harmony and music of Heaven. Amen! They had six souls at the Cross, making fifty-five for the day. Soldiers, be ye filled with the Holy Ghost!

Yours, blessedly saved,  
'Johnny Lawley.'

In his reports to The Army press of world Campaigns, the Commissioner has given some vivid glimpses of prayer battles. The following describes one in New York:

'The General's Sunday night's talk upon, "Love so amazing " was a masterpiece. Jesus was proclaimed and held up in such a fashion that the vast multitude saw Him, touched Him, felt Him, and, in a sense, understood Him as never before.

Jesus! There He is! Look at Him! " cried the preacher. " What, what, what will you do with Him tonight? You must do something. There is no neutral ground. You must do something with Him, and you must do something with Him now. Will you drive the nails, push the thorns, wag your head, present the vinegar, and thrust the sword, and crucify the Lord of life and glory? Or will you do as I did over sixty years ago, fall at His feet, give up your rebellion, hand over to Him your life, and from this hour be His servant and His Soldier? If you will, then rise to your feet, and come and kneel upon this stage, and thus make it well known to Hell, earth, and Heaven, that from tonight you are going to be for Christ, and for His Cross."

'It is a moment to be remembered. The General sinks back into his chair with palpitating heart. I step forward to the rail. A hush rests upon the people. Destinies are in the balance, while fifteen hundred men and women rise to their feet and, with closed eyes, sing:

What will you do with Jesus?  
What will the answer be?

'There was very little waiting; in fact, none, for the General had barely reached his seat before a tall, fine-looking woman was seen marching up the center aisle, and others soon followed, and from every end and side of the theater penitents were being led to the Saviour of souls, and the Healer of broken hearts. Kneeling side by side were the widow and the orphan, the father and the fatherless, the aged and the young, the rich and the poor, the prodigals and the proud, some clothed in silk and others in rags What a sight! Look, yonder kneels a Spaniard, there weeps a Dutchman, here comes a German! Look, there's a woman from Sweden, and here one from Denmark, while that poor broken-hearted fellow hails from Norway, and right in the midst of all we noticed a colored brother from the south. It was, indeed, a mingling together of angels and men, a coming together of the sinner and the Saviour.'

Said Commissioner Howard: 'The marvel of Lawley's work was that he kept on doing this same work year after year. And may The Army ever keep where Lawley left it, waiting for the next-and the next.'

The Chief of the Staff (Commissioner Edward Higgins) cherishes tender thoughts of Lawley in his great vocation. The first time that he gripped the Chief was when the latter was a lad in Training. Lawley, present at a Cadets' Spiritual Day, was called upon to speak, and took as his theme those lines: Power into strengthless souls He speaks, And life into the dead. That was a red-letter day to young Edward Higgins. He received a vision, and a deeper realization of the power of God in his soul. In the years that have followed, in America, Japan, the Continent, and as well up and down the United Kingdom, he has watched Lawley bring dead or weak souls into contact with the living Christ.

A feature of his service that much pleased the Chief was that he never became self-sufficient or arrogant. He has watched the Founder stand behind him and prompt him with exclamations and messages which Lawley would instantly assimilate and give out as if by inspiration.

Commissioner Duff expresses the thought of many when she says: 'Thousands of people who have never talked with the Commissioner nor taken his hand, feel they had in him a personal friend, for Lawley, in his public work, possessed the remarkable power of projecting himself, his spirit, and influence into every part of even the largest gathering. He gave out a song, which often became a sermon; he sang a chorus backing it with a moving testimony as to his own Salvation, and many of his hearers felt it to be the very experience they longed to possess.'

Not the least of God's gifts to Lawley for his particular work were his presence and his voice.

His comfortable appearance, kindly countenance, which could be intensely serious as well as radiant with joy, aided an attractive voice in delivering a message which could descend to depths of compassion and sorrow for sin, or rise to heat against obstinate sin, or exult in the power of Jesus to save. Says a beloved old comrade, 'Anything that John Lawley said sounded sweet.'

There are people whose unction for souls dies away with their platform utterances. 'With Lawley this was not so. Love for souls was the passion of his life, though in later years it grieved the Founder that he lost some of his early courage and ingeniousness in attacking crowds apart from arranged congregations. He sought the ones and twos in all kinds of hidden places, and by many loving ways. Commissioner Kitching tells how on board ship he moved among the simple folk, seeking to bless their souls; always at home with children on his travels, he arranged to hold meetings with them.

Lieut.-Colonel Taylor recalls his earnestness in soul-seeking on the long-distance trains in America. On one of these he discovered a poor lad dying of consumption. He had been sent out West hoping for a cure, but was coming home to die. Very lovingly and tenderly Lawley dealt with him about his soul, getting some others of the traveling staff to sing, and pray, and rejoice when he came into the Kingdom of God. As the train ran into the junction where their ways parted, the boy

said, 'Just sing to me the chorus I heard your people sing in the East,' and in that strange place the refrain arose:

We're going to spend eternity,  
Singing around the Throne.

Right down to the river of death he persisted in this soul-loving, soul-seeking. His pitifulness made him tender with the most unloving; his patience gave him gentleness with the wayward. His faith believed for all.

And is his work finished? Oh, no. In the Revelation, that marvelous Word of God to His children concerning the future state, we read that the overcomers in this life are to be Kings and Priests unto God by and by, and there we see John Lawley continuing his work of leading people of all nations to a better understanding of the love and will of God.

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## CHAPTER XIX

### LAST DAYS

ABOUT the time that accompanied the General on his Australian tour-in 1920-a continual heaviness and weariness, which seemed due to a form of indigestion, troubled him. The second American tour followed, and then the indisposition so developed, that intense devotion was needed to enable him to keep his place by the General's side in the great engagements, which followed in quick succession, in city after city. The best of medical advice was procured, and the specialists, with a lurking apprehension, resorted to the assistance of the X-rays to help them in their diagnosis. The sensitive plates apparently revealed nothing seriously amiss, and the verdict that a good rest and careful diet would restore his armor-bearer to perfect health much relieved the General.

On the return journey, Mrs. Lawley met her husband at Liverpool. 'We'll go at once to mother,' the Commissioner decided. Just an hour with 'the dearest mother in the world,' a little while with a sick sister, and the Commissioner set his face homewards -- his last long journey.

He had only to rest to get better, so the doctors said, and the General arranged for him to spend a precious twelve months in the love of his family. He was always anticipating the time when he would again be in the fight, and would flash good-humored incentives to those who were in full health; for instance, 'I'd rather be a fighting Soldier than an angel out of work.' In the enforced inactivity the true spirit showed itself; when he could not deal with thousands, he used his opportunities to seek to win the ones and twos that came his way.

For the first time, he now had opportunity to get to know the townspeople of Watford, where he lived. He spoke to many he met on the streets; dropped in to give a cheer to the lonely and the sick, and wherever he went, he left behind a sense of sunshine, peace, and love.

In his unexpected leisure, he looked upon The Army world and wrote letters to comrades on lonely battle-fields,

Lawley received at his home comrades old and young, and tried to bless all. Finding that one delicate little lad had a stamp hobby, he took pleasure in adding to his collection. Song composing did not come as easily to him as formerly, but when in America he breathed out to God a prayer in verse, 'Hold Thou my hand.' One of his sweetest songs, a verse of which runs:

I dare not walk the path of life alone,  
Hold Thou my hand.  
Without Thy aid I cannot reach my Home,  
Hold Thou my hand.  
And since the way I take is known to Thee,  
Do Thou, dear Lord, my Friend and Helper be.

His last, and as many feel, his best song, 'I trust in Thee,' was composed during these resting days.

To 'The War Cry' he sent an article, an extract from which reveals, better than any words that others could write about him, the man who now had entered upon his last days:

My old Captain is gone from mortal sight, but he does not leave me for long together. He comes to me in my dreams; in them I see him so plainly. He is just his old self, and looks as he did in the days of long ago. His beautiful old hand with the soft silken fingers, is placed upon my brow, and I feel the nervous twitch as in the past. I have talked to my dear wife of his coming, and she said, " Yes, darling, he comes to see that you are at the old business, and not going back upon your vows!"

'Going back? Why should I? Standing as I do on the frontier of two worlds, I say, and I say it deliberately, that I have very little in my faith and fight to regret. Yes, without doubt my old Captain helps to hold me to it! With him at my elbow, and his grand old face shining up at me through the vista of ten years, go back I dare not!

My comrades, the old landmarks are worth fighting for. Some I know, have tried and are trying still to cover up the mouth of the Bottomless Pit. But that they cannot do! Hell and Hell-fire are still there; it is true that the worm never dies; that the black, bleak storm of eternal night still rolls up and across the ocean to the shores of eternal despair. Do not mistake me-I believe in a Hell as dark and as dreadful as ever! "Let God be true, and every man a liar! " And if the damned still groan, the saints still sing. I have heard them! They sing as much and as sweetly as ever. My splendid old Captain is one of the songsters. Wait until we meet, and perhaps the angelic choir will keep silent whilst he and I sing the song of the Lamb together.

My faith in the Bible holds! My faith in the Blood remains! My faith in the power of the Holy Ghost is unshaken! And my confidence in the principles of the glorious Salvation Army to storm, and shake, and save the world has not given way one iota! Yes! Thank God, my anchor holds!



I wonder, do you see faces and forms that look up at you from the past and help to hold you to all that is holy and sacred? True, you may not have had the example and prayers and assistance of our beloved old Founder as I have. But you have the words and companionship of Another-His name is Jesus. Does He not say, "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not "?

Therefore, my comrades and friends, hold fast the beginning of your confidence! Be a simple out-and-out, Blood-and-Fire, rough-and-ready Salvationist, and don't attempt to be anything or anybody else. Hold on to the Old Story! Stick to the old paths! Don't give up an inch of the Bible!

If you will do these things, I repeat-and I repeat with all my heart-you will have crowds to bless your memory, to hold your name dear, to praise God for your example, and to thank Him that they ever crossed your path!

Contrary to expectations, his health did not improve in spite of complete rest. At last he reluctantly submitted to the examination of another specialist. An immediate operation was advised. The result revealed that a deadly enemy of the human race had laid its relentless grip upon him.

The surgeon came from the operating theater to Mrs. Lawley. Clearly and truly, he told her that in any case her husband could be with her only ,a little while; but, that if he understood his condition, a rally from the operation was unlikely. Mrs. Lawley had freely given her husband to the Holy War, but she had fondly looked forward to their spending the eventide of life together. Now she knew this was not to be.

The Commissioner was regaining consciousness; he opened his eyes to find her sitting beside him, her courageous eyes pouring love upon him. 'Harrie, darling, is it all right?' he whispered.

Yes, it is all right,' she answered confidently.

'Are you satisfied?'

'Quite satisfied.'

In those words, Harriett Lawley made her final renunciation of her husband to the will of God. Her love kept him with her for a further nine months, and he never knew the secret that was locked in her heart.

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## CHAPTER XX

'FAITHFUL'

THE Commissioner returned home from the hospital, and was able, for a time, to sit in the garden, and to take an occasional motor ride with friends who called for him. Once, he attended a gathering of the Bandsmen and their wives of the Watford Corps. Leaning upon the Bandmaster, his son Bramwell, he spoke to the young men of their responsibility for taking the message of Salvation to the unsaved by means of music and song. He pleaded with them to be true Salvationists.

One day he heard of the sudden illness of the Corps Officer, and sent a message to his friend, the Treasurer, asking him to drive him to the Quarters. The Officer writes:

I shall never forget his coming into my room; he could not speak, but placing his hand on my head, he whispered a prayer over me, then went back home to bed. He was known by the crowd as the great prayer meeting fighter; but such were the incidents in secret that gave him his influence with those of us who came in touch with his home life.'

That was Lawley's last act of service, or, rather, service outside his own home. He continued to wrestle for souls down to the river's brink. Of a lad who had been very uncertain in his soul-life, he said to Mrs. Lawley, 'I'm afraid we've lost him.' 'I fear we have; I saw him in the street and he avoided me,' replied Mrs. Lawley. 'Well, I'll pray for him, and in faith,' he concluded.

A little later, the lad came again to see the Commissioner. After a heart-talk, he said to him, 'Now, take my hand, and we'll sing together. Come on! He started, 'We'll journey together, and soon be at Home.' The voice that once, mellow and strong, had filled great halls, now thin and weak, was still at its vocation, calling, reconciling, and binding souls to God. As the lad sang, the power of Christ came into his life; his feet found a sure place on the Rock of Ages, and he 'wobbled' no more. Soon afterwards, he offered his life to God for service, and later entered the Training Garrison.

When the Commissioner's body lay at the Clapton Congress Hall, this lad begged to go on guard all night. In his soul one reservation still caused him uncertainty. As he stood hour after hour beside the body of his beloved, dead leader, he prayer for light to shine upon his ways; then, taking the Commissioner's Bible from off the coffin, and closing it, he prayed God that He would speak to him from His own Word. Reverently he opened the Book, and before his eyes shone a message so clear, that it seemed as though God had spoken to him audibly. The last reserve abandoned, with strong, willing feet the lad set his face along the highway of Holiness and life-service.

The Commissioner now entered the Valley of the Shadow. He hoped that it was merely a tunnel, from which he would emerge to years of future service. He watched the General's movements, and groaned to be at his side.

Mrs. Booth having visited the veteran Commissioner Cadman, wrote Lawley:

I thought you would like to know that the Commissioner spoke most affectionately of you. We talked of old times, and I found him wonderfully alert mentally. He and Mrs. Cadman made quite a picture as they sat one on each side of the fire-place.

I have thought much of you, and pray that our loving Lord will be very near to you in this time of trial and sickness. There is nothing He cannot overrule in the lives of those who truly love Him.'

In reply, after grateful acknowledgment concerning his old friend, Cadman, Lawley continues:

'I am indeed having a hard, dark pull, but believe that in the course of a few months I shall, if only a little, do more for Jesus.

I hope the General is better, though the press makes me feel uneasy.'

The subject of healing by faith greatly exercised him. The writer often visited him, and he would plead, 'Just help me with your faith. The hill is steep, but I'm putting my toes in, and making the best of a difficult job.'

For long he believed that God would raise him up, but it was not to be.

Step by step God led Lawley into His hitherto unrevealed secrets, and gave him the treasure of darkness. Increasing weakness cast long shadows down his path, but his spirit would not respond to them; rather, his triumph expressed itself in the chorus:

My house is on the hill,  
There are shadows in the valley,  
But my house is on the hill.

After he had faced and admitted the fact that his days were numbered, Mrs. Lawley once said to him, 'What shall I do without you, Pa?' He smiled and replied, 'Darling, you're like the old lady driving to market, when the horse bolted. She had mighty faith till the reins broke.'

The General visited his stricken armor-bearer, and together they spent a mutually precious hour, reviewing the world-wide battle-field.

Mrs. Booth, herself well acquainted with the sorrows which attend a long and fatal illness of a beloved one, also visited the Commissioner and Mrs. Lawley, comforting the sufferer and strengthening his brave wife to meet the approaching separation.

Lawley delighted to have the photographs of the Founder and the General beside his bed where he could see them. The Founder's bore a characteristic message: 'For Colonel Lawley, the faithful comrade of a thousand battles fought for the glory of God and the Salvation of men.'

That of the General was inscribed: 'My dear Lawley, You have never failed me. Thank God!'

The way of the Valley grew more and more difficult for the tired feet, but the Soldier plodded on. With such talk, he beguiled the way:

My armor is tight and it fits; shoes, breast-plate, shield, helmet, sword. It fits me. My Lord intends me to fight a little longer in a uniform like this. I'm a Soldier bound for Glory. I have not taken my armor off. No! 'I have fought; that does not say I have finished. I'm running a winning race; at eventide it shall be light. 'The goodness and mercy of God, like two little birdies, have been singing to me already:

Don't be afraid, don't be afraid.

Everybody has to go this way; I am only going a little bit before. It was my Master's way that I should show you how to live, and now it is His will that I should show you how to die.

'The Lord is my Shepherd. Do not misunderstand me. Jesus intends me to have the Comforter.

I will just have a little rest. Bless the Lord! Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me. Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil. That is a promise, and so satisfactorily true. I know I am meeting His will. He is mine, I am sure.

All is well; what more can I ask?

God doesn't want me to say fare-well. He wants me to say, "All is well."

At one part of the way, Satan, like Bunyan's Apollyon, came out to meet the traveler. He shot his darts and brought a fog of cold, dark doubt upon him until his brave spirit quailed.

In his distress he called for his dearest ones, his wife and his eldest son, and with words of assurance and good cheer they helped him.

His faith triumphed again, and he rejoiced in God. Looking back upon this conflict, he said:

'It may be His will that I shall have to fight it all over again. I may have to fight it all over again; if so, I do not demur. There is no losing with those who stand up for God; therefore, do not be anxious if I have to go through it and face the monster again. I know Whom I have believed, and I am confident that triumph will be the ultimate end.

I am coming out of this valley. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. With a Captain like the Son of God, who rose again for my Salvation, with a Captain like Him, darkness is scattered and the light comes through with a sparkle. What more can you want, what more can you want?

There's a light in the valley, and I can hear the water.'

With his feet in the River of Death, he thought of the Officers of The Army, and sent the message:

Tell the Officers the flowers will follow the thorns; they need have no anxiety.' To a rich friend: 'Tell he must fight his way to Heaven; he must not let his income tax nor anything else drag him under. He must fight!

A Swedish Cadet asked permission to see the Commissioner. As she bent over him she heard him whisper: 'Tell the Salvationists in Sweden to keep high the Flag, and to preach Christ only.'

A contingent of Bandsmen from Clapton went down to Watford to cheer the Commissioner. As they played his favorite songs he beat time. Afterwards, he had the men in and prayed for them. Thinking of the light music which allures thousands down the slippery path of pleasure, he said:

'Dance music is too thin to hold you up when you are dying. You want something robust and strong; something that has to do with the redemption of Jesus to enable a man to hold his own in the River. You must bring the sorrows of earth and the healing of Jesus together; you must bring men's failures to the place called Calvary, where Jesus died. Do this, and there are songs, Hallelujahs, and victories, in the dying hour.'

During the last week of his tarry, his dear ones sang to him over and over again his favorite songs, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' 'There is a green hill far away,' and 'He died of a broken heart for me.' Looking around upon them with great tenderness, he said, 'Jesus was alone in His dark hour; but I have you, Mama darling, and the children, and David and Maggie (Major and Mrs. Morgan), a wealth of love all around.'

After asking for each of the children by name, grandchildren, Sons- and daughters-in-law, he said:

The circle is complete now, and it must not be broken at the Royal marriage supper of the Lamb. Each must occupy his or her seat.

'The tide will not be a head one for long; it will soon be favorable; the boat may toss and there may be a little strain.

'I have undertaken a contract, and when that contract is finished, He will say, "It is enough," and I shall cross over. Glory be to God!'

Gradually he lapsed into semi-consciousness. The Chief of the Staff called, and wondered if the Commissioner had already passed beyond the reach of his voice. Bending over him, he said tenderly, 'Good-bye, Commissioner!' The gentle eyes opened, there was a flickering smile, and the lips whispered, 'Faithful. Faithful.'

The sleep became profound, and the breathing heavy. At the change of the night he opened his eyes and looked intently upward; gradually, an expression of wonder, changing to infinite joy, radiated his countenance. He saw. -- 'It hath not entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' The eyes closed again, and the warrior spirit returned to God.'

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## CHAPTER XXI

### 'GO ON WITH THE PENITENT-FORM'

THE laying to rest of the one-time Bradford mill-boy, who, by the power of God, had become an international herald of Salvation, was full of significance.

On the day preceding the funeral, all that was mortal of John Lawley rested, in the Congress Hall, Clapton, and from many parts of the country, as well as from greater London, came comrades and friends to take a farewell of the man, who, in some way, directly or indirectly, had blessed their lives.

Upon the casket lay his two chief weapons in warfare, his Bible and his Song Book.

Few tears were shed; rather, the spirit of faith, and hope, and love lit the faces of those who saluted the dead leader and passed on.

At the funeral service, which was conducted by the General, the great Hall was crowded. It was a gathering where the spirit of love so predominated, that every note struck vibrated with peculiar sweetness. All the songs used were of Lawley's own composition. His beloved comrades, Commissioner Howard and Major David Morgan-both of whom have since gone to join the glorious company of the skies-gave thanks for the triumphant power of the grace of God in his life.

The streets, which the corporation had swept in honor of their godly citizen, were lined with reverent crowds, impressed, not only by the message which death ever speaks, but more by a vision of the faith which The Salvation Army so gloriously demonstrates-that death is to the righteous but the gate to glorious, eternal life.

The General laid his armor-bearer near to his 'old Captain.' As he pleaded with the assembled multitude to serve Lawley's Saviour as he had served Him, and reminded them of the mercy and power of Lawley's God, a poor broken-hearted man staggered forward to the grave and there knelt, seeking Salvation.

On the day of the funeral, there appeared in the public press a paragraph which read: 'He has died at the comparatively early age of sixty-two, and The Salvation Army will be the poorer; but many young Officers who came under his influence will see to it that the Lawley tradition does not die.'

The Lawley tradition! Surely that is nothing less than a life of faith, and hope, and love devoted to the one purpose of bringing souls to a decision for God.

Mrs. Lawley and her sons nobly upheld that tradition on the day of his laying away; telling of the triumph of God in his home-life and calling sinners to his Saviour.

The General used the grave of his devoted helper as a platform from which to plead the message of his life. He praised God for such an example of loving, hopeful, joyful, overcoming life. 'I looked upon Lawley as a living Hallelujah! He sang his way through life, and he will sing his way through eternity.' The General spoke of the broad platform, which The Army offers to the lowly among men, whose hearts are touched by the Divine flame, and continued:

'The beginning and end of Lawley's testimony was Salvation from all sin, by the power of God. The original force in his life was Divine. The great anchorage of his soul and message was that he was a changed man. He held to that cardinal fact in his life, that God had come into the center of his being and changed his nature. We have heard him testify again and again to the fact that he was a new man in Christ Jesus. It was Jesus transforming his character that made him an influence for righteousness; an influence, which because of the opportunity The Army gave him, extended from his life into the lives of tens of thousands.

'And this is the hope for every man: for the same almighty power which changed and possessed Commissioner John Lawley, can do a similar work in any heart and life which is given up to God.

Now he has gone. To us it is a great reality that we do not sorrow as others. The cup we drink is bitter now, but it will be turned into sweetness. If Lawley could speak in this meeting, he would say, " DON'T SHED A TEAR OVER ME. GO ON WITH THE PENITENT-FORM! "

Hardly had the General concluded an appeal for instant surrender to Lawley's Saviour, than men and women began to troop to the mercy-seat. Amidst shouts of joy and hallelujahs, ninety souls sought the cleansing Blood, and made vows which, if kept, will give to this sin-sick, hungry world, others of the compassionate heart, such as beat in the breast of John Lawley.

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#### A FEW OF LAWLEY'S SONGS

#### HARK, HEAR THE SAVIOUR KNOCKING!

Tunes -- Scatter Seeds; What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Weary wanderer, wilt thou listen,  
While I sing of dying love?  
Which did make the Saviour hasten  
From the richest realms above  
In a stable and a manger  
The young Prince of Glory lay;

In the world He was a stranger,  
While He sought for souls astray.

### CHORUS

Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!  
Wilt thou let Him enter now?

'Twas on Calvary's rugged mountain  
Where they nailed Him to a tree;  
From His open side the fountain  
Flows in Blood for thee and me.  
Though thou hast refused an entrance  
To this Prince of Peace so fair;  
If thou'lt knock in true repentance  
Thou shalt find He still is there.

Poor backslider, thou hast driven  
Jesus from thy heart and home;  
Once thou hadst a hope of Heaven,  
Now thy life is filled with gloom.  
Still, with pardon and compassion,  
He is knocking loud today;  
If thou dar'st refuse Salvation,  
He from thee may turn away.

Listen, sinner! thou art drifting,  
Drifting downward to thy doom;  
Far from mercy thou art sinking,  
Where the wild waves ever foam.  
Dark and sad will be thy morning,  
Should'st thou wake up as before;  
With this awful feeling dawning--  
Knocking, knocking days are o'er.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CRUCIFIED?  
Tune -- There is a Happy Land.

Have you seen the Crucified?  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Do you know for all He died?  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Have you seen His thorn-crowned brow?  
Have you felt the crimson flow?  
Do you His Salvation know?  
Oh, wondrous love!



Do you know your sins forgiven?  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Have you had a taste of Heaven?  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Has His love cast out your fears?  
Has He wiped away your tears?  
At His word Hell disappears,  
Oh, wondrous love!

Is your heart now full of joy?  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Have you peace naught can destroy?  
Oh, wondrous love I  
Is not this Salvation grand?  
May it spread through every land,  
Lend the poor a helping hand,  
Oh, wondrous love!

To the north, south, east, and west,  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Some have heard, but tell the rest,  
Oh, wondrous love!  
Vast the curse and great the fall,  
Jesus Christ has died for all,  
We will every nation call,  
Oh, wondrous love!

**YOU MUST DIE!**  
Tunes -- Tucker; Christ for me.

'Twill soon be gone, life's longest day,  
You must die!  
Earth's choicest pleasures soon decay:  
You must die!  
What you count dear is fading fast,  
The joys you have will soon be past;  
'Tis not in mortal things to last:  
You must die!

Don't build your hopes beneath the skies:  
You must die!  
They build above who gain the prize:  
You must die!  
Dread death, with all it means, is near,  
The Judgment Day will soon be here;

At that tribunal you'll appear;  
You must die!

The world will go on as before:  
You must die!  
Your portion fixed for evermore:  
You must die!  
Eternal are the storms that sweep  
O'er Jordan's flood, so cold, so deep;  
Today you sow, but there you'll reap:  
You must die!

If still unsaved, begin to pray:  
He will save!  
Don't wait, but cry out right away:  
He will save!  
Although your sins like crimson be,  
The precious Blood will set you free;  
I know, He's done it all for me!--  
He will save!

O HAPPY, HAPPY DAY!  
Tune -- Down where the living waters flow.

O Happy, happy day,  
When old things passed away,  
Down where the Saviour died for me!  
I felt my sins forgiven,  
And got a sight of Heaven;  
There, where the Saviour died for me.

#### CHORUS

There, where the Saviour died for me;  
There, where the Saviour died for me;  
I saw the cleansing flow,  
It washes white as snow;  
There, where the Saviour died for me.

I laid my burden down  
And started for the crown;  
There, where the Saviour died for me.  
My chains He broke at last,  
My sins behind Him cast,

There, where the Saviour died for me.

A Few of Lawley's Songs

'Twas there I learnt to pray,  
And found the narrow way,  
There, where the Saviour died for me;  
I saw His blessed face,  
And joined the heavenly race,  
There, where the Saviour died for me.

He wiped away my tears,  
And drove away my fears;  
There, where the Saviour died for me.  
He whispered, 'Go in peace,'  
And bid my struggling cease;  
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Though Hell should me assail,  
Through prayer I shall prevail,  
There, where the Saviour died for me.  
I need know no retreat,  
Nor suffer a defeat,  
There, where the Saviour died for me.

ALL, ALL FOR ME

Tune -- There is a Happy Land.

Jesus laid His glory by,  
All, all for me!  
On Calvary's tree to die,  
All, all for me!  
See! the fountain's open wide,  
Flowing from His wounded side,  
'Tis a Full Salvation tide,  
All, all for me!

Jesus hungry millions fed,  
Oh, matchless love!  
Healed the blind, and raised the dead,  
Oh, matchless love!  
Cleansed Naaman when he tried;  
Saved Bartimaeus when he cried,  
Sinners never were denied,  
Oh, matchless love!

All His enemies He blest,  
Oh, matchless love!  
To the weary He gave rest,

Oh, matchless love!  
Whosoever ' were His friends,  
His is love that never ends;  
From our hearts His praise ascend,  
Oh, matchless love!

COME WITH ME VISIT CALVARY  
Tunes-Sweet rest in Heaven; Ellacombe.

Come, with me visit Calvary,  
Where our Redeemer died;  
His Blood now fills the fountain,  
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide,  
He died from sin to sever  
Our hearts and lives complete;  
He saves and keeps for ever  
Those living at His feet.

#### CHORUS

To the uttermost He saves,  
To the uttermost He saves,  
Dare you now believe,  
And His love receive?  
To the uttermost He saves.

God's great, free, full Salvation  
Is offered here and now;  
Complete blood-bought redemption  
Can be obtained by you,  
Reach out faith's hand, now claiming  
The cleansing flood will flow;  
Look up just now, believing,  
His fullness you shall know.

I will surrender fully,  
And do my Saviour's will;  
He shall now make me holy,  
And with Himself me fill.  
He's saving, I'm believing,  
This blessing I now claim,  
His Spirit I'm receiving,  
My heart is in a flame.

I've wondrous peace through trusting,  
A well of joy within;

This rest is everlasting,  
My days fresh triumphs win.  
He gives me Heavenly measure,  
Pressed down and running o'er;  
Oh, what a priceless treasure,  
Glory for evermore!

#### WANTED HEARTS

Tunes -- Wanted, hearts; What a Friend we have.

Wanted, hearts baptized with fire,  
Hearts completely cleansed from sin,  
Hearts that will go to the mire,  
Hearts that dare do ought for Him.  
Hearts that will be firmer, braver,  
Hearts like heroes gone before;  
Hearts enjoying God's full favor,  
Hearts to love Him more and more.

#### CHORUS

Hearts to hoist the Colors bravely,  
Hearts to share the hardest fight;  
Hearts that know their duty clearly,  
Hearts to dare and do the right.

Wanted, hearts that beat true ever,  
Hearts that can for others feel;  
Hearts that prove the traitor never,  
Hearts that will the wounded heal.  
Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,  
Hearts renewed by grace divine;  
Hearts aglow with Full Salvation,  
Hearts to do 'Thy will, not mine!

Wanted, hearts to love the masses,  
Hearts to help Him seek the lost;  
Hearts to help Him save all classes,  
Hearts to help Him save the worst.  
Hearts to share with Him the weeping,  
Hearts to bear with Him the cross;  
Hearts to help Him with the reaping,  
Hearts to trust through gain or loss.

#### NO NIGHT THERE

There is a Better Land  
Away at God's right hand,  
Up there where sorrow never enters in.  
It's up beyond the cloud;  
Away from death's white shroud,  
Where Jesus is the King of kings.

#### CHORUS

No night there, No night there!  
Hallelujah! No night there!  
Our Saviour is the Light  
Of that splendid City bright.  
Hallelujah! No night there!

This City has a gate,  
Where our loved ones wait,  
They're expecting our arrival at their home;  
They have waited there so long,  
With the palm branch and with song,  
Where Jesus is the King of kings.

The streets are paved with gold,  
Its pleasures can't be told,  
The jasper walls and mansions ever stand;  
No clocks are there to chime,  
For the people know no time,  
Where Jesus is the King of kings.

For aye we'll be shut in,  
Away from death and sin,  
The grandeur of His Kingdom we shall share;  
Then at His feet we'll fall,  
And we'll crown Him Lord of all,  
For Jesus is the King of kings.

#### GONE TO GLORY

Tune -- Bound for Glory.

Loved ones have gone before,  
They will never suffer more,  
We shall meet them on the shore,  
Up in Glory!  
What a meeting that will be  
When we shall each other see,  
Everlasting jubilee,

Up in Glory!

## CHORUS

Gone to Glory! Gone to Glory!  
They have crossed the rolling flood,  
More than conquerors through the Blood;  
Gone to Glory! Gone to Glory!  
They have left the battlefield,  
Gone to Glory!

They have joined the victor's band,  
Reached the heavenly fatherland,  
March about the golden strand,  
Up in Glory!  
Gloried in the fiercest fight,  
Followed through the darkest night,  
Now their faith is lost in sight,  
Up in Glory!

Wearing robes of snowy white,  
Wearing crowns of glory bright,  
Out of reach of sorrow's blight,  
Up in Glory!  
They have won the heavenly race  
More than conquerors through His grace,  
Now they see His blessed face,  
Up in Glory!

Let us one and all arise,  
Fight until we mount the skies,  
Seize the everlasting prize,  
Up in Glory!  
Lights of Heaven will soon appear,  
His 'Well done ' we then shall hear,  
Dried will be our every tear,  
Up in Glory.

## I'LL TRUST IN THEE

Tune -- Sandon.

Though thunders roll and darkened be the sky,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
Though joys may fade and prospects droop and die;  
I'll trust in Thee;  
No light may shine upon life's rugged way,

Sufficient is Thy grace from day to day.

I'm not outside Thy providential care,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
I'll walk by faith Thy chosen cross to bear,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
Thy will and wish I know are for the best,  
This gives to me abundant peace and rest.

Thy Word is sure, Thy promise never fails,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
A hiding-place Thou art when Hell assails,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
I conquer all while hiding 'neath Thy wing,  
And in the storm sweet songs of triumph sing.

I'm pressing on towards my Home in Heaven,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
There crowns of life to faithful ones are given,  
I'll trust in Thee;  
This hope is mine through Jesus crucified,  
And all through grace I shall be glorified.

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## ENDNOTES

1 A Norfolk word for playing truant

2 Secretary of the mission and later first Commissioner of The Salvation Army.

3 Colonel Addie, of U.S.A., who soon after his conversion assisted in pioneering The Army's Work in Canada.

4 One of the Founder's earliest and much valued helpers.

5 A position similar to that of a Sunday-school teacher, but with added responsibilities.

6 The numbers refer to The Salvation Army Song Book in use in the United Kingdom in 1924. By The Founder's daughter, Consul Emma Booth-Tucker.

7 'William Booth,' by Harold Begbie, page 438.

8 Promoted to Glory, 1924.

9 The Officer in command of a Salvation Army Territory.



10 The commissioner was himself promoted to Glory on July 1, 1923.

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THE END