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ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER
By Bramwell Booth

An account of the last days on earth
Of Mrs. General Booth of the
Early Salvation Army

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CONTENTS

- 01 -- Introductory
- 02 -- Sentence Of Death
- 03 -- Last Labors
- 04 -- A Ray Of Hope
- 05 -- Suffering And Service Joined
- 06 -- On The Banks Of The River
- 07 -- The End Of The Battle
- 08 -- The Funeral
- 09 -- The Newspaper Tributes

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01 -- INTRODUCTORY

The crowning victories of a great career are always more inspiring when they can be viewed in the light of the campaigns of earlier days. For this reason the following very brief

outline of some of the more important events in Mrs. Booth's life will perhaps add interest to these pages.

Mrs. Booth was born on January 17, 1829, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. In early childhood her parents removed to London, where she grew up under the ceaseless care and tenderest love of a godly mother. She was converted in childhood, and so far as health would permit, took an active part in such work as was then open to women in the service of Christ.

At the age of seventeen a painful and long protracted illness removed her from all activity. Her spine was seriously affected, and for nearly three years she was a prisoner, during seven months of the time lying continuously on her face in a sling couch specially prepared for her use. It was during this period that our beloved Leader laid the foundations of that wider education in the things of the Kingdom which was to prove of such great value in the work God gave her to do. By her own ingenuity a contrivance was made by which she could read and yet lie in the required position. Her extraordinary knowledge of the Bible, as well as her familiarity with the great theological and social questions which have agitated the world for the last fifty years, was in large part acquired by this timid girl in the silent watches and weary hours of that sick chamber, in a time of such suffering as would preclude many people from doing anything at all.

Early in 1852, The General, then a young Methodist minister, in the midst of a career of exceptional popularity as an evangelist, met his future wife at a private gathering of friends in the South of London. Each was much impressed with the other, and the acquaintance, after deep thought and prayer, ripened into a union of the closest confidence and affection. During their three years' engagement, Mrs. Booth's correspondence was extremely brilliant and vigorous. Every week she sent to The General the outline of a sermon on some topic of current interest, and many of her letters -- some of which extend to ten and twelve double folios -- are able and thoughtful essays on subjects of the highest importance. It is not difficult to find in them the germs of the teaching which was afterwards to become associated with her name throughout the world. Many of these letters are published in Commissioner Booth-Tucker's Life of Mrs. Booth.

Concerning her work for God before her marriage Mrs. Booth has said little; but the following brief sketch of the way she was led to undertake systematic visitation of the poor is of deep interest:--

'On a certain Sabbath, some years ago, I was passing down a narrow, thickly-populated street on my way to hear a much-honored minister of Christ, anticipating an evening's enjoyment for myself, and hoping to see some anxious ones brought into the Kingdom, when I chanced to look up at the thick rows of small windows above me, where numbers of women were sitting, peering through at the passers-by, or listlessly gossiping with each other. It was suggested to my mind with great power, "Would you not be doing God more service, and acting more like your Redeemer, by turning into some of these houses, speaking to these careless sinners, and inviting them to the service, than by going to enjoy it yourself?" I was startled: it was a new thought; and while I was reasoning about it, the same inaudible, interrogator demanded, "What effort do Christians put forth, answerable to the command, 'Compel them to come in, that My house may be filled?'" This was accompanied with a light and unction which I knew to be Divine. I felt greatly agitated. I felt verily guilty. I knew that I had never thus labored to bring lost sinners to Christ, and trembling

with a sense of my utter weakness, I stood still for a moment, looked up to Heaven, and said, "Lord, if Thou wilt help me, I will try"; and without stopping longer to confer with flesh and blood, turned back and commenced my work.

I spoke first to a group of women sitting on a doorstep; and Oh! what that effort cost me, words cannot describe; but the Spirit helped my infirmities, and secured for me a patient and respectful hearing, with a promise from some of them to attend the house of God. This much encouraged me: I began to taste the joy which lies hidden under the cross, and to realize in some faint degree that it is more blessed to give than to receive. With this timely, loving cordial from my blessed Master, I went on to the next group standing at the entrance of a low, dirty court. Here, again, I was received kindly, and promises were given -- no rude repulse, no bitter ridicule were allowed to shake my new-found confidence or chill my feeble zeal. I began to realize that my Master's feet were behind me; nay, before me, smoothing my path.

This blessed assurance so increased my courage and enkindled my hope, that I ventured to knock at the door of the next house, and when it was opened, to go in and speak to the inmates of Jesus, death, judgment, and eternity. The man, who appeared to be one of the better class of mechanics, seemed to be much interested and affected by my words, and promised with his wife to attend the Revival services which were being held at the chapel farther on. With a heart full of gratitude and eyes full of tears, I was thinking where I should go next, when I observed a woman standing on an adjoining doorstep, with a jug in her hand. My Divine Teacher said, "Speak to that woman." Satan suggested, "Perhaps she is intoxicated"; but after a momentary struggle, I introduced myself to her by saying, "Are the people out who live on this floor?" observing that the lower part of the house was closed. "Yes," she said, "they are gone to chapel"; and I thought I perceived a weary sadness in her voice and manner. I said, "Oh, I am so glad to hear that; how is it that you are not gone to a place of worship?" "Me!" she said, looking down upon her forlorn appearance; "I can't go to chapel; I am kept at home by a drunken husband. I have to stop with him to keep him from the public-house, and I have just been fetching him some drink." I expressed my sorrow for her, and asked if I might come in and see her husband. "No," she said, "he is drunk; you could do nothing with him now." I replied, "I do not mind his being drunk, if you will let me come in; I am not afraid; he will not hurt me." "Well," said the woman, "you can come in if you like; but he will only abuse you." I said, "Never mind that," and followed her up the stairs.

I felt strong now in the Lord and in the power of His might, and as safe as a babe in the arms of its mother. I felt that I was in the path of obedience, and I feared no evil. The woman led me to a small room on the first floor, where I found a fine, intelligent man, about forty, sitting almost double in a chair, with a jug by his side. I leaned on my Heavenly Guide for strength and wisdom, love and power, and He gave me all I needed. He silenced the demon, Strong Drink, and quickened the man's perceptions to receive my words. As I began to talk to him, his wife wept bitterly, and by fragments told me a little of their previous history. I found that she had once known the Lord, that her husband was a clever workman, and could earn three or four pounds per week as a journeyman, but he drank it nearly all, so that they were compelled to live in two rooms, and often went without necessary food. I read to him the parable of the Prodigal Son, while the tears ran down his face like rain. I then prayed with him as the Spirit gave me utterance, and left, promising to call the next day.

'I now felt that my work was done for that time. Exhausted in body, but happy in soul, I wended my way to the sanctuary, just in time for the conclusion of the service, and to lend a helping hand in the Prayer Meeting.'

On July 11, 1855, Mrs. Booth was married to The General. Of that union he has said:--

'How she has helped me as companion, friend, counselor, and not least as the mother of our children, I cannot here attempt to describe. It may be said that the world knows all about us, seeing that her life has been almost as public as my own. I may say, however, that if personally I have, in the hands of God, had to do with the origination of this remarkable movement, if I have stood to it in the relation of a father, surely my precious wife may be truly considered to have been its mother.'

After their marriage, The General with Mrs. Booth continued to travel as evangelists from town to town, and thousands of souls were gathered into the Kingdom. During the early years of married life, Mrs. Booth, while helping her husband privately, took no part in public work. It was at this period, however, that she first took up her pen in the service of God. Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, a devoted saint and teacher of Holiness, had been preaching in the North of England with abundant success, and the Rev. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, had attacked her, denouncing the public speaking of women. Mrs. Booth replied in a spirited and convincing treatise on 'Female Ministry,' in which she not only disposed of Mr. Rees' superficial and personal attack, but dealt with the whole question on the highest Scriptural grounds. Her tract, which was never replied to, was afterwards rewritten, and is now to be found in the volume 'Practical Religion.'

In 1860 the Conference of the Methodist New Connection, of which The General was a minister, decided, against his wish and solemn protest, to take him from the evangelistic work in which God had so greatly blessed him, and to station him in a circuit. Gateshead was the selected place. Not willing to appear insubordinate, he took the appointment, hoping that the personal feeling against him on the part of a few persons in the Conference, which had largely influenced its decision, would pass away. His work at Gateshead was a glorious success -- from having been one of the poorest, it became one of the most prosperous circuits in the Connection. The experience here gained was, no doubt, of infinite value to him in after years, for it was very far from ordinary circuit work, or parish work, which was done in those two or three years at Gateshead. Here was first manifested the wonderful versatility with which The General has since astounded the world; and here, on a small scale, with time and room to experiment, he was able to formulate and test many of the principles of aggressive campaigning which have since secured the amazing success today presented by The Salvation Army.

But Gateshead was to be memorable most of all for the momentous decision taken by Mrs. Booth with regard to her own public ministry. She had been long in controversy upon the subject, held back more by her sense of inability and unworthiness than by unwillingness to follow her Lord. Here are her own touching words describing the final stepping" out on to the waters:--

'I had long had a controversy on this question in my soul. In fact, from the time I was converted, the Spirit of God had constantly been urging me into paths of usefulness and labor which seemed to me impossible. Perhaps some of you would hardly credit that I was one of the

most timid and bashful disciples the Lord Jesus ever saved. I used to make up my mind I would, and resolve and intend, and then, when the hour came, I failed for want of courage. I need not have failed. I now see how foolish I was, and how wrong; but, for some four or five months before I commenced speaking, the controversy had been signally roused in my soul which God had awakened years before, but which, through mistaken notions, fear, and timidity, I had allowed almost to die out. I was brought to very severe heart-searchings at this time. I had not been realizing so much of the Divine presence. During a season of sickness, one day it seemed as if the Lord revealed it all to me by His Spirit. I had no vision, but a revelation to my mind. He seemed to take me back to the time when I was fifteen and sixteen, when I first gave my heart to Him. I felt how it had hindered the revelation of Himself to me, and hindered me from growing in grace, and learning more of the deep things of God. He showed it to me, and then I remember prostrating myself upon my face before Him, and I promised Him there in the sick room: "Lord, if Thou wilt return unto me, as in the days of old, and revisit me with those urgings of Thy Spirit which I used to have, I will obey, if I die in the attempt. I care not: I will obey." However, the Lord did not revisit me immediately. He let me recover, and I went out again. About three months after that I went to the chapel of which my husband was a minister, and he had an extraordinary service. I felt the Spirit come upon me. You alone who have felt it know what it means. It cannot be described. It seemed as if a voice said to me, "Now, if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to your own soul as well as to the souls of the people," and I gasped again, and I said, in my soul, "Yes, Lord, I believe Thou wouldst, but I cannot do it." I had forgotten my vow -- it did not occur to me at all. And then the Devil said, "Besides, you are not prepared to speak. You will look like a fool, and have nothing to say." He made a mistake. He overdid himself for once. It was that word settled it. I said, "Ah! this is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ, now I will be one"; and without stopping another moment, I rose up in the seat, and walked up the chapel. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened, and so did the people.

He stepped down to ask me "What is the matter, my dear?" I said, "I want to say a word." He was so taken by surprise, he could only say, "My dear wife wants to say a word," and sat down. He had been trying to persuade me to do it for ten years. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm -- and yet it was a Divine arm -- to hold me. I just got up and told the people how it came about. I confessed, as I think everybody should when they have been in the wrong and misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ. I said, "I dare say many of you have been looking upon me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God, but I have come to know that I have been living in disobedience, and to that extent I have brought darkness and leanness into my soul, but I promised the Lord three or four months ago, and I dare not disobey. I have come to tell you this, and to promise the Lord that I will be obedient to the Heavenly vision."

From this time Mrs. Booth, so far as her always delicate health would permit, regularly spoke and preached in public, and it was at once apparent that her gifts were of no mean order. God was with her mightily. Whether addressing the regular congregation of a popular place of worship, speaking to a crowd of little children gathered specially to hear her, or dealing out the truth of God to the utterly godless and careless visitors at a fashionable watering-place, her splendid directness and unwavering and fearless honesty not only secured respect and affection, but won thousands of souls for her Master.

In 1862, after four years of circuit work, The General again offered himself to the Conference for Evangelistic labor, feeling the unerring call of God to have come to him. The Conference refused. Mrs. Booth was at the time in extremely delicate health, with four little children. Outside Methodism they had scarcely a friend in the world. Without a home and without means of any kind, she might well have hesitated about the convictions of which The General spoke. But she did not hesitate. It was not her way when her interests or her comfort seemed in opposition to her Master's. They came out and left all. Of this time The General says:--

'We went out together, not knowing whither we went. We did not know a soul who would give us a shilling. We fell back on the home of one of our parents, and then waited on God. Before a fortnight had passed we were at work in Cornwall, side by side, in one of the greatest Revivals that county has ever seen. Two years and a half we stayed, and during that time no less than 7,000 people professed forgiveness of sins, some thousands of whom were united to the Churches.'

After Cornwall came work in Cardiff and other places, and then in 1865, when on a chance visit to London, The General was invited to hold a week's Meetings in a tent in the East End, and his heart was drawn out in an unparalleled degree towards its million souls. Mrs. Booth was joined with him in a burning desire to do something for them; and so, although not yet named, The Salvation Army was born.

For some years after the work was begun in the East End, Mrs. Booth held series of Meetings in various towns, which were wonderfully blessed in the Salvation of souls, in the quickening of the Lord's people, and in raising up friends whose influence and whose wealth became of inestimable service to The Army. When later on the extent and importance of the War made her absence from London for long together impossible, she undertook several series of Meetings in London, which will never be forgotten. In 1881 in the Steinway and Portland Rooms, in 1882 and 1883 in St. James's Hall, she delivered addresses, some of which will be read with interest and with blessing throughout the world for the next hundred years. [1]

In defense of Army methods and teaching, no one has spoken with such unanswerable force as Mrs. Booth. Both in London and the Provinces her lectures on The Army attracted huge congregations of leading Christians, to whom she brought home with convincing eloquence the claims of the people, the reasonableness of The Army system, and the obligation of all lovers of God to help forward its work.

And much of this toll was accomplished in the face of terrible weakness and suffering. Always an invalid, it often seemed as though she would die before she could leave the building in which she had been pouring out her soul the people, and yet, go she would. Many a time rising from her bed, and all but carried to the platform, she would preach for an hour as though inspired by Divine strength and compassion, and then fall fainting into the arms of those around her. The doctors have protested, and her dear ones have exclaimed, and in the agony of nervous reaction and prostration her own flesh has cried out, that it was impossible to go on, and yet, go on she did, and that to conquer in her Captain's cause.

In later years Mrs. Booth's help and counsel in the Cabinet of The Army was, of course, simply invaluable. Perhaps here, more than on the platform and more than in the Press, her influence on the Movement and on the world has been felt. In such an enterprise as this great War there daily arise questions of infinite moment which must be answered, and problems of the widest interest and importance which must be solved. To these, with inflexible determination to find out what was best, and to help in doing it, Mrs. Booth could always be relied upon to address herself with marvelous wisdom and courage. Her voice is silent now, and her chair in the inner councils is empty. It is a terrible and irreparable loss. But God will carry on the work He thus enabled her to begin. To Him, His own glory and honor in the Salvation of men is of the first moment, and He will still guide this wonderful Organization to the full accomplishment of all His holy Will, and to the realization of the hopes and ambitions with which He inspired the heart and upheld the hand of Catherine Booth, the Mother of The Salvation Army.

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02 -- SENTENCE OF DEATH

The dreadful discovery of the nature and extent of the malady from which Mrs. Booth was suffering came upon us with the suddenness and certainty of a sentence of death. From the beginning she accepted it as such. Indeed, in those earliest days of deep sorrow on account of our impending loss, she alone, perhaps, of all her family and personal friends, was able to view the end with the calm and peace of a great soul looking beyond the coming suffering to the glory which should also be revealed. To those around her it was a bolt out of the blue.

Towards the end of 1887 Mrs. Booth had seemed in about her usual health. During the year, a serious illness of her daughter, the Field Commissioner, had brought a heavy tax upon her, and this had, no doubt, lowered her strength and rendered her, perhaps, a little more nervous than usual. But generally speaking, she seemed even better in some respects than during the previous year, when, for some months, she was entirely laid aside from public work. And yet, when viewed in the light of subsequent events, it is no doubt possible to discern something of changes which were certainly going forward, and indications of the gathering clouds that subsequently proved so dark.

Concerning the circumstances immediately surrounding the sad announcement, I take the following from my own pen.

It was during the Two Days with God at Bristol, early in February, 1888, that I first heard of the small swelling which had just been observed in my dear mother's breast. I was instantly startled. The impression made upon my mind as a child by the suffering and death from cancer of her mother, has never been effaced, and I instinctively associated this swelling with something of the kind. I urged that the best advice possible should be obtained at once, and, although my mother did not seem at all to share in my anxiety, she said that on our return to London she would go and see some able doctor. Accordingly an appointment was made through Dr. Heywood Smith, a few days after she reached home, with Sir James Paget.

It was on Tuesday, February 21st, that she came home from the West End, after her interview with the doctors, and found The General in his room writing. He has spoken to me many times of that meeting in the gloom of the dim wintry afternoon, and of the tender careful way she broke to him the tidings, which had come upon her with such ruthless surprise an hour or two before, of the inevitable parting which she saw and felt must come. Sir James Paget had been very kind, but also very frank; he advised an immediate operation, foretold much suffering, and seemed to think that nothing could be done to alleviate it. She was strangely calm, had driven all across London quite alone, and spoke of the future as only she could. Her first thought, after hearing the opinion of the medical men, had been that she would not now be there to tend The General when illness and suffering drew near! It was a moment of deepest human sorrow when these two bowed together before the Lord in the solitude, and asked for power and faith to say "Thy will be done."

That night The General was to leave for one of his Continental journeys. Important and long expected Meetings in Holland had been arranged, and Mrs. Booth would not hear of his remaining. On the way to the railway station he came to Headquarters in order to confer with me. I can never forget my feelings when I understood the report of the doctors, My heart stood still. Mrs. Booth had been so much more than a mother -- had been so much of a Leader, adviser and counselor, that it seemed impossible to spare her. How could the War go on without her? The General desired me to make some inquiries for him of the doctors, and after praying with me for strength and courage he started for Amsterdam by the night train.

I left at once for Notting Hill to lead a Half-Night of Prayer. I was deeply exercised. The long ride across the city was filled with the darkest and most sorrowful thoughts, and in the Meeting I found it impossible to throw off my burden. I struggled hard to get hold of my audience -- a large and interested one -- but in great part failed, I fear. In the second Meeting, when after inviting seekers after Holiness to come to the penitent-form and several had responded, I spoke to one -- I received one of the great lessons of my lifetime from her lips. She was a woman of middle life, apparently a Christian of many years' experience, but now deeply moved, and all she could say amidst her sobs, evidently with reference to some matter of controversy, was, "O Lord, I want to be willing -- make me willing -- let me be willing." I knelt down beside her. All the gathering storm seemed already to be bursting over me; all that my beloved mother had been and was and could be to me, to us all, to this great War, and to the world crowded itself on to the dark horizon of my soul. I can never forget those moments. Could I for myself say, "Not my will, but Thine be done"? "Lord, make me willing -- let me say it," went on praying and crying the seeker by my side -- and at first I cried it also, I joined my prayers to hers. She knew perhaps nothing but that I seemed to meet her on the same level on which she stood and help her to a higher, while to me her spoken distress and agony of soul were made a guide and beacon amid the storm and darkness of a terrible trial of my faith.

The next morning I saw Dr. Heywood Smith and Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, the eminent surgeon to whom Sir James Paget had also referred us for an opinion. They both urged an operation. The latter spoke most strongly, and added that so important was instantaneous action that he would not be willing to operate unless he could do so within a fortnight. I made anxious and careful inquiries from these gentlemen and from others who were likely to have information as to the results of operation in cases of cancer. It did not seem to me that those results justified the very strong opinions expressed in its favor. There was a great deal of uncertainty. Mrs. Booth

herself was strongly opposed to an operation. She did not accept the theory of the disease on which alone it can be of any real service to cut, and in all her long experience she had never met one case in which the use of the knife had not apparently increased the sufferings of the patient, even if life was prolonged for a few months.

'Immediately on The General's return from Holland there was a consultation of the whole family with one or two of our most intimate friends at Stamford Hill, when a decision was taken as to the course we should adopt. In the meantime Dr. Kidd, who had attended Mrs. Booth's mother in her last illness, had also seen her, and we had been in communication with the one or two medical men who strongly favored the Mattei remedies. They seemed very hopeful of at least alleviating the more severe suffering even if they could not effect a cure. Long and anxious consultations took place. Prayer and fasting, accompanied by deepest self-abasement, and I believe, truest resignation, preceded every one of these conferences, and, with the fullest concurrence of the dear sufferer herself, it was at last decided to finally abandon the idea of operating, and to give the Mattei remedies a trial. I have no sort of doubt that the decision as to the knife would have been the same had we never heard of the Mattei system, for although Mrs. Booth had more faith in it than any others of us, she was so strongly and firmly opposed to the old-fashioned method of treating cancer, that it is practically certain she would never have consented to be operated upon. To some extent we around her were also influenced by the risk of operation arising from the weak condition of her heart -- always an element of the greatest concern where powerful anesthetics must be used.

'We have never doubted -- nor did she -- that our decision was a right and wise one. Judged alone by the continuance of her life we were right, for she lived just half as long again as those who are operated upon usually do, and just twice as long as the doctors thought probable if she declined the operation.'

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03 -- LAST LABORS

Above all things Mrs. Booth was a worker. In action she found a heaven on earth of far more moment to her than the heaven of the sentimental religionists of whom she sometimes spoke. When the opinion of the doctors seemed to fix about two years as the utmost further time at her disposal, and probably only half of that as really worth anything for the service of God and man, she began instantly to plan so that it might be utilized to the full. In the earliest days of approaching suffering she made a sort of compact with The General and myself that business of an anxious kind, which we might, from a desire to save her from pain, keep from her, was still to be brought forward -- that, in short, while she could, she was to hold her loved place in the councils of The Army. She loved the War. No suffering or concern, no personal interest or ambition, not even the sum total of all the personal and family considerations of her lifetime, could compare for an instant with the interests of the work of God, focused and concentrated as those interests were in The Salvation Army. And so it came about that often and often decisions bearing the seed of momentous consequences to the Kingdom and to tens of thousands of souls, have been arrived at as we gathered round her bed, some standing, some kneeling, while her nurse was holding her poor suffering arm or bathing her throbbing temples. In such times the woman shone out through

the poor broken tabernacle of a body which she occupied, and we forgot the earthen vessel in the excellency of Divine wisdom and faith and courage manifested before our eyes.

But some public work was still possible. Although belonging to a period a little earlier than that of which we are now speaking, I feel sure her last reported Provincial address will be read with interest. The Two Days with God at Bristol, in 1888, were among the most wonderful of all the Meetings of the year, and on the evening of the second night Mrs. Booth spoke in the Colston Hall, crowded from floor to ceiling, in spite of one of the severest snow storms of the last twenty years, with singular power and success. Hundreds rose in response to her appeal to dedicate themselves to God. We give in full her speech as reported at the time:--

* * *

THE LAST ADDRESS IN THE PROVINCES

Delivered In The Colston Hall, Bristol,
During the Two Days with God, February 15, 1888

THE VOICE OF GOD

' . . . Now, dear friends, God wants the ANSWER. What is the response which you, individually, are going to make to the VOICE which you have been hearing during the last two days? The Voice which some of you have heard for many days has been renewed and intensified, and it is ringing in your soul tonight as much as it ever rang in the soul of any prophet or priest -- the voice of God in your soul.

To begin with, God: KNOW IT IS THE VOICE OF GOD. It matters not what human instrument it has come through. If God had used a sparrow, or some inanimate instrument to convey His message to your soul that would not take away for a moment the importance of the message, or render it optional with you whether you would return an answer.

I am confident that many of you here tonight have recognized the voice of God. You know that no mere human words could have made you feel as you have felt -- could have made you face the past and listen to its voice -- look onward into the future and realize its possibilities as you have done; no mere human truth could have turned you inside out as God has turned some of you during the last two days. Now, as the prophet said, I say to you, "Advise and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent us." What answer shall we, who have brought you these messages of truth, and mercy, and deliverance, and Salvation, return to Him who sent us? The General wants an answer. These Officers who have spoken to you, and who have been praying" for you, want an answer. The Holy Spirit wants an answer. Jesus Christ wants an answer. God the Father wants an answer. They are waiting" for your answer in Heaven, and they are waiting, depend upon it, in Hell; and it may be that your destiny to the one place or to the other depends upon your answer tonight. I believe I have been in many Meetings where the everlasting destiny of souls has been fixed by the answer they have sent back to the truth delivered by my feeble lips.

'WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO BE? Perhaps some of you say, "I do not choose to return an answer." But it is not optional with you, whether you will or not. The Jews thought it was

optional, whether they should return an answer to the messages of Jesus Christ, but they were utterly mistaken. The disobedient, gainsaying world has thought, from the beginning, that it was quite optional with them, whether they should return an answer to God's prophets and messengers; but they have been grievously mistaken, as many of them have found out when they were dying, and as all will find out at the Judgment Bar. All truth coming from God demands, nay, receives an answer, from every soul who listens to it; that very refusal to return an answer is an answer of defiance. It is saying back to God, "Mind Your own business. I don't want Your messages. I don't want Your will. I have chosen my path. I am busy about other matters. I shall not return any answer to Your messages." That very attitude is an answer of defiance. You cannot help yourself; your soul must respond to the truth one way or the other. You have heard that inward Voice; you have seen that inward light. Now you must say "Yes" or "No." You can never go back to where you stood before you received it -- never!

'My brother, my sister, we have not come here to talk, as The General said, for our own pleasure, or for effect, except for eternal, everlasting effect. We have come here to get you to listen to God's messages, and to return a positive answer to Him. 'Now, what does the Lord want with you? HE WANTS, FIRST, TO DO SOMETHING IN YOU. THEN HE WANTS YOU TO PRESENT YOURSELVES THAT HE MAY DO SOMETHING BY YOU. He wants some of you to come and present yourselves to have this purification of which we have been hearing. The voice in you is saying, "Come to Me; bring that poor, stained, wretched, up-and-down, in-and-out, unbelieving, doubting soul of yours to Me. I will cleanse it from all unrighteousness and fill you with My Spirit. I will empower you henceforth to live in obedience to My commands to fulfill all righteousness, and to walk before Me, as My beloved children, in Holiness and righteousness all your days."

'The end of this Meeting to you is that the works of the Devil, as The General has been explaining, may be destroyed out of your heart -- that the citadel may be taken for your King; that He may possess you wholly, and dwell in you, and live and walk in you, and talk and work and suffer and die in you, if He sees fit, for the Salvation of men. First, He wants to cleanse the temple of your heart from all those things which you know have hitherto kept Him out.

'How often have you groaned in your closet: "If it was not for this cursed thing, I might be of some use. What a power I might be in my workshop, or warehouse, or wherever I am! What I might do, if it were not for this besetting sin!" Now, bring your poor heart with its besetting sin to Jesus; only be willing to let Him turn it out. Let Him snap the fetters which have bound you to it. Let Him come in and take possession, and try whether He cannot keep you clean and give you power over all the power of the enemy.

'But for some of you He has done this during the last two days; others have been cleansed long ago, and are living in the enjoyment of this blessing. Now He calls you to higher service: He wants to take hold of and fill you with the power of His Spirit, that you may go and be SAVIORS OF MEN. Some people don't like the term "saviors," but I think it is beautiful. He came as an example, that we should walk in His footsteps, and as He gave Himself for the poor sinful world, so He has redeemed us that we may give ourselves to Him, and fill up that which is behind of the measure of His sufferings, for His body's sake, for the sake of those for whom He died. Now He

wants you to present yourselves, so that He may come in and empower you to go and be a savior of men.

'Will you thus present yourselves to Him, and enter into that DEFINITE PARTNERSHIP WITH THE SON OF GOD of which The General spoke this morning? Will you cease to have any separate interests from those of Jesus Christ. Will you come and find wife, husband, children, friends, home, means, business, and everything else in HIM? "What doth hinder? My brother, my sister, do you suppose He cannot return you a hundredfold?" "Oh," said a gentleman who was led to give a good sum of money to the Lord's work lately, "I understand the meaning of forsaking houses and lands and having a hundredfold back again. I have a hundredfold already." If you want to understand how much the Lord will give you, kneel down. Come and give your all first. He never gives the sugar plum until we have done the lesson. He never shows us the light until we have gone through the tunnel. He didn't show Abraham the ram until he had taken the knife to slay his son. Then He said, "Now, I know that thou lovest Me, seeing thou hast not withheld thine only son whom thou lovest." Bring your Isaac, then He will say, "Now I know you love Me." There must be no mere profession of surrender, no mere singing "All I have I bring Thee," while you are taking care of it for yourself all the time. You have been contemplating this field; you have been hearing about this priceless pearl, turning it over, and thinking what it would be worth. Now, then, sell all you have to purchase it. I can tell you, from experience, that you will have the best bargain you ever had in your life.

'You say, "I have a weight dragging at me." There is something which hinders. What is it? Look at it; turn it over; reckon it up; see whether it is worth holding on to, at the cost of forfeiting this Divine blessing? Why should you allow any earthly consideration to hinder you from putting in your claim to become such a blessed one? You have heard the text quoted again and again, "He is no respecter of persons." Why shouldn't you be one of those persons; filled with His power and used for His glory and the Salvation of men? Why not you? You don't know what He can do with you, if you give Him a fair hold of you.

I am afraid, with some of you, there is something you are clinging to. Oh, that God would help me in show you its hollowness and emptiness!

'You say, "It is my business. If I could only either get into another, or do the one I am engaged in squarely and honestly before God, then I could come and present myself. I could manage to be a Savior between times; anyway, I could do a great deal for God if I could only get this business right." If your business is one in which you cannot save your own soul and help to save other people's, for God and your soul's sake get out of it. I WOULD sooner beg my bread than I would be in such a business. Come out of it. You say, "What am I to do?" That is not your affair; your duty is to obey God, and He will open your way; trust Him.

"Ah," you say, "it's all very well, you don't know what it is." Yes, I do. Twice in my life I have left every friend and every prospect I had on earth for His sake and for the sake of souls; and I tell you that both times He gave me a hundredfold. Therefore I can recommend the same course to you. HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

If I had time I could give you some wonderful illustrations in the case of people who have sacrificed what they thought was their living and all hopes for their family and everything else; and twelve months after they have told me that they have done better and been able to give away more money than ever before in their lives. Trust God. What a hollow faith it is that cannot trust God for bread and cheese!

With other people the trouble is their CHILDREN. There are many people all over the land just in this fix. They give themselves, or try to do, but they are not willing to give their children. They have little ambitions and private schemes for their children. They want them to excel in education and to have all the advantages of this world, so they sacrifice their poor souls and train them up in worldly habits, associations, and principles; then they moan and groan all the rest of their lives over their rotten, hollow, wasteful, and in many cases immoral dispositions and tendencies. Now God wants the children; He is drawing them as well as you. You know very well, if you were to do your duty as a parent, and present them to God, giving up all other ambition but to train them for God, that God would work with you, and your children would be saved and made into saviors. Will you now present the children? What better post, what more honorable service or glorious occupation can they have than to be saviors of men? I know mothers now who are groaning about their children. They bring them to our Meetings sometimes, not too often, for fear they should get too well saved. "As I see them, sometimes, with a poor little girl, dressed up in the peacock style, I say, "No wonder the Lord does not save that woman's child. You can see by every ribbon on her hat, and every garment on her body, that she is consecrated to the world and not to God. That mother wants God to give her child enough religion to keep her respectable and moral in this life, but she does not want God really to have her." Will you give Him your children?

God wants some of you here tonight for Salvation Officers. I know He does. You say, "Ah, you have come to it at last! You are touching me now." Thank God. I hope He will use me to give you the final push, and enable you to decide on giving up yourself to Him for whatever He wants you to be. It, GOD IS CALLING YOU TO BE A SALVATIONIST, you will never get any rest for the sole of your foot till you are one. If God is calling you to be a SALVATION ARMY OFFICER, you will never find any peace or power till you become one. Never! You will have to obey the inward Voice, and come and present yourselves, you young men and young women, to be saviors. Will you come? Will you rise and present yourselves to the Lord for this -- each man, each woman, answering to the call of God only? I may not have spoken of your particular call. I may not have hit your particular difficulty. Never mind. Apply the truth to yourself. Whatever the particular call is, the particular sacrifice God calls you to make, the particular cross He wants you to embrace; whatever the particular path He wants you to tread, will you rise up and say, in your heart, "Yes, Lord; yes, Lord; I accept it; I submit; I yield. I pledge myself to walk in that path and to follow that Voice, and in trust Thee with the consequences"? Will you?

"Oh, but," you say, "I don't know what He will want next." No, we none of us know that, but we know that we shall be safe in His hands. He wants all we are, all we acquire, and all we can do to the end of our days. He has asked me for something lately that I would love to keep close to me all my life, but I have given it to Him for the Salvation of the lost.

'We are in God's hands. A dear man in the North came to shake hands with us, his daughter by his side, and when The General spoke to her about the Work, the father said, with the tears streaming down his face, "You shall have her. I withstood you last year about Maggie, and God has taken her." Maggie was in God's hands. Perhaps if he had given her up twelve months before, she would have been spared. Your Maggies, your influence, money, houses, lands, your life, are all in His hands, and He can take any of them in an instant without your leave. Therefore, on that ground, come and offer yourself voluntarily and willingly! People say to me sometimes, "Have you never buried a child?" "No." "Well, it is wonderful out of so large a family. What is the reason?" I say, "Perhaps because I gave them so fully to God that He did not think it necessary to take them away from me."

'That is the best way to keep anything you have -- give it to God or use it for God. The only way to, find your life is to give it up for Him. Who will say, "O Lord, I present myself, in this way, in this degree for Thy service?" Do it thoughtfully and intelligently; do it solemnly and for ever. I present myself: I consecrate myself this hour, for Thee to live or to die, or to suffer for the Salvation of men. I put away from me and abjure all other objects and motives as the end of my existence. I will only engage myself in secondary matters in order to help me to carry this, the great primary object of my life, into execution. Thou shalt have every hour, every faculty, every being I possess. Thou shalt have all. I present myself. Who will? Those who will, stand up before the Lord.'

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On April 10, 1888, Mrs. Booth's second daughter, Emma, was married to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, at the Congress Hall, Clapton. The date of the wedding had been fixed earlier than would otherwise have been the case, owing to Mrs. Booth's own wish. The union was a source of deepest joy to her. At the Banquet following the wedding-service -- the last marriage she was to attend on earth -- she spoke with great liberty. I give the best report I can of her words:--

ADDRESS AT COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER'S WEDDING

April 10, 1888

A TOUCHING, APPEAL

'I feel sure, dear friends, that you are not expecting me to say much this morning. The few words I do say I should like to be as the first words I think I said twenty-five years ago, when I opened my public commission. I should like them to tend to the same result, that they should reach your hearts, and inspire every father and mother here present so to present their children to God, that they may live to see consummated their wishes and desires in the experience of their children, as I have lived to see mine fulfilled in the experience of mine -- though not, perhaps, in the exact method that I should have chosen.

'As I listened to these Articles of Marriage of The Salvation Army, and remembered, as I did, that some persons thought them rather too strict -- too severe -- I looked back upon my own wedding-day. There was no Salvation Army then. I wish there had been! (The General: "Yes, there was; we were The Salvation Army then.") I think the world would have been much better

today if there had been. I think Heaven would have been richer, and Hell would have been poorer. That is the deepest conviction of my soul. Therefore, I am very sorry that there was not an outward organization that could have voiced the desires, and purposes, and aspirations of my soul on that occasion as those desires and aspirations have been voiced this morning; for God is my witness that these have not one whit exceeded those which swelled my own heart that day, though I had no outward method of expressing them; for, before I was fifteen years of age, God had, in an especial manner, taught me what I consider the first and fundamental and all-comprehensive principle of Christ's Salvation -- of real Christianity -- that every act of our lives, every relationship into which we enter, every object at which we aim, every purpose that inspires our souls, should be centered and bounded by God and His glory, and that, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do -- whether we marry or are given in marriage, do business, or become Salvation Army Officers -- we should do all to the glory of God.

I had embraced that idea of Christianity dearly, and I can say before God and in my own conscience that I sought to carry out that principle, and by His grace -- His wonderful grace -- though I have in many minor matters been unfaithful to Him, and have not always come up to my own ideal of that consecration, yet my husband can bear me out in saying that in all the great emergencies of life -- at times in the past when God's interests have seemed to cross my own, when to all appearance I was going to lose my life, I have been enabled to carry out that consecration and have kept His interests first, as I do now this morning in this marriage. I believe my precious child will after me keep His interests first, and seek them first and mainly, in the great changes and emergencies of life, as it has been given to me to seek them sometimes even at the loss and sacrifice of everything I held most dear.

Now then, God has honored me; He has given me in this, as in other instances, the desire of my heart -- to see these purposes accomplished in these children, and to see what, if any angel from Heaven had told me then I should see, I could scarcely have dared to believe, so much has He shown me in the extension of His Kingdom and in the Salvation of men.

Therefore, how can I do otherwise than recommend to you what the Lord has so justified and illustrated in my own experience? -- that you should thus present yourselves, your children, and your all; for you know we all have a world to give.

It does not signify how we are trained or what were the particular circumstances of our antecedent life; there comes a crisis, a moment when every human soul which enters the Kingdom of God has to make its choice of that Kingdom in preference to everything that it holds and owns as its world; when it has to renounce its world -- all that would constitute the worldly and temporal benefits of that soul -- it has to give up all that, and embrace and choose God and His righteousness and His Kingdom.

Let my experience -- and I only refer to it for this reason -- encourage you to make a like choice, for when we come to stand on the threshold of eternity what else will bear looking at! Any of you here who have ever stood there can bear me out in saying that there is nothing else that even looms up in our spiritual vision; nothing else of all that we have done or dared in the past, but that which has tended to the exaltation and sanctification of our own natures and the extension of the Kingdom of God, which will bear review.

'Even before we cross the River, all merely earthly things are lighter than the dust in the balance; they don't bear even looking at. Therefore, I recommend to any worldly-minded person who may have stepped in this morning, whose life has hitherto been consecrated to self and the world -- I recommend to you, in the light of my experience, to just consecrate your being to God, the Salvation of man, and the extension of His Kingdom, and for your everlasting glory in the next world.

'I beseech you to let this occasion be the means of raising up from amongst you people here other young women and other young men who shall go to India's millions to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have, as you know, been wounded and worsted in the fight, and I have felt it hard sometimes not to be able to answer the bugle's call and jump to the front, as has been my custom for the last twenty-six years when there has been need for me.

'But what a comfort and consolation to feel that my children and others -- perhaps hundreds of spiritual children around me, inspired with the same purposes, aiming at the same ends were following me in the fight; and that, as I am compelled to lay down the weapons of this warfare, they will take them up, and go forward to propagate these principles, and to seek to spread that divine love and that brotherhood of mankind" that we have been seeking to propagate all these years -- that they will carry these forward.

'That promise, which some of you may have heard me refer to before (as one which was given me in a great crisis of my life, when I was passing through one of those occasions when it seemed as if I were going to leave all and lose all) looked at the time too great to be true. I did not even understand it. The Lord said to me, with one of those inner voices which some of you know and recognize as His voice, "I will make thee a mother of nations." I put it away. I did not understand it. I said it was too good and great to be true; but, behold! it is accomplished, and He has proved His faithfulness even to one who has been so unworthy, and unfaithful in many respects, but who always, by His grace, has kept His Kingdom and His interests first.

'O mothers and fathers! O you young men and young women! this is the way to realize the fulfillment of your highest hopes and aims; this is the way to be made blessings to your generation; this is the way for your memories -- even looking at it humanly -- to be had in everlasting remembrance; for succeeding generations to rise up and call you blessed; to give yourselves up to the highest and holiest and grandest purposes which Jesus Christ has called His people to follow and to embrace!

'Now, I want you to do it this morning. I want other disciples and apostles for India; nay, I want other young hearts and souls and Soldiers for Jesus Christ, my Master. And if this morning's wedding service and ceremony can be consecrated and sealed in Heaven by the offering up of other souls and other lives for the same glorious enterprise, we shall feel that any sacrifice or suffering that it may involve to us will be ten thousand times repaid by such a result.

'When the contemplation of this union was first put before me, I confess I found more of the mother left in me than I imagined. I thought the mother was almost swallowed up in the Soldier. I found, however, when that came before me, that there was a great deal of the mother

left. There was a great deal of that natural clinging to my precious child who has been to me more than a daughter; who in time of sickness and so much of the absence of her beloved father, and at times of family affliction, has been to me as a husband and friend. When this came to me, and I saw at a glance what it involved, and as I thought of her value to the War in this country, and especially to those who are so dear to me and to my principles -- our female Officers all over the world -- I staggered. The first impulse was to resist and say, "No, it cannot be." Then I remembered, "But she is not yours; you gave her at her birth, and you have given her ever since. You have kept her on the altar, and now God wants to go a step in advance of your notions of what you think will be for her physical well-being. Are you going to draw back?" I looked up to Heaven and said, "No, Lord, she is Thine. Whatever it may cost, Thou shalt have her for this particular service, if Thou dost want her."

I want you all to do the same, not only for your children but for yourselves. Oh, may God help you!

Pray for them, for they will need your prayers very much. There are days coming when they will need them more than they do now. Don't forget them, but pray for them, and pray for us all, and pray for this Salvation Army, because we believe that it is the highest embodiment of Jesus Christ's ideas, the nearest approximation to His work now in the world. And we believe that if He were to come back He would join us tomorrow. In fact, where else could He go? Where would they have Him in His carpenter's garb? Where, as a poor man, but in The Salvation Army? I say, I believe that we are about the very business which He set His people to do -- the very identical work.

There are plenty of other people about all other kinds of work, and I am always glad to hear of anybody doing anything good and kind and true and helpful to humanity, whether it is feeding little boys and girls or the poor, or enlightening the ignorant, or building hospitals, or anything else whatever, so long as they are doing more good than harm. I say, "Amen, God bless you!" But that is not the particular work Jesus Christ has set His people to do. There are plenty of people to do all that kind of work, but there are few for the peculiar work which Christ set His people to do. The great characteristic of His people in the world was that they were to be saviors of men -- Salvationists. Their work was to be to enlighten them with respect to what God is willing to do for them, and enlighten them with respect to what God wants to do by them in the Salvation of others; therefore, I ask you to help us. If you won't be Salvationists yourselves, do the next best thing -- help us. Help us to save the world. Amen.'

Some private and smaller Meetings were also attended -- of these no reports are in existence. Early in June, Mrs. Booth spoke at the Two Days with God in Glasgow, and later, Dr. Parker invited her to occupy his pulpit at a Thursday noonday service. The invitation was accepted, and she preached for the last time, in the City Temple on June 21, 1888. Her address, an exhaustive examination of the claims of the heathen world, has been fully reported elsewhere [2] and we do not propose to reprint it here. After the sermon Mrs. Booth was completely exhausted, and it was nearly an hour before she could be removed from the pulpit. On her way home she remarked that it was her last address, and the fact that it had been an appeal for the outcasts of the whole world seemed to be a satisfaction to her.

In July the Anniversary Meetings at the Alexandra Park afforded her the last opportunity of seeing any large numbers of our own people. During the day she was deeply moved by the interest and affection shown on every hand, for it was now becoming, generally known that little hope was entertained of her recovery. During the remainder of the year some months were spent at Clacton-on-Sea -- her first visit -- and she returned to London in October, better in general health, though undoubtedly worse in other respects. It was during this visit that the last meeting of The General's family took place in an unbroken circle, and our Beloved Mother was amongst us as one whose feet were already on the threshold of the Heavenly Kingdom.

Early in 1889, an Officer was imprisoned in Chillon Castle for teaching the children of a Swiss Valley to sing "Jesus loves me," and the attention of half the civilized world was drawn to the decrees of the Swiss Cantonal Governments, all of them since repealed, with reference to The Salvation Army.

To her, Mrs. Booth wrote as follows:--

'ONE PRISONER TO ANOTHER.'

'My Dear Captain,

'That I have not written to you earlier has not been because I have not thought and felt much about you; for being a prisoner myself, though after another fashion, my heart has gone out after you in a special manner.

'Hearing of the difficulty of communicating with you, I thought that in all probability a letter would not reach you; and, further, I desire that you should be able to show that your past action and present persistence were not the result of influence or pressure from Headquarters, but were the outcome of those principles and that love which had been begotten in your soul by the Spirit of God Himself.

'I congratulate you most warmly that you have so far been enabled to make this manifest alike to the friends and the enemies of God, and I pray continually that His grace may prove sufficient for you, not only till the end of this iniquitous imprisonment, but for a valiant and victorious fight with the powers of darkness till the end of your life.

'Not being acquainted with your immediate experience, I feel somewhat at a loss to know what to say in order to comfort you, but there are two or three considerations I would suggest for your encouragement.

'I would especially warn you against allowing your present depressing circumstances to cast you down or lead you to fear that this event has happened outside the Divine program. I know how cunningly Satan can misrepresent our very highest blessings and honors, making them to appear as misfortunes or curses, and leading us, if we yield to unbelief, to exclaim, "All these things are against me!" Remember, whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and to those who endure His chastening the promise is, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

'I feel sure that your imprisonment is one of the most auspicious events which could have happened for the furtherance of the Gospel in Switzerland, and not only in Switzerland, but in all parts of the world where The Salvation Army is known. The record of your courageous consecration to the work of enlightening and saving the people, and of your faith and zeal in bearing this persecution, will fire hundreds of hearts with desire and determination to go and do likewise; and if you hold fast your faith and devotion, this event will prove one of the most momentous in your personal history, vastly increasing your influence wherever you may subsequently be called to labor. The secular papers have carried the story of your persecution to the very ends of the earth, opening; tens of thousands of ears to receive any messages of love and Salvation you may hereafter be enabled to send them.

'Let me urge you also to take advantage of this enforced solitude for rest of body and mind. Don't allow yourself to be on the stretch about anything outside your castle walls. Try to leave the interests of the War and the fate of your comrades in the hands of your Great Commander, and just roll your burdened heart on Him. Lay your head on His bosom, and draw by a closer and closer communion precious secrets for future service. He has now called you to rest awhile. Rest under His shadow, and learn more and more to trust in His love.

'I would advise you further, when realizing -- as I doubt not you will, in reviewing your past experience in the War -- times when you have inwardly shrunk from the cross, or held back from that complete abandonment which your Savior claimed at your hands, don't give place to discouragement, but ask Him to examine the breaches of your soul, and lay hold of Him with a bold and fearless faith for His repairing skill and power; claim all that He has promised to those who leave all, and who suffer persecution for His sake and the Kingdom's. Don't let Satan make you afraid that the greatest and most comprehensive promises are not for you.

'Yours, in deepest sympathy,
"As bound with you,"
Catherine Booth.'

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04 -- A RAY OF HOPE

The first few months of 1889 found Mrs. Booth better, so far as her general health was concerned, than at any time during the previous year. This improvement she attributed to the use of Mattei remedies. The progress of the malady itself was, however, only too certain and too obvious. The medical advisers, in January, intimated that it was extremely improbable that the dear patient would live to the end of the year, and in view of this and her own wish on the subject it was decided that Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who was now in India, should return to England. She came, leaving the Commissioner behind, early in May, and remained till the end of our beloved mother's illness, her constant companion and friend.

It was in this spring that Mrs. Booth's arm began to be seriously involved. The pain and swelling gradually extended to the glands, running into the armpit and thence along the tendons and nerves of the shoulder as well as of the arm itself. From this time she could do little writing,

for although she learnt to write quite legibly with her left hand it was always a slow and burdensome process. The pain was gradually increasing, though compared with what was to come it was still but trifling. The steady progress of fever, and the loss of flesh which now began to be manifest, were also symptoms indicating, only too well, the advancing inroads of the disease.

In April, attention was called in the 'British Medical Journal' to a new method of treating cancer. The General had already had put before him some hundreds of different curatives, all claiming to be successful. Mrs. Booth was deeply anxious that her case, even if it was itself a hopeless one, might be the means of obtaining some new light on the treatment of the malady, and no effort was spared, either in this or other countries, to discover any authenticated cure. Among all the suggestions made, none, alas! seemed able to stand the test of personal inquiry and investigation which, by our Officers and friends in various parts of the world, we were able to bring to bear upon it. The Mattei system approached nearer than any other to the conditions which had been laid down, but even here the cases of alleged cure were very few, and were, from one cause or another not necessary now to enter into, of an unsatisfactory type. Still, the Mattei medicines and treatment, in her own opinion, did help Mrs. Booth, and were the only things that did.

The method of electrical treatment described, however, in the medical journal referred to, had without doubt some well-accredited and remarkable cases of apparent and, for all that is even now known, of actual cure to recommend it. Some eight or ten were individually examined, and seemed satisfactory. With regard to several of them, there was undoubted evidence of the existence of cancer. Eminent physicians had so pronounced, and those who conducted the investigations were sufficiently convinced of the importance of the treatment to strongly recommend it to The General's attention. At first Mrs. Booth was very nervous about it. Any sort of operation, even the comparatively simple method adopted in this case, was to her objectionable. She consented, however, to meet the physician best able to advise in the matter. The interview impressed her favorably, and, after much deliberation and prayer, she decided to submit to be operated upon. The operation took place on May 7, 1889, and was followed, largely owing to the effect of the anesthetic upon Mrs. Booth, by a fortnight of the most dreadful exhaustion and suffering. At the expiration of that time, the doctors, who expressed themselves as fairly satisfied with the result of the treatment so far, strongly urged a further application of the electricity, which, it may be interesting to state here, was applied in what is called an interrupted current, of very high power, by the insertion of needles under the skin.

A third operation took place at Barnet, where The General was then living, on June 25th. Mrs. Booth was quite prostrate, but in the course of two or three weeks the immediate effects of the shock passed away, and for a time it seemed probable that if the cancer itself was not destroyed, its growth was, at any rate, arrested.

The dear patient's calmness and nerve at this time were an amazement to every one who knew anything at all of what she was passing through. The operating physician -- a man of wide experience and practice -- spoke with feeling of the impression made upon him when Mrs. Booth said, just before the first operation, 'Well, doctor, if you fail with me I shall not be altogether disappointed, if you are only successful in obtaining some information which will help you to relieve the sufferings of others.' In the weary days of awful depression that followed the

operations she was wonderfully comforted by the presence of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who had just arrived from India, and no doubt cheered by the hope -- only, alas! too soon to be destroyed -- that she might after all return to the fight she loved so well.

About the middle of July there was a change for the worse, and at the time of the London Anniversary gathering of that year, at the Alexandra Palace, it became lamentably apparent that the electrical operations had failed.

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05 -- SUFFERING AND SERVICE JOINED

Mrs. Booth found, at the same time, an alleviation and an increase of her sufferings in the contemplation of the progress of the War. Often when every other effort failed to render the pain endurable, when all had been done that could be done by tender and skillful hands, only to demonstrate how futile are all efforts in the face of this awful disease, then the tidings of some new advance, the story of some wonderful capture of a notorious character for Christ, the reasons for and against some important step affecting the future of the War, would arrest her attention, call forth wonderful flashes of the old fire, and for a time assuage the intensity of the suffering. It was an interesting illustration of the triumph of the soul over the body, and a wonderful testimony to the fact that the interests of the Kingdom held the first place in the dear sufferer's affections -- the zeal of His house had eaten her up. Again and again in the long hours of weary nights when she could not sleep, Mrs. Booth-Tucker and the Field Commissioner have helped her to resist the awful sickness and suffering, waiting to pounce upon her like some wild monster, by recounting the histories of their campaigns, and telling her as best they could of the blessing and hope and joy she had helped to bring to some of the many thousands who will call her blessed to the end of time. And so it came about that when the doctors failed, and the medicines failed, and the opiates failed, the news of the Lord's battle in some struggling little Outpost or dark and dismal slum, and the tidings of a new conquest for the Cross from Queen Victoria Street, or Ceylon, or New York City, succeeded in banishing the anguish, in lighting up with a Divine illumination the darkened room, and bringing back to the dear worn features the holy radiance of her own days of victorious contact with the enemy. And thus that Scripture was once more fulfilled, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior.'

This all-absorbing interest in the things of the Kingdom made her, however, deeply sensible, albeit with the truest humbleness of spirit, of the great loss her death would be to us all. With faith's far-seeing eye she saw her place in the temple of eternal rest, saw her Savior and her God, and for herself, therefore, had little care; but for The Army, for the Truth, for the interests of the poor and the oppressed, she did care, and anon mourned her coming withdrawal from the battle-field, with many tears and in deep, dark anguish of spirit. It was not merely that she desired to live; that was probably itself a small part of her feeling. She desired to fight, to witness, to guide, to still lead on the chosen people of her heart to the setting up of the Kingdom of Righteousness on the earth. The vast opportunities presented to The Army in every land, the listening ear and appreciative, if not sympathetic, attention with which its leaders have now been

received in every country in which it is at work, the gigantic needs of our enormous populations and the weakness and emptiness approaching to decay and death of the majority of the Churches, all this and much more appealed with all-powerful claims to her heart. It was such a heart. All round the earth its tendons of human as well as Divine love find wrapped themselves, claiming relationship with, and responsibility for, every redeemed being, and in the darkness of approaching death she felt, as only such hearts can feel, both how little her life had accomplished, and how much more might have been done, in the power of God, in a further time of service had he seen fit to permit it. It was in these inner conflicts that she seemed sometimes to suffer more than when the cancer rendered her whole body a house of torture. It was the travail of a great soul. The treading of the winepress alone in face of the terrible sum of the world's sin and sorrow, while unable to do anything to help it.

But one thing she could do, or at least begin to do -- arrange and dictate the story of her life. Early in her illness this work was taken in hand, and so far as it was possible she carried it forward -- though never able to finish it. Much of the material, however, which was gathered under her oversight proved of no little value to Commissioner Booth-Tucker when he came to write her life. Among the memories of bygone days she found abundant traces of that almost prophetic spirit which sometimes "took possession of her tongue or pen. Her prophecies as to men and things have probably been fulfilled more than any woman's of this century, and her faith was often strengthened, in face of the mysteries surrounding her in this illness, by the history of God's strange and yet gracious dealings with her in the past, viewed in the light of the life-work done and labor finished.

In August, 1889, Mrs. Booth left London never to return. On the journey, which was an exceedingly trying undertaking, she had a presentiment that this was so, and on the way from Barnet to Liverpool Street, spoke frequently and in the most touching way of her memories of the great city, east and west, its rich and its poor, its evil and its good. London was the scene of her greatest achievements; here she had lived for twenty-five years; here she had passed from being an all but private individual to be a Leader of the most notorious, the most aggressive religious force on the face of the earth. It was no wonder that going away moved her deeply.

During the first month or two at Clacton the weather was very favorable, and Mrs. Booth managed to be out of doors a good deal. A dear friend and son in the Gospel, whose sympathy and thoughtful care, especially in the early period of the illness, was tenderly appreciated, kept a carriage for a short time at Clacton for Mrs. Booth's use at this time, and this added some pleasure and physical comfort. In October the disease was seen to be rapidly developing, and though still able to come downstairs for a little while on some days, most of her time was now spent in her bedroom. The House of Rest at Clacton, which The General had rented from The Army for Mrs. Booth, was peculiarly well-suited in many ways for our purpose. The kitchen and servants' room were in a distant wing of the main building, with a separate staircase, and the situation of the house, although rather distant from the post office and railway station, was very quiet and convenient. Mrs. Booth's rooms were bright and cheerful ones; the smaller, in which she died, faced to the sea, and was rather higher than any other in the house. The sitting-room was also a pleasant room. The General's room was upstairs, opening into the landing facing Mrs. Booth's. Two other rooms were used by the secretaries and others who were constantly coming

and going during the last eight or nine months, and another was set apart for the use of those who were on night duty either in the sick chamber or in attendance upon it.

Early in November her strength was seen to be evidently giving way, and more and more she was compelled to remain in her bed, or at least in her own room. During this time The Army was passing through one of those periodical and, it would seem, inevitable crises of slander and vituperation which have always left it -- no matter how searchingly painful they have been at the time -- stronger than before. Enemies old and new arose -- traitors alike to God and man, to themselves, and to their fellows -- and poured out their vials of falsehood and calumny upon us, upon our work, and upon our leaders. For a time Mrs. Booth suffered keenly about it, especially in so far as comrades who had been loved and trusted were disturbed and distressed, and friends with whom she had had fellowship were influenced. But the fiery trails passed, and in the integrity of her soul she never doubted but that God would more than justify His own, discredit and destroy His enemies, and deliver from the snare of the fowler the sincere souls who had fallen into the trap laid for them by the enemy of souls. In part, her expectations were realized even before she died.

Among many interesting experiences of the closing months of 1889 were the visits of two or three deputations of Officers to Mrs. Booth's bedside. The first of these was from the Staff Council, which sat in London on November 27th and 28th, and of whose visit the Editor of 'All the World' wrote the following sketch in 'The War Cry':--

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REPRESENTATIVE DELEGATION FROM THE STAFF COUNCIL AT MRS. BOOTH'S BEDSIDE

'During the deliberations of the staff Councils which followed immediately upon the late Two Days in Exeter Hall, it was decided that its closing Meetings should be held in Mrs. Booth's own sick chamber; that, as The General said quaintly, "Since she cannot come to the Council, the Council should go to her." Since it was manifestly impossible that the whole could be received by Mrs. Booth in her present prostrate and suffering condition, a delegation was appointed, consisting, so far as possible, of representatives from each department, which should represent the entire Council, and which should comprise, so far as possible, those oldest fellow-Soldiers whose long comradeship made it especially fitting that they should have this precious opportunity of a look and word from the beloved Leader whom they will, in all human probability, meet next on the golden streets of Heaven. The deputation finally numbered nineteen.

'It was a never-to-be-forgotten journey. The gray light of the November day, falling from the dull November sky over the snow-covered fields; the look on the faces of the bearded men and the true-hearted women who bore the messages and love of their comrades to the sick-bed which had so long been framed in their prayers, made of that journey a panorama which some of us expect to see unfolded, scene by scene, on the Resurrection Morning, when the Book of Judgment opens. God set His seal on every mile.

'The little company was ushered at once by Mrs. Booth-Tucker into the sick chamber. Since it was not possible for so many to be seated in it, all knelt as in a Prayer Meeting, and so really did one feel as if in the very presence-chamber of God that the attitude of prayer was a relief.

'Mrs. Booth had previously passed a night of great suffering, but most of the delegation felt that her long suffering had left less trace on her beloved features than they had feared. Bodily pain cannot so very much alter a face which has for two-score years mirrored a serene soul. Perhaps the sight hardest for us to bear was that of the brave right hand, which has so often been uplifted in stern denunciation of wrong, whose pen-sword was so keen and tireless, lying muffled and almost useless. Mrs. Booth could only cover her face with her handkerchief at first and weep silently; but a war-song rose softly by her bedside, and she gathered strength and composure as its notes swelled--

'Oh, Thou God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the Fire of Heaven fall;
Bless our Army!
With Thy power baptize us all.

'Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit;
Make our Soldiers white as snow;
Save the world through Jesus' merit,
Satan's kingdom overthrow!
Bless our Army!
Send us where we ought to go.'

'It was hard for Commissioner Cadman to find voice. These strong men were weeping like children in the presence of the woman who had done so much to shape their destinies for time and for eternity. But with effort he poured his heart out before God, and prayer seemed to nerve and compose all present.

'Commissioner Dowdle explained that this delegation was deputed by the Council just met, to express to Mrs. Booth its sympathy with her and The General in the very deepest sense: "We bow, with you," he said, "in perfect submission to the will of God. We represent different departments of the War, and the Foreign as well as the English Field. We have felt, although you were not among us in person, you were one with us in purpose, in spirit, and in union with God. We rejoice to be able, in the name of the Council, to express our loyalty to The General, to the whole of his family, and to yourself in your sufferings." Commissioner Howard next said:--

"We feel sure that you will be desirous of hearing something from us of the Council which has just passed, even at the risk of added suffering." (Mrs. Booth had not yet been able to command herself sufficiently to respond. But she made a gesture and utterance of decided assent.)

"From its beginning to its end, we announced our determination to stand by the first principles of The Army -- those first principles upon which you and The General founded your work more than twenty-five years ago, no matter what our doing so may cost. We saw that it might be possible to give gratification in certain quarters, and even to secure for the moment increased popularity and favor, if we were to modify our form of constitution and government; but the Council felt and expressed its sense of the importance of going forward on the same lines, and that so the greater blessing and success would be secured.

(A clear, fervent "Amen!" from Mrs. Booth.)

"We have determined that henceforth we must and shall, to an extent never attained before, on every detail and in every department, bring to bear the whole force of our personal spiritual life. That is, that there must be no distinction between the spirit in which we transact business and that in which we conduct a Holiness Meeting, and that we must rise up to this as never before, so that whatsoever we do, whether we preach or pray, or write letters or administer departmental business, we must and will, more than ever, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, and in the power of the Holy Ghost."

Mrs. Booth had sufficiently recovered from her first outburst of emotion to listen to the latter part of Commissioner Howard's remarks with manifest interest. She spoke now in a voice which, though low, was as clear and emphatic as ever:--

"Well, I can only say, brethren and sisters, that I should have to be a great deal more stoical than I am, not to be deeply touched by this manifestation of your affection and sympathy. Nevertheless, I have had so long in which to look back on much that seems to me defective in my own life and service, that I can but feel that you overestimate both. But I am more than glad I can say, with a gladness which I shall take with me before the Throne of God, for these assurances of your loyalty to the first principles of this Movement. I feel that, at this moment, I could put all my children into their graves and go to a workhouse bed to die, sooner than I could see those first principles of The Salvation Army, for which I have lived and struggled, traduced and undermined and sacrificed. I am surer than ever that they are the right principles; that they are the only principles by which to push successfully the Salvation of the world.

"During these two years of comparative isolation, I have reconsidered and thought and thought over, from the standpoint of our enemies and of our critics, and in the light of Church history, the lines on which this Movement has been made; and I have tried, I am sure, in all disinterestedness of heart, to see if there was any better way -- for certainly there might be a much easier one, for those I love best; at any rate -- but I have been compelled to come to the conclusion that there is no better way, nor any one nearly so good for the accomplishment of the great end we have in view.

"The Lord has also shown me very clearly lately, that while in its essentials our body -- even though there may be upon it excrescences and outward deformities -- keeps itself pure, all the forces of Hell must be arrayed against it. If the forces of evil and the forces of good are, as almost all godly people agree, culminating for the last great struggle, then we must expect opposition. The wonder is that we do not receive far more than we do!

"I am not a stranger to the recent attacks of the enemy, and although I admit to having felt in a special manner this blow which the Devil has dealt you while I am laid aside, unable to stand with you as in the days gone by, still I am not in any way overwhelmed by it. You see there is no other movement in the present day that receives anything like the persecution that we do. And the persecution, opposition, and misrepresentation that we do receive, rather than being any discouragement to us, should on the contrary be regarded as a glorious proof that God is with us, and that we are on the right lines, doing the work to which Jesus Christ has called us, and for which we have been raised up.

"Without reflecting upon us older ones, I must say that, lying here on the brink of eternity, and realizing that I must soon leave the battle-field, it has been a special joy to me to know that there are so many young in the ranks, who may have but acted as our armor-bearers hitherto, but who, when we have left the field, will leap into our places and go on with this War, and I congratulate you all a thousand times upon your remaining opportunities for usefulness.

"I value your expressions of affection to The General and to my children, because I believe that they are all wholly given up to God. I always said that no one of my children should ever go into the priest's office for a bit of bread. In the first place there has been no occasion; and, in the second place, I should expect the curse of God upon their whole future lives had I planned it to be so. I believe that their work will, in the future, speak for them. I know what sacrifices some of you have made in His service. I know what sacrifices you must have made. God will not fail you. 'He is not like man, that He should forget our work of faith and labor of love.'

"I thank God that, notwithstanding all the defects and imperfection I see in my life and work, as I look back upon them from this bed, I can say that by His grace I have always kept the interests of His Kingdom first, and have never withheld anything He required of me in order to help forward the Salvation of the world. And my prayer for all of you is that you may be able; when you come as near the end, to say the same."

'Another Officer assured Mrs. Booth of the deep interest felt in all news of her health by the children, of their love for her, and of the prayers they sent up to God for her.

'A smile came at this point to the face which had only been able to look peaceful before. The thought of the little ones brought our beloved Army Mother wholly out of herself and her pain and her weariness. "A very choice, branch of the work," she said. "I have often told Emma that I hoped, when I was too old for public work, God would let me end where I began -- with the children, but it seems it is not to be so!"

'Answering his address, she said:--

"Give the children my dear love, and tell them that if there had been a Salvation Army when I was ten, I should have been as good a Soldier then as I am today. Never allow yourself to be discouraged in your work, Major. I know you must meet with many discouragements -- (Major: "I am not discouraged! I am very much encouraged ") -- but I am convinced that the Spirit of God works mightily on little children long before grown people think they are able to understand."

'Commissioner Higgins said, with much emotion, that he was glad to have this opportunity to say that he owed his present position in The Army largely to Mrs. Booth. It was at a Meeting held by her in Reading that he had been led to accept the first principles of The Army, some time before he even became an Officer therein, and he had been led on step by step from that point up to the post he held today.

'Colonel Barker, representing the Foreign work, alluded to his own conversion " under the old railway arch in Bethnal Green," one of the old historic landmarks of "Christian Mission days," gave a brief resume of the present state of the War in Australasia, and a message from a dear woman in the Colonies, saved under Mrs. Booth in England: " Give her my love, and tell her I too am near Home, and shall meet her in the Morning!"

"Give the Australasian Soldiers my love," was Mrs. Booth's reply. " Tell them I look on and care for them just as for my English children, and expect them to gather in many, and many a prodigal child who has wandered away from his Father's House."

'Commissioner McKie was unable to control his feelings sufficiently to speak, and his first sentence ended in sobs.

'Commissioner Carleton when first called had found it then impossible to keep back his tears sufficiently to speak. But at this point of the Meeting Mrs. Booth said, "I should like a word from the Literary Department." Mastering his feelings by a strong effort, he said:

"This I will say -- all I am spiritually, I owe to The Salvation Army. I feel that I am only expressing the feelings of those in this room, and of many outside it, when I say that there are those of us who would gladly, if such could be in accordance with the purposes of God, take the disease from which you are suffering into their own bodies -- (Mrs. Booth: "Ah, but I could never allow that!") -- if so you could be restored to your place in the battle!"

'The gathering closed with a brief prayer from Mrs. Booth, and the male Officers passed out, each one having an opportunity to touch her hand and receive a personal word of blessing.

'The women-Officers lingered by her side a few moments longer, in loving farewell, and that Mrs. Booth might acquaint them more fully with the nature and progress of her illness. The composure which she had maintained for nearly an hour had been hardly won, for the keeping of one position for many minutes was sorely trying to her.

'No Officer privileged to share in the Meeting of that solemn hour can ever quite lose the impress from his soul.'

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A REPRESENTATIVE BAND AT MRS. BOOTH'S BEDSIDE

Another deeply interesting company of representatives came, later on in order of date, but it is convenient to this little narrative to introduce the story here. The Training Home Band was at that time the leading Band of The Army, and could be permitted to speak for all other Bands, Home and Foreign, Brass and String, and indeed for all the vast host of Hallelujah minstrels which this great singing Army has raised up.

The following impressive sketch is from the pen of the Officer in command, who was present at the interview:--

'On the morning of January 30, 1890, twenty-eight instrumentalists marched through the grass bordering the cliffs at Clacton; their step was to the rhythm of the music they played; their feelings were carried before them upon the intonation of its melody, and to us who watched and wondered, it appeared as if the bells of their instruments were turned, not to the abode of the dying, but towards the battlements of the Eternal City beyond. The resonance of familiar melody was given back from its threshold as sound returning from the invisible and the infinite; the music of men was answered by echoes that resembled the voice of angels and the commonplace air of The Army Halls when so taken up and chanted by God's choristers, caused vibrations to tremble in our hearts that will outreach the span of our memories. And why all this? Nothing new in the tunes they are playing! They have been blown through those very instruments a thousand times, and have not thus set us thinking. It is because they are striking old chords in new circumstances. They have marched playing into the valley of death, and the echoes are eternal!

'Twenty-eight Bandsmen. At the word of command the twenty-eight instruments, gleaming in the morning sun, are raised. The strain is a lovely one, and the chords filter through the open window of the sick chamber, under which the Band has gathered, like a living thing.

"Grace there is my every debt to pay, Blood to wash my every sin away, Power to keep me spotless day by day, For me! For me!"

'Mrs. Booth has summoned strength and consented to see the Band lads; before she does so let us explain something. Seven years ago there was just one Brass Band in The Salvation Army. It is five years ago when that little Band, composed of five persons, all one family, first mounted the orchestra of The Army. Since then 8,550 others have taken their places there. [3] They have been mostly recruited from the tap-room, have sought out the theory and practice of music for themselves, and have belted the world with song.

'It is no unimportant part these Bandsmen have played in the history of this Movement, and it was right they should be represented at the death-bed of its Mother. Let them enter!

'They piled their instruments in the garden, left their shoes and coats in the hall, and mounted the staircase jacketed in red and holding their white helmets in their hand. Some of us have seen this same Band march out, like men of brass, into the arms of a blood-thirsty mob and ask no questions; we now watched them enter the shaded room with the gentleness of lambs. They formed in a semicircle round the bed, the Bandmaster and his wife on the extreme right. The Bandmaster wept, but could not speak; he handed in the following letter, written "on behalf of the Bandsmen of the World!"

"We wish to assure you, as you near the land of song and of all kinds of music, that The Army Bands exist only for God's glory, with the sole purpose of luring Satan's slaves to the service and happiness of their true Master, Jesus Christ.

"In closing, we would further like to add our testimony to the universal feeling of our comrades, that though we have sorrowed over the terrible suffering and prolonged anguish of your mysterious illness, yet our faith has been strengthened and our courage helped by what we have heard and read of these last solemn moments of your life.

"So we have come for a short time to voice in music the feelings of love and sympathy of our fellow-Bandsmen all over the world, and also of our fellow-comrades everywhere, praying most of all that it may be God's dear will that peace may at last take the place of anguish, and faith may now end in full and blessed sight of Him whom you have loved so long and served so well.

"Reckon on us on earth and in Heaven as your loving and faithful children."

To which Mrs. Booth replied:--

"I did not expect to see your faces any more. It is very kind of you to come and play to me. I am sure I have enjoyed it very much. I wish I was stronger that I might say more of what is in my heart, but I rejoice in one or two points expressed in your letter very much; in one especially, and that is that you see the importance of keeping your music spiritual, and using it only for the one end.

"We had a great deal of argument in the first introduction of Bands into The Army, and a great many fears.

"I had always regarded music as all belonging to God. Perhaps some of you have heard me say in public that there will not be a note of music in Hell, it will all be in Heaven, and God ought to have it all here; but, unfortunately, God has not His rights here, and the Church has strangely lost sight of the value of music as a religious agency. I think God has used The Army to resuscitate and awaken that agency -- to create it, in fact, and while the Bandsmen of The Salvation Army realize it to be as much their service to blow an instrument as it is to sing or pray or speak, and while they do it in the same spirit, I am persuaded it will become an ever-increasing power amongst us. But the moment you, or any other Bandsmen, begin to glory in the "excellency" of the music alone, apart from spiritual results, you will begin at that moment to lose your power.

"It is the same with everything else. Meetings, testifying, marching, singing, or praying. It is the human and the Divine. You see, when you separate the Divine from the human, it ceases to have any power over souls. Don't forget that.

"I have often boasted that I believed, so far as we knew, every Bandsman plays his instrument with sanctified breath, and I hope it will continue to be so.

"I never expected to hear any more earthly music. A fortnight ago I thought I was just almost within hearing the heavenly harpers; but here I am, shunted, for what purpose I don't know, but one purpose has been to see your faces.

"I think you have formed far too high an estimate of me and of my work; but any blessing I can be to you, such as it is, I give it to you with all my heart. I feel you are my lads. May God bless you all and keep you -- keep you all faithful, and make you all valiant soul-winners."

'Although battling with great pain, Mrs. Booth managed to speak distinctly. The scene was impressive beyond degree. The face of each wore an expression that seemed the co-mingling of distress with anxiety and sympathy with affection. Our souls were stirred, and rose upon the swell of emotion till they touched the very harbor-gates of Heaven, and then they were compassed of silence as those who take and deliver the messages of the dead. They melted into gratitude when we took the message, and dissolved into tears when we remembered the lips that were speaking it.

'Then The General entered. He looked increasingly worn. His sojourn at the River has left traces upon the face we love so well. He had something to say also. He was thankful for the little cheer they had brought his beloved, anxious they should profit by her words, and hopeful they would be level with their privileges. He gave them his blessing and shook their hands.

'And then we prayed! How can we account for that instinctiveness which, under the pressure of misfortune bends our knees and turns our vision outward to Heaven? We cannot understand the mysteries of this life, our minds are too limited to cover them. But our instincts often save us from their confusion by leading us to kneel in the presence of Him "by whom and through whom and to whom are all things." And so in the face of this mystery of suffering the soul of each had let itself loose. It was, for us, enough that God was there! The Bandmaster prays:--

"We have very little human strength and ability, but such as we have it shall be Thine. Our precious Mother shall not be disappointed in us, and her Christ shall not be deceived; but we, by Thy grace, shall be a credit to our dear General and Mother, and by Thy power a credit to Heaven and earth.

"We pray Thee that Thou wouldst bless our Mother. Thou knowest that out of our hearts we cannot find words to express our desire, but we leave it all with Thee, feeling that all will be well. Grant that when it is our time, we may die with the same triumph, and we will crown Thee Christ of all."

We still waited. Something more was wanted to complete this life incident. Mrs. Booth did not disappoint us. She opened her lips and prayed:--

"O Lord, we can only ask Thee to bless every one in this room just as Thou seest they need. Deal with every heart in Thine own way for the perfecting of that heart and for the full devotion of all its powers to Thee and to Thy Kingdom forever.

"Oh, do not let one in this room ever wander away from the narrow path. Keep them. Jesus prayed when he was leaving his disciples, 'I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil that is in the world.'

"O Lord, keep these dear lads from the evil, keep them from the snare of the fowler, from the traps of the Devil, and give us the joy of meeting, every one of us, on the other side of that River, that one River that we must all cross, and we will praise Thee with louder voices on the other side, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

That evening the darkness fell upon the same group standing below the window of the sick room. The music, caught by the sea-breeze, rose and fell before it like the swell of a great organ, and the anthem of an eternal choir; then it trembled away into silence, leaving the sound only of one voice, full and clear, that broke the stillness with its thrilling tenor. It was the voice of a man, and this was the burden of his song:--

"I stood beside a dying-bed,
There lay a saint with aching head,
Waiting the Master's call.
I asked her whence her strength was given;
She looked, triumphantly to Heaven,
And whispered, 'Christ is all!'"

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REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NATIONS AT THE BEDSIDE

The last of those unique gatherings in the chamber of suffering was, however, in some respects, the most interesting and the most instructive of all. It happened that a large number of Officers from other countries were visiting England from one cause or another, and some of them went to Clacton, where they gathered together around the dying warrior's couch. The east, the west, the sunny south and snowy north were there to receive for themselves and 'their own people' her parting blessing. It was a scene full of thrilling interest. A moment of glorious promise for the future of the world, for the triumph of Love and Universal Brotherhood. And more than that. Looking back over the past, the struggles and losses of a life-time grow less and ever less in sight of these representatives of the advancing legions of the Cross from every quarter of the globe.

That leaving of all twice over was indeed a lonely business, but here is the hundredfold -- that standing out alone of those two in the face of the foe, without a friend and almost without a home-- there did not seem much prospect of victory in it all, but now -- the one has become a thousand, and the two have put ten thousand to flight. Those early days in the East End, when Converts were few and friends were scarce, and the discouragements of poverty and obscurity seemed insurmountable, gave little promise of these days, when the small one has become a strong nation -- and they which in time past were not a people have become the people of our God.

Among the Officers forming the deputation were two or three representatives of each of the following countries: France, Germany, Switzerland, Canada, Denmark, Australia, Sweden,

Norway, South Africa, India and Ceylon, while the Secretary for Foreign Affairs at International Headquarters, and one or two of his Officers, represented other lands. It was a truly picturesque gathering, and the occasion at once deeply stirred Mrs. Booth's heart and mind. The interview lasted for nearly an hour, and the words spoken will never be forgotten. Indeed, some of those present trace new zeal and new victories to the inspiration of that sick chamber. The Foreign Secretary had, in introducing the delegation, referred to the inspiration which all present had received from her own life and the lives and deeds of her family. It is to this that Mrs. Booth's opening sentences refer.

'It is the Lord who has made us the instruments of thus inspiring you, and I give Him all the praise. I rejoice more in that than I should in any balm that you could bring me, or in anything of a personal character that you could do for me.

'They tell me that this illness has been used to increase the spirit of union and love in The Army, and to lead numbers to a deeper consecration and a stronger determination than ever to fight for the Salvation of the world. If so, then I don't regret it, though it is hard to bear -- very hard. If this is the result, I shall be quite satisfied -- quite.

'I feel a special interest in you as being representatives of Foreign Missions, not only in heathen lands, but of Foreign work in general. From my very childhood I have felt a peculiar interest in the spread of the Gospel abroad. I can remember a sort of inward pity for what I thought then the small expectations of the Church; and when I went to missionary meetings, I can remember how disappointed I felt at the comparatively small results which seemed to give satisfaction. I was looking at the great world beyond, and realizing what continents were yet untouched. Oh! how my heart used to ache for the multitudes who sat in darkness, little thinking that God would even use me to put a measure of this missionary spirit into a people who would go to the darkest corners of the earth!

'I always looked upon the work of Jesus Christ as being world-wide. I believed in my inmost soul that "He tasted death for every man," and, therefore, it seemed to me that He intended, at least, for every man and woman to hear about it.

'And I felt that He had put the responsibility upon His people to make them hear; and yet I saw His people almost everywhere as much absorbed in the things of time as their neighbors, and taking very little responsibility upon themselves for spreading the knowledge of His name.

'But now I feel that we have at least got started on a better line of things, and I hope God will use your zeal, faithfulness, and self-denial to stir up what life there is left in other places, and to set going thousands of others with a similar spirit, who shall carry the light of Salvation to all nations.

'I think I have proved the sincerity of my love for the millions in other lands by giving up my own to labor there -- those whom I would so gladly have kept with me; and I am willing to give others, if they are needed, to go through sufferings, imprisonments, and even death, if such should be God's way for them. I want Him to use them all according to the promise He gave me

years ago: "I will make thee a mother of nations." I could not understand it then, so I put it away. I shelved it, as it were, till I began to see it fulfilled.

I do praise Him for it all! I only wish I had been more faithful to the urgings of His Spirit in me. I wish I had not so long resisted them, and that I had given myself to public work years before I did; but I don't know that I can say "I wish I had done more since I did," because I think I have done all I could in that direction. I want you to do the same.

I don't want you to regard this affliction as having come upon me in consequence of my work. I don't think it has. We don't understand God's dealings in this world. "He giveth not account of any of His matters." We shall never understand till we get beyond the Flood.

I am afraid that a good deal of the religion of this day has put suffering quite out of its account. It does not seem to recognize that God has anything, to do in the way of pruning and disciplining His saints through the furnace of affliction, whereas all the history of God's people has shown from the beginning that this is one of the great modes He has of perfecting them, and through them of influencing others.

Look at the martyrs! Think what they endured -- many of them for long years shut upon dungeons, pining away in darkness and sorrow. Why should He allow this, if He does not willingly afflict? He must have permitted it for a great and worthy purpose, and therefore we must try to receive that which appears evil at the hands of the Lord as well as the good, and say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

'Oh, how often I have felt while lying here, thinking of our Officers toiling and conquering all over the world, "If I could but have them all together in one room and speak to every heart just as I feel! Oh, how I would strive to make them realize the value of souls and the verities of eternity and the emptiness and hollowness of everything else!" In fact, as I look back on life I don't seem to recognize anything else. I don't remember the houses I have lived in, the people I have known, the things of passing interest of the moment. They are all gone. There is nothing stands out before my mind as of any consequence but the work I have done for God and for eternity. That is all that there is to rejoice in. Not that there is any merit in that, but I do feel glad for as much as the Lord has enabled me to do, and multitudes of letters that have come during my sickness, blessing God that the writers have ever known us or The Army, have made me feel: "Well, It has been worth all the sacrifice and toil." And in your dark and most difficult days I want you to feel that the result will be worth it. I tell you, as I have lain here reviewing the past, and looking at our principles and methods over and over again, I am more than ever satisfied that there is no other way of bringing the greatest spiritual force to bear upon the world. There may be things in The Army open to objection, as there are in all human organizations, but there is no such effective way of reaching the people and of saving souls.

I know how often you will be tempted to feel that the struggle is too heavy and that the fight is too hard. There have been crises in my own history when the Devil has tried to get me to be indifferent; when I have been met on every hand by professing Christians and others (because ours has been a particularly trying course, at the head of a New Departure that was everywhere spoken against) who have carped and criticized:-- the Devil has said, "I'd give it up. You see

what comes of it. Give up fighting everybody! Why should you not take an easier course?" I have been through the temptation when the flesh is weary, and the spirits down, and one feels lonely and loosed from all human aid. But I do thank God that I did not give way, but that I held on, and that we have fought our way through, so far, and that He has let me live to see as much of the victory as I have seen, and I shall see the rest from the battlements of Heaven.'

It was thus that this Heroine of Grace triumphed. In the hour when heart and flesh fail, she trampled on flesh and blood, urged forward the legions of the Cross to new labors, and extolled her Lord down to the very gates of death and the grave.

'Jesus, I bless Thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts Thy name;
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.'

* * * * *

06 -- ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER

As Christmas-time grew on, it appeared as if at any moment the Golden Gates might open before Mrs. Booth. From Sunday, December 15th, on to Christmas Eve, her state of exhaustion seemed to leave no possible hope of her spending Christmas Day with her family on earth. All through its hours, her family waited for her last word before her voice should melt into the song before the Throne. Toward the evening of Boxing Day, however, she rallied in a remarkable manner.

From that time onward, one of the most trying features of her illness was the almost rhythmic recurrence of terrible fits of exhaustion and hemorrhage, which brought her repeatedly into the very mists of the Valley of the Shadow, and in any one of which her physicians considered that she might depart. Still, no sudden glimpse through the Gates of Heaven, had they opened for her quickly, could have borne such transcendent testimony for our faith as the way in which Mrs. Booth and those more precious to her than life were sustained, through constantly-repeated death partings; through days and nights of waiting for the delayed summons. Those hours were indeed full of the manifested glory of God, crowded with words of revelation for which we can but thank Him unspeakably. Many of her utterances in the face of death were carefully chronicled. The following is a faithful transcript of what passed in the sick room on one of those never-to-be-forgotten days, while her family gathered about her for last messages.

'Tell the people that all we say and sing about souls, when we get here does not look enough; they look worth, they look worth it all. I wish I had always estimated their value more as I do today. It looks such a few that we do get.

'You are going to take hands with me. I cannot get hold of all your hands, so Emma will be one side and you, Pa, the other, and you must take hold of hands all round like they do with the

electric battery, and I shall feel I have got hold of you all, till the Light meets me on the other side, and then you can let me drop, safe in the arms of Jesus.

'I don't care about my body, I have done with my body. It has been a poor old troublesome affair. I shall be glad for it to be scaled up. It is time it was. Oh, I have dragged it very wearily about. Never think of me as in the grave. I shall not be there, anyway.'

'I believe there will be the same differences in people there that there are here, and those who like to sit in a corner playing a harp all day, they will let them, perhaps; but the people who will probe about and look after things and help the good, they will let them. I don't believe there are so many of them that one can be spared. I shall get about, you may depend. I have in this world, and I shall in the next. I shall know what you are doing. I shall know all about it.'

'Oh! I wish I could let you know. I wish there was some way of getting a letter to you when I am gone, but perhaps I shall be able to in dreams and visions of the night.'

'Love one another, love one another. Stand fast together and the Devil can sneer at the Booths. You can afford his sneers while you stand together. Never mind what they say. What does it matter to me now what the world says about me? Not a bit, not an atom. Oh! I would not give a farthing for all their good opinions. I am comforted in one way to think that I have never betrayed my Master at the tables of the rich. I have made their hearts ache many a time. I knew they would hate me, but I did not care. I never pandered to their opinions, nor stroked them down in their Pharisaism. Never! and my soul I can truly say loathed their dainties.'

The General: 'You never flattered the brewers.' Mrs. Booth: 'No, no. I would not go to Mr. ----'s great gathering. I had an invitation to go, and I told them how I should expect to hear the wails of widows and orphans mixed up with their songs, and I should expect the grass under my feet to be red with their blood. I would not go, and you know I would not have had their money, but you converted me over that. I used to want to send their money back to perish with them, but you said it was better to get it back to undo some of the mischief they had done. Oh! I feel like flying. I tell them I shall get about. I don't believe I shall be fastened up in a corner playing a harp. I shall let the folks do it who like, but I shall come prodding about if I can. I shall come and see you if I can, and whisper things to you, some things that I have not been able to say'

Commissioner Railton had now entered the room, and turning to him, she said:--

'I shall see your mother. What shall I say to her?' Railton: 'Tell her I am at it still.'

Mrs. Booth: 'She will understand, I suppose. And your father -- what message shall I give him?'

Railton: 'Tell him that both his boys are sticking to the work he told us of when he went away.'

Mrs. Booth: 'Not long since I saw your brother. Give him my love.' Then, tenderly stroking The General's gray head, bowed by sorrow at her side, she took his hand while she wept and

pressed it fervently, and said, 'We two are so joined. I shan't be in Glory and leave you behind long, I am sure. . . .

'I shall tell the Lord I have kept His interests first, and therefore He must let me go and look after you all. The journey won't matter to me then.'

Her eyes now rested on each of her family who were closely gathered around her, and, picking out the two servants, she said, 'Dutton, stand where I can see you, and you, too, Sarah. Remember, divisions and schisms and distrust are of the Devil, of the Devil. I know him. He comes at me. He says, "Oh, you are leaving all your children, and the world and the Devil will be too much for them"; but they won't, will they?'

All the Family: 'No.'

Mrs. Booth: 'Don't let him get an advantage. Now all of you join round. I cannot use this poor hand. Join your hands and I shall feel I have got hold of you all. Join them like they do at the galvanic battery. O Lord!' she said suddenly, fixing her earnest gaze upward, 'O Lord, send the divine galvanism upon us all,' and a deep 'Amen!' came from every heart.

'Oh, be not faithless!' she continued, with her voice quivering with the love that beamed in her striking face. 'I have been so wanting in faith. Oh, what would I give if I had had more faith and been more courageous!' While she wept aloud she said, 'Have faith in God. Don't be afraid of the Devil; don't be afraid of evil tidings. Don't be afraid of them that can kill the body. Have faith, faith, mighty faith! I am going into the dark valley believing. I am so ashamed of myself. I am so disgusted with myself in many respects. I don't want you to publish what I have done. I am so ashamed of the little bit I have achieved, and if I only had had more faith I might have achieved so much.'

Mrs. Booth-Tucker, anxious that her mother should bless the absent members of the family, brought the photographs of each of them and laid them upon the bed. Taking a letter just received from one of her daughters, she pressed it to her lips, and then placed her photo, with that of her "husband and the baby, fondly upon her bosom, saying, 'My darling girl! She is a brave, beautiful soul, and if she is a bit too cautious, never mind. I think you had better be a bit over-careful whom you send, than to send those hollow, self-seeking people who never put God in the place of themselves.

'Though I think we ought to have a people with some gifts, because they cannot otherwise very well get the ear of the people; but, Oh, goodness is the great thing. Truth, sincerity in the inward parts, and you cannot tell when it is there unless it comes to light in the outward acts.

'Where's Fritz?' she said, referring to Commissioner Booth-Tucker -- 'a beautiful, transparent, saintly character,' and, raising his photo to her lips, she handed it back to Mrs. Booth-Tucker. She continued, 'I say, they will have a copy of "The War Cry" up there in the celestial characters, and I shall read it to Abraham, Noah, David, and Job, and Paul, and the angels, and I shall make them listen to the stories if they don't know them all, and we shall have an extra song! And Eva, don't you forget that man with the handcuffs on. Find him. Go to Lancaster

Jail, and let somebody go with you and find that man. Tell him that your mother prayed, when she was dying, for him, and that she had a feeling in her heart that God would save him; and tell him, hard as the ten years is, it will be easier with Christ than it would be without, and God will hold him up against the wretched people he is going amongst.

'I did want to have done something for the prisons and for the asylums. Oh, my God, if You will but come and burst up this wickedness of the world! Oh, the wickedness of the world! Those poor Indians,' she continued, turning to Mrs. Booth-Tucker. 'I was going to sleep. No, I was not, for I was wide awake. But I was lying here the other night, and such a funny thing happened. I was lying here, and the gas shone on that brass knob '(pointing towards it),' and there came up the most perfect African face. Two eyes. I shall never forget it to all eternity. It looked like a woman's face, and there was a white cloth around the top of her head, such as they wear, and her eyes seemed to come out to me. I had just been thinking of Heaven, and how I should enjoy it, when that woman's face seemed to say to me, "Won't you help us, won't you help us?" And I said, "Oh, yes, Lord, I will go anywhere to help poor struggling people -- struggling, many of them, after God, better than I have done. I would go on an errand to Hell if the Lord would give me the assurance that the Devil should not keep me there.'

Then her concern for her children's health seized her again, and she said:--

'I wish I could teach you all -- Oh, I wish I could! -- that God has respect to His natural laws, and that He won't work a miracle to keep people from being burnt if they run into the fire. Take care -- care. Oh, I have travailed in birth for my children, not only when they were born, but ever since, and it has been hard times.

'But I shall meet you all in that eternal world where wickedness is no more, and we shall have it all to ourselves and the Lord. Oh, there will be thousands and millions of those who have sought Him the best they knew, and served Him with the best they had, too. They will be there.

'Ah, don't forget what I said to you about Mrs. Railton' -- who was absent -- 'Oliphant, don't forget. And Celestine (Mrs. Oliphant) and Nellie, is it? And David (Railton). I should like to have seen the children. I love that child particularly. If he comes to Heaven I shall see him, and if he lives on earth God will make him a valiant soul in His grand Army. His training is all right.'

Mrs. Booth turned to Dutton, an old servant, and said, 'I am going to eat the angels' food. I shall never be faint any more. Advise with Emma and The General. They will help you to be a little tender with Tommy (Dutton's son). I wish I could have seen the boy. Tell him it pays to be good, and he ought not to risk losing his soul. Don't be afraid of boring him. Let him be bored. People who won't serve God ought to be bored. Bore him till he gives in. Give my love to your mother and your poor old father, too. Is he ready?'

Dutton: 'Yes, ma'am.'

Mrs. Booth: 'Heaven will be a deal more like earth than we think, and we shall not be so much altered. It won't alter our souls.' Then to Sarah: 'Poor, dear Sarah! faithful Sarah! You will try and do what you can for them, won't you? I shall know all about it.'

'And, Forward! O Forward, be like your name. Presume on God doing for you what He has promised, and then go forward!'

We then sang --

'My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort Divine!
What a blessing to know
That the Savior is mine!'

While singing, Mrs. Booth, turning to The General, said, 'Don't you remember, in Cornwall, how they used to sing it? I have not been able to sing, but I shall soon be able now.'

Railton: 'You have made many others sing.'

To the Chief: 'I have had your boy here. Mind how you train your children. What is it that Jesus said? "They are in the world. I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil one." Keep them. Keep them. Keep hold of them. Never let them go. Keep them from the evil. I have helped Him to do it as long as I could, and now I trust them in His hands.'

Mrs. Oliphant having now come in, Mrs. Booth begged her to come to her side, when Mrs. Booth said to her, 'Celestine, you must do credit to your Dutch history, and be as brave as a brick for the Lord. They were a brave lot, those old Dutch. Strengthen your husband's hand. When he is weak, you must be strong. Never go down under the mark. Don't go down. Fear not their faces. Ah, Celestine, you ought to meet us as a family. God has seen the sincerity of your father's heart, and He has brought you all as a family into The Salvation Army, and now He will make a Kingdom of you! Tell your mother not to give way when the pressure comes. Tell her to hold on to God as by her teeth, and stand to it.'

'God save the world in a few years if all His people were faithful. Oh, that I had been more courageous! Oh, that I had been more brave!'

Fearing the Mrs. Booth might be exhausted, The General begged her to rest, but she only answered, 'What does it matter? I have done with my body now.' The little maid now coming in, Mrs. Booth immediately saw her, and, beckoning her to her side, kissed her and said, 'You will be done doing the dishes soon, and you are going to be a Cadet. I have been very pleased with you while you have been here, because you have worked out of sight with a good will, and I think you will make a brave Officer. You will promise me, will you?' said she, as she laid her trembling hand on her head. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I will,' while sobs stifled any other words that came to the lips of the distressed girl.

'Give me a kiss, then,' said Mrs. Booth. Promise me that you will never get spoiled by any unfaithful Officer, or who else it may be.'

Turning to The General, as she released the maid from her mother-like grasp -- reluctantly, I though, as if she would like her warning, and counsel to this young Officer to be, but the voice which would find its echo in the thousands of woman-warriors all over the world -- she said, 'Let us have a song, my precious one, my dearest.'

'Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ, my Savior;
Victory for me,
Through the Precious Blood!'

was sung, but she soon broke in again, and exclaimed when we were half-way through, 'I shall have victory. I shall have it. I suppose this is the Valley. Cannot you tell? Am I in the Valley?' she said, questioningly.

The Chief, bending over her, said, 'You are nearing the Valley, and Jesus, I feel, is right here bearing you up with His blessed arms.'

Mrs. Booth: 'Well, if it is the Valley, then He will meet me -- when you leave hold of my hand then He will take me -- He who bears the world and all things up. Blessed Jesus! Just now on Thy arm I lean! The Lord be with you, and bless you, and make you mighty leaders, and keep you from the snares of the evil one.'

'Oh,' she continued, as she fixed her fond gaze on her children, 'do not listen to their flatteries. Oh, do not listen! Shut your ears. Flattering lips are of the Devil; I would not listen to them. Don't listen! When the Devil sends somebody to flatter you, he has generally got somebody close on with a dagger behind!'

'I believe Jesus is coming to meet me. I believe it. I trust Him. He will carry me through. Though my heart and my flesh fail -- and MINE is such a heart.'

'Oh,' she said, with a sudden burst of tears and an emotion that made her whole frame tremble, 'Oh, it seems as if it had got roots all round the world, clutching on to one and to another, and WILL not let them go! . . . You can take care of them, Lord, better than I could. I do -- I do believe He is coming, walking on the waters.'

She now closed her eyes while all joined hands, and she said, fixing her eyes upon one and another of her family, 'You are altogether mine and I have been yours, and I must be faithful to you. You have caused me much grief in my mind; not, thank God, by your sins -- although, don't let us under-estimate our sins -- not by your sins. If it had been that, I should never have given you half an hour's peace. I never knew you cause me sorrow on account of voluntary sin. The Lord knew I could not live with wicked children. I gave you all to Him before I had any of you, or any prospect of you so far as that goes. I said, "God, they shall be Thine down to the third and fourth generation." And I remember, it comes up to me now, the covenant I made with the Lord long before I was married. When my mother had gone out, I used to like to get alone and pray aloud. Some objected to my shouting, but if people cannot pray without shouting, let them shout. And there were some prayers that I could not pray without shouting. I had to pour out all my soul. This

was before I was married. I made the covenant. I have not been faithful to it all, I am sorry to say, but I covenanted from the bottom of my heart that all mine should be His, and I pleaded with Him until I got the assurance, till He accepted and told me that He would bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, and I saw His face and I knew His voice, and He has been faithful! He has been faithful! and I dare not say I have had to offer any back. It has been so costly sometimes that my heart has rebelled against the price. THAT has been the sting.'

After this descent almost to the grave, there came both a recovery of strength and a terrible increase of pain. Mrs. Booth held out stoutly against the customary use of morphine in cases like her own. She desired to live and die in full possession of her mental faculties, and considered it her duty to protest, up to the very limit of human endurance by example, against what she believed to be the too fearfully prevalent sin of flying to opiates for relief from pain, whose degree of intensity is no sufficient excuse for placing oneself within reach of a terrible and destructive habit. Her strong soul seemed regnant over pain, and her keen mind, undulled by drugs, was able to occupy itself with matters concerning the War to a remarkably late stage of her suffering. Not until August, 1890, would she consent to any but the most tentative attempts to soothe her sufferings by injections of morphia. One more deputation which she asked to see in the winter was of such a touching character that we feel we must reproduce at least a part of the account of it, written at the time:--

'It is an impressive sight when the gaze of a child is fixed upon the features of some one dying. Mind is forcibly influenced by well-defined contrast, and a little girl of five summers peering into the furrows traced by life's battles upon the face of the dying grandmother, is a striking picture. The picture was seen last week at Clacton.

'There are three little children, named Chris, Dot, and Jhai. The two former are girls, the latter is a boy. They sing solos, speak occasionally in the Meetings, and are taught to pray at home. They have traveled extensively, and small as is the number of their years -- a total of sixteen between them -- they have already won battles in the arena of life. All have histories, and for each destinies have been ordained by the kind care of The Salvation Army.

'There are also three other little girls, called Catherine, Mary, and Miriam. They and their brother make the Chief's family. Both these groups of children have been to see Mrs. Booth; all have stood at the bedside, looking on with tearful amazement, while the faculties of time have resisted the certainties of eternity; and while these children have looked, we have imagined. We have discerned sorrows and struggles in the way of these little feet. We have pictured their life-course as tumultuous, and measured out their share of difficulty and disappointment. But could we have unveiled from the misty future each misfortune and every sorrow, the gloom of them all could not have extinguished the glory of their grandmother's countenance. Her cup had been filled. Her bark had breasted all but every wave of life's ocean. We felt doubly secure in the assurances of the traveler within the sight of Harbor. She was shouting back to us that the end was worthy of it all. For our little ones, as for ourselves, we felt Life was worth living!

'So, gather the children round the bed. Let them put out their lips to be kissed, and then bid them watch and listen. The triumph of the warrior may inspire the recruit!

'Catherine is the first. She is the Chief's eldest daughter, named after the women whose voice was now speaking, only too soon to be heard no more.

"Well, ducky, I am going to Heaven; and if you die while you are a little girl, you will come to grandma, won't you?"

Cath's tears increased. All the kind things she had intended to say were swept from her memory by a flood of sorrow. Like older people, when she felt most she could express least. She simply sobbed, "Yes, grandma."

"There will be a lot of little children there, a great lot. Crowds of little children, more than you have seen at Exter Hall; and I shall go among them and hunt, and ask for little Cath. I shall look for my Bramwell's little girl, and ask if she is there. Do you know how to get there, darling?"

Cath remembered the lesson taught her at home, and she did.

"You must pray to Jesus to take all the naughty out of your heart," continued the voice, "and make you one of His little lambs. He will, ducky -- He will."

The child had come forward for another kiss -- perhaps the last she would receive. For a moment her brown tresses were mingled with whitened locks of the head over which she was lifted -- locks, whitened not with age alone, but by anxiety and pain. It was a mingling of life with death, of hope with accomplishment, of the past with the future, of the beginning with the end!

Mrs. Booth placed her hand upon the child's and held it to her. She would have shielded the little one from every possible evil that lay in her track till as near to Heaven as she. Fire flickered in her eyes; they were looking upward. New depths of emotion had uprisen within her and tuned her voice afresh. She was praying.

"Bless the child! My blessings are nothing, but Jesus will bless the child. The Angel which redeemed me and her father and her mother, will bless the child, will watch her, claim her, seal her, and make her a valiant Soldier.

"Jesus, Father, I ask You, as I did for her father, to keep her from the evil that is in the world."

Neither were Mary and Miriam forgotten. Mrs. Booth kissed them tenderly, and said, "You will come, won't you, and meet me again in Paradise? Love your father and your mother. Love them very, very much, and always be obedient. There -- Good-night!"

Listen to the whispered acclamations on the lips almost dumb. They have not uncertainly found their echo in the voice of the father who brings his children for blessing! There is innocence and promise on the faces and in the tears of the little ones. Contemplate their lives, and also the lives that, by them, may be lived where God is! If your eyes are open you will observe in all this

the fulfillment of something -- something the Bible has said about consequences to the "third and fourth generations," and "blessings for children's children."

Silence in the sick chamber is broken. The sound that has broken it is the voice of a child praying! It is a little girl about six years old. Upon her face there is a transparent innocence mingled at this moment with the anxious solemnity that is the reflection of a pleading soul. The countenance is a restful and healthy one, and forms a pleasant relief to the black brim of an Army bonnet surmounting it. She is plainly but comfortably dressed, and shows all the signs of loving attention. The simple originality of her prayers pronounces her at once in possession of an unusually developed child-mind, while the tears that filter through the closed eyelashes and the tremulous accents that melodies the voice bespeak within this maiden a spring of large emotion. These are the words the voice is uttering:--

"Dear Lord Jesus, we do want You to help Mrs. Booth. We don't like to see her in this sick room, but we know it is for some reason. O Lord, do keep her looking to Thee all the time. Do bless her in her sickness. We do pray to Thee to help Dot and Daisy, and Jhai and me. Do keep us all good. Do help us to be trained up to do good -- to fight for You and for poor sinners, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

The child had been snatched from the music-hall stage. The hand of a cruel destiny had yielded to the authority of love, and loosened its grasp upon a young life. Compassion had encountered helpless despair and had done its work. The servant of Christ had met the child of the drunkard, they had embraced, and the little one was on her knees as a ministering angel come to solace a great champion in her last round of life's struggle with the final foe.

"I have thought about you, and prayed about you," she said, "and I hoped you would not die before I saw you. It will be nice for you to go to Heaven and see Jesus, but"-- the voice was struggling with emotions -- "you see down here we shall feel so lonely without you!"

"Yes, dear, you are right! It is so! Lives, child, with records like thine can ill spare the assistance of such a heart and such a hand! The child will remember Mrs. Booth's reply --

"You must fight against all that is naughty in your heart," she said. "Take it to Jesus, and grow up to fight for Him and win souls -- win souls, save other people, won't you? And then the next time you see me I shall not be lying on a bed, ill and sick; I shall be in a glorified body, with white and shining robes. I shall look out for you, and for Dot, too."

Little Dot and Jhai had also entered the room. Dot has lived in the world seven years, and five out of them have been spent under the guardianship of Salvationists. During the earlier stages of Mrs. Booth's illness, Dot had been almost a constant companion. With the pride and skill of an "old hand" she had arranged the medicines, taken messages from room to room, and would cheer many hours with her singing and childish prattle. Mrs. Booth has found a peculiar pleasure in seeking to develop this young life, and the seed sown in the tender soil by so successful a hand will bear fruit, we doubt not.

Jhai is four years of age. All the friends he has ever known have belonged to The Army. He was rescued from the great unknown ere he was two weeks old, and landed in the Clapton Nursery twelve months later. He is a striking child, with a fine face and an unmanageable head of hair. His early development is almost alarming; his goodness is recognized by all who know him. He has never known his earthly parents, and probably never will. The Field Commissioner is his guardian; he calls her "mother."

Before Jhai left London, he had carefully deposited within his little valise a small, round musical box. It was a mechanical toy, such as children delight in, and by turning a small handle its possessor could produce from it a simple but pleasing melody, supported by shifting chords and running variations.

Jhai thought of Mrs. Booth, and felt she was sad. The best thing he knew of for sad people was music, so he took his box. When the eyes of the child opened upon the sufferer his feelings began to expand and his nerves to vibrate. The sentiment of children is always practical, and Jhai felt he ought to do something. His hand tightened its grasp upon his toy, and he felt the possibility of usefulness.

"I would play a little music to you, Mrs. Booth," he said, edging himself up to her side and shaking his little head to the rhythm of his words. "I would -- only I'm afraid it would only make you worsen."

Poor little Jhai, he was sharing the feelings many of us have felt these last days -- how unfortunate a thing it is to be powerless to assist when every sense of pity and compassion is appealed to for help!

"But I have been praying for you," the child went on, "and I am going to take care of my 'mother' when you are gone to Heaven -- I am!"

"And you must ask Jesus to help you to win souls for Him, won't you?" replied Mrs. Booth. "Oh, yes," said Jhai, shaking his curly head with a positive air, "and when I get old I shall be a Major, I shall, and get lots of souls saved."

"And Dot," said Mrs. Booth, looking at her affectionate little nurse, "I shall go to Heaven feeling quite sure that you are going to be good and love the Lord. Jesus is with me, you know. He comes to me in the dark when I can't see any other light but the light of His face. You are going to grow up a good little girl, aren't you?"

'Of all the answers rendered by these childish lips there was none more impressive than Dot's. And yet she did not speak one word! She had watched with her large eyes full of tears from the moment she entered, like one who, thinking he sees an apparition, fears to breathe lest he should scream. But love is spoken by look long before the clumsy utterance follows; spirit interprets to spirit what that utterance can never say. So it was in this case. Mrs. Booth understood it, and so did the child!

* * * * *

07 -- THE END OF THE BATTLE

In many ways Mrs. Booth's sudden but peaceful Home-going fitted the life it closed. During the first days of Self-Denial Week there was no apparent indication that the end of her warfare was so near. True, the printed Self-Denial message shown so far as possible in every Hall in England and on the Continent ran:--

'Now, at God's will, I am going away from you.' But so far as human judgment could discern, our Mother might have been left with us for weeks, or even months, and no special anxiety as to her condition diverted the minds of her Soldier-children from the great effort of Self-Denial Week. She lived it through with us, and at half-past three in the afternoon of its last day, Saturday, October 4th, God lifted her cross and gave her her crown. Something of the inner history of those hours was chronicled by my own pen at the time, and I venture to reproduce here what I then wrote:--

'Walking home on Tuesday night last, after a desperate encounter with the enemy, in which I had been sensible in an unusual degree of the presence of the Lord, I first realized that this great sorrow was really at hand. I was alone. My road passed for about a mile through a dense wood, always deserted on a dark night such as was this, and, as I was very tired, I did not hasten. An intense consciousness of the immediate nearness of God came over me, and leaving my mind free, so to speak, to receive any impression, my thoughts turned, as they had turned so many times before, to that darkened chamber by the sea in which my beloved mother lay dying. I saw all the scene as I had so often seen it -- the open windows -- the bed-the pillows -- the small table with the Bible and flowers, and the little bottles -- and leaning forward on the cushions the dear worn face -- and it all seemed now to say to me, "The time is at hand -- the work is done -- the glory is revealed, and all is well." I tried to throw it off, and Satan drew near, saying, "Why should she be taken? Why, of all you know, should she stiffer and go down to the grave when you so much need her? Is not God careless of His interests, and might He not have spared you all this, and spared her to see the greater fruit of her lifework?" Ah, "Why?" that is one of the Devil's fatalist shots -- if you try to answer it. I went on thinking, "I do not know 'why.' I do not ask to know 'why.' I hold fast to what I do know, that He doeth all things well; that His ways are above our ways: that He is all love -- pure, unchanging, abundant and infinite love" -- and looking up in the darkness, I cried out, "Lord, it is well -- Thy will -- Thy will be done!" Then the Master spoke to me again, and I knew He had some great work to be done in her death which could not be accomplished any other way. I do not know what or how: perhaps I never shall. But it is so. He worketh His own will; yea, and will work.

'On Wednesday morning, October 1st, The General returned to London from Lancashire. I arrived at Headquarters about half-past eight, and found The General already engaged on other work. During the morning a telegram came in from Clacton saying that Mrs. Booth was very low, and later another to the same effect. They did not speak of anything unusual, and I did not, therefore, go with The General when he left by the three o'clock train.

'On Thursday, Commissioner Tucker, who had returned from Scotland, came up, and I was closely engaged with him in considering the names of Officers to go out to India with him, when a

telegram was brought in announcing further change and desiring us to go by the five o'clock train. An hour or so later another message from The General ran, " Much worse -- come by next train." On arrival at half-past five we found a change for the better, and the patient sleeping, but it was only too plain that, whatever the final issue, some far-reaching change had taken place.

'Commissioner Booth-Tucker remained watching in the sick chamber during a great part of the night. The doctor expressed his hope that the immediate danger was passed, and advised as many of the household as possible to rest. The General seemed terribly exhausted, having been traveling all night after heavy Meetings, and yet having many affairs claiming his attention. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was deeply impressed that the Lord was about to release His prisoner and set her free. My dear wife arrived by the last train.

I wrote for an hour or two, and then lay down. The patient still slept, and all was silent in the house. Outside, the wind was rising rapidly, and the noise of the waters came in at the open windows, but they did not disturb the dear mariner whose bark was laboring heavily in other seas -- nearing the heavenly harbor. It is a singular fact that on each of these occasions in which Mrs. Booth has seemed to be nearing death, there has come a great storm at Clacton -- hurricanes of wind and rain and roaring waters joined together, as though the Devil had somehow summoned the very elements to help him to rob the dying saint of the calm and peace in which she has at last gone over the bar and left him far behind.

'At four o'clock there were signals as of a ship in distress, and later on in the morning the life-boat and rocket apparatus were out rescuing the crew of a small vessel, which soon became a total wreck. Six men were saved.

'About six on Friday morning I was hastily summoned to the bedside. The terrible pain had come on again, and also that strange uneasiness which so often appears in advance of death.

"Could I not be lifted out of this bed, Bramwell?" the dear patient said to me. "It would not be very much trouble to you all, would it?"

I could not answer a word. Mrs. Tucker spoke a little to her again as to the suffering it would cause her, and at last she seemed willing to remain. For a time the pain increased more and more, but after a little while she was quieter, and spoke of the end.

"Have I anything more I ought to do, Emma?" she said, as though unwilling to trust her own recollection, and when Mrs. Tucker replied that everything about which she had been concerned in view of the end she had done, she was comforted. To me she said a few tender -- inexpressibly tender words, and taking my precious wife's hand in hers spoke in loving accents to us both. Then she slept again; the breathing was more difficult, and the pulse very low and very irregular, but her sleep was otherwise much quieter than usual.

'Telegrams were dispatched to the absent members of the family who were in England. I dictated notices for the Staff and Field Officers, and during the early part of the morning attended to some important foreign and other business which had followed me from London.

'Mrs. Booth-Tucker remained ceaselessly with Mrs. Booth. Captain Carr, for whose unwearying labor and tender care of our precious mother through all her illness we are deeply grateful, was also there, and until about noon sleep continued without interruption. For a few minutes then there was a half-conscious awakening, but not more than a broken word or two was spoken. Soon, however, we gathered together to sing one or two favorite verses. Among them,

The angels will come,
With their music will come,
With music and singing to welcome me Home.

And then also,

We shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace;
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

We could not hear our dear one's voice, and the breathing was again hard and difficult; but each time we came to "peace" her lips moved and her hand was raised, and we knew that all was well.

'Towards evening she slept again, and we waited by the brink of the River. Sorrowful as it was, it was both wonderful and joyful also -- this sunset after life's day of faith and labor done -- the coming home of the worker for the counting of the sheaves.

'About ten o'clock there came a rally of the strength, a spoonful of linseed was given her, and then we sang again as well as we could, for the tears would flow, and it was very hard work to say or do anything. With a wonderful sense of the nearness of Jesus we began to sing:--

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

And after a little prayer, which Mrs. Booth seemed to follow, again,

O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up In Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries!

And then again the dear saint seemed to lose all consciousness of our presence; perhaps she was already holding communion with the advance guard of the heavenly host coming out to meet her. I was unutterably sad and unutterably happy at the same time. That she should go, that we should lose her, came upon me as a tremendous avalanche of sorrow, while the realization of her triumphs, of her victory through the Blood, of the never-failing mercy of God manifest in her, and shed forth by her, filled me with praise and adoration and holy joy.

'When next she spoke it was for a moment, but she was clearer in her utterance. "O Emma, let me go, darling'," when Mrs. Tucker said, "Yes, we will, we will." She said again, "Now? yes, now, Lord, come now." The singing seemed to be a joy to her, and so again we joined in --

Calvary's stream is flowing so free for me.

"Go on," she said, when we reached the end of the verse, and so, over and over again, we sang:--

Jesus, my Savior, has died on the tree;
Died on the tree for me,

and then her old favorite:--

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath.

'About midnight there seemed to be a further rally, and after taking a little nourishment, she had again a few moments of consciousness, during which The General embraced her, as she spoke to him a few words of tenderest affection. It was a moment of deep sorrow to us all. The last parting was at hand between two hearts which for forty years had never faltered in devotion to their God or their true love for one another.

'At half-past one, being again conscious, Mrs. Booth wished us to pray with her. Several did so. The General asked that our precious mother might be released without suffering and in peace. "O Lord, we have trusted Thee for this; add this to Thy thousand other mercies." Again unable to speak, she raised her hand once or twice, and after a moment's doubt we saw she was pointing to a wall text, which for a long time had been placed opposite to her, and moved about with her when she has changed her room or the position of her bed -- "My grace is sufficient for thee." Commissioner Tucker took it down and placed it at the foot of the bed, and her eyes rested again and again on the promise during the few remaining hours in which she could still prove its glorious truth on this side the Jordan. Ah, do you know, my friend, what it is to have grace sufficient in life? That is the only method by which you can know how it will be when you come to die. Its sufficiency then will depend very much on its sufficiency now.

'Soon after two o'clock the Field Commissioner arrived, having come by a late train to Colchester. Our telegram in the morning had missed her, and it was not possible to catch the last train through. Mrs. Booth recognized her at once, but seemed worse and extremely weak. Her breathing now was growing shorter, but she soon fell into a doze and for a little while into a

restful sleep, waking about three; was suddenly much colder, and seemed less able to see what was passing. Emma said to her, "Jesus is calling you," and she replied, with sweet emphasis, and in a voice clear though faint, " Amen -- amen."

'The storm outside is raging still, the dark and howling tempest on land and sea serves as a sort of background for the picture of peace and rest within. True, our loved one is on the waters, and they are stormy waters, too; but her Lord is walking there with her, and the Harbor is in sight; the hill-tops arrayed in eternal green are visible across the flood, and now and then in the gloom she can catch a living ray of glorious light from the Sun that never sets, and a note or two of the song of the Lamb which will never cease.

'On, on -- thou dear saint. Courage! The battle is nearly done; the enemy is flying already. In the days that cannot return to us we have sung together,

'Tis Jordan's river, and I must go across,
But Jesus will be there,

and now it is coming true. He is here. 'Tis not in earth or Hell to harm thee now. Death will dissolve this poor, worn, and weary frame, but thou art alive -- in Him -- alive for evermore.

'Now followed a long sleep. The doctor came in about nine, and seemed to think her a little stronger than the night before; but it was evident what he thought, and so we just watched and waited, and renewed again the solemn covenants with our Lord which she first helped us to make, in the spirit of which her blessed words and noble example taught us to walk, and which we have again and again renewed in these days of her illness and suffering. O mothers, mothers, will you not follow this Mother? Will you not make God first in all things for your children, as she has done? And so shall you leave them, when your call comes, to carry on the purpose of your life, and to glorify your God.

'Soon after noon, I felt that the deepening darkness of the long valley of shadows was closing around my dear mother, and a little later I took my last farewell. Her lips moved, and she gave me one look of inexpressible tenderness and trust, which will live with me for ever. Again we sang,--

My mistakes His free grace doth cover,
My sins He doth wash away:
These feet which shrink and falter
Shall enter the Gates of Day,

and holding her hand, The General gave her up to God.

'It was a solemn and wondrous scene. Kneeling around the bed are her sons and daughters, and near us her faithful nurse, Captain Carr, with the other members of the household; the dear General bowing over his beloved wife and companion in life's long strife and storm, and giving her, his most precious of earthly joy and treasure, up to the eternal keeping of the Eternal Father. One by one Mrs. Booth-Tucker, Eva, Lucy, Marie, my dear wife, Commissioner Tucker, Captain

Carr, tenderly embraced her. A gleam of joyful recognition passed over the brightening countenance, and she spoke a term of endearment for The General only used at home and in our midst. Their eyes met -- the last kiss of love on earth, the last word till the Morning, and without a movement the breathing gently ceased, and a Warrior laid down her sword to receive her crown.

"Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation.

"Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My Throne, even as I also overcame, and am Set down with My Father in His Throne.

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the Victory . . . stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints." Amen and amen.'

On Sunday The General wrote as follows to the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army:--

'HOME AT LAST

'My dear Comrades,--

'Yes, like a dream the event has come and gone. Anticipated, the uppermost thought in my mind, known to be inevitable for two long years and eight months dreaded as one of the darkest human shadows that could fall upon my poor life, death has come and taken away my darling wife, the beloved partner of my soul.

'It came suddenly. I have often said from pulpit and platform that, come when it may, or as it may, death is always unexpected. We so habitually postpone in the imagination that which we fear, that we say, "It will not be yet; anyway, not just now."

'It was so here. Perchance the dear Lord saw that we had already had so long and ample notice that we needed no further warning. And it was quite true, for did we not sit for hours hand in hand talking over this sad parting, and every detail in connection with it in those wonderful Christmas days? And did we not embrace each other then and say, "Farewell," in the most deliberate manner? So, perhaps, it may be the Master thought that He would spare my beloved the pain of another "good-bye," and take her away, as it were, by stealth.

'As well as she was able she joined us in singing the old song,--

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

And then she kissed me and slipped away. I had been compelled of late days to pray, in view of her long drawn agony, that the Savior would, in pity, open the gates, put out His arms, and take her in. This is what actually happened.

'And now, what shall we say about the loss we have suffered? The first thought that arises is that it is a loss for all the world. She was, in a wonderful sense, a lover of mankind; no difference of circumstance, or of race, or of sex, or of age, made any difference to her. To be a human being alone, in any sort of need -- and where is there one that is not? -- commanded her sympathy. If she had preferences, it was where the need was greatest. The greater the weakness, or the more dire the disease, or the more utter the friendlessness, there her heart's pitying love ran out the strongest.

'But I must not allow myself to write of the loveliness of her character now, or I shall never stay my hand. I only intended to say that in her the wide world loses a disinterested, large-hearted friend.

I need not say that in this visitation The Army suffers loss. It is quite true that she was The "Army Mother." This relationship, almost universally recognized, had grown up, like so much of The Army, without any set arrangement or design. Other religious organizations cannot be said to have a Mother; their guides and authorities are all "Fathers." The Salvation Army has, of God's great mercy and wisdom, we think, come of His own leading and inspiration to feel its need of the more tender, feminine side of human character, as well as the more robust and masculine element. Woman has taken her place with man in the new kingdom as a helpmeet for him. And my beloved had the honor of being chosen by her Lord to lead the way, and set the example in this arrangement. The coming generations will regard her as the Pioneer Mother. How she has done this work, and in the doing of it commanded the respect of the Christian world, and secured the deep affection of her own people, is a matter of every-day knowledge.

'The Army will mourn her loss, and has reason for it; but she will live on, and on, and on in the hearts and lives of thousands and thousands of her daughters. Never before, perhaps, save in the case of one, and that one the most "blessed among woman," the mother of our Lord, has there lived a saint who has had the privilege during her lifetime of seeing so many of her own sex encouraged and emboldened by her example, working but her principles, and walking in her steps.

'And may I say something of my own loss? Ever since our first meeting, now nearly forty years ago, we have been inseparable in spirit -- that is, in all the main thoughts, feelings, and purposes of our lives. On no single question of any importance have we ever acted independently of each other's views. I am far from laying any claim for infallibility of judgment on her behalf, or of freedom from human infirmities. But to me, with all her imperfections, she has been made of God never-failing sympathy, reliable wisdom, and unvarnished truth -- in short, all that is noble, and good, and consequently a tower of strength, a mine of wealth, and an ever-flowing fountain of

comfort and joy. Oh, what a loss is mine! Words are utterly unable to express it. It cannot be measured.

'And yet I do not repine -- have no disposition to do so. I cannot help feeling the weight and poignancy of the blow. It is heavy indeed, and the iron has entered deeply into my soul.

I am ashamed to speak of it. And yet I am a man of like passions with yourselves, and but that I were allowed to speak of the sorrow which presses down upon my poor heart today, it would fain break. You will forgive me if it is unusual. We, are not as other men -- we are one family; you call me father, and you do well -- I count you my children. The telegrams from near and distant lands, laden with assurances of sympathy and love, and the promise of prayer and faith for me in this "Valley of the Shadow," tell me, had I not known it before, how well your hearts have understood mine, and that the greatness of my loss is in some measure realized and responded to.

I thank you. From the bottom of my heart I thank you. I would it were in my power to write to each one of you a letter of love, in which I could promise you in return for your precious sympathy with me and mine in this hour, all that my poor heart can do, or the lingering days of my life produce, for your own personal welfare, for the redemption of the poor slaves of sin and misery for whom we toil, and for the glory of the suffering Christ whom we serve.

'And now, my comrades, we have suffered the loss, the beloved of our hearts reaps the gain. We sung around her poor frame, which for months gone by, twenty-four hours a day, had been as a rack of torture to which her spirit was bound,

Oh, the angels will come, with music will come.
With music, sweet music, to welcome thee home;
In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will stand,
And sing thee a welcome to their own native land.

And while we looked and waited for her coming back to speak some more words of comfort to us, for the Master said, "It is enough," and quick as lightning flash, the last link of the chain that bound her was severed, and she stepped into the chariot, On which she had again and again in the past had one foot, and fled away to the arms of her soul's Beloved, and the place that had so long been waiting for her. How great a change it was to her no tongue can tell, no words describe.

'It was Saturday afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, her life's work was done.

'Thoroughness was one of the most prominent elements in her character; what she did she did with her might, and she did it well. And it seemed as though, if there is an angel who specially sees to the fulfillment of the tasks of the saints, that he exacted to the uttermost the measure of work and suffering that had been put down to her.

'She has had her first Sabbath in Heaven. What it has been we can only imagine. A few days before she had said that, after she had seen her Lord, she should seek out her beloved mother. They have met ere this. Their lives were alike lives of suffering, and now they share the unutterable glory.

'What shall we do? For myself, I can only say that I go forward to fill up the measure of service required from me. She has gone from my side. She promised me again and again that she would come to me if she were allowed, and what she could do to further the dearest purposes of my soul for the helping of the world should be done.

I am sure she will fulfill her pledges. She never failed me on earth. She will not fail me as she has opportunity in the skies. And though I see her not again till I meet her in the Morning, I know her mind, and as in the past, so in the future, her judgment will be a guide, and the consciousness of fulfilling her wishes one of the chief joys of my life.

'My comrades, will you follow her as she followed Christ? I shall tell you, if I am spared, many more things about her, and, if not, others will tell you them. But meanwhile, so far as her life has been self-sacrificing, and pure, and laborious, and true in the interests of Christ and mankind, will you imitate it? And all for the dear Lord's sake. And so shall you be a joy to her, and an unspeakable consolation to

'your Affectionate General.'

* * *

IN MEMORIAM -- CATHERINE BOOTH

'My dear Children and Friends. -- I have loved you much, and in God's strength helped you a little. Now, at His call, I am going away from you. Fight on, and God be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you on Heaven.'

Her week of self-denial ends at last,
And morning brings her Sabbath Day of rest,
The faithful heart is still, the anguish past,
And she has reached the City of the Blest
A victor, she, through Christ, in spite of loss,
And now she has the crown who bore the cross.

She found her strength in quiet confidence,
For her pure eyes looked up, and saw her God;
Of things not seen He gave her evidence,
And with no faltering steps life's paths she trod;
Her purpose and her faith alike were strong,
And so in light or dark she sang her song.

A sister she, and women poor and sad

Crept near to her, sick of their lives of sin;
She led them to the light and made them glad,
Showed them Christ's Kingdom, gently drew them in
And pleaded for them, until others come
With help and service, for Christ's sake and name.

She, with her husband, bravely toiled, as those
Who mean to win -- a fortune at the end.
Ah! yes, in spite of hindrances and foes,
They have gained riches, more than they could spend:
A wealth of love to lay at Jesus' feet,
And priceless souls made for His Kingdom meet!

Rest, joy and victory are hers. For us
There cannot be the selfish life again,
Since she has lived, and loved and taught us thus!
Oh, Christian Englishwomen see what gain
There is in service! Doing what she could,
She has uplifted all of Womanhood.

* * * * *

08 -- THE FUNERAL -- THE LAST LOOK-- THE MEMORIAL SERVICE -- THE CEMETERY

Through the pall of the fog she is borne
To her rest;
Out of darkness
To light;
Out of suffering
To calm;
Out of sorrow
To joy;
Out of warfare
To peace;
Out of London
To Christ!
O Mother, still living though dead!
O worker, O martyr, O woman of God,
Be it ours now to take up thy burden and tread
In the steps thou hast trod!

-- G.E.

* * *

On Monday, October 6th, Mrs. Booth's remains were brought into London. It had been decided that there should be no sort of demonstration on that occasion, but, both at Clacton and Colchester and in London, friends were waiting for the casket containing the beloved dead.

On Tuesday morning at eleven, Commissioner Howard surrounded by a number of the International Headquarters Staff, and in the presence of many Officers, Cadets, and friends who had already arrived conducted a short service round the coffin, and the doors of the Congress Hall, were then opened. The seats from the center of the Hall had been removed, a red canopy erected, and special barriers arranged so as to permit of two streams of people passing the coffin, which was slightly raised at the head. Cadets and Officers of the various London centers and Corps were on duty, and carried out the arrangements made.

Our Mother lay as if in painless sleep. The features bore every indication of the past terrible suffering, while, at the same time, they testified quite as unmistakably to the placidity and patience with which all were so long endured.

Although it was at first intended that Mrs. Booth's remains should lie in state for three days only, so many people desired to avail themselves of the privilege of a last look at her loved face, that it was necessary to prolong this arrangement until late on Sunday night. More than fifty thousand people attended. Members of Parliament and half-starved 'unemployed' did alike homage to the memory of the woman who never meddled in politics, and whose influence is yet felt throughout the social life projects of all Britain -- aye, and beyond!

Catholics crossed themselves by her coffin, and even secularists did reverence to her. Ministers of all denominations were there, workers from almost every religious organization, great burly policemen, soldiers of the line in full uniform, mechanics fresh from the scene of toil, factory girls, mothers with babes in their arms, inmates of the poorhouse and denizens of the slums. Colored and half-caste -- Easterns and Westerns -- met there and owned themselves one in her love and before her Lord.

Best of all, many turned from beside the plain oaken box which held the tired, wasted body of a saint, to give themselves to her God.

'That woman lived for such as me!' said one poor drunkard, sobbing.

The coffin consisted of a leaden shell enclosed in an outer case of polished oak, with brass handles. The inner shell was fitted with a plate-glass front, through which the face and shoulders were visible, and its lid bore a brass plate with the following inscription:--

CATHERINE BOOTH
The Mother Of The Salvation Army

Born Jan. 17, 1829
Died Oct. 4, 1890

'More than Conqueror'

Before daylight on the morning of Monday, October 13th, Mrs. Booth's remains were conveyed to the Olympia Rink, the largest building in London. The Salvation Army never gathered such a crowd before as collected all day long at its doors! The poorest of the poor and the rich and honored of earth there jostled side by side at a common entrance. Servants and ministers of the Most High God, the elect among His chosen people, the outcast and the harlot, the best and worst of mankind, were drawn together to greet our Mother's plain, bare coffin, by the same unearthly influence under which a like crowd surged once toward the rough wood of her Master's cross. Twenty-six thousand persons entered the building by the turnstiles.

At an incredibly early hour people began to assemble. From three till six o'clock they poured into the vast building in one continual stream -- Officers, Soldiers, friends, and members of the outside public. Trains from all parts of London were constantly arriving crammed with passengers for the Olympia.

By six o'clock the immense hall was quite full and the sight from the platform was unique. Row after row, row after row of upturned faces, as far as the eye could reach. A slight fog which enveloped the back part of the hall only increased the idea of space and distance. The galleries which ran round the building were filled, and still Officers were running hither and thither with forms and chairs, trying vainly to seat the ever-flowing crowd. At last every available seat was pressed into service, and late-comers were grateful for even standing accommodation.

Suddenly a dead silence fell upon the assembled multitude. A huge sign had been hoisted on the platform, which said, 'Perfect Silence.' Then the solemn, slow strains of one of The Army's Bands filled the building with their pathetic funeral march:--

Summon'd Home -- the call has sounded, Bidding a Soldier her warfare cease.

In a few moments one could distinguish through the fog at the back of the Hall the tops of the draped Colors which headed the funeral procession. As one man the vast congregation rose to its feet, and every eye was turned towards the center aisle, where it was slowly making its way in time to the music of the Band.

First came an advance-guard of male Staff-Captains, who carried the draped flags of the nations where The Army is at work. These were all surmounted by pennants of white ribbon, to correspond with the 'mourning' of Officers and friends -- viz, a white band stamped with a red S, worn on the left arm. These were followed by similarly ornamented colors, borne by twelve senior female Soldiers and twelve senior male Soldiers of the oldest and second oldest Corps in The Army. Those bearing the flags of the nations ranged themselves as a guard of honor round the red and white bier, which was in readiness to receive the coffin; the others took up their position at the very top of the platform.

Immediately following the Colors was a contingent of twelve of the senior female and twelve of the senior male Local Officers representing different London Corps.

Then came twenty of the oldest female Field Officers in The Army, one of whom bore the first Colors ever used in The Army, which were presented by Mrs. Booth herself to the Coventry Corps; then twenty among the oldest male Field Officers; then a representative contingent of male and female Staff Officers from the rank of Ensign to Commissioner. A group of the wives of the leading Staff Officers were closely followed by Captain Carr, Mrs. Booth's faithful attendant, carrying the Flag under which she died. After this came the coffin, borne by a selected body of Staff Officers.

Immediately following was The General and his family of children and elder grandchildren, the members of The General's household, and those who had been in attendance upon Mrs. Booth bringing up the rear. The strictest order prevailed as the procession was passing, and, indeed, throughout the entire ceremony. Even those who could see neither march nor platform maintained a reverent demeanor, and set themselves to follow as closely as possible the Memorial Service, which was on the plan we have found so useful in very large gatherings of people -- signs exhibited from the platform corresponding with instructions found in a pamphlet containing the Order of Service. Extracts from Mrs. Booth's writings, incidents of her life-story, verses of her favorite hymns, messages from her -- all found place in it, and all classes of people had fitting words of exhortation -- the unconverted, the unsanctified, the lukewarm, the worldly, while time was given for silent prayer and meditation, and appropriate choruses were sung to help decision.

The audience responded to the signs from the platform with wonderful fidelity and devoutness, and when at last all were asked to kneel and read the covenant, by the making of which with God Mrs. Booth's dearest wish for any Meeting -- that people might be brought to a point, to a decision -- was carried out, it was like a foreshadowing of the time when 'unto Him every knee shall be bowed,' to see so many thousands bend before God while they murmured: 'And now, in this solemn hour, through the atoning merits of Jesus, and in the presence of death, I come again to Thy footstool, and make this covenant with Thee.'

In face of that coffin, men and women, we believe, looked at themselves from the standpoint of the verge of the River of Death -- at God, as from the foot of His oncoming Judgment Throne. And so looking, one by one they rose and sang --

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because in Thee I dare believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Then slowly rose his sons and daughters around The General, and sang, in voices which quivered but which sang on to the end with a clearness which permitted one to disentangle the strain of melody and recognize the notes of different members of the family, one of the choruses with which they had sung their Mother through the Golden Gates --

We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace,
For Jesus Himself will be our Leader

When we walk through the valley in peace.

At the second repetition The General rose also. When the song was ended the varied flags which framed the platform began to move again. Slowly they floated around, down, before the coffin. The guard of honor, which had stood or knelt around it, lifted their dear burden. The General left the platform, followed by his family. Close behind came the Commissioners, Colonels, Majors, and in silence as profound, 'mid awe and sympathy as visible as when they entered, the earthly remains of our Army Mother left her largest and most triumphant Meeting.

A white fog crept slowly up from the Thames and spread all over the Embankment on Tuesday morning, while the huge procession of Officers, forming to precede and follow Mrs. Booth's coffin to its final resting-place, gathered round the huge placards which marked their position. First came the Cadets -- lads and lasses, the former bearing the Colors of 100 of the oldest Corps in Great Britain; then came the Field Officers, battalion on battalion, here and there above their ranks rising great banners marked with fragments of that last dear message of Self-Denial Week, or words from her Crystal Palace bidding -- 'Victory is sure,' 'Meet me in the Morning,' 'Love one another.' Then came the Officers of the Rescue and Slum work, the Social Reformers, and the Officers of the Headquarters' Staff, graded according to rank, and bringing up the rear, the entire working staff of all Headquarters' buildings with their wives.

The crowd pressed thick and hard on the 4,000 processionists even while they formed. But the appointed marshals of the day, with their assistants, for each battalion, got all into order at last, and the long line moved off towards Headquarters through as dense a mass of people as any Salvationist of them all had ever seen. The veteran Superintendent of the City of London police, whose services all day seemed a real labor of love, told us he had never seen anything like that crowd since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, nearly half a century before; 'and then,' he added, 'the procession marched over an area not more than a quarter as great as has been thronged all through today.'

The people seemed to have gathered together in one great impenetrable mass, from the Embankment to the office of 'The Times,' in Queen Victoria Street.

But once was there any approach to what even looked like disorder on the part of the eager, waiting thousands. At Headquarters the procession parted to make way for The General, his family, and the casket which held the worn-out setting of our lost jewel. And here the feverish wish to see that plain oak coffin, surmounted with sword and helmet (her Army bonnet and her worn black Bible), placed on its open, flag-draped hearse, overbore every effort of the only half-comprehending police, and the crowd surged towards the door of Headquarters. But the moment the coffin passed the entrance, there was no difficulty in making way for it, or for the tall, gray-headed form which followed it. Wherever they passed, heads bared and voices lowered instinctively. The General stood in his open carriage through all these slow, sad miles. On either side rode one of his sons, and many of his elder Officers of high rank walked near him. In the carriages behind him were his children and children-in-law, and, last of all, the three little daughters of the Chief of the Staff. Over their carriage drooped the Stars and Stripes, carried on the box by a representative for the absent ones.

From one of the special correspondents of 'The War Cry' we quote the following account of the sight from one point of view:--

'From Headquarters, as far as the eye could reach, the streets were crammed with people. All vehicles also -- stopped on their way by the crowds and wedged into each other -- had been seized upon, and were covered with eager watchers; the windows on either side were filled with faces, and along the tops of the buildings as far as the Mansion House was a continuous line of spectators. It was an almost overwhelming spectacle which met The General, as, standing bareheaded in his carriage, hat in hand, he crossed Cannon Street. Just here it seemed as though the people were most sympathetic, most deeply moved, and most demonstrative. Every head was uncovered, hundreds of "God bless you's!" rang out, and scores of those nearest to the procession, among them many with rough and grimy faces, burst into tears. Indeed, every now and then it seemed as though everybody wept all along the march. Tears stood ever and anon in The General's eyes, tears fell down upon the Chief's hand as he raised his hat, and tears were flowing in the carriages behind The General's; they trickled down the hardy features of the mounted police-officer who rode beside the carriage, and hundreds of the men, as well as women, who were nearest to the writer, had hard work to look at all at what was passing for the blinding tears in their eyes. It was beyond all else a demonstration of the people's heart.

'Of all places on earth least likely for the scene of great outburst of popular affection for a woman, and that woman one who was also a woman of God, we should have selected the open spaces between the Royal Exchange, the Bank of England, and the London Stock Exchange. And yet here we are right in between them. Crowds on crowds of City gentlemen, merchant princes, rollicking traders, clerks, travelers, strangers, the idlers of fashion, and the hunters for pleasure, together with the roughs and rowdies, the poor and the outcast, the open foes of all order, and the secret enemies of all good -- here they are shoulder to shoulder, crushed and crammed into a solid wall of humanity, watching in silence as we pass.

'It is a unique event in the history of this proud, money-loving city. Its machinery is stopped. It has to listen to the beating of its own heart, while the object-lesson which that coffin indicates passes before it. The gates of the Bank of England are closed, and the gold bags are unnoticed for the moment. The Stock Market empties itself into the street to listen to the songs about the Golden City and the Pearly Gates; the shops are shut; the public-houses and restaurants are empty, and over all has fallen the hush of reverence, the realization of the reality of goodness and self-sacrifice, and the consciousness of another world. "God bless the people!" again and again says The General. "God bless you all!" says the Chief, bending low in the saddle. And their responses are welcome to the thousands who hear them.'

On the slow line crept, to its military music. Past the Exchange and the Mansion House, up Bishopsgate into Shoreditch, one of Mrs. Booth's earliest battlefields. The unknown woman-preacher, whom the police would very likely have taken little trouble to protect from annoyance when she entered it first, held all London still today!

'I shall ask Jesus to give you a fine day for my funeral, Emma,' she had said once, 'so that you mayn't take cold.'

And the mists did part just before we reached the gates of Abney Park, and shafts of pale golden light fell over the fluttering banners, and made the quiet resting-place seem almost homelike. What met us when we made our way to the corner where Catherine Booth was to lie in the cemetery, which has held so many great Nonconformist leaders, was, as one newspaper puts it, 'a platform instead of the green turf: a gallery of seats tier upon tier, instead of the yew or weeping willow; and for mourners, an earnest, intelligent, bright-faced, and cheerful crowd, who seemed, by their conversation, their hymns, their prayers, and their general demeanor, so positively secure of their salvation in the next world, that death had for them, personally and individually, no terrors whatever.'

Her children gathered close round her coffin, on a platform, an opening in the center of which looked down into the grave. The General knelt, with eyes fixed on the coffin.

Commissioner Railton gave out the opening hymn of a service which proceeded exactly on the lines our Leader has laid down for his people's burial.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,

rolled skyward in a seldom-equaled volume of sound. Two Officers led in prayer, and another sang. The Scripture lesson was read by Commissioner Howard. Three members of the family spoke at some length. The fog was settling again, and darkness was coming on fast, when The General came to the front. He did his duty like a saint and a soldier, holding the crowd before him easily and strongly, as is his wont -- most marvelous of all, holding his own grief under sway to the very end. Then he knelt down and tenderly kissed the coffin. One by one, amid slow-dropping tears, the family followed, and then the Chief and the leading Commissioners took their places, and prepared to perform their last sad office. One instant they paused, arrested by the voice of The General, as he asked, in tones of anguish, 'Must it be now?' But he waited not for an answer; his next action was characteristic of the man, and a natural outcome of the heart which was stirred to its depths twenty-five years ago on behalf of the lost masses -- he turned from the grave, and the precious, flower-strewn coffin, to clasp close the two sobbing daughters who clung to him, dashed aside his tears, and steadied his voice to whisper words of comfort and cheer. It was his voice which started again the ringing chorus --

Faith triumphant! Faith triumphant!
Knowing not defeat or fear.

There he stood, his gray head sharply defined against the murky sky, through which the blood-red setting sun sent an unearthly lurid light, that played over his pale face, and tipped with gold the dying leaves, which rustled mournfully on the surrounding trees. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene, one not of this earth, and there were hearts there who realized as never before what the power of God could do.

Commissioner Railton uttered the words of committal:--

'As it hath pleased Almighty God to promote our dear Mother from her place in The Salvation Army to the mansion prepared for her above, we now commit her body to this grave -- earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust -- in the sure and certain hope of seeing her again in the Resurrection Morning.'

The service closed with a consecration vow, led by the Chief of the Staff:--

'Blessed Lord -- We do solemnly promise -- Here by the side of this open grave -- And before each other -- That we will be true to our cause -- And valiant in Thy service -- That we will devote ourselves to the great end of saving souls -- That we will be faithful to Thee -- Faithful to one another -- And faithful to a dying world -- Till we meet -- Our Beloved Mother -- In the Morning. Amen.'

And while the family passed slowly down the steps and away through the oncoming darkness, it was to the strains of:--

To the front! the cry is ringing,
To the front! your place is there.
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer;
Selfish ends shall claim no right
>From the battle's front to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight
For triumphant God will make us.

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09 -- THE NEWSPAPER TRIBUTES

From 'The Daily News'

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

'They have exemplified the truth of John Foster's saying, that there is nothing that men are so much mortified to expend in vain as their scorn. Everything in the ceremony of today is distinctly Salvationist, and indeed pre-eminently so, in its celebration of the memory of a distinguished woman. It has been remarked with justice that the Salvationists owe their rapid

rise, and with astonishing success, to the very effective way in which they have testified to their belief in the spiritual and intellectual equality of the sexes. Promotion is by merit in The Army, and not only promotion as between man and man, but as between Salvationists of either sex. Mrs. Booth was not only the devoted helpmate of The General, she was his co-worker; and many of the most fruitful ideas in Army organization originated in her mind.

'In all the long history of religion there is no such instance as The Army affords of the absolute sinking of the disqualification of sex. In honoring Mrs. Booth today the Salvationists testify in a peculiar manner to the strength of their hold on this great principle of progress. This alone has won them millions of the most devoted recruits. They have made women very active agents of Salvation for themselves and others, instead of passive recipients of saving grace on their own account. The entire body of adherents has been won in much the same way. The meanest individual seems to cooperate in the work that it is doing on his behalf. He is not merely saved, he is saving. He may rise to any post for which he is qualified by his zeal and his powers. There is no one to bar the way with a claim of exclusive sanctity or prescriptive right. Every recruit carries the Marshal's baton in his knapsack. Working through the masses in this way, The Army is obliged to work for them. It is necessarily democratic in its aims, and it cannot afford to dismiss any popular grievance as either unworthy of its concern or beneath its powers. The Army's latest experiment in Social effort will always be profoundly interesting as an experiment, whatever may be its result. It acknowledges obligations which the Churches have for the most part succeeded in denying or evading, and if it should succeed in the fulfillment there would be no calculable limit to its influence from that time forth. Amid all the contending Churches of the present, the Church that best succeeds in feeding the hungry and in clothing the naked, stands the best chance of becoming the Church of the future.'

* * *

From 'The Daily Graphic'

'One Of The Most Remarkable Women Workers'

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

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

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From 'The Leeds Mercury'

'A Woman Of High Capacity'

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

* * *

From 'The Star'

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

'Mrs. Booth was a woman of singular ability, refinement, and culture. But for the services of his wife, Mr. Booth would never have been able to inaugurate The Army and carry on its work. She was the life and soul of the movement, especially at the beginning, when she worked very hard writing, speaking, and organizing.

'There was a certain saintly atmosphere about Mrs. Booth's personality -- a suggestion of gentleness and peace. She had a beautiful voice, with a clear thrilling note in it, and she had the genuine gift of oratory. Her religious teaching had that note of passionate devotion which one

associates with Charles Wesley. In a word, Mrs. Booth was a poetess. She was largely the mind and soul of Salvationism, as The General has been its organic center. Her creed was a kind of perfectionism, always with a mystic touch in it. She was one of the great women of the century.'

* * *

From 'The Manchester Examiner'
By A Lady Correspondent

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

'When the history of the latter half of the nineteenth century is written, and The Salvation Army and its development are treated among the religious movements of our time, the name of Mrs. Booth, The General's wife, will stand out as that of one of the noblest and most devoted of the leaders of The Army. It was she who first drew large crowds of fashionable men and women into the halls at large seaside places, to compel them by her boundless enthusiasm and irresistible eloquence to hear what they would not allow any minister or priest to tell them from the pulpit. It was Mrs. Booth again, who, after once The Salvation Army was formed, was ready to make every sacrifice in the cause which she and her husband had espoused. The General himself, ever ready to submit his plans and movements to so wise and so selfless a counselor, is the first to admit that to his wife's wisdom, energy, and devotion, a great deal of the success of The Salvation Army is due. But while she was always in the front ranks where the battle was hottest, Mrs. Booth never lost anything of that modest, affectionate womanliness which attracted the hearts of all those who came in contact with her, and which today makes her husband and children stand round her form in grief too deep for words, while legions of Soldiers all over the world repeat with tearful eyes, "Our Mother is dead." It has been often quoted that short, grand epitaph which Abraham Lincoln's death first called forth, but it has never been more justly applied than it is today to the wife of General Booth, "Life's work well done, life's course well run, life's crown well won, now comes rest."

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From 'The Manchester Examiner'
By W. T. Stead

'It is not three weeks since I last saw Mrs. Booth. It was on a Sunday afternoon -- one of those glorious summer days which this year have made September a belated substitute for July. The sun had just set behind the roseate western clouds, and the air was filled with stillness, the lapping of the rippling waves on the beach below being hardly audible. In pain that ever and anon

increased to anguish, in weakness so great that her voice could hardly make itself heard, she spoke to me for the last time.

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

"Yes," she said, speaking with difficulty between the fierce thrusts of pain that shot through her frame, "Yes, thank God, we may rejoice that something on an adequate scale is to be done at last; and I most of all, through all these years, have labored and prayed that this matter might be done; but, thank God! thank God!" She has not been allowed to see the formal publication of the great manifesto in which General Booth proclaims the determination of The Salvation Army to address itself to the solution of the Social question, but she was no stranger to its contents. She was the prophetess of the new movement -- she saw it afar off, was glad she was a Socialist of the heart, full of passionate sympathy with the poor and the oppressed of every land and clime; full, too, of fierce indignation against all who did them wrong.

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

From 'The Newcastle Daily Leader'

A Remarkable Funeral

'The funeral ceremony with which the body of Mrs. Booth has been consigned to the dust has been as unique as the life of which it was the closing scene. Kings and conquerors, emperors and statesmen have been buried for all time with something of the pomp that surrounded their lives, but it is, we believe, the first time at least in our modern history when the funeral of a woman of the people has been attended with something like regal display. Regal it has been in everything except wealth and rank and social ostentation. A mighty mass of devoted people, with hearts suffused by real sorrow, took part in her obsequies, and, in accordance with the custom

and, indeed, central idea of The Army, the most elaborate arrangements were made to enforce the lesson of death and give scope for the expression of the emotions. The scene in Olympia described by our London correspondent yesterday is surely unparalleled in the annals of the dead. There the great power of organization displayed by the Booths, the clear and steady purpose of their mission, and the devotion of their followers came to light. The "Mother of The Army" had been "Promoted." There was the sadness of bereavement, but the hope of reunion, held not merely as a speculative idea, but as a solid fact -- as tangible to them as the sun shining in the clear October air. Yesterday the final scene of all was, of necessity, more in accordance with custom, but even so it is impossible to read of the vast concourse of people, of the bands of music, and the banners flying without realizing that here also death is made less somber by the brighter ideals of a vivid faith.

The careful reader of the reports of Church Congresses and the like which have been appearing in the papers recently will have observed that one and all have the same tale to tell. Some churches find their numbers diminishing, others complain of a want of fervor in religious work. The cry of comparative failure is unanimous. It is while a process of what looks like standing still, if not going backward, has been going on in the ordinary religious communities that The Salvation Army has grown up a mighty organization, mighty in its power upon great masses of otherwise neglected people as well as in numbers and character. General Booth, as he is now called without a shade of sarcasm, has been able, by the help of the devoted woman who was yesterday laid in her grave, to establish a new religious Organization on purely evangelical lines amid difficulties that might well have seemed insuperable to any one endeavoring to forecast the future. The Salvation Army has not proved the evanescent thing it was expected to prove. The Booths have lived down ridicule and calumny, and even persecution. They have converted the organization of war into an engine to fight the Devil himself. There has been no previous religious movement like unto it that has grown to such vast proportions. Wesley founded a Church by great organizing power and extraordinary fervor, two of the chief characteristics of those who have established The Army. Chalmers in Scotland created a new ecclesiastical organization. But both had the middle classes for the staple of their strength. They built themselves churches that stand even to this day as monuments of the solidity of their position. The churches of The Army are mere sheds, little more than tents, "barracks" indeed in fact its well as in name. Their people are not the people who have ideas about church government, and who will rend households and churches with disputes about the mere letter of the law. They are mostly poor men and women who know little more than the single central idea of Christianity, and that they need to be "saved" from evil lives and from "the wrath to come." Their creed is of the simplest; of ritual they have none. They carry no weight of social ostentation. They cultivate ugliness rather than beauty, the primitive virtues rather than the adornments of life. They enjoin a simplicity of life as rigid, a self-denial as severe, as that of any monk of the older world. And all this in an age when the churches are making splendid their buildings, are improving their music, increasing all those elements that attract the eye and fascinate the ear. Music is indeed not disdained, but it is music calculated to serve the central purpose of rousing to action rather than pleasing the hearer. There may come a time when a more advanced education may crave higher forms of worship and less boisterous appeals, but one can hardly imagine a time when it shall be no longer necessary to preach the virtues of self-denial, of self-reliance, and of honest, pure and simple lives.'

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From 'The War Cry'

'Catherine Booth, the Mother of The Salvation Army, entered into the presence of the King on Saturday afternoon, her hand in our beloved General's, and with many members of her family around her couch. The end was peace. Through the cold and deep and stormy waters the Pilot bore her into Harbor. Every conflict passed, every victory gained. At peace with all the world, revered by tens of thousands known and unknown, loved, honored, trusted, obeyed on a thousand of God's battle-fields -- a chosen leader and Warrior lays down her sword, a conqueror takes up her crown. Hallelujah! Glory be to the Father, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

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

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

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

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

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From 'The Methodist Recorder'

"Until that I Deborah arose, that I arouse a mother in Israel." In many ways Catherine Booth has been the Deborah of our Christian life. Mrs. Booth impressed us always as being essentially a good woman, full of the "Holy Ghost and of faith." We could never think of her except as a saint, a prophetess, a chosen servant. Even the enemies of The Salvation Army, and people who, whilst not enemies, did not approve of its methods, revered Mrs. Booth. Popularity did not spoil her. She steered a straight course and clung with dogged determination to principle. We have heard on other than Army authority that her influence in the upper circles of English society was very great. The plain, motherly woman, who talked good Saxon with a north-country inflection, and set forth God's truth without passion or eccentricity, but with profound earnestness, was to multitudes of educated people like a messenger from God. There was also about her a certain winsomeness which drew, touched, melted, fascinated. Yet she was not sentimental, or tragic, or dreamy. Quite the reverse. She loved her people and loved all who helped them, without hating or scorning those who disagreed with her and them. We are disposed to attribute her immense influence among English-speaking people in some measure to the intense and beautiful Christianity of her domestic life. She loved and honored her husband; she was a good mother to her children. Englishmen believe in a true wife and mother. A woman whose enthusiasm for saving the world destroys or dulls her home sympathies can never be either a Deborah or Huldah, a Dorcas or Lydia, in England. Mrs. Booth created a Christian home. She "brought up children."

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

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From 'The British Weekly'

'Catherine Booth'

'The news of Mrs. Booth's release has been heard with thankfulness by the multitudes who for these weary months have borne her on their hearts. The long-drawn agony, so patiently, so meekly, so devoutly borne, ended on Saturday afternoon. The sufferer is at rest. In another column, one who knew her well has recorded some impressions of the intense and forceful life now

fulfilled in that completer service which is followed by no weariness. The great Organization of which Catherine Booth was the life and soul is still on its trial, but round her grave no words will be spoken but those of reverence and sympathy and love. Her ministry was apostolic in its richness, single-heartedness, and power. Men like the late Bishop Lightfoot acknowledged her deep influence over them; but the sweetest tribute to her life-work will be rendered by the sisters whom she brought back to purity and peace. There was no schism in her life from end to end of its wonderful days. The lonely, delicate girl; the young wife facing poverty bravely, but shrinking in an agony of reluctance from the burden of public testimony; the heroine facing unmoved calumny, hatred, and scorn; the almost adored mother of a great Society; she was the same through all. She was happy in her death, for she saw The Salvation Army steadily advancing to new fields, and her whole heart consented to its every movement. We shall always think of her in association with Catherine of Sienna.

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ENDNOTES

[1] The volumes 'Godliness,' 'Life and Death,' and 'Popular Christianity,' are chiefly reports of addresses delivered during these and subsequent years. -- May be obtained at Salvation Army Publishing Department, Judd Street, King's Cross, London, W.C.

[2] 'The War Cry' for October 11 and 18, 1890.

[3] This number is now increased to 22,984 -- (Jan. 1911.)

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