

(October 7, 1935)

The Work of the Salvation Army

BY GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH, COMMANDER HOE AND
CAPTAIN NEWTON.

PRESIDENT COLONEL BISHOP:—Fellow members of the Canadian Club, starting the season of the Men's Canadian Club I think it is very proper we should have with us as guests the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, and we extend a hearty welcome to them.

Our distinguished speaker today has been taken to Toronto's heart. It is only too evident from the tremendous reception and the great numbers who turned out at Massey Hall. His Worship Mayor Simpson tells me since Friday she has addressed at least 60,000 people. The strain of physical exhaustion from such efforts I know you will appreciate. In addition to these inspiring addresses she has all the staff-work in connection with the army.

The history of the Salvation Army itself shows nothing less than a miracle. From a small beginning the great sturdy oak of the great Salvation Army has grown and today it exists in eighty-nine countries. It is carrying out its mission of mercy in the sixty-nine languages of the people with whom they are constantly dealing. In order to spare our distinguished guest today it is necessary that we call on two of her able lieutenants to take her place for a short time at the microphone. Lieut. Commander Hoe, who has spent some thirty-five years in India and is now a Canadian citizen, will tell us some of the army work in India. Following him will be Capt. Newton from Alaska. I know the message they have, preparatory to our distinguished guest, Gen. Booth, addressing you, will be listened

*A combined meeting with the Women's Canadian Club.

to with interest. I know also I am expressing on your behalf to General Booth a sincere vote of appreciation and thanks that she has found time to come today and be with us as our guest, notwithstanding the many calls on her physical strength and the tremendous exhaustion from the tour in connection with the fifty-third anniversary.

COMMANDER HOE:—Mr. President and friends, I count it a very high privilege to have the opportunity of saying something about the work which has been my life work. As a young man forty years ago I went to India first when the work there was in its infancy. And the remarkable thing about the Army work in India, I think, is that our leader had the courage to adopt the Indian ways, and the Indian uniform, in order to make the approach to the Indian people stronger. At the table near where I was having lunch a gentleman said, "Oh, everybody likes the Salvation Army—the Roman Catholics, the Protestants, the Hindus, and I can say so far as the Hindus are concerned, we may not get so many of the castes, and yet east and west, north and south, the Salvation Army uniform is hailed among the forces for good."

But the most interesting side of our work for a gathering like this would be that among the Indian criminal tribes. These are tribes of about five or six millions, who have been forced out from traditional occupations, and they have formed one of the major problems of the government, so far as good order is concerned. The police, of course, have been on their track, but the police, in India at any rate, have not proved anything of a reformative influence. And so about twenty-five years ago Commissioner Booth Tucker, our leader, whose name we reverence greatly, was approached by the Indian Government. They said he was on speaking terms with many of those governors, having been classmates with them. "Tucker, could not you do something with these criminal tribes?" He jumped at it and that was the institution of work among these people. They are awkward; they are clever; they are very set in their ways; they have great understanding of lip reverence for the freedom the British Government gives to them, and they said, "Why should we be brought under this quasi-religious influence?"

It is an outrage upon liberty," and it is very amusing to hear the way they talk. But they had to come. The first job was to get ordinary decency in their lives; second, to get them to work, and by a process of human touch to get some change in their mental attitude and ideas of living. And there is just one story as to the sort of people and how the army has been able to do something for them. In Punjab I had some fifteen of these criminal tribe settlements under my command. They varied one from the other in the quality of naughtiness, but their response to our care was marvellous. The Indian government again and again had given the greatest praise for the work, not only of our men, but our women. Our supreme leader is a lady here, and we have always followed the influence of our women. We have a leader in our settlement who takes hold of the women and teaches them decency and hard work instead of cursing, which is a characteristic of the women in India and a bad one, and when she likes to let it go, it is something scorching.

There was in the central provinces a gang of thieves got together almost entirely from a certain criminal tribe. They were led by an Afghan chap who had risen to the rank of sergeant in the British army. He formed a gang that ranged the foothills of the Himalayas, looting, robbing, murdering right and left. There were at one time several European superintendents of police and between five hundred and six hundred constables engaged in chasing these fellows. They captured the whole bunch of them, lock, stock and singer and the rest of it. They were called before a magistrate and tried; eight of the worst were sentenced to be hanged. Only a fortnight elapsed. Justice has to be quick when it reaches among men of that sort. What to do with the others? They were sentenced to penal servitude. And the government said, "We have these fellows in jail and their wives and children out of jail and have to keep them." And they turned them over to the Salvation Army. And there are islands, with good climate and fine soil, in the Bay of Bengal, "Let us send them there." And these prisoners were very sulky about it. They said if you will send a Salvation Army officer with us we will go. We

said we would do our best. They approached General Bramwell Booth to send us a man. He said, "I cannot send my officer to be a jailer." And they said "We don't want your officer to be a jailer, but we do want these people to have general reforming of their lives." So a fine officer, a Lancashire fellow, just about up to my shoulder, took charge of this gang of prisoners. He said the greatest time in his life was when he had a meeting between the prisoners and their families on the deck of their steamer to take them to the island. There he built up a community of decent, hard-working people. That work is going on.

CAPT. NEWTON :—I am delighted to be with your Canadian Club and I consider it a privilege to be here this moment and as I am an Alaskan native we call ourselves Klinges. In Alaska we are "people saved by God." We were in darkness. Once I was blind but now I can see. One time we had a visitor up in Alaska, down in my Skagway. This same lady here alongside, I mean Miss Booth. She was up to visit us and carried the Gospel of Jesus Christ and she is not slow to spread about the Gospel all over where she wants to go. And people up there got saved. One got saved whose name was Benson. And during the time he got saved he came down back to his home teaching about Jesus and more of our people got saved through his talk and telling how Jesus came down to this world to save sinners. And thus we have the Salvation Army work spread all over Alaska and now the Army flag is flying in every village and town of our people in Alaska. Thank you.

CHAIRMAN COL. BISHOP :—I feel sure we are more than interested to hear this evidence of the tremendous work of the Salvation Army. When you consider our distinguished guest has under her charge organizations from leper hospitals, penal colonies, land settlements, orphanage homes, and so on, and is carrying all the executive responsibility on her shoulders throughout the world, in addition to maintaining a high standard of leadership, you can understand the task is a most trying one. It is by firm conviction that she is able to go forward. We welcome her back to Toronto and Toronto is no stranger to her. It gives me no small pleasure to express your appreciation to General Booth for being here with us today.

GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH:—Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, I am very glad that the President made that remark referring to some fatigue of my vocal chords because I fear I cannot speak to you today in anything like musical tones of voice. To me it is very surprising that I have any vocal chords left at all. They secure these huge buildings and crowd them from the floors to the ceiling and put something of an instrument like this before me and I have to go on and do my best. But as Captain Newton, a Red Indian, so beautifully said, I always seek to go forward and do my best. I am sorry that I am a little weary. I have yet before me perhaps the hardest task of my visit to Toronto in the meetings at which I am planning to meet my own people, our soldiers and our officers. But I am glad of this opportunity. I appreciate it very, very deeply, so large a number coming to meet with me, and I take it as evidence of your confidence in the work I am called to represent, and perhaps I might say, I take it as an impression of your good will and of your affection towards me personally.

When I look upon a room full of ladies and gentlemen such as this, all occupying positions more or less of importance in the great march of life, it does seem to me so wonderful. It has been so good of God in so short a time to give our organization such a high place in the esteem and confidence of the leading spirits of the world. Such a short time ago, a little over a century, men of philanthropic thought, men of letters, men of religious life, men of scientific aspirations, and even men of religious standing, looked upon my father with the utmost ridicule. They regarded him as a man who had almost lost his sense of the correctness of things. They could not understand this young fellow that had gone out with this enthusiasm and turned his back upon one of the brightest careers with which a young minister was ever faced, and going down into the dregs of society, the lowest strata of intelligence and misery and vice with any material hope, and real thought, of being able to bring about any better conditions and transform men. They flung at him such questions as, "What creditable manhood do you expect to bring out of broken humanity?"

What abiding moral structure do you expect ever to be able to stand upon the shifting sands of destroyed character? What strength can ever come from abject weakness? By what means of transit can that which is ever going down deeper and deeper, reach the summit? What life can ever come from the dead things dragged from the river beds of crime?

And yet, despite opposition coming down every avenue, opposition from the church in those early days, opposition from the populace which could not understand, opposition from the educated, looking upon the handful as a band of the utmost ignorance, opposition from every source—well there can scarcely be applied the undeniable truth that there is an interval between the seed and the timber, it can scarcely be applied to the Salvation Army for, in a little time, half a century, the little movement has swung into a stride that passed away from just merely a band of retired drinkers and converted costermongers, into a mighty host of intelligent men and women, versed in the means of combatting the major evils of the world and tutored in the scientific handling of these problems. Victor Hugo said "Progress is the stride of God." Surely, Mr. President, we do see in every step the Salvation Army has taken from these first, early persecuted days, the impress of the footprints of the Lord God Almighty; who is leading us forth for the succor of the suffering, for the helping and uplifting of the down-trodden, the saving of the sinner and the helping of the poor. Progress, as we have seen it, has been the stride of God.

A little over half a century ago a handful of uneducated people—Progress is the stride of God—today our Bibles are read in all languages, our banners wave under all skies, our soldiers march in all lands, our publications written in all languages, the teachings of our faith proclaimed in almost every town—a people whose effort reaches all races, colors, tongues, types of civilization, and unenlightened barbarism, such as never before in human history mustered under one flag. Progress! Progress! It is the stride of God. The Governor General said to me in Australia, "How do you account for this, for 50,000 marching bandsmen, educated to the last notch in efficiency; how do you account

for this? The other day in the Alexandra Palace 5,000 band boys, giving music almost to perfection, and the oldest not over sixteen. How do you account for this? Our Women's Leagues running into hundreds of thousands? How do you account for it?" I account for it, in one way, our trust has been in God, and I account for it in that deep rooted conviction that every salvationist carries in his or her breast, that conviction that Christ came for the world and that the world is for Christ. All our operations, all our activities, all our compositions, all our band music, all our institutions, all the teachings of the little children in the orphanages, all of the gathering together of the criminal types, all the enlightening of the little Japanese in Japan, all for Christ, all for winning the world for Christ. We have given over fifty years not only to studying scientific research, how to meet the problems which are presented to all governments of reclaiming the wicked and the unfortunate, not only have we given fifty years to that study, but we have studied the best and the quickest—as Capt. Newton says, who is an orator in his own tongue—the quickest, best methods, by which we can apply the principles of our faith to the problems and tortures and miseries and breakages and losses of everyday life.

My father used to say a religion which is not as good in the kitchen on Tuesday or the workshop on Wednesday or the blacksmith shop on Monday is not of much account in the church or Salvation Army Hall. And we have felt perhaps God, in some sweet way, who breathed the thought of the uplift of the poor into the heart of my father, has helped us to bring Him down, down from the high walks of glory, down to the mud paths of life, down from wide-spread angles to the shadows and the sins of the world, this world for which He died. We have felt that as the human hand has gone up and taken the electrical powers asleep in the clouds and the brow of the hill and brought them down to lighten our darkness and carry our vehicles and flash our messages across the sea, we have felt that as human ingenuity has discovered that, that music and song can be brought down within the four walls of the humblest dwelling, so we have sought to bring Jesus Christ down,

walking the paths of this world again, teaching, helping, healing the sores and wounds of humanity.

My dear friends: I want to tell you I was born into the Salvation Army. It never becomes to me a common thing. It is always the miracle. I never can pass a little street meeting of half a dozen around a lamp listening to the song, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," but there is a thrill goes down my very spine. I never look upon a girl, as the slum girls in London, out at three o'clock in the morning, a woman in the bitter cold, in the rain, looking for a lost woman, a mother who has daughters of her own looking for other women's daughters who have lost their way; three o'clock in the morning and somebody said to her, "Don't you get discouraged?" "Do you see many results?" "No," she said, "but if we are wanted, we are there." I never hear such a story but it goes down through me with a thrill. I never see a sweet-faced woman leaning over the poor ragged bed of the sick and poor—too poor to pay for any medicine—I never see a Salvation Army wagon going down the street loaded with blankets and sheets and food and bread, I never see it, I cannot see it, but it thrills my whole being. I never hear such a story as was told me about taking the babes from the recess under the bridge and wrapping them in newspaper, and the policeman bringing them away, but it is a miracle.

And you know sometimes I have a vision. I have a vision that when God winds up the world, when our opportunities for doing good are taken away from us, I have a vision of our all coming up at the last and of your dear faces here this morning. Those, who have put out their hand to help us, give us a prayer. Those, who perhaps cannot give us any other aid, give us a warm hand shake. And I see you coming up in that last moment, your faces lit by a light from a sun that never sets, and I think then as I think now, when we gather in the sheaves, the work that we have done for the help and blessing of others, Oh how small our best will look!

This Salvation Army is always to me the miracle. It thrills me, fascinates me. It has the same fascination that a life-boat has, when I saw it go out into the middle of the

Atlantic to rescue the drowning, and I saw the taut arms of the crew, and saw them mount the billows, and they were lost sight of; the same fascination that a ladder has when I see it up against the wall of a burning building and a fireman's strong arms bring the women and children to safety; it has the same fascination that a Refuge has when I see little children rescued from death and brought in for protection; it has the same fascination a mother's arms have when I see them stretched out wide to receive the wandering boy come home asking to be forgiven. It has the same fascination that a haven has when I see a fleet of ships take shelter in the haven of peace; when you see a Salvation Army lassie, when you see a man help somebody else in a Salvation Army, say "There goes a lifeboat, there goes a ladder, there goes a haven, there goes a harbor."

My father died blind. But months before he passed away he was to undergo an operation for cataracts, I was with him in London. We sat together in his little — he called it his workshop. He was very fond of having plenty of window. He had a very large window that ran right across the western side of his room. I looked up to that window and it seemed God did something special for us both. The whole sky was aflame. I saw the scarlet tongues leaping up and meeting a group of floating cloudlets dressed in scarlet and purple and blue. And I said, "Papa"—he could see a little from the right eye—"come and look at the sunset." His tall figure, straight, slender, his crown of silver hair—he came and said, "I don't think I can." "Oh," I said, "come and try." And he looked through the window and I looked with him and I said, "General, see it mounting up there like mountains of gold and banners of scarlet." But he said, "I cannot see it." "Oh," I said, "try again. It is such a wonderful sunset. Look again, right over there," and I turned his dear face a little bit. "Cannot you see it there, that marvellous sunset?" He put his arm around me and drew near to me and there seemed to be a light catch his face that was not of this world. I knew he was nearing the end of the long, faithful journey. And he said, "My darling child, I cannot see the sun set but I shall see it rise." I threw my arms around

his neck and said, "Don't say that. The doctors say you are going to be better and be better than you have been for thirty years." He kind of gently put me from him and said, "I shall see it rise."

Gentlemen, we shall all see it rise. We may not live to travel quite as long a journey as he did—eighty-three years of age. But when we see it rise may God find us all, everyone, me, worthy of the opportunities he has given to me.

I want to thank you with all my heart as the leader of this organization for what help you have given us, all the love you have shown us, and I want to ask you to continue that friendship and to do a little better if you can with the help. God bless you.

THE CHAIRMAN, COLONEL BISHOP:—General Booth, I think I can safely say to you that never at any previous time in the history of the Canadian Club has a more inspiring message been given to our members. That the whole mantle of your distinguished father has fallen properly on your shoulders, to lead the great Salvation Army, is all too apparent, not alone by reason of your firm conviction with which you give to the world the meaning of the word Salvation and Salvation Army, and the work it is achieving; but that you should carry it still further forward, I feel, goes without saying. You have many friends in Toronto and the Army has many friends indeed. And I know when the proper time comes the Salvation Army will never lack for support in this city. We are more than grateful to you. We only hope it has not been too much of a trial for your greater endeavors tonight. We wish for you God speed on your journey, and that you may be able to lift the banner of the Salvation Army ever higher and higher as long as you may lead them.