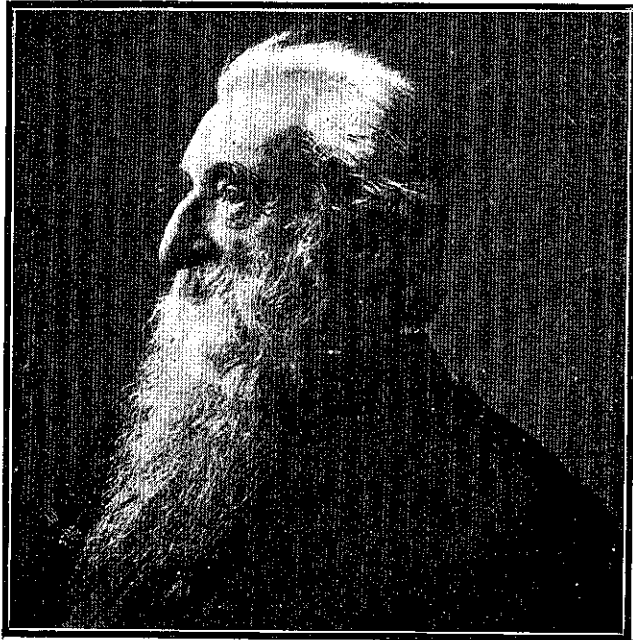


(March 14, 1907.)

The Success of the Salvation Army.

BY GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder of the Salvation Army.

ADDRESSING the evening meeting of the Canadian Club on "The Success of the Salvation Army," General William Booth, its founder and head, said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—What can I do other than thank you from the bottom of my heart for the exceedingly warm and cordial reception you have given me and which the audience has so heartily and so vigorously endorsed? It is such evidences of the appreciation and approval of a man's life work that give him renewed hope and encouragement and activity. They are inspiring in the days of sunshine and cheering in the hours of darkness, and, in the strength of my Heavenly Father they are stimulating me forward. I thank you, gentlemen, and I pray God to keep me worthy of the esteem of the best and truest friends of humanity.

What can I say to-night that will interest and stimulate? Tell you of my work—the work of the Salvation Army? Is it justified and qualified to advise others? Are the noisy forms of our worship as useful as the elevated, æsthetic forms of yours, Mr. Chairman? I hope and pray that yours are as profitable to you as the noisy ones are to us. I cannot make anything like an address to you in the limited time at our disposal, but I can say to you something about the Salvation Army, and that is the subject you know that lies near and dear to my heart.

As I rode down here in the cab with Hon. Mr. Hanna we were talking a little about this subject—I don't usually talk a great deal about anything else, Mr. Chairman—and I told him I thought I must be somewhat like Paganini, the musical genius, who played the violin on one string, and professed to be able on that one string to produce music as sweet and as loud and as entrancing as his competitors could produce on four. So I have sought on the one string to produce such a music as would charm and cheer the heart of the widow and the orphan and deliver from the haunts of devilry and vice the men and women who are chained there. The Salvation Army is that one string.

It is quite true that her work is now as public as that which operates under the white light that beats from the

throne. The dense darkness which once enshrouded her has passed away. Yet strange prejudices—such as those to which the Chairman has so feelingly alluded—still prevail. If I can remove a few of those to-night for the comrades in Canada and in Toronto and create for them that sympathy and practical assistance which they so well deserve, then I will not have come to the Canadian Club in vain. I attended an interesting meeting just before my visit to Australia. It was in a southern town and the Mayor of the borough, a man of affluence and influence, who came in his equipage with prancing horses and wearing his official robes, made an interesting introductory speech. He said he did not desire to indicate approval of all the work of the Salvation Army. You see, he had seen some of the exhibitions to which the Chairman has alluded. He said, however, that he considered it the duty of the Chief Magistrate to help the poor, however much he might disagree with the method. His Worship then sat down and the General got up. And when the General got through His Worship got up again. "Ladies and gentlemen," he declared, "my objections are all removed. You've knocked them all out, and now if you'll open a subscription list, I'm prepared to subscribe to the tune of £100 per annum." Now if there is a meeting things are different. There are not such doubts heard here to-night. Otherwise I should hope to knock them out with the same happy and welcome result.

I can readily understand how the members of the Canadian Club are more or less interested in the Salvation Army—interested in it on account perhaps of some of their acquaintances, or perhaps it may be some of their relatives, someone whom they may have loved or who has been dependent on them has been benefited by our strange vagaries. I seldom now come across any leading people in society who have not at some time or other had someone whom they have known picked out of the gutter by the Salvation Army. I remember once visiting a firm of distinguished solicitors in London. An official promptly bowed me into the head office over many of the other waiters. The head of the firm assured me in a most bland manner that he was prepared at any time to do all he could do for the Salvation Army. I expressed my pleasure, and some surprise. "Oh," he replied, "our obligations are altogether to you." And then he explained that a valuable managing clerk of the firm had got wrong and gone down in poverty and vice. The Salvation Army had finally got hold of him—it is a great habit she has to get hold of those who are going down. He was nursed back to normal health and enabled to resolve to change his habits and win back again the

position he had lost. "That man," said the head of the firm, "has a value that cannot be estimated in money." On going out I met the managing clerk himself. He was drawing a large salary and held a most responsible position. That is the kind of work the Salvation Army is doing.

The Salvation Army has not been made to plan. It is not a creation, it is a growth. I imagine some of my friends have at times thought General Booth was a very ambitious man, and anxious to achieve notoriety, but it is not so, nothing of the kind, Mr. Chairman. The origin of this movement came of the desire to reach the crowds of people who were outside the pale, or seemed to be, of all religious government and philanthropic effort, and I think to a certain extent it has attained that end, at least it is on the road. The Army is only in its childhood, just beginning to walk.

If a man has fallen on the slippery pathway of life, and he does not want to get up, let us show him what a fool he is; and if he wants to get up for heaven's sake help him up. That is what the Army seeks to do. That is what you would do with a horse that slipped on your streets. The cries of men and women and children fall on my ears day and night, and I cannot sleep for thinking of them, and I should not sleep were it not for the little that I have been able to do. If you can convert a professor, or a chairman of a Canadian Club, as the Salvation Army seems to have done, I think there is hope for these poor wretches. Oh, sirs, what stories I could tell you, if I had time and you had the patience to listen, of the marvellous conversions that have been effected, of grey-headed sinners and young desperate sinners, marvellous things wrought by the power of God and human kindness.

We have not done much for the rich, but we have done a good deal for their prodigal children. We have the largest rescue work for women that has ever been seen in this poor world of ours. We are learning to do our work, and how to do it more economically, and then there is our work among the criminal classes, but I must not enter upon that interesting theme.

And we have done something for the unemployed, and this is a topic of considerable interest to you at the present time. As I said to the Legislature, it seems to me the best way is to take them away and put them on the land, where they will not be competitors to any form of labor.

The Salvation Army has conferred benefits on your country. It has conferred benefits on the Empire, and I believe all over the wide, wide world. The reason for the existence

of the Salvation Army is the calling forth of sympathy for the surging sea of misery and vice and crime which were all about. In the new lands you see comparatively little of all this, but in the older cities, all through the haunts of older civilization. As the years go on and population and prosperity multiply, you will see many strange things. Some will go down—go down in misery and crime. Then there is work for the Salvation Army. She goes down after them. The Salvation Army has not won her men and women from the ranks of philanthropy and the Christian churches. She has gone down into the depths and made them. And to-day she has 15,000 officers, sustained, maintained and trained for leadership of a great force—a force which has been largely brought up from the below, the deep, sad, horrible below.

The origin of the Salvation Army was of a romantic kind. To the eastern part of London I was led by the good hand of my God. There in those days the conditions which obtained were ghastly. All around was continual misery and vice and crime. All around was a great procession of drunkenness, of blasphemy, of filth and abomination—a vast, hideous procession which held me spellbound. It seemed that the very gates of hell had been opened all about me. Men and women cursed God and wished to die. As I looked I longed. Here were men and women living in devilry, in hells upon earth, in the worship of vice and mammon—all taken up with their own selfish interests and devilry, with no sympathy for suffering creatures about them. And I saw more, something even more deplorable, more damnable, creatures in human form seeking to make profit out of them.

What were the Christians doing? Occasionally a glance, sometimes a dollar as you would throw a bone to a dog. Was no One looking down from Heaven? Yes, He came down and pitied them—pitied them—pitied them. He came to seek and to save the lost. I do not speak in egotism when I tell you that, then and there, there came to me a small portion of the spirit which lived in the bosom of the Saviour, and, there and then, with no thought as to the future, I threw myself into the gulf. With God's help I would stem that mad, mad Niagara torrent of wickedness and vice.

That was the origin of the Salvation Army.

I shall not occupy your time by detailing to you the mighty struggle that devolved upon me. I had no idea that it would be an easy task. Victories are not won without toil and tears. Many, many times I toiled all night—toiled hard—and caught little. Then the heavens opened and poured down blessings,

blessings that expanded the whole country over, the whole world over.

What man can despair of doing something for his fellow man; what man can despair of doing something for his God; what man can despair of doing something to make the world better, with the example of the Salvation Army before his eyes. Blessings were sent, manifold, rich blessings—the boom came (that's a colonial phrase) and the whole thing swept on by its own weight.

To-day the flag of the Salvation Army is flying in 52 nations and others are knocking at our doors. I think the origin of the movement was calculated to arouse interest. The methods and plans of organization and development commend themselves to men of business—men who know. There were plans on which it could not be done. Many were considered. But the military plan seemed best calculated, and divinely calculated, to reap the greatest benefits. It provided that every convert could do a special work, disciplined and controlled by a trained body of men. You can only get out of men what you insist on; you can only get out of yourself what you insist on.

I will not trouble you with the story of the organization. It was, after all, no wonderful puzzle or bugbear. The Salvation Army was not made on a plan; it was not a creation, as I have already said; it was a growth. They say General Booth is an ambitious man, that he is self-centred and celebrity hunting. But it took time and thought to determine the plan of our organization. And it came to me at last. I've got it; I've got it. We'll make an Army, and there'll be a General and Colonels and Brigadiers and Captains and bands and marching and all the hullabaloo, the same as there was in your village, Mr. Chairman. And with all that, we'll be able to capture such distinguished personages as yourself, Mr. Chairman. Then we'll get into the newspapers, and who could wish for a greater honor than that? And we'll get into prison, perhaps, and get some pity and stir up a general commotion. We'll excite the people and stir up for the General the notoriety on which he is set.

It all came, Mr. Chairman, of the desire to reach the crowds outside the pale of religion. But remember that even yet we are only in our childhood, just learning to walk. Wait till you see us when we're grown up! I remember well the time when my own first-born, now my Chief of Staff, first travelled across the floor. The child was twelve months old, and it left its mother's arms and reached mine in safety. True,

there was a lot of wriggling on the road, but he succeeded in the feat and mother and father were proud. True, there was yet many a tumble in store, but when he fell his mother didn't whip him. She gathered him up again, kissed the injured place and bestowed plaster if necessary. So if you see—you with your superior intellectual and religious training, Mr. Chairman—if you see the Salvation Army tumbling about a bit and doing strange, fantastic things, don't whip her, don't write her up in the newspapers. Stick a \$20 bill on the plate and say, "Go on, Salvation Army. No doubt you will learn, bye and bye."

The business methods of the Salvation Army will, at any rate, commend themselves to you. All its property is settled and determined according to the trust laws of the country and all its financial affairs are carefully audited and conducted by an independent firm of officers. Every year most careful balance sheets are prepared for those who care to enquire. All the expenditures of the Salvation Army, alike from the smallest and the largest corps, pass a board of independent officers, who enquire as to whether they were needed or not. All this is done to cultivate economy. I know, too, of no better plans than those we use for maintaining the strictest honesty in the handling of our affairs. Some years ago a hue and cry over our expenditures was raised in the Old Country. It stung me to the quick and I issued a challenge. I asked that the whole books of the Army should be placed in the hands of investigating professional accountants. There were Earl Onslow, Lord Henry James, Mr. Walter Long, the first accountant of England, and Mr. Waterhouse, of the present Government. These gentlemen did their work faithfully. They held twenty-five meetings and employed twenty clerks and they reported that they could not find a sixpence out of place or a single mistake.

And we endeavor to apply the same rational method in dealing with men. We plan the employment of the poor, the giving of work to the masses of miserables with whom we have to deal, those who have been helped from the dark and damned abyss. The prodigals pay for their reformation. It is a way that commends itself to approval. There are two classes who are down, those from misconduct and those from misfortune. The latter are born to it. It is well nigh impossible for them to be aught else than paupers and rogues and harlots and thieves. You have a special duty to these unfortunates. Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. If you were down there, wouldn't you welcome a help-

ing hand up? If he wants to get up, help him up. Never mind telling him what a fool he is. He probably knows that. When he says, "I want to be good and true and honest," take him at his word and help the poor wretch on to his feet. That's what the Salvation Army seeks to do. If a horse slips down on the street, if a wandered sheep bleats under your window in anguish, you do not get up and shoot it down. I have heard the bleat of the men, women and children till I couldn't sleep.

If they are down by reason of misconduct they are to be pitied still more. To change their minds and hearts you must change the circumstances and thus change the man—convert him. And the Salvation Army does not stop at professors and chairmen of Canadian Clubs. It reaches out after any poor wanderer. If it finds a man wrong, it seeks to put that man right. What stories I could tell you, if you had time, of young and desperate sinners and of old grey heads sunken in iniquity that the Salvation Army has sought out and been the means of elevating and saving. She is the missionary of the grace of God and a good heart. Her special mission is to the sons and daughters of vice and crime and infidelity, for the prodigals.

The Salvation Army has not done much for the rich. That is not her particular calling now. That may come. But to-day she is seeking for the prodigal child and the poor lost women. It is a great work, this work for souls. Over 40,000 girls have been rescued from the life of the harlot. Think what that means. I am now on my way to Japan. There a great work has been done for this poor unfortunate class. In the brothels of Japan the girls that once became inmates became practically slaves. If in the dawning of a better consciousness or an abhorrence of their life they succeeded in getting out, they were brought back by the police. Such was the infernal shame of their laws and customs. The Salvation Army sought to remedy this terrible condition, and the sanctified glamor around the Salvation Army made it possible. An act was taken which emancipated 30,000 girls right away. This was done on a large scale. It was followed by the establishment of the largest rescue home and work for women ever known in the world. And we're learning better how to do it.

Then, we are extending our work on the criminal classes. As I talked to Mr. Hanna on our way to this meeting my heart was stirred. I want him to do something for us. I want him and the chairman to lay their heads together in this great work. There is a great call for the unemployed. As I said to the Legislature this afternoon, "You have the land, and we

have the people. The land is of little value without the people. The question is how the transfer is to be made." So we have a great mission for our unemployed. There are hundreds of them. You in this glorious, large young country do not realize the conditions that confront the poorer working classes of the Old World. So we plan to take them away and put them on the land, where there will be no competition with other labor. In the midst of the prosperity of Britain, with its increasing imports and exports, its trade and commerce, there is no room for more hands. The laborers do not want the competition of these raw recruits, neither do we wish to take the bread out of their mouth.

But there are stores of room in God's great earth. There is a field of activity for every man. They can find it in the country, in the field; men may dig it out of the earth, rejoicing as they read the *War Cry*, and sing Salvation songs. This is the future we plan for the unemployed. We are not boasting. We realize there are many clever men who could perhaps better have undertaken this great work. It would come to the hand of any modern leader who had gathered around him such a body of capable, thoughtful and trained individuals as the Salvation Army. We are not inflated. We are conscious of our limitations. We may not all be highly educated. We could not tell Professor Goldwin Smith much about the ancient history of the Turks, but we know something about the clothing and housing and converting of the people and how to get them to Heaven. Thousands now are studying this work from the love of it; and love is the great factor in successful effort. So we continue to study this great problem, how to wipe the tears away and staunch the bleeding wounds.

There are various plans to get the people on the land. Four main trunk lines appeal to me specially, for we do not desire to take our emigrants away from under our own flag. The first is the farm colony. Under it we propose to transfer the people in their raw, rough ignorance and teach them the elementary forms of farming ere we find them a situation in some other land. We have one large one at the mouth of the Thames. We got it at £18 an acre and so appreciate it that I wouldn't part from it at \$500 per acre. It belongs to the poor people, so I'm a Socialist, you see. Over this colony there are fifty men, graduates of our colleges and universities. Then there is the larger enterprise of sending them abroad, and in this connection let me say that Canada has done uncommonly well. Over 20,000 of them have come to this country during the last three years, and not five per cent. of that

20,000 have ever been complained of or complained themselves. We have 20,000 more on our books to come this season. There was a cargo of them landed on Monday last and the officer in charge of them is now at the table with us yonder. Letters at the rate of a thousand per day are being received at the London office alone asking to be sent to Canada. The people realize that this is a young country of opportunity. All these cases are looked into, and looked into carefully and methodically. On an average ten per cent. are considered unworthy at first blush. The others are then further enquired into. Within a week 500 families are on our books, all recorded. We secured the doctors' certificates as to the condition of their hearts and lungs and bodies, all about them. Then those who are accepted are taught what to do, how to dispose of their belongings so as to get a little money together. They are going a long way off and some time an uncle or aunt, overjoyed by the prospect, will give them a little final aid. They are advised to dispose of their furniture and put as much of their possessions as possible into money. Then they club together in the trains and on the ships and their baggage is pooled. The situations are ready for them before they land. Their place is destined for them, is awaiting them. The kettle is boiling and there is a "God bless you," and a kiss for the baby. And they are good citizens and fit for the Canadian Club right away. So I say to your Parliament, let us enter into a partnership. The country wants the people and the people want the country. That's our plan of emigration.

Then there is colonization. Find each arriving family a piece of land, build them a cottage, and get the implements. Get the land occupied. It's all very fine for rich men's sons with £500 in their pockets, fresh from boarding school at Piccadilly or some other place of music halls and shops and shows. It is not they who will build up the country. It is the working man you want, the man who will dig his own lot and be a blessing to your country, growing up into as learned and religious and exemplary characters as the Chairman. That is all very fine, too, but where's the wind to come from? This is my fourteenth meeting and address during five days in this country. I will have three more to-morrow, so that will make seventeen in six and a half days. I think I am doing my part very well.

As Canadians I am sure you are intensely interested in the future of your country. And you have a marvellous country. I much question whether any people in this wide world ever had such a wonderful opportunity. You have, I hope, high

aims. You will become a moral Christian nation. You want good laws and, deeper still, you want good people. The Salvation Army is at work with the people. The great cry in England is: "You are taking the best out of the country. We shan't give you money for that purpose." "All right," I reply, "I'll go to the Canadian Club. They will find the money if you won't." So we started in with small, small holdings.

Mr. Herron, of world racing fame, who went to Monte Carlo to break the club, but has a kind heart, once crossed my path and said he liked the looks of me. He was a magnificent man at figures, and he liked the way our accounts were kept and our officers' system of bookkeeping. He saw the necessity of more money for our shelters. He proposed to give us £100,000—half a million of your dollars—to be spent on small holdings on the principle of repayment. That's the ground to take. If a man has a good thing done for him, he should be willing to pay for it. Then he will be able to say, "Yes, the Salvation Army sent me out here, but I footed the bill." So this benefactor said we might spend \$40,000 as an experiment and if it did not work out the rest would go to the King's Hospital Fund. "Who's to judge?" said I. "You," was his prompt reply. "That's right," said I. It showed he was a sensible man.

So we bought an estate and we built fifty cottages and planted trees and made full preparations for fifty men. Twenty-two were gardeners, fine industrious men, with their wives and children. The experiment spread through the land. We saw that an industrious household could make a good livelihood out of a small quantity of land. But land is wanting in England. In America, too, I'm afraid it is falling off. So we determined to go to the colonies. The young men are not in favor of taking their sweethearts to the South American republics. Perhaps you don't blame them. So I determined that under the British flag and with the land and your assistance I shall make a colony abroad. I saw every Cabinet in your Dominion and made love to them with good results, I believe. So that the next plan is colonization.

Now for our latest and newest plan. I propose to call it "Land for the People, Limited." It will give the chance of bringing help to many and keeping security. It will help the people to get back to the land, and show them how in turn to assist other men and women.

Perhaps, before I close, I should say a word to you concerning the establishment of our suicidal bureau. One of the London daily papers was sent to me and brought to my atten-

tion the fact that the suicidal mania was growing at a rapid and an awful rate. So I there and then wrote a column and a half announcement of the opening of a bureau, and announced that we were prepared to help and comfort those who were sorely tempted to commit suicide. How many people, think you, applied during the first month of the existence of this bureau? There were 550 people the first month. Oh, there were many sad stories, some of the most pitiful cases that ever greeted the ear of angels or human beings. Over fifty of them were in their misery and despair simply through loneliness. They had no one to speak to them, no one to love them, no one to care anything about them. Then it dawned upon us that we might have a club, as well as you—a club for the lonely, a club where you all might come and get cheered and helped. Then there were those who sought suicide as an escape from criminal offences. They had done something wrong, and, as the confessional had been abolished, they knew not to whom to turn to get the burden of guilt off their heart. And the sad surprise of it was the character of many of the people who came to the suicidal bureau. There were professional men, members of the militia, men in high places as well as low. One young man in a responsible position had "borrowed" £60 or £70 from his employer to meet a gambling debt he had contracted. Exposure was sure and approaching and he had decided to blow his brains out. We urged him not to make such a fool of himself and went with him to his employers. There he, weeping, told the whole story and expressed his sorrow and repentance. His employer was pleased with the straightforward confession told with simplicity. He not only retained him in his situation, but also raised his salary. Still I hope they will not always do that. It might be a dangerous precedent.

And there were 550 stories of that description. They were all relieved without much money. All that was needed was sympathy, care and advice, the realizing by those in the depths that "there is a better world."

This is the sort of thing the Salvation Army is engaged upon. I have only given you an imperfect glance at it, have only taken you, as it were, a little piece of the way. But you can judge from that. You don't need to eat a whole cheese to determine its constituent qualities. Now, gentlemen of the Canadian Club, what do you say as to the Salvation Army? Will you help it? I don't ask for a portmanteau of money. It is your prayers and your sympathies that I am now particularly in quest of. The Salvation Army has made a beginning,

an imperfect beginning I am well aware. But we are only learning how. We shall develop and progress.

Regarding our officers-in-training and our cadets, I have a great scheme whirling in my brain, which I hope to live to see carried out. It is the establishment of an International University of Humanity, a world's University of Humanity, an institution with two parts, one on this continent and one in the Old Country, to train men and women in relieving the weaknesses and sickness and misery and sin of human kind.

You have university training in music, in science, in geography, in astronomy, in theology, in languages and what not. How well could we do better than establish training in the consecrated helping of the masses down below. This work demands pluck and courage. It makes big demands, so big that you cannot acquire all that is needed at once.

Let me give you an illustration. Let me tell you a story of New York. There came to this big city from an inland centre of the States a beautiful girl at the romantic age of 17 years. A villain in human form won her affection, seduced her and robbed her of all a woman holds dear. Then he landed her in a brothel. The mother in the distant city was a broken-hearted woman. She could not ascertain to whom to look for assistance. Finally she went to the minister. He said it was very shocking, very dreadful, and he would pray for her. But this did not suffice the broken-hearted mother. She took the minister the girl's address. Praying was all right, but she wanted him to go and see her daughter. Finally the minister said, "I've just thought that I have a colleague, a fellow student, in New York. I'll write him." But the poor mother did not rest. She brought him her money, her little savings and laid them before him. "For God's sake, go," she pleaded. The minister was shamed into it. He went to New York and called on his college student. "What shall I do?" he asked. "I shall lose my reputation if I go to the brothel." And his friend replied, "Go to the Salvation Army. They don't care where they go." That's it, friends, the Salvation Army doesn't care where she goes as long as she's going after a lost soul to help it. So the minister and his friend went to one of the rescue homes, and there was a little Lieutenant there. "I'll go," she said promptly, putting on her bonnet. So they went along till they came to the house. Then the minister said to the little Lieutenant, "My dear, you go in. I daren't." So she went inside while he waited outside, wandering up and down. After a while he heard shouting, and shrieking, after the fashion the Chairman described at the beginning of the

meeting. The Lieutenant had the brothel keeper down on her knees. At first she had declined to give up the dear girl unless she left her portmanteau for her board. Down went the little Lieutenant on her knees again and the baggage was given over. Then she pleaded with the brothel keeper to give up her house and escape the judgment. By and bye a girl came down and placed the portmanteau outside the door. Then the little Lieutenant appeared with the girl. "I'll take the girl," she said, "and you two fellows," to the minister and his friend, "may bring the portmanteau." And in this way off they went to the station and the girl was handed over safely to the loving and mourning mother.

That's the work of the Salvation Army. Will you help us? The Salvation Army will look after the girl if the Canadian Club will help carry the portmanteau.

On motion of Hon. W. J. Hanna and Mr. J. S. Willison, General Booth was accorded a vote of thanks for his address.