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THE ARMY DRUM
By Mrs. Colonel Brengle

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PICTURE OF THE BOOK COVER

As hdm0930.jpg, a copy of the front cover of "The Army Drum" is included with this
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CONTENTS

Introductory

1

Larry

2

The Drum Afield

3

Jack's Comfort

4

The First Beat

5

The Drum and the Shamrock

6

The Village Drum

7

The Drum and the Children

8

The Conquest of India by the Drum

9

The Drum Without a Drum

10

The Drum in Prison

11

Drummed Out

12

The Chronicler of the Drum

13

The Drum and the Lasses

14

The Drum and the Bells

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WHAT THE ARMY DRUM SAID

As I was one day loitering along the busy street,
Chewing the cud of fancy, the bitter and the sweet,
A swell of lively music came floating on the air,
The tumultuous beat of drum and the trumpets' loud fanfare
'Twas the bold Salvation Army that was marching along,
Drawing after in its train the usual motley throng.
And the drum said "Come!
You have trifled long enough,"
Said The Army's noisy drum.

Then strange, unwonted feelings came rising in my brain,
Feelings that were partly pleasure, and feelings partly pain;
Thoughts of days of childhood, of prayers by mother's knee,
Of resolutions broken, and of longings to be free.
All came rushing o'er the memory, while conscience loudly spake
Of evil things that bound me, of chains which I must break.
And the drum said "Come! You have lingered long enough,"
Said The Army's noisy drum.

Next, a vision seemed to rise, of my home once bright and fair,
And of all the peace and comfort that used to nestle there,
Till one sad hour the wine-cup came, and like the fierce simoom,
Blasted all with misery, and clouded all with gloom.
"Can these prophets of the streets," said I, cure a woe like mine?
Build again the broken past? recall life's lost sunshine?"
But the drum said "Come! You must try the cure to prove it,"
Said The Army's noisy drum.

Then pride took up the query "Would you join so coarse a crew?
This simple folk pretend to teach a man so wise as you
"Tis the day Agnostics boast of the liberty they know,
The Christ a dream, His life a myth, their wisest teachers show.
No, let free thought be thy banner -- it thy guiding star shall be
Let no dread of future judgment frighten such a one as thee
Still the drum said "Come! Have you sounded all life's mysteries?"
Said The Army's noisy drum.

Yet a something whispered to me, "What if all they say be true?
If the Saviour really lives, and has really died for you?
If in Heaven He keeps a crown, which you may one day wear?
If He loves you, and is longing to have you with Him there?
If He here will give His Spirit to cleanse and set you free
From sin's debasing bondage, and make a king of thee!"
Said the drum, "Oh, come! You never will regret it,"
Said The Army's noisy drum.

As if some holy impulse, that in vain I would control,
Broke with a magic influence across my fettered soul,
My feet that day were guided to The Army's humble Hall,
There, in weeping penitence, at my Saviour's feet to fall,
And rise with sin forgiven, with the burden off my heart,
Determined from that Saviour ne'er again to part.
And the drum said "Come! Now live a life of glory,"
Said The Army's noisy drum.

Many days have passed since then; all it told me has proved true;
A tide of love and happiness has made my home all new;
Through my heart and life 'tis flowing, in deepest peace and joy
In making known my Saviour, I my happy days employ.
Oh, that all would listen to the tidings of His grace,
And the message of His love would hasten to embrace
Still the drum sounds "Come! There is room for all who will"
Says The Army's noisy drum.

Does life ebb fast with you? Are loved ones lost and gone?
Have the hopes of youth departed, fading slowly one by one?
Has the world deceived and wounded? Do its joys to ashes turn?
Does the journey's end appear in view? the tomb and funeral urn?
Oh, then, in this rude minstrelsy a richer music hear,
Even the Saviour's voice of love still pleading in thine ear.
As the drum says "Come!" Answer quickly back "I will,"
To The Army's noisy drum.

Oh, come and learn to bear a yoke, the lightest and the best!
Oh, come and catch the secret of the deepest, truest rest!
Come, and with your sins forgiven, begin that life of trust,
Which leads through peace and purity to mansions of the just.
But if you still refuse -- here, as if with altered tone,
The music speaks no more of love, but with throb of pain and moan.
"Flee!" sounds the drum, "Flee from the wrath to come ,"
Says The Army's solemn drum.

--W. H. Miller.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTORY

We were traveling for pleasure through England, making the tour of its cathedral towns, and one Sunday morning found us in the minster city of Y____. We sat in the breakfast-room of the

hotel, with an old clergyman and his wife from the country, when suddenly the quiet of the place was invaded by the noise of a rattling drum.

"Look at these curious people coming up the street!" exclaimed the old lady. "Who are they, waiter?"

"They're The Salvation Army, mum!" exclaimed that functionary, with an air of profound disgust.

"The Salvation Army! Why, dear me! They seem to be very quiet, respectable people. I didn't know they were like that," said she.

"Ah, but wait till they come back, mum," said Jeames, with unprofessional vehemence. "They'll have all the rag-tag and bobtail of Y -- -- at their heels, a-followin' 'em into their Hall, as they call it."

"Oh, ah, indeed!" said the old lady, still peering out of her window. And, "Ah, they really get at that sort of people, then," said we at our window. "That is worth while; we'll go and see what they do with them. Where is their Hall, waiter?"

"Really, mum, I couldn't say," said our servitor, looking injured that we should think it possible for him to know anything about a people so low in the social scale.

But we were determined to see at close quarters the "saved" and "unsaved" followers of the Drum. We had known for some time that the musical world was divided into two classes -- those who liked Wagner's music, and those who did not; and we found ourselves now in a world differently divided: into a class who called noise music, and another who objected to it as such.

A friendly policeman showed us the street that night, and the sounding drum guided us to the building where The Army held its Meeting. We were still, for our own part, among the people who objected to noise, especially when it was called music, and we confess that the Band tried our ears sadly, and that the drum, in particular, made our heads ache. But when we had criticized the opening hymn by our Wagnerian standard, and turned to look at the people who, to judge from their lusty yelling and vigorous stamping in time with the Band-playing, did like it, our hearts ached, and we were dumb.

Faces! O my God,
We call those faces? men's and women's-- aye,
And children's. . . Faces -- phew!
We'll call them vices, festering to despair,
Or sorrows petrifying to vices; not
A finger-touch of God left whole on them.

We tried to fancy those faces in the minster choir at morning service, listening to the chanting choirboys, the intoning priests, the bit of polished, pious rhetoric after prayers -- but imagination failed us.

Could anything have lured these people to the minster that morning, would vergers have admitted or congregation have tolerated them, there had been nothing in the whole service which they could understand. We doubted if their untrained ears could anywhere in it have recognized the name of Christ. But here, spoken in their own accent, dwelt upon in their own language, they could recognize it, they listened to it, and at the Meeting's close, some of them took refuge in that only Name "whereby men can be saved."

It was impossible that our personal tastes should undergo a revolution in two hours' time, and when we left the Hall we had no more individual liking for Army methods than we had brought there. But we recognized the plain fact that here were people who did like these methods; people who, but for them, would still be spending this Sabbath night in public-houses or gambling-hells; people who through them had come in contact with the Gospel, and been humanized and converted; and in view of these results, we reverently recognized even the tumultuous, jarring drum as the messenger of God.

We went on south through England. We were not yet tired of cathedrals, although we had come to prefer Holiness Meetings to choral services, and definite work among needy souls to pleasing ourselves with the stately cathedral service. And so we came to X_____.

We spent the whole day wandering through the marble wonder of its cathedral, studying its ancient and beautiful carvings, revelling in its glory of stained glass, lingering by its monumental "marvels of sleep grown cold," and listening to the hours told off by the cathedral bell -- the greatest bell in England.

But night found us in the small, plain, dingy Hall of The Salvation Army, listening to the old, yet always new, story of God's daily miracles in human souls. We had become auxiliaries of The Army by this time, and so the kindly Captain gave us seats on the platform, stationing us exactly in front of the immense bass drum.

"Boom, boom!" it went, with ear-splitting force, while the Soldiers were still filing out of the vestry. "Be quiet, Tommy!" expostulated a seated warrior. "Boom, boom!" "I want to call the people in," explained Tommy. "I'll back me drum against the cathedral bell for that any day. Ah, that's the boy!" We glanced around. Tommy's eyes were fixed on his wood-and-parchment friend with such a look as a Norseland Viking of old might have cast on his sword-bride.

"You seem fond of your drum?" we said.

"I am that," responded Tommy, ardently. "There's many of us fellows has reason to be."

As the Meeting went on, we heard the reason in detail -- drum-lovers testify in almost every Army Meeting. This man had been one of England's two million drunkards, and the beat of the drum had drawn him out of his tap-room. "He always liked music." We no longer ejaculated to ourselves, "They call this music, then!" for the sound of cornet and drum had become to us like the muezzin call to a devout Mohammedan -- it said only, "Come worship, come pray!"

He had followed The Army through the streets and into the Hall just for love of the drum; had heard there for the first time the story of Jesus, and had there become converted. Now, he loved to go out into the streets, and tell other men, such as he used to be, what God could do for them. If sinners like the drum, and converted sinners love it, why should they not have it? In the name of the God to whom it calls sinners, let it go on sounding!

The last time that we stood in an English cathedral, we were resting with a little woman Officer under the dome of St. Paul's in London. After a while, we walked forward to the chancel rail, and looked in at the locked-up choir. Wreaths of Christmas holly and mistletoe gave life and a feeling of inhabitedness to the chilly place, and the Officer looked about with wondering admiration.

"It's beautiful, it's wonderful! It's a fit place for God to dwell in! Do you think they have many souls saved here in a week?"

We could only tell her that we hoped so; we did not know.

The hour chimed; we listened to the deep-toned bell, in memory we heard again the rattle and roll of "the spirit-stirring drum" and remembering the work of the drum, we, too, with Tommy, the drummer, were willing on its behalf to compare results with the cathedral bells of England.

I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul. -- David.

O Christ, that this should be! -- COLERIDGE.

What did Christ command His disciples, if not to go out from their physical and social and spiritual luxury, and seek and save that which is lost? To dress in our Sunday best, go to our luxuriously-equipped churches, greet our set, be lulled to spiritual somnolence by sweet music, or stirred to spiritual sentiment by eloquent discourses -- is this to follow Him whose heart was stirred within Him by compassion when He saw the multitude as sheep without a shepherd, and who left the synagogue to find them in the street and in the fields?

What would Christ do if He were to come again on earth, and visit London or New York? We will not undertake to answer that question. But what He did do when He was here before was to say to His disciples "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men," and they followed Him out of the synagogues into the places where men were. -- ABBOTT.

* * * * *

1
LARRY

God often works more by the life of the illiterate, seeking the things which are His, than by the ability of the learned, seeking the things which are their own. -- ANSELM.

The question is not the number of facts a man knows, but how much of a fact he is himself.
-- BOVEE.

"ARE you a Christian?" I asked a man, not long ago, in an After Meeting.

"Of course!" was the somewhat indignant reply. "Don't I live in a Christian country? I'm an Englishman!"

True, "Englishman" ought to be synonymous with "Christian"; but it is not; on the contrary, in spite of centuries of Protestantism, in spite of Church and State, in spite of our far-reaching network of missions, schools, and evangelizing societies, it is often exactly synonymous with "heathen."

I do not refer now to the "civilized heathenism" of modern society, but to that total ignorance of the very existence of a Living God, which, perhaps, the reader has blandly and comfortably supposed to be confined to far Cathay or mid-Africa. There are men and women living today in London, in the slums of every large English city -- nay, on our Sussex downs and Yorkshire moors -- who have never so much as heard God's name, except in blasphemy; who, from babyhood to manhood, as they themselves have said, "knew no more that we had souls than the sheep knew it ."

We have missions to all known parts of the outside world, and missions in our own island to, perhaps, every branch of industry and non-industry below the House of Commons; but we have not yet enough, while hundreds of men like Lawrence walk our streets.

"Born of drunken parents," was Larry. That is the combined history and epitaph of so many English babies! Two of us walked down the Devil's mile to Islington one night, when London seemed all abloom with flowers. Women hawked them at every corner, men wore them in their coats, girls were covered with them -- and all the flowers were white. Snowdrops, narcissi, small early hyacinths and lilies of the valley decked out the Euston Road harlots and their followers, till they sometimes looked like a bridal procession trooping down the street. The West End has its "pink dinners"; the Devil's mile, where dining is probably an unknown art, had its "white promenade" that night. At stand after stand my girl-companion stopped to buy the drooping things, till at last I asked her why she loaded herself with them. "They're like little dead babies, and I can't bear to leave them with these women," she said. Just then we stopped by the "Angel," and a woman staggered out -- drunken, degraded, inhuman. She carried the white flower of a baby life on her breast! "If only that baby were dead!" we thought. But it was living, and likely to live -- all children "born of drunken parents" are not so fortunate as to die while babies; they live to add to this first sentence in their history that other cruel one, "reared in drink."

Lawrence was one of these; his father belonged to the King's army, and took his son to the canteen, and taught him to drink before he could well walk there. "And it was always in the house for me to get at," he says.

Drinking and boxing were the only branches of education thought necessary for him, and in the former he soon got inconveniently proficient. Sent for the dinner-beer, he drank his share on the

road, filling up the jug at a handy water tap, the defrauded family complaining for some time that "the beer was flat," before they found out the cause. Foiled at this game, the boy stole money from his mother, and bought his beer for so long a time that, in his own words, he "got given to it, and they couldn't knock it out of him

Knocking was tried, faithfully; he was lashed till the blood streamed down his back, and strapped hand and foot in the cellar, without food, for three days "at a time; but with no result, unless to make him worse. When he was ten, his father, tired of the result of his educational efforts, decided to get rid of him, and to that end took him to a training ship, and bound him out as a sailor. Unfortunately for his plan, however, the boy overheard his father say he would bring him down next day, and as a life on the ocean wave didn't fall in with Larry's ideas of a good time, he answered in his own mind, "No, you won't, for I'll take my hook." And this was how he became a tramp at ten years old.

His return home some time later was followed by the removal of the family, under marching orders, to the West Indies, where, at the age of twelve, Larry entered His Majesty's service as a bugler. "The worst step for me," he has sadly written.

"I was not long a soldier when my father went away again. I remember the day he left me. When he was on board ship, and I went to him to say good-bye, he would not look at me, or own me as his boy. I remember crying on the steamer, and falling on my knees before him, and I asked him to say good-bye to me; but he would not, and so I had to leave him. I took my way back to my regiment, and then my cruel life started. I got soon to be a complete drunkard."

A cruel life, indeed. Drinking, gambling, fighting, confinement in the guard-room, and flogging, with drill and band practice, made up its yearly round; its only variety the order in which they came. Confined to the barracks, he used to break out over the walls, only to be run in and punished.

"That quieted me a bit, but only till my back was cured, and then I was as bad as ever.

Change of scene only seemed to make him worse. He was often drunk in Jamaica, oftener in Nova Scotia, and oftenest in Ireland, through eight wicked years. He was obliged sometimes to attend church, but never once was able to understand what the clergyman was talking about.

"What is the use," asks Mr. Edward Denison, "of telling people to come to church, when they know of no rational reason why they should; when, if they go, they find themselves among people using forms of words which have never been explained to them; ceremonies performed which, to them, are entirely without meaning; sermons preached which, as often as not, have no meaning, or, when they have, a meaning intelligible only to those who have studied religion all their lives?"

These pertinent questions were practically answered in Larry's life by his staying outside the church whenever it was possible, to gamble, leaving off in time to fall into ranks, and march back to the barracks. It has been proved since, in his case, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ can be made as intelligible to the understanding of an English pagan as the rules of "Twenty-fives"

In one of his numerous fights he left his opponent to all appearances dead on the ground, and subsequently underwent a court martial. But the testimony of the witnesses called was in his favour (!), and so he escaped with only a great deal of good counsel. "I was talked to, and got all sorts of good advice," he naively writes; "but of all the advice I got, there was not one of them told me of God."

When his term of service expired, he took his discharge, thinking a civilian's life would somehow be a better one, "for I always wanted to do better" But it was worse. Master of his own time, he had more opportunities for devilry. Drill and staying in the guard-room being taken off his list of occupations, there was all the time left for the only other things he knew how to do (since the trade he picked up counted for little), drinking, gambling, and fighting; and he practised these till, even when sober, he was barred out of most of the public-houses in the town where he had placed himself; his tongue was too foul and his fists too ready for even the frequenters of a tap-room.

Larry's father had died about this time, leaving with him as the most fragrant memory of his parent the recollection of "how he used to stand over me, and make me beat my mother, and take the money out of her pocket, and go and spend it in beer" So the mother came to live with Larry, and to prove there that time had not made him more filial or tender.

"When I used to go home, if my food was not ready, I used to upset the room and all that was in it, and my poor mother got her share of the knocking about. She was like a football sometimes! and many a time on a cold winter's night has had to be out in the snow in her bare feet for as far as two hours through my cruel ways. It was worse than cruel; in fact, I cannot tell you what to call it. But it was the way my father learnt me."

It is amusing to hear, in an operetta set to quaint music, about a coster's "jumping on his mother"; but I fancy that very few of the thousands who have been so amused have thought it other than a poetic fancy of Mr. Gilbert's, that even an English heathen could jump on a woman, the daily papers to the contrary notwithstanding. But Larry's mother came near to finding it an unpleasant fact. Larry went home one day and demanded a clean shirt, forgetting that he had pawned it the day before and drunk the proceeds. When his mother reminded him of this fact, no more suitable rejoinder occurring to him, he knocked her down.

"I was going to jump on her, but those in the room stopped me," he explains. She lay like one dead for a long time, but at last recovering, the same well-intentioned people who had saved her life begged her to have Larry locked up for a while. But she told them that he was her boy, and he should have another chance.

Small chance there was of poor Larry's being any better, although he was now tired of his sin-cursed life, if The Salvation Army had not come to that northern town. But about this time huge posters in fiery colours appeared on the grey walls of H--, announcing the advent of a "Blood-and-Fire Army," and all the town was on the look out for the strangers, Larry among the rest. He did not in the least know who they were, or what their strange title meant, but all the same he decided to help to "give them a good roasting."

When the invading forces first made their appearance in the market-place, he could not get near enough, for the crowd, to use his skilful, accustomed fists on them, and, greatly disappointed, pushed on to the Hall door. Disappointment the second awaited him here, for he was far too well known to the doorkeeper to be allowed inside, and had to go away without even a near look at the curious folk.

The next night his luck was no better-the place was filled to suffocation, and the doorkeeper, besides, still unrelenting. But Larry was determined. "The Happy Family" was advertised to-night, and a family of that description was as much an unknown quantity to him as a "Blood-and-Fire Army" He meant to see both, and said significantly to the door-keeper, "If you're on there tomorrow night, and you don't let me in, I'll clear you out o' road sharp!"

The next night he went without his tea to get to the Hall early, and was let in to the gallery. There was not much to see -- The "Army" and the "Family" consisted of a few scrupulously-clean, oddly-dressed people, sitting on a platform, and their talk, of God, of Heaven, of Hell, of sins pardoned, of lives renewed, was all Greek to poor Larry. But he liked the singing, and he liked their looks, and under the new, strange charm of looking at pure faces, and listening to holy hymns, he quite forgot his intention of "upsetting the Meeting," and sat quiet till its close.

The following evening found him there again, for he "could not stop away. They looked so nice and clean!-and this time there was some one on the stage I knew. I couldn't believe at first it was them, and my eyes got so fixed on them I couldn't take them off. They got up an' said God had made 'em good an' happy, an' I made up my mind to be like them. I knew nowt of Hell, but was tired of my wicked life; and I knew nowt of Christ, but I wanted to be changed like my mates. I kep' on going, night after night, and at last I asked some sinners sitting afore me what you must do to be like them on the platform. They told me those had got saved, and I asked what that wor. They said it wor to lead a better life; and if I was tired of the life I wor leading, I could change the same as those, by going out to penitent-form an' praying. "Pray!" says I, "what's that?" Then they began to laugh, and would tell me no more.

"But I leaned over again, and says," If you'll go, I'll follow" "-- this was my plan to get to know what they had to say when they got to the penitent form. They did go, and I followed. I knelt there a long time, and Soldiers came and talked to the others; but no one spoke to me. I found out afterwards they thought I wor shamming. I knew nothink of God, or how to pray, but I meant in all my heart to be changed. By and by the Captain asked all that was saved to stand; they all stood but me, an' I stopped there till the Meeting was closed.

"Then I went an' sat down on one o' the seats, and everything around looked dif'rent. I went on outside the Hall, and I felt so dif'rent that I couldn't tell what wor the matter with me. I didn't know who God wor, nor 'at Christ died, nor for a couple weeks after nayther; but I knew I wor changed.

"I went straight home, an' done a thing that night I never done afore, and that was to pass the public-house next door to where I lived. My poor old mother looked at me, an' wanted to know

what wor the matter wi' me, but I never spoke a word. I didn't know aught but that I wor changed, an' I worn't minded to speak till I had summat to say.

"The next day I went to my work, but I kept away from my old mates, for I knew their company worn't mine. They watched me eat my breakfast, an' one o'them came an' asked me what was oop; but I couldn't tell him, for I didn't know what to call it. By the next day it wor all over the shop that I'd joined The Salvation Army, an' my mates did try to get me back. They cursed, an' blasphemed, and coaxed; but I never spoke, for till now nearly five weeks I had nowt to say. I couldn't make out yet how to pray, but I never missed a night at the Hall, an' always sat by myself. One night I asked a man who Jesus Christ wor, but he only laughed at me. I watched people, an' listened, an' I got hold of "Lord, help me!" for a prayer."

That little prayer carried poor Larry through six weeks of bitter persecution, at home, in the shop, and on the street. His mother, finding her lion turned to a lamb, took her turn at abuse. Singularly enough, she did not like her son sober, clean, quiet, and respectful, and tried by all means to drive him back to the old life. She locked him out at night and at meal-times, threatened him with the poker, and at times stood over him, drunk, half the night, cursing him and The Army. But the heart cry "Lord, help me!" never failed to bring the needed strength to bear all things.

"I saw them with Bibles, so I bought one, an' I learned to read from the Song Book. At last, one night the Captain asked me to pray. I said I didn't know how -- "What shall I say?" She said, "Ask the Lord," and I did.

"A Special come to visit the Corps soon, an' I asked what "saved" were. He questioned me nigh on to twenty minutes, an' then he said that I wor saved. Saved wor to be changed then -- to care no more for the drink, or bad language, or fightin," and to love all what were good people -- to mind the things of God, an' want always to be better still."

After the Captain's advice, the little prayer grew to "Lord, help me to pray," and gradually came to cover all the felt needs and wants of his life.

"Six weeks after I was saved they had a Band, an' asked me would I play the big drum. It was all I could do for the Lord, and I was glad to. I got to speak an' to pray in the Meetings after that; but I could always help work, indoors an' out, wi' the drum. When God changed my life was four years ago, an' I've served Him faithful ever since."

Not wise, not noble, not mighty after the flesh, was Larry, but working through his nothingness, God has converted hundreds of other souls. Talking one day with one of these, he said "We be main thick-headed here, but Larry he ta-alked so simple-like a choild could understan' him. An' he do live it!"

* * * * *

And whoso rests
From labour, let him rest from life.
To live's to strive; and in the strife

To move the rock, to stir the clod,
Man makes himself a god.

-- Blackie --

Now I confess, I look upon religion as a kind of diet, which can only be so when I make a constant practice of it; when throughout the whole twelve months, I never lose sight of it. -- Goethe

Our toleration, therefore, should be the widest possible. Or rather, we should aim at something beyond toleration as commonly understood. We must qualify our disagreement with as much as may be of sympathy. -- Spencer

As my days go on I am less and less particular as to ecclesiasticism, and more and more profoundly impressed with the thought that the exponent of true religion is not to be found in creeds, nor books, nor ecclesiastical bodies, but in the living souls of holy men.-- Beecher

* * * * *

2

THE DRUM AFIELD

The holiest of all holidays. -- Longfellow

Some years ago The Army Corps of a little town in the Potteries determined on a day's pleasuring. Week after week they had worked all day in the life-wearing "banks," and at night had preached Salvation to the gathered crowds in the grimy streets of the city, and in the tumble-down old theatre. But now the spring brought a day when work stopped, and labouring sinner and saint alike were free to follow their own desires. What should they do?

They were not long in deciding. Five miles out of the city, the underlying rocks heaved up through the soil, and made a craggy eminence, towering up in sight of two counties. There, for many summers, the Methodist forerunners of The Army had been wont to muster for days of prayer, and the grey old rocks knew well how to echo "amens" and loud "hallelujahs" And besides, all the road to the very foot of the hill was studded with hamlets, so that no time need be wasted from missionary effort, from beginning to end of the expedition -- there they would go.

The drum beat in the market-place at the appointed time, the procession formed, and the Corps set out for the distant hill. But not unattended. "Thousands followed us," said the drummer of the day. "They came in droves like, an' went all t' way. We'd Meetings all along road, an' they did give tidy attention. It's matter of five mile to cop "(hill), "an' none so easy to sing an' play to end o't."

It is a winding way from city to cop; the road crooks here to avoid an abandoned coal-pit, and twists there apparently to spare the life of one of the few scattered trees left in the smoke-blasted country-side; now it sinks into a little hollow, and then finds a brief level; but in the main it slowly rises all the way; a hard road for feet and lungs weakened by life in the hot, dusty

clay-works. But at every turn new people came running at the sound of the music, and followed the Band as the children of ancient Hamelin its Pied Piper; and while they could tell or sing the story of Jesus to any listeners, these true Salvationists little minded their weariness.

The march swept on along the stony road, stopping now and again to open out into a ring, pray, exhort, and read some verses of Scripture; then forward again, emptying the village inns of their idlers, drafting from the farmhouses and scattered cottages, and drawing all the human flotsam and jetsam of the street-corners, cross-roads, and hedges into its charmed line, till, when the hill was reached, almost as large a crowd stood patiently about the centring drum to hear of Christ, as sat about in companies on the green grass once by far Galilee to be fed of Him.

What was the result of the miles of marching, the hours of singing, preaching, pleading with the multitude? This: that when they were finally asked to choose this day whom they would serve "two gipsy women came and knelt at the drum-head, weeping and praying. And, besides, "Lord was wi' us," said the drummer. "Some came down from the cop that night an' got saved i' th' Hall. And the villagers came in a'ter that."

There is an interest at once profound and keen attaching to any battle-ground of the soul. Three summers before, I had hunted the traces of Cardinal Newman through Oriel College, and then driven out by the dusty road to Littlemore, to see the tiny chapel where he preached, and the stable chamber where he spent his years of indecision. And now I liked to follow the hilly road along which the drum had drawn these restless children of the desert, and to stand on the very spot of the rugged hill-side where they had found peace.

Stretched out below us lay two broad counties, and when the wind-blown veil of smoke lifted over Cheshire, it showed all the luxuriant greenness of English valleys. But I liked best to look at the bare little hollow near the grey hill's brow where my Army comrades had given themselves and the angels of Heaven a day's pleasure over sinners repenting.

We went down the long, gradual slope toward the city again, and in a village half way, turned off into a narrow lane. At its very end, where a straggling hedge and a few low trees suggested the country, was a curious row of five old railway carriages, each with a stove-pipe funnel projecting from its roof "and showing various other signs of occupancy; there we were told we should find the saved gipsies.

Half-way down the lane a picturesque figure was coming -- a bent old woman, enveloped in a cinnamon-coloured shawl, her long, withered, leaf-brown face peering out of a huge, red-lined bonnet. I had never seen a true gipsy before; but there was no mistaking this type; the woman was tottering to the grave with age and illness, but her eyes -- the colour of a trout brook in the woods -- had all the fire of youth in them still, and lit up her wrinkled face as she talked, like a blaze of tropical lightning. She was not one of the two saved at the hill Meeting, she said -- she could not have walked that way for many a year. But she went to yon chapel, times, and she loved Jesus; and she pointed us to one of the old railway carriages, and hobbled on.

We went into the queer little house, with its windows let down by leather straps -- except for such architectural details like any one else's house now, with a settled homelike air about it.

"I'd heard talk of The Army before that Good Friday," said our hostess, "but never saw them; but there was no mistaking them when they come. I heard the Band away off, an' said to my sister, "Now for The Army; I believe God will save me from my sins today ."

They came along, singing by bits, an' thousands of people following. We ran, too, an' followed them along up to the cop. It was plain to feel the Spirit of God working in that Meeting. They put the big drum out, an' the Captain threw his coat down by it, an' asked any one that wanted to seek the Lord to come.

"I thought," The Captain 's kind, but Jesus is kinder, an' I'll go to Him ." So I went and knelt there with my sister, an' He forgave me all, an' has kept me ever since. My life has been dif'rent since then. I'm glad they ever came up here; they're not only Salvation Army, but Army of the Lord, to my mind."

To the average city "rough," a holiday, be it ordained by Church or State, means simply more beer, and more leisure in which to drink it, with, perhaps, the farther significance of changing the base of supply from his accustomed gin palace to some suburban inn. But to this same "rough," once saved, and become a Soldier in The Salvation Army, a holiday stands for opportunity to carry the Gospel to some new place, without hindering his regular missionary work in the home field.

So it comes that Good Friday, Easter Monday, Boxing Day, Whit-Sunday, and Bank Holidays find The Army's "strange battalions" mustering strongly, and creating a stir in unwonted quarters, early and late; and it is to one of these dates that many a man and woman refers when they testify, "I left my glass of gin on the counter, an' ran to see what the drummin' was-an "I've never went back for that gin yet."

It was in this apostolic fashion that the two Corps of a town by a northern tidal river went, last Good Friday, "apart in a desert place to rest" their souls. The advertised ceremony of the day was the Presentation of Colours to a tug plying on the river and three smacks of a North Sea fishing fleet; but whether The Army ceremony be presentation, dedication, marriage, funeral, or feast, it is always the occasion, first and distinctly, of a well-defined Prayer Meeting and an earnest effort to save souls.

The march went through the town to the wharf, followed by scores of people, only to find hundreds more awaiting their advent at the water-side for the morning service. There were not lacking people who thought this joyous procession irreverent to the verge of sacrilege, and red-nosed men waiting at corners for the public-houses to open, varied the usual injunction "Go to work," which the day rendered unsuitable, with "Call this religion? An excursion on Good Friday!" But they had no harder answer than --

You may be cleansed from every stain --
Jesus died

It was glorious April weather; the sea and sky all soft blue, flecked with white-sailed boats below, and drifting clouds above, and the sunlight on the dancing water making the "multitudinous laughter of the waves" of which the old Greek poet sang. So it looked to one of the girl-disciples

who made a pleasure of carrying the Message that day, and who, like most of the others, looked constantly through His works to their Maker.

"It was a beautiful day," she said. "Somehow the Spirit of God was in everything, and even the boats seemed to know they were going to be consecrated."

The people on the wharf didn't seem to have any idea of what was going to be done. But it was a very simple ceremony. We haven't any regular form for presenting Colours to boats yet, but we seem more and more to be dedicating all sorts of things to God -- we dedicated a red tent the next Monday. We sang,

Jesus, the Name high over all,

first, and prayed, and then the Commissioner explained how The Army was forming Naval Brigades, to keep our sailor-Soldiers banded together on water as well as on land, and gave the Flag to the first skipper.

"By this time we had sung and prayed so long that the tide was stranding us, and we had to leave the next Flag till we pushed out into mid-river. We took some of our audience with us, for at least one-third of the people who packed the boats were not Soldiers at all, but outsiders. When we were fairly out we had more singing and praying, and then a young girl presented the Colours."

After this, the oddly-assorted fleet put on steam for the objective "desert place" -- a barren sand spit at the river's mouth, where a few fishers' families had settled around the lonely lighthouse, five miles away from any other human habitation. On the way another small tug was hailed, and the spiritual destination of its crew demanded; they proved to be all converted men, and at once put their craft about, and joined the Salvation squadron.

We had little Meetings all over the boats, all the way to the lighthouse. It was such a desolate place when we got there -- nothing but sand, except a little green ridge back of the block of houses. Every one of the fourteen families came out to meet us, and we had something to eat, for we were hungry after our two hours' sail. There was no regular dinner, of course, but some people had brought a sandwich with them, and those who hadn't bought bread in the cottages.

"Then we had a long, lovely two hours' Meeting down by the water. There was no beach, but just shifty sand, shining like gold, but hard to walk about on. I remember best Happy Bob, a great fisherman, with brown face and hair and eyes, who talked about Heaven; and we sang about it till it made you think you were there.

"Going home, the skipper took some of us down to show us his cabin, with the walls all covered with texts, and a Bible and "War Crys," lying on the table. I never saw a cabin like that before. His boat is named the Rock Of Ages, the only one of the name afloat on British seas, he told us. The skipper got saved in some Army Hall two years before, and said he had been so happy ever since. He always had prayers with his men every morning.

"Going home we had one united Testimony and Prayer Meeting, instead of the little scattered ones, and when we reached the city we had an unexpected chance for another. Some one had shut the lock gates against us, and we couldn't touch the pier to get off for an hour; but there were more people on the wharf than when we set out, and as we were within talking distance, we had a grand Open-Air Meeting.

There was just time, after we finally got ashore, for a little tea before the evening's march and Meeting, and we were tired when the day was really ended-at nearly eleven-but it was a beautiful day, and all through it I knew I was very near to God."

I heard the Band; 'twas playing
A tune -- a happy song.
It roused me. I was dreaming
Of my own sin and wrong.
The folks sang out -- their singing
Rang out o'er all the din,
"Ye men, your souls are dying,
Turn ye from all sin!"

I heard the Band; 'twas playing, I listened with some fear, Like the Holy Spirit's striving Its music drew me near. The Soldiers passed, still singing, A voice then seemed to say, "To Hell your soul you're flinging; Get saved -- I am the Way."

I heard the Band; 'twas playing,
This time I too was near
Acting and not dreaming,
My calling was made clear.
My heart sang out, and singing,
I always wished to say
To sinners, heedless, mocking
"Get saved -- Christ is the Way!"

G. E. M.

* * * * *

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shiny forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!

-- LONGFELLOW

The test of a man is not in the amount of his endurance, but in its motive. -- Higginson

My feeling is, that if one soul is saved, it is worth their efforts; and those of us who cannot or will not work should hold our tongues against those who will. We cannot afford to hinder or criticize the worker. -- Benedict.

* * * * *

3 JACK'S COMFORT

I've wrestled on towards Heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide.

-- Rutherford

The great seaport town lay wrapped in a Sabbath calm. The winds were down, the clouds had ceased drifting, the waters of the harbour lay fast asleep at the city's feet, and there were no signs of life in the quiet side street on which my window fronted. I was just saying dreamily over the hymn

Calm day, so pure, so fair, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!

when hark! the heavy thud of a drum and the loud peal of clarinet and trombone came crashing through the quiet.

I ran to the door, and there, at the top of the long street, The Army was passing, the Colours floating, the brass tubes glinting, the blue column steadily moving. Suddenly, all the still street was alive with people; a head appeared at every window; mothers ran to the door with their babies in their arms; children swarmed down the steps, and young men ran up the street as if a fire alarm had sounded. And yet that same Band had played through this part of the city for four years. It must be that the people liked it!

The Army passed. We onlookers went slowly back, and presently there came a light tap outside. The door, swinging open, let in a burly, grizzled man in the rough dress of a navvy.

Ready an' willin' to tell any one what the Lord "as done for me," was Jack, he averred; and so I found him.

Yes, I were well brought up," he said, in answer to a diffident question as to his early training, father never cort me drinkin, "swearin," or stealin," but he leathered me well. But I never minded. He used to punish me for goin' to the theayter, too, but I'd go again all the same; got goin' wi' a lot of bad lads, an' took my own way.

When I was a little 'un they sent me to Sunday-school. Teacher told us plain that we must be good, but never told us how. Only one man used to explain the Bible, an' I couldn't understand him; it was all dull, an' I didn't care for it, an' at four-teen I quit goin', an' wouldn't go nowhere after that. I never went to the other school enough to learn readin' -- couldn't read till I joined The Army."

The Salvation Army is a great educator of that large class of the unlettered poor whose childhood ended before the era of Board Schools began. I have yet to see the man of three months' standing as a Soldier who cannot read his Bible. "I couldn't read a word of print when I got saved," so many of them say; "but after I learned to "read my title clear," I picked up to read Bible directly. I didn't want my Bible secondhand," they explain. One man learned to read from hearing the Bible read in The Army Hall; he bought a Bible, picked out the chapter, and followed the reading. "A man can do aught for the Lord if he sets his head to it," said this brother.

The very fact that one can read stamps one as a Salvationist in some localities. I walked down a certain East End street once, in strictly private dress, with a girl in possession of a weekly paper. As soon as she opened it, and looked for an item, she was greeted with yells of "War Cry"! It was not supposed that any one on that street could have made acquaintance with letters, except for the purpose of reading Army publications.

When I were fifteen, I'd got to be a hard drinker, and cleared out from home to Wales as a navvy; navvy I've been ever since except for a time when I were driver to a wild beast show. You can't find nothink worse than them show people. They're all a bad lot, an' open to all sorts o'deeds, because they're here today an' off tomorrow. I was just like 'em, up to everythink on the board.

When I quit drivin' the wild beasts, an' was on the tramp, I stole a hurdy-gurdy -- things as grinds music out wi' a wheel, you know -- an' kep' it three days. Made thirty shillin's in that time, an' thought I had enough, they might make somethink now. So I took it back, and they mugged me a lot o'ale; they was that glad to get it.

"I've worked on pretty nigh all the railways in England, first an' last. It's drink is all makes a navvy's life hard. It's not easy work, any way; but when a man tends to it, an' gets his reg'lar food an' rest, it's all well -- 'ard, but 'ealthy. But w'en 'e works a week, gets a drop of beer, an' jack's up an' leaves, an' then's on tramp a week, lyin' out under hedge, or in a farmyard, or under a stack of hay, if it's hay time, that makes it 'ard.

They live along the road they're buildin', you know. One of the huts they live in is supposed to hold twelve on 'em; the comp'ny puts it up, an' puts in a man an' his wife to keep it. There's four or five huts in a group, accordin' to the job, an' a shanty for provisions.

Sometimes the Methodys would come an' put up a little tempo'ry shed like among the huts, an' hold services all day Sunday; tent would hold fifty or sixty at a push; but there was always more room than people. I used to go sometimes. If any one stayed arter the Meeting a man would come an' talk with 'im personally, but I never stopped. He talked plain an' straight, an' two men got made dif'rent -- like as if they was turned round on a turn-table -- an' chucked up everything wrong.

They talked to me, but I told 'em I didn't want any of it. No more I didn't; my desire was to see the world, an' what was in it, an' what could be got out of it.

You pay three-an'-six a week for lodgin' in these yere huts, an' buy your own "tommy"; an' you can get ale, or any sort of drink you want "in the hut where you lodge. I've been where three eighteen-gallon casks was emptied atween nine an' nine of Sunday; no dinner never thought of, only ale on the table.

That were the way I went around England an' Wales. For one shilling to meat, I'd buy five o' beer. I drank hard; I could carry a lot an' do me work. I could get a character for work from any o' me old employers -- but for nothing else; I was a fearful swearer an' fighter -- got locked up twice for that. An' that was the way I lived till I were thirty-two. I've been saved six year."

Only thirty-eight years old? Fifty seemed a low estimate of Jack's age. Surely these years of dissipation could not account for the difference between his real and apparent age, for it is notorious that our Soldiers seem to grow young under their rules of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and all forms of vice. What was it, then? Bit by bit, the secret of the worn, patient look on Jack's bronzed face came out, a little from him, and more from his friends.

"I married seventeen year ago," said the poor fellow, "an' my wife took to drinkin' as bad as what I did; an' I runned away, and left her three times. No one knows wot such a life is but them as has tried it -- it can't be told.

But I'm thankful God ever put it into the heart of General Booth to send The Army to this place. One Sunday morning I was going out for a walk to look for some ale, an' I met The Army comm' up the street singin' "All hail! I'm saved". "Oh, are you?" says I. There was a tall young man named Harmen among them, an' I said if Lord God in Heaven could save that man I had a fair chance. He came out o' the ranks to 'suade me to come into the Hall, but I'd only promise him to go at night.

When night come, I had fivepence left, an' went an' had a pint o' beer before the Meeting; the other tuppence ha' penny has never gone for beer yet. In the Meeting that night, Harmen got up an' talked, an' a lot more; an' I saw the reality in 'em, an' the change was plain seen! Then the man what read the Bible, give out, "God so loved the world"; and when he got to "whosoever," I said, "That takes me in; I'm one o' the lot." An' I got saved there an' then.

My wife got saved when I did, an' we were Soldiers together for two years. Them was happy years! Nothin' ever seemed to go wrong, an' there was singin' an' prayin' all over the house, an' God was everywhere. But she never got the clean heart, an' she went back after that, an' the road has been properly rough for the last four years. But I'm trusting God to save her yet.

I took the drum up about that time. I didn't beat it for myself, nor yet for the sound o't, but for the glory and honour of God. I've knowed two saved through it. One come out o' a public-house and knelt by the drum-head to get saved as soon as ever we put it down. He's stood eighteen months. Another man was in the Meeting too drunk to understand, and when it was over the Band formed an' played down to the Captain's 'ouse. He followed, and w'en we stopped, afore I could

get the drum unbraced, he was on his knees cryin' for mercy. The Lord sobered him right off, an' he praised God for the music that had brought him in. He stands yet, a good Soldier."

Army drummers regard their office as a sacred trust, from the fact that so many people trace their conversion directly back to the drum. "I'm fond of the drum for this here," said one of them. "A young woman was goin' to commit suicide, an' she 'eared the drum beatin'," and followed it into the Meetin'," an' got saved instead. I though if I never did any good afore I did some then by beatin' the drum. There's a many will follow a drum anywhere, whoever beats it. They wouldn't go nigh where religion was o' their own accord, but follows the drum in. People gets at me an' says what a softy I must be to go an' lug that drum distances I has to. But I think o' that woman, an' I never gets tired."

You should see poor Jack's home," said the Captain later. "It 's an awful place! That woman sells everything out of it for drink, and even pawns Jack's clothes while he's at work. You saw he was in his working clothes, Sunday. She took everything else out he had the day before, and was drunk on the hearthstone when he came in at night. But he's always the same -- never misses a Meeting, and is one of the best-saved men anywhere. Only just lately his employer got saved, all through watching Jack's life. "There's something in a religion that keeps a man in the hell he has to live in at home," he said; "and I want it for myself." The drum is a comfort to Jack, I think. And it's another faithful Soldier! "The best Soldier in any Corps," I've heard it called."

That night I marched to the Open-Air behind the best Soldier" His heavy, thunderous voice jarred my head, and made me fairly tremble at times; but I noticed with pleasure how the people flocked out of the dirty lanes and bright, warm-looking drink-palaces at his call. We reached an open space and formed into a ring, and, now that the congregation was gathered, the drum was placed in the centre, and the singing went on without it. Prayer followed, then testimonies, and presently I heard a soft thud from the drum, another, and another, and looking, I saw that the crowd was tossing pennies in upon it. No collection had been asked for, but the men in blouses and the bonnetless women around evidently thought one needed and deserved.

The fact that Army work is so largely self-supporting, although carried on among the poorest in all cities, shows what a hold it has upon the hearts of the people. It is not only our Soldiers, but the unconverted, often the very roughest in the Meeting, who give generously of their scant money to carry on the work because they believe it to be of God. They listen eagerly to the reading of the quarterly statement of the Corps' Income and Expenditure, and hear that the Officers are barely clothed, fed, and sheltered; they watch curiously, and find out that the facts as to the Officers' maintenance agree with the statements of the balance-sheet; and they come to feel that the work is really for their benefit, and that the spirit which carries it on is superhuman; and so they give. If the rich gave in the same proportion, the whole world would be evangelized by this time. And the more they give the more they feel themselves identified with the work, till at last they throw themselves after their pennies, at the feet of God, and the Lord comes to His own, in many an instance, through the medium of the collecting-box,

The much-maligned, much-abhorred drum is not only collecting-box and penitent-form, band and choir, lure and keeper of the people, but has been known to act as disciplinarian of a Corps.

"When we went to B____," related a northern Captain, "I found the Hall full of kid gloves and feathers, just like a chapel, and not a rough in the place. I was just out of the Training Home, and a bit lively, and they couldn't stand me or my singin.'" They wanted Old "Undred an' such like, same as chapel folk, an' the roughs won't come near when you sing 'em. So when I see the Major, I says, "Major, you've made a mistake this time, puttin' me into a chapel. There's no Soldiers there, only chapel folk."

Make your Soldiers," says 'e.

Then 'e says, "There's a drum for you up at L____, if you've a mind to go for it."

So I went an' got it, an' brought it into the Meeting on Friday night. The Soldiers said they wouldn't march behind it; they'd pay for a piano, but they'd have no drum.

"I waited till the Sunday night, when the Major came, and we took it out. You should 'ave seen what a crew it raised. We didn't know there was such people in B____, rough and ragged and wicked! We wanted roughs, an' we got 'em -- they packed the place, and the very police didn't know where they came from. They pelted us with rotten eggs and vegetables outside; but they came inside and got saved, and we had a real live Corps there before we left. It was all the drum. Roughs said they wouldn't have it; but they never came near us till we did have one. And those very Soldiers that wouldn't have it at first wouldn't do without it now."

I thought of all these things as I walked back to the Hall behind the vociferous drum, and could have suffered any violence to my own liking rather than have its noise lessened. But of all its uses I liked best tonight to think of the drum as Jack's comfort. I remembered the bare stripped room, the besotted woman lying by its fireless hearth, the four years' weary, fruitless struggle to win her back; and the human side of his life seemed so utterly desolate, that I thanked God that he loved the drum, and that he had it.

ARE THE COLOURS SAFE?

Only the sound of an Army drum,
Down the dreary street, on the rough highway;
And children shouted, "They come, they come!"
As they hurried off from their games and play.
The Colours were waving, blue and red,
The Blood and Fire gleamed overhead;
And underneath, with a steady tread,
Glad of the message of love they bore,
Passed the march of an Army Corps.

Colour-Sergeant was saved and bright,
He glanced around with ready smile,
He grasped the Flag -- a burden light
He had borne the Colours many a mile.

Every one knew his cheerful face,
Each one marked his steady pace,
No happier Soldier was in the race,
None better saved, thank God! than he,
His armour bright, his sword-grasp free

Oft in the ring the Sergeant stood,
Fearlessly faced the listening crowd
Under the Colours I sought the Blood
A guilty rebel, I humbly bowed.
He saved my soul, He keeps me still,
I'm marching on to the heavenly hill:
Ask Him to save you I'm sure He will!"
And his ringing Come!" was heard again,
While the listening Soldiers cried Amen!"

How it happened I cannot say
Sometimes it seems like an evil dream
The march had formed, as it swept away,
There was a tumult, a moan, a scream!
Silent the strains of The Army Band,
White-faced, the Soldiers made a stand.
Under the wheels, with Flag in hand,
Their brightest warrior stricken lay,
While the crimson life-blood ebbed away!

Only a form on a hospital bed,
Lying unconscious of fear or pain:
Sergeant was dying, the nurses said,
As they called his name, but spoke in vain.
Then prayer went up in a forceful plea
(You know how 'twould come from you or me,)
One word with him, Lord, ere he goes to Thee!"
And comrades came with lightest tread
And tenderly bent o'er the sufferer's bed.

God is so pitiful, always nigh,
To soothe and comfort, to cheer and bless;
He bends His ear to our lightest sigh,
And never fails in our deep distress.
On the darkened brain gleamed a sudden light,
He woke and he thought of the fatal night,
And asked, Are the Colours safe and right?"
Then, watching the faces that smiled and wept,
Over the boundary, Sergeant stepped.

Promoted to Glory. An angel waits
Where the vanguard of His hosts is gone.
"Lift up your heads, ye golden gates!"
"The Colours are safe, the War goes on!
Bound to the Cross and the Colours," you know,
Is a Soldier's cry as he meets the foe;
For God and souls we deal each blow,
Till the voice of the Lord, our Sun and Shield,
Calls us on high from the 'sanguined field.

H. A. Beavan

* * * * *

4

THE FIRST BEAT

The father of all such as handle the harp and organ. -- Moses.

Asmodion went singing,
Singing through the world.

How came The Salvation Army ever to think of mixing up its religion with drums and Brass Bands?"

Back in '78, when The Army was still known as the Christian Mission, a local preacher of the Wesleyan Church lived in Salisbury with his wife and boys. God had made him a musician, and for twenty-six years he used his exquisite voice, and the cornet, violin, and harp, which he had mastered, for God's service and glory in the Wesleyan Church.

Nowadays, reed organs furnish the music in most town or village chapels, but less than thirty years ago, the choir of many a dissenting place of worship was supported by seven or eight wind instruments. People made a fine distinction then between wood and brass; and so the drum was tabooed as wicked, while comets, euphoniums, and trombones were used to lead the singing in chapel, and played at Sunday-school treats, and all manner of weekday religious services.

The sons of the local preacher shared his musical gifts in their degree, and the family played their different instruments regularly in the church to which the father belonged. None of these boys, the youngest of whom was fifteen, was as yet converted, but their father's beautiful, rounded Christian character was known far and wide.

"I knew him first when I was a little girl," says a Convert of his circuit days, when he used to come to our place to preach, and, after tea, would take me on his knee, and tell me about Jesus. All through those twenty-six years he had the blessing of a clean heart, and seldom, if ever, preached without getting souls saved.

His music spoke his soul out; that was the beauty of it. I have almost never heard singing like that. His voice was sweet and strong, and his articulation very clear. He spoke and played very well, but it's his singing that people remember him by best. And his voice was like his face. I've known people broken down by just seeing him stand up to sing in Meetings, his face was so beautiful."

When the Christian Mission first came to Salisbury, Mr. Fry was much interested in it, and often went to the Meetings. One evening he acted as leader himself, and his youngest boy, who went then for the first time, was converted that night.

Soon after, another of the lads got saved at these unchurchly services, and at once joined the Mission as a worker. After this the whole family attended with varying regularity, and sometimes, on special occasions, took their comets and euphoniums, hitherto all unknown to Army Meetings, with them. At one of these Special Meetings, a Mission evangelist from another city was present, and heard the three brothers playing, and the idea seems then to have first occurred to any one that if people flocked in to hear a band playing in this place, they probably would in others. So, after the Meeting, he made known his thought to the young men, and they were willing to put it into action.

Very soon after, the Mission began work in Manchester, and the brothers spent the first two weeks with its workers there, going on afterwards to help open three other towns. All this while the father was building houses and making money in his native Salisbury; but when, a little later, his sons went to South Wales, and through the midland shires of England, he went with them. And now, The General told him that he "ought to be blowing Salvation all about the country"; after much praying over the matter, the Wesleyan preacher thought so, too. So he sold off his houses, even to the one he was living in, took his wife with him, and for the little time that was left him on earth became one of God's wanderers. They went everywhere through England, and were known now as "The Happy Family."

Very shortly they added a drum to their list of instruments; but only used it outside, on weekdays.

We knew it wasn't wicked," says one of the family, "but we still had the old prejudice. At last we used it on a Sunday, and the Lord owned it. We had had only two or three souls each night until then, but that night there was a great break in the ranks of the sinners, and we felt as if God set His seal on the use of the drum. Wherever we went the people wanted a Band, or at least a drum, if they couldn't afford anything more. And so we introduced the drum into The Army."

For two years this singing pilgrim went about the British islands, and then God called him. When he lay dying, the tired voice sang faintly one of his own songs, still unpublished,

There death is no more;

but after the words "I'm bound for that land," it failed suddenly, and the verse was never finished to mortal ears.

But though the voice of the saint is silent, his songs live on. All round the world, in many languages, his comrades sing, "I've found a friend in Jesus," "I'm a happy Soldier on my way to Heaven," "List to the Saviour calling," "Oh, come to that beautiful stream," and many another living hymn written out of that loving heart.

I heard one of his songs sung once by a girl who was herself near death. She was evidently far gone in consumption, but while death had painted her cheeks with a hectic flush, drawn purple shadows under the large, luminous eyes, and thinned the transparent hands piteously, he had left unhurt as yet her pure, magnificent voice, and it sent these words down the crowded Hall "in a sounding torrent of song"

God gave His Son for me,
Oh, wondrous love
From sin to set me free,
Oh, wondrous love
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die
He did not pass me by,
Oh, wondrous love!

"Heaven's near for her," murmured a lass in my ear.

"And does she know it?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Well!" was the answer.

The singer's great eyes looked beyond us all, an unearthly light shining from their dark depths; and almost as really for the girl who sang the words as for the man who wrote them, they seemed true.

Jesus paid all my debt,
Oh, wondrous love!
Widest extremes He met,
Oh, wondrous love!
Justice is satisfied,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,
God is now glorified,
Oh, wondrous love

There, there, at God's right hand,
Oh, wondrous love!
I see my Surety stand,
Oh, wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure,
Whatever I endure,

Oh, wondrous love!

The words are simple, but their strong faith will keep them in the hearts and on the lips of the writer's fellow-soldiers for many a year to come.

By His abounding grace,
Oh, wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
Oh, wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, Heaven, for evermore,
Oh, wondrous love!

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

-- Browning.

And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first.

-- E. Browning

Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us. -- Luke.

And there ran a young man, and told Moses, and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp. And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Moses, one of his young men, answered, and said, My lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them" -- Numbers

* * * * *

5 THE DRUM AND THE SHAMROCK

And the cruel skies above me roll,
And I am hungry, body and soul.
-- B. M.

Perhaps no Christian workers in any land yet invaded by The Army drum were so genuinely dismayed at the prospect of its coming as those of Ireland. People of long experience in that stormy island were fixed in the opinion that the work must begin and go on quietly; that a drum-beat, however peacefully intended, could only sound in the Irish ears as a note of defiance, and the masses would rise.

But it is difficult for one not drawn from their ranks to decide exactly what "the people" will accept in method, and in this matter the advocates of quiet ways were proved mistaken; the drum has settled "the Irish question" in many a Celtic household, in a way that might well entitle it to the Lord Lieutenancy.

A typical Irishman, whom I met in Belfast, spoke of himself as "a drum Convert"

"Tell me about it, please," I asked, eagerly, hoping for light on the real feeling of the class in Ireland whom The Army reached towards its much criticized ways.

"Shure, it would murder you to listen to such a foul, black life as mine has been, only that God has made me good, bless His dear name!" he said. "I got careful training, for my father and mother were Presbyterians, both converted '59, in that great revival which swept over the North of Ireland like a mighty wave.

I was into all sorts of mischief as a lad -- got a broken arm at football, a cut head at "duck on the rock," and do you see that six-inch scar on me forehead? -- I got that kite-flying, and was nearly done for by it. Then I got nearly killed on a waterwheel, and had me skull fractured, falling from a swing. But, barrin' all the mischief I got into, I was brought up in a most religious style.

At eighteen, I was a pretty fair lad; had been to school seven or eight years, and learned me trade as a loom mechanic, had never put foot in a publichouse, and only swore occasionally. At that time I used to grieve because I wasn't saved, and wonder when my time would come. I did love my father, but couldn't seem to ask him about it, and longed to go hear Moody, and get converted. I'd been taught to believe in election, and couldn't sleep many a night, for fear of being non-elect.

"I spent all day Sunday in church and Sunday-school, and got so many prizes for examinations in the Bible and Westminster Catechism, that my parents thought me fit to join the Church. So I presented myself in the vestry of the church along with others, for examination in our orthodox creed, and passed. But I want you to understand that not one word was asked if we were saved, or converted, or born again.

I really thought I was all right, and went to the communion in great expectation, for I'd heard the old people tell how near Jesus came to them there. But I didn't hear Him, nor feel Him, and I left that church a very strange individual. I found I wasn't converted, and thought I never should be, so I never went back to it, but went to the bad to drown conscience.

I got married then, against my father's will, and shortly after he died. I fully meant to keep all the promises I made, with my hands in his, as he crossed the River; but very unfortunately for

that, I got now to be an Orangeman, and drinking with the lodge made me grow a worse man very fast. We never separated without being well filled with new whisky, and free fights were the order of the small hours of the morning.

Orangeism didn't develop my love for the Catholics any, and coming home through the streets one night, one of the company cursed the Pope, and in a minute a crowd was on us. I was very drunk, and the last thing I remember I thought it was raining on my face -- but it was the boot nails they walked on me with. This business couldn't last, and in a month or two I was discharged from me apprenticeship, indentures broke and character gone.

I found work again near me father-in-law, and went on well for a few months; then I lifted his watch and fourteen pounds, and made out. They caught me, but he let me off, telling me not to be seen in the country again. So I took train for Belfast. It was cheap riding those days; when the ticket collector came along, I got out on the wrong side, and stood on the footboard till he went by.

I went to Liverpool, and remember straying down to the St. George's landing stage, one evening in the end of August, hungry and with empty pockets. I stood looking over the sea, wondering if I would ever be happy again, and thought about me dear father, me poor delicate mother struggling to hold her ground with poverty, and the little brothers and sisters I had promised to be a father to -- and here I was, far from home, with that expanse of water, and scores of miles of road between me and those I loved. I thought me heart would break; and me soul was writhing under the workings of God's Spirit. You can never tell what's going on in even a tramp's mind.

I tried being a sailor now. A man befriended me with a suit of sailor's clothes, and that night I was snugly shipped aboard a National liner. I'd never been on a boat except only the one I came across from Belfast in, and when I went before the purser to sign the articles he asked me what ship I was in last. I said, "The Belfast one."

He looked at me, and then he said, "What were you doing in her?"

Throwing off, sir.

And what were you throwing off?"

"Me mate, sir."

That'll do," said he, for he thought I was too many for him.

Bo's 'n asked me the same question next day when we were well out, and I said I was coal-trimmer on board the Semaphore.

And did you come here to trim coal on the upper deck?" says he.

"Wherever you like, sir," says I.

I learned sailin' by hard knocks, but after a while left it for sojerin." But I tired of that when I got to be corporal, done the scamp, and got back to Belfast. I had got a few companions by this time very like myself, able to pick any pocket; and I may say just here, the majority are dead now, one lately out from a long term in prison, and another just had time to get off to America before his master laid hold of him.

At this time, it was three years since I'd seen or heard of me wife, and one day she turned up, looking for me. I was now become fonder of drink and its vices than of wife or friends, and, poor thing! she didn't get a very warm reception. However, we took lodgings in one of the lowest localities of the city, and here I drunk and fought, beat me poor wife, and was a fiend in every form.

From here, me wife and I lodged in not less than forty streets. We never had very much bother getting furniture shifted! When me missus used not to have the money to pay the rent, she would leave and go somewhere else, and when I got home from the public-house at night, the place I left in the morning would be vacant and shut up, so I used to wander about till I could find out where she had gone to.

This went on for some years, and in those years many hard things happened. One night, in a drunken fit, I threw every bit of furniture, delf, and even a new clock we had got a few days before, down the stairs. Those people got rid of their upstairs occupants as soon as possible. The next street we moved into, I was nearly killed with a blow on me head. I don't know how I got it, only the police found me with me head laid open and brought me home. I was brought down with fever after that, and lay ill for weeks. I done nothing but swear while I was sick, and the very first day I got out, got drunk.

When I got to work again, one day me wife spoke to me master, thinking he might be able to advise me to bring home some of me money; so he dropped on me about it. That night I went home from the pub determined to end her. I got in and shut the door, and there was me poor wife sitting over where there ought to have been a fire, her baby lying in the cradle, and two children on a heap of rags in the corner. I took off me coat, took out a large knife, and rolled up me sleeves to cut her throat. I turned to look for something, and she made a bound for life to the back door; I was drunk, and she was quicker than me, and before I got steadied she was over a wall eight or ten feet high. She got into an empty house, and sat there trembling with cold and fear for her children, till I fell into a drunken sleep.

Shortly after this, I was discharged for drunkenness, and for five months I never remember anything about day or night -- I just went from publichouse to public-house, and me poor wife had to leave her three children in the house, and go to work for bread.

About this time The Army came to this country. I had never heard of them, but one evening a companion and meself accidentally came across a little group of people at a street corner. We went over, and, looking through me drunken eyes, I saw a sight I'll never forget. A few women stood in the middle, and I pushed me way into the crowd to get one of those queer folks in me arms. When I succeeded, she turned, and gave me such a pitying look, and said, "Jesus loves you, brother!"

For years I had never given a kind word to any one, and had received but few, and these went to me very heart. Me comrade dragged me away; but not long after, I went to hear these people in their Hall. I took a drunken disgust to the lot, and didn't go back till I heard that the boys were treating them bad; then I volunteered, along with a few more Orangemen, to keep order.

For a week or two, I stood night after night in the Hall, and used me fists pretty freely on those that disturbed the Meeting. God spoke loudly to me soul then, and I couldn't stand it, and went away, and didn't come back for six months. Life at this time was a perfect Hell to me, and I didn't care what I done respectability, character gone, and me soul almost and I set out for Dublin, not caring what became of me family.

I had been very wicked at home, but when I went out in Dublin on the first Sunday, and saw the tramcars full of bandsmen playing, and was taken into a public-house, and heard the billiard balls cannon, and saw the skittles flying in the alley, it made me tremble. But the next Sunday I was in the first match for drinks.

I was drunk when I got into Dublin, but drunker I when I went out of it, six months later. I soon got a good situation in Belfast, and set up housekeeping again with me wife. Me mother gave us a table, an old chair, and some cooking pans and pots; we bought some straw for a bed; and for a bedstead, I suppose the easiest one got at was to chalk it out on the floor. One day, I remember, two men came in to see me, and I looked for a seat for them to sit down. But the old chair was occupied, two children were playing on top of an old tea chest, and two bricks with a board across them was the only vacant seat in the room. Me wages came to two pounds a week, but it was very seldom one came home, for I spent every night, from six till eleven or twelve, in the public-house, and Sunday, all day long, played cards. After some months, even the big pay got too small for the publican's bill, and I had to pull up for a short time.

Just at that time a comrade came with a bit of news. Says he, "Jack, The Army's got a Band and a big drum!" So then and there I agreed to go with him and see it for ourselves.

The first night we went, the drum wasn't there, so we didn't stay more than a few minutes. We went back another night, and the drum wasn't there, so I said I wouldn't go again to listen to those fanatics.

But I was persuaded to go again; and this time, sure enough, there she was, and a big fellow laying on to her, right and left. I'll never forget the powerful sensation that laid hold of me every time that skin was struck; me very hair seemed to stand on end.

When an Irishman hears a drum beat, it moves every drop o' blood in his heart; and I'd always loved music. I'd cried sometimes to hear the harpers in the street, and give them all the money in me pockets.

While I listened, some men got up and said something very strange to me -- that they used to love drink, but now it didn't trouble them a bit. I seen into things then as I never had before, and after that I couldn't keep away from The Army week nights.

I didn't go anywhere Sundays because I had only me working clothes, but a brother of mine became a Soldier in The Army, and now invited me to go with him a Sunday night. So I scraped together fifteen bob, got some second-hand togs, and went.

This night the drum was my accuser, and every time it was played it struck terror to my inmost soul. I got up and came out before the Meeting was over, and a little way from the Hall took out me pipe to smoke. But all of a sudden I threw it away from me, and emptied me pockets of cards, and tobacco, and other things that belonged to the Devil, and made straight for home.

I kept steady that whole week, and such a week I never passed before, nor ever will again. I couldn't sleep, eat, nor work; and, more than that, I couldn't tell what on earth was wrong with me. I tried to rest, but couldn't, day or night, and at night I used to go and stand outside The Army windows and cry. I daren't go in, or I should have roared out in agony.

I managed to keep out of the pubs all the week, and Sunday morning I put on me second-hand toggery and went for a walk -- it ended in a public-house! I sat there till six o'clock, and then, all of a sudden, a shivering fear laid hold of me -- I got up and left the room, never to come back any more.

I went to my brother's, and asked him to come away to The Army with me. He was very ill, and his little missus spoke low to him: "Don't go out with him! Look at his face; he's murdered some one, or done some awful thing."

But he dropped on his knees, asked God to help him, and off we went. God saved me that night! It was four years back, but me Jesus saves and keeps me yet!

All these years I have fought in every Open-Air Meeting, and prayed, and pleaded, and plodded, and visited, and played me cornet inside and out. I've never had any occasion for friends and acquaintances since I got saved, for all me time when I'm not earning bread goes for God. He's given me grace to speak for Him in the very streets where I've been worst, and to read the Bible at top of the street where I live."

"He doesn't mince matters," struck in a Major standing by. "Only the other day I heard him,

Shure, you know me -- you all know me; I've drunk with you, swore with you, played cards with you, and now God has made a rale old Irish gintleman of me!"

"Do you never get ill with such incessant work?" I asked.

"I've taken the Lord for my strength," answered he. "Sometimes when I lay me body down at night, I say, "Now, Lord, I've tired it for You, strengthen it before morning!" And He always does it. There's plenty of work going in The Army, but there's no work like it anywhere. I've looked into many Corps, and studied their ways and workings, and I'm convinced that The Salvation Army is the thing for Ireland."

* * * * *

It is never too late to give up our prejudices. No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof. -- Thoreau

The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion which is not founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. -- Ruskin

To saturate life with God, and the world with Heaven, that is the genius of Christianity. -- Robertson

In one word, I believe a Christianity is coming which will teach us not only our relations to God, but our relations to His world; not only our relations, through Christ, to God, but also our relations through Christ to humanity, of whom He is equally the representation; a Christianity which will base itself less upon theological dogmas, and more upon the facts of life. -- Ellice Hopkins

Provided we attain at last to the truly heroic and divine life, which is the life of virtue, it will matter little to us by what strange and weary ways, or through what humiliating and painful processes we have arrived thither. -- Kingsley

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6

THE VILLAGE DRUM

The villager, born humbly, and bred hard. -- Churchill

Let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. -- Solomon

Tell how the country erreth. -- Raleigh

We are apt to associate vice and crime of all sorts too entirely with the compact masses of humanity in large cities; whereas the fact is, that one needs but short experience in missionary work in the country to find there all the sins of the town, not in any faint reflection, but perhaps even more openly and unblushingly committed. We say with the poet who wrote of "the monster London," when Islington was only a scattered suburb

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude, almost.

And it may be true; equally true, we believe it, that under the same conditions the population of most villages would be decimated.

An American Soldier said to us, when we had been only a few weeks busy at village evangelistic work, and were inclined to think London and Manchester slums far whiter for the harvest: I tell you, country folks need Salvation as much as city ones. There's a church here for every hundred people, but there's plenty beside me couldn't have been hired to set foot in one of 'em till we got saved. It 's so wherever you may go, too. There isn't a sin in the catalogue but what you can spot in this place."

We proved in the course of a year's experience that he was right.

And what is painfully true in America is not less so in England. The Salvation Army found out some time since that the villages needed a plain Gospel, and today hundreds of villages and hamlets are reached by it.

A "closet-missionary" had said to us many times, These extraordinary methods of yours are not necessary for country work. I grant their uses in the city, where the crowds are indifferent, and the attractions counter to religion are so many. But it is far otherwise in villages. There you can be quiet, and still accomplish your work."

And, on the other hand, a Captain of wide experience had said, "The drum is the best Officer we've got in the villages! Looking back upon the work accomplished, I don't know what we could have done without it. In marching through a scattered village to call a Meeting, our voices, singing or speaking, would be lost, while two or three beats of the drum call every one out to see what's up."

Which was right? We would ask the villagers themselves.

We left the railway station in a pony-cart, and set out for the village Corps of Westover, at twilight of an October day. Our road lay through four miles of level meadow and rich field, touched and graced with such trees and hawthorn hedges as one sees only in England; a red harvest moon hung low in the sky, and sent pale lights through the beeches; a cold, damp wind blew softly in our faces from the west, and we were half sorry when the lights of the village showed in the distance. We forded a brook, much to pony's disgust, and a few rods further we found ourselves in Westover -- a queer little place which straggles up a hill, squeezes through an old double-arched gateway, then spreads over a flat, and finally disperses itself among lanes and pits and hedgerows, till it ends in some ancient priory ruins.

We stopped in front of a narrow passage, and the driver's hail soon brought out the Captain. "Hallelujah!" was his greeting, as he recognized my companion. "Of course, you'll stay for a Meeting. It's not the regular night for one, but I'll get the carrier's bell and announce you in the street. It'll be as good as advertising, and not cost as much!"

We went on to the cottage of Jimmy, the drummer to await the time of the Meeting, and it was not many minutes before we heard the huge bell ringing through the streets, and the Captain's stentorian voice calling out, "Ho, everybody! Come to the Hall at eight. There'll be a Meeting to-night."

Westover houses open directly on the street, without the intervention of side-walk or hall, and the door of this one, hospitably on the latch, let us into a tiny, brick-floored room, whose raftered ceiling came dangerously near our guide's tall head. Jimmy had not yet come home from the fields, but his supper stood waiting on the table; the kettle sent up white wreaths of steam from the fireplace, the cat purred by the hearth, a chubby boy danced forward, expecting father, and the pleasant, homelike air of it all breathed out the sort of welcome a man might like to find awaiting him at the close of a long day's work.

It was far from tiresome waiting. The wife brought out her pretty baby to show us, a neighbour, stepping in to borrow the pen and ink, stopped to chat, and the four-year-old boy made friends, and insisted on our having tea. He finally decided that he could not wait for the older ones, and was put up at the table to eat by himself. We noticed that the little head was bowed, and the child-voice said over

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,

before he began.

Very soon the head of the family walked in, and greeted with a frank heartiness the Sister-Soldiers who were made known to him as "the ladies from Lun'on." A Full Salvation takes away self-consciousness under any form from its possessor. I heard a town-bred lad say once, "When I was first saved, I used to feel shy when "quality" noticed me, in any way, but since I got conscious of the Lord's presence, people are all one to me -- a gentleman or a tramp ."

He sat down to his supper, and we chatted away for an hour and a half; and this is something of what he told us.

"Mine 'a been a rum life! Ah used to be a baddoon rascal, didn't ah, Molly?"

"Ay!" said the wife, with emphasis.

"Ay, that ah was!" repeated the happy, clear-eyed fellow. "Nawthen war too bad for me. Parents war chapel-goers-not saved, ye know; an' sent me to Primitive Sunday-school. Ah used to laike w'en a young un, but got worse w'en ah got older.

"Ah war never made to work hard. It cost money to "prentice out, an' ah wouldn't go a "prentice long offather; ah didna laike carpenterin." Ah laiked to goa on the land, an' went cow-keepin' an' crow"scann," till ah war old enough to work. Ah had toi me to get bad."

At about sixteen he took to drinking, haunting the public-houses nights and Sundays. Seven beerhouses offset the church and three chapels of Westover, but their business is much less since The Army came there. "They get seven to ten shillings a week less from me an' a lot others," explained Jimmy.

"Ah got an awful droonkard. Ah'd sell anything ah could get hold on for drink -- ma mother's clothes, an' the clothes off ma own back; an' ah once spent all ma mother's rent -- three poun's all but a few pence and a farden. Ah used to sleep on that theer wall outside, or anywheer, an' ah had a stone for a pillow many a time. Jack Smith used to coom wake me oop, an' start me on, but ah'd go a little farder, an' drop agin. Once Dave Logan carried me hoam, but so droonk himsel' he dropped me in the mud. Ah thowt it war ma bed, an' said, "Thank ye kindly, Dave!"

Two year back The Army came. Ah used to oopset em all ah could; ah don't know what for; just for brutishness. Ah'd holler, an' kick oop all manner ofrow, an' interfere wi' 'em all ah could outside, an' ah'd be bad enough to do it inside, only dasen't. But for a' the oopsettin', ah felt as though ah'd laike to belong to 'em first time ah saw em -- ah saw something in em.

Ah always went to Meetin' an' laiked the singin' an' talkin'." But it war the talkin' beside me, when I sat on the form, fetched me. Captain an' Soldiers used to come and talk; the night I coom they talked a long while, two or three on 'em.

"There was a gang on us, ahl coom but one, now. Theer was Jack an' Dave same as me -- they jined next, didn't they, Molly? Jerry, he coom arterwards, ye know.

"Dave said to me one Soonday, "Will ye coom to my 'ouse to tea?" Ah thow't it queer laike he askin' me w'en I'd jined an' he 'adn't, but ah said, "Yes, ah doan't mind." An' he ast me "What's the differ" 'tween gettin' saved an' havin' sin in your heart?"

"Ah dunno how ah thowt on un, but ah says, What's differ' 'tween havin' a hundred o'coal on your back an' havin' it off? Coom and try."

"But," he goes on, "what alterations have it made in you at all?" An' ah says, "If a sinner gets a clean 'eart it makes 'im easier minded. Doan't you believe ah'm happier? It's laike a boy goin' to hire; he tries to work laike master. So does a Christian. He tries to be laike 'is Master. Coom an' try!" An' he coom soon.

When ah got saved, ah asked Lord to take desire ofdrink out o' me. Ah was afraid ah shouldn't hold. An' He did. An' ah went to work regular. Ah'd work afore, summers an' harvests, an' two or three winters laid out o' work, an' lay on my father an' mother Some man as ah'd worked for afore took me on. He couldn't trust to us afore, but now it doan't matter wheer we go, he'll trust us. He said it war a good job The Army ever came to Westover, an' he hoped it would stand; an' laike that, ye know. Our Corps is pretty well all farm hands -- only two who're not.

"Ah got a uniform as soon as ah could. Ah laike it. An' in a twelvemonth our Corps had a Band."

"Isn't it hard work to carry a drum?" I asked.

"Ah, ay! it's muddlin' work carr'in' a drum. It weighs nigh on to thirty pound, an' it bangs yer legs. It's a hill, is our village, an' goin' down drum hangs on yer neck, an' coomin' oop it mak's the sweat run to car' it. But I laike it. I tak' an interest in it. Ah car' it 'leven miles soomtimes on a

Soonday, an' beat it inside too. Ah'm walkin', Soondays, from five in mornin' till six at night. We stop at one place an' hold a little Meetin," then shift on to another. When we go to N____, we start at nine in mornin," an' don't get home till midnight.

People don't laugh, or persecute us much now. They'n only throw'd stones at us once, an' then they were droonk. They're mostly the ones that come, the big droonkards an' that.

"Ah wasn't so warm in ma religion at first, but after a bit ah feeled as if ah wanted to be all for God or none. An' now ah tak' everything from Him. This week we 'a' had a wonderful accident, we 'a' lost four poun' by the purse dropping out of her dress," indicating his wife by a wave of his hand. But ah b'lieve it war for some good purpose; ah shall know some time."

Four pounds! Not a very large sum, but in his case it represented one-eighth of his year's wages, and stood for much prospective close management and pinching in the household, for months to come. We almost marvelled to see how his bright faith faced the loss cheerily, as a blessing, believing that it should work somehow for his good.

Just then the march came singing up the street, and we threw on bonnets and caps and rushed out to join it. It was a new experience. The row of cottages where Jimmy lived was separated from the main street by a stretch of hedgerow and trees, and it was like marching in mid-country for a while. Then we struck the houses again, went down the steep little hill, wheeled sharply, marched back, and off to the Hall, followed all the way by a noisy, but friendly crowd, mostly farm hands in their blouses, with a few girls, and all sorts and sizes of boys.

It was not necessary, after all, to ask the villagers if (after two years' acquaintance with them) they liked the "extraordinary methods" of The Army, for at the call of the drum they filled the Hall to overflowing, and sat on the broken forms, or stood in the corners, till half an hour after the regular time. The vexed question of the best methods for the villages was settled, in our minds, and we could not help wondering, if an impromptu but quiet Meeting had been called in the pretty chapel near at hand, whether these children of the soil would have flocked to it as they did to the one in the bare, uncomfortable old place, where God met our souls that night

Of all modes of traveling about the country for pleasure, commend us to the open carrier's cart. Passing from town to town on its high perch, one sees the pictured plains and valleys from a true coign of vantage, and loitering through the villages one catches many a glimpse of interiors which would drive a genre painter wild to repeat on canvas. We had plenty of time in which to take impressions, for there is never unseemly haste about a carrier's pony, but he has always the air and action of a lotus-eater. It was in such an ideal way that we left Westover lying on its sunny eastern slope, and we were loth to exchange the carrier's cart for the rushing train which took us on to Greyfarms.

It is usually easy to find any person or place in a small English town; but as we traveled about Greyfarms in search of the Captain's quarters, the village seemed somehow to travel too, and elude us. The road twisted and turned in a perfect maze; the hamlet seemed suddenly to end, only to begin again a few fields farther on, and we were glad after a while to be hailed by a sweet-faced girl with the offer of a guide. Our pilot turned down a winding alley, all green bank

and hedge on one side, and grey wall with lichens and ivy on the other, with great trees hanging over all the way; every now and then it opened into a churchyard, or somebody's garden, and at last it broke out on the yillage green.

"Village green" usually suggests a bare-looking patch of green sward, with a stagnant goose pond at one side; but the village green of Greyfarms is a huge meadow, with a bunch of little cottages in the middle, big trees all around -- most of them walnut trees, with boys already shying sticks at the nuts -- and the general air of a gentleman's park, somewhat neglected. Dozens of little boys were there, just out of school, but only one of them made a remark, "They ain't Chinese at all -- just Salvation" -- quite pardonable in view of the fact that a Chinese Lieutenant had visited the place but yesterday. We circled the cottages, came again past the solemn ground where

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,

and found ourselves suddenly by a cottage, with a figure at its door clad in "The Army red and blue."

There is, surely, no welcome like that of a true Salvationist. Our hostess left her ironing-board to give us a motherly greeting, all unruffled at sight of two more unexpected guests in uniform in addition to the five she was already entertaining. Eyes and hand said, with the voice, that she was truly glad to see us, and in a few minutes we were ensconced in an impromptu study corner, behind the ironing table, quite at home.

"I've had a queer experience," said the brother facing us, "and there's a good deal of it! I've been a house-lad in a little country place, a lettercarrier, blacksmith, poacher, farm hand, and worked in a factory a bit. But I kept to the country, mostly, and never liked the city.

"I was a Band o' Hope lad as a little 'un; but about sixteen went as a letter-carrier, and that was my first fall down, for it brought me into all bad 'abits and comp'ny. Carryin' the letters to the public-houses, they'd give me beer; and then I had the biggest half o' me time to meself. I went shooting in the woods all the afternoon with a man who shot and trapped rabbits and vermin for a gentleman, and that.

"That was how I got poachin." It's a wild life. You get to think the place is your own; don't care for anybody, and will do anything rather than be taken. Got a lot of money to go on sprees, that way; but one night I was nigh getting caught, and that stopped me. Then I went on the roam for some time, as long as me money lasted."

The strong young fellow could always get work when he liked, and he alternated the life of a workman with that of a tramp for some time, till hunger sobered him.

Bein' 'ungry half reformed me. I went a day or so wi'out food -- too proud to beg -- and I couldn't put up wi' that, an' got work near 'ome, and turned moderate drinker for four years.

"I joined a country band in this time -- played the drum in it. We used to go around to club-feasts and such; we'd go as much as twenty mile sometimes, for we had a good name for

music. What 's a club-feast? Why, Benefit Societies havin' an anniversary dinner an' dance. They parade to church with the band, an' hear a sermon; sometimes the parson gives it 'em free, an' sometimes they has to pay for it; then they come out an' have a regular jubilee till the public-houses close. If they can afford it, they have darkies an' comic songs; but, any way, a band."

At some point in this four years, Revival Meetings were held in the Wesleyan church of the place, and the young man attended them all.

They were almost the same as Army Meetings, an we all went. It was an American woman had the Meetings, and she almost fetched me. But in two weeks she went away, an' the Meetings all stopped; if they'd gone on I b'lieve I should 'a' got saved.

"I got worse than ever after that -- drinking, swearing, and bad comp'ny; but, after a good bit, bein' 'ungry brought me 'ome again, same as before. I joined another band this time, for I liked to play. Country people like music -- their kind of music. If a band plays a good piece they don't think anything of it -- but play something they know, so's they can sing an' whistle it too, an' they like it. A good lot o' noise is what they want; they like a drum -- a good drum is usually thought a lot of. And they like plain tunes, so's they can sing -- not only the Soldiers, but the sinners too.

After a year The Army come. They didn't have any music but tambourines. Most of our band did all we could to upset 'em; not to hurt 'em, but just for devilment.

"Let's go down to The Army, an' have a good go in at em,'" we'd say. One night, when they was marchin,' we went through 'em twice, an' spoilt their march. I hit one man on the head with the drumstick for tellin' us we ought to 'shamed of ourselves. Come New Year Eve, they had a Watch-Night. We'd been out with the band, an' had a little drink, of course, an' when we come home we stopped at the pub till we got turned out, closin' time. Then five or six of us went up to The Army. We had a mock march, with a Captain walkin' backwards an' swingin' his arms, an' all singin' worldly songs. When we got into chapel (they had the Wesleyans"), we sang "Rule Britannia," an' "God save the Queen," an' such, an' reg'lar upset their Meeting. They talked about lockin' us up; but Captain wouldn't let 'em, an' that softened us a bit.

"The first night the new Officers came they sang

"Where will you spend eternity?"

and one of 'em had a fair talk with me that drove the word home. That word "eternity" made me see I was a sinner, an' the personal talk made me give in. The very night I came out I met a policeman, an he says to me, "They'll have you, yet!" I says, "Not me, in that crew!" But that night I came out, an' gave up my pipe an' tobacco, an' all.

Three others of the band got converted after, an' that broke it up, an' now we all play in The Army. I got a clean heart in two months after. I was always on the doubt before that, and should 'a' been a backslider by this time. I had a hard struggle about it. That very day I got an offer to go back into the old band -- first one I was in -- an' that was such a good band, it was my ambition to be in

it. But I made up my mind I'd never play for the Devil again, an' so I got the victory; and now," "I'm not my own." Hallelujah!

"Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?" asked practical John Wesley. We are at a loss to know why the Devil or the world should keep sole possession of any attractive thing which a Christian can turn to good account in his endless warfare, be it hymn tune or drum, a musical instrument of King David's time or of King Edward's. It is true that

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,

and equally true that other some repair to The Salvation Army Hall for the same reason, and so long as "such sweet compulsion doth in music lie," so long there will probably be both organists and drummers.

"I beat my drum for God," said the sturdy farm lad. Long may he beat it so.

* * * * *

All faint and far away I hear
The calling of the drum.
Its rhythmic thrumming, drawing near,
Is ever pleading -- "Come!"
The colours are waving
My heart throbs with craving
As nearer
And clearer,
And louder,
And prouder,
Its melody grows, as the sound comes and goes.
Come! Come!"
Is the call of the drum.

Now brave and grand, and near at hand,
I hear the calling drum.
The Flag, by gallant breezes fanned,
Is beckoning -- "Oh, come
We'll rush to the clamour
Of strife, with its glamour,"
And swelling,
And telling
The story
Of glory
The drum sings in glee as it passes by me,
Come! Come!"
Is the song of the drum.

Still faint and far away I hear
The ever-calling drum
Now singing low, now singing clear,
In its insistent "Come!"
With tones sweet and hollow,
It lures me to follow,
Far away
Through the day
It calls me
Enthrals me
The lilt of its beating my heart is repeating,
Come! Come!"
Is the call of the drum.

* * * * *

Children small
Spilt like about the city.
Wicked children, with peaked chins
And old foreheads! there are many
With no pleasure except sins,
Gambling with a stolen penny.
-- Elizabeth Browning

Your sainted mother, sir -- used you to live
With such a thought as this a-worrying you?
She has it in her power to throttle me,
Or stab, Or poison; she may turn me out
Or lock me in.
-- Robert Browning

I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snares,
Of dark homes brightened with a heavenly ray.
-- Noel

We have brought back the sunny smile
That belongs to the children's faces in the days that are free from guile.
-- Sims.

* * * * *

THE DRUM AND THE CHILDREN

I was sitting in a railway carriage at Paddington, Waiting for the train to move out of the station, when a woman, holding a pale little boy by the hand, came by, looking in at the windows. When they spied my Army bonnet, they stopped, and the mother said, "I'd like to put my boy in with you as far as _____, please; he's a Junior Soldier."

She handed in after him a paper of lunch, a geography, and an old-fashioned volume of tractlike stories; and after some friendly chat, in which she told me that she was a Wesleyan Methodist, went away, apparently satisfied that her small son's bodily, mental, and spiritual wants were all provided for.

I felt mildly curious to know how it chanced that my little comrade, a bright, keen, twelve-year-old, belonged to The Army, while his mother was a staunch chapel-goer. He made friends at once, and seemed glad to tell the strange sister his childish experience.

He had been well brought up; taught to read the Bible, to pray about everything, and never missed a day at the Sunday-school. "But that don't make any difference, it can't bring a fellow to Heaven," said he.

"I got saved at eight, but fell away, because the Meetings stopped, and there was nothing to do evenings; so I got with bad boys, and got like them soon. I didn't think my mother knew much about me. I never was bad indoors, nor answered back -- jolly bad for me if I had!

I tried often to get saved again, but couldn't. My Sunday-school teacher used to talk with me, and keep me after school to pray with me; but when there was a real chance to come out, no one ever asked me, and I didn't like to go without. I suppose it was the Devil," he said, reflectively.

"The way I got to The Army was following my big brother, and there I did get saved, and joined the Junior Soldiers right away. I like testimonies better than sermons, though I always listen to the sermons now. I never paid any attention till I got saved."

"What difference does being saved make in your life besides what people can see?" I asked the little brother, just before we were to separate.

His pale little face flushed faintly, and the tired eyes glowed as he looked up at me. He couldn't find the right words for a tiny moment, but at last he fairly laughed out, "Ah, it's such a 'appy life!" and finished with a great sigh of contentment.

The Salvation Army has a vital interest in religious statistics, in a way both practical and broad; it is concerned to know how many saints and how many sinners there are in any given area of town or country, with a view to converting the latter into the former as speedily as possible, and it keeps in mind always, as a stimulus to hastened effort, the growing population in those states which we Christians call Hell and Heaven.

It has become so much the custom of late to doubt the existence of Hell, and to call in question the personality of "auld Nickie Ben," that many of the nominally orthodox would do well to follow in Carlyle's footsteps, when he took Emerson to see all the horrors of London gin-shops and dancing-rooms, asking him at each turn, "Do ye believe in a Devil, noo?" And when they have counted the drunken children of all ages in these places, such scepticism will vanish.

The population of England increases at the rate of 300,000 a year, the census tells us. Some census of the dead says farther that three-fifths of all the children born die and go to Heaven in infancy. Where do the rest go? The Salvation Army, believing that Hell is a country with a population, concerns itself with the answer.

The question sometimes arises, whether a happy, sheltered, God-touched childhood has ever gone on to moral shipwreck in manhood -- the stories of blighted lives which come to the public knowledge so almost invariably begin, "My parents were ungodly people."

Young children are not capable of receiving lasting impressions. Of course, they should be well trained; but you cannot expect to find in a child such genuine religion as an adult experiences," say the theorists.

You will find in the child-heart exactly what is put there by its teachers. Morality alone, or a cold, formal piety, cannot always be instilled into the young soul by the most careful teaching -- The Salvation Army has proved that vital religion can.

The Lieutenant of a Corps in a northern city, too young to have yet forgotten a child's needs and longings, threw himself heart and soul into the Children's work, and soon had the names of 500 on his Roll-book. All possible tests were applied to the children before admitting them as Junior Soldiers; if they claimed to be saved, and their parents differed in opinion, the Officers laboured on with them; if the testimony of children and parents agreed, they were received.

Today, very many of these little ones are still Junior Soldiers; some have graduated into the Senior Corps, and some have passed through the Training Homes, and are now Officers in The Army. "We had a tea for the children one day," said this same Lieutenant, "and were to march to Roker Sands, two miles out of the city. Just going over the great bridge, marching in style, we passed a little girl, all in rags, with bare, bleeding feet, and her dark hair hanging about her face. I ran and picked her up, and carried her all the way out there, gave her some fruit, and looked after her. When the time came to go home, it was a job to carry her back; she was small for eight years, but heavy -- but her feet weren't fit for walking, nor she either.

"We had a Meeting after the tea, and she professed to get saved. That was Thursday, and the next Tuesday she came again, in the same clothes, but all clean. I visited her, and found her mother, a fearful drunkard, and they lived in the lowest den in all the city. She came regularly to; all the Meetings for six months, when I left for another Corps. People wrote me that she mourned as if I was dead. At last she was taken ill, and the report got to me that she had died in the hospital.

When I went back, that time four years, I was standing in the great Hall after the Children's meeting and Demonstration, when some one gave my coat a good pull. I looked around, and there was a bright, well-dressed little girl looking up at me.

"Don't you know me?" she asked.

"No." I thought I'd never seen her before.

"I'm the little girl you carried to Roker Sands," she said.

I cross-examined her as to how she was living, and found that the Lord had kept her good all this while. As we were talking, her mother came up, and shook hands and thanked me, and said that the girl's living for Jesus at home had been the means of getting her saved. I've kept count of 200 cases like that, where Junior Soldiers have been the means of getting their parents saved. It's grand to see a work spreading so."

"Men are but children of a larger growth," and just as navvies, tramps, and pot-house kings come into The Army Hall to hear the music, to "have a lark," to break up the Meeting, so the juvenile loafers and drunkards come to the Junior Soldiers' services. Owing to the lack of grown-up Sergeants and order-keepers, the boy "roughs" cannot be let in to the Meetings in as great numbers as their adult prototypes, for reasons obvious to any one experienced in Sunday-school work.

A boy came to an afternoon Meeting of Junior Soldiers in a London Hall. He had the narrow, retreating forehead, shifting eyes, and low-set ears which make up what phrenologists call "the murderer's head" -- a type common in Army Meetings, but which can be studied with more ease and safety at Madame Tussaud's than in real life; and though only fifteen, he was a thorough blackguard, notorious in all the neighbourhood for his vicious temper and thievish propensities. His father and mother lived in an alley, miles across the city; but he had chosen to turn arab, and spend that hard, cold winter on the streets, sleeping anywhere.

This prodigal of the slums appeared at the Hall door that afternoon with a gang of his comrades, and the young ruffians were so plainly bent on mischief that the grown-up doorkeeper refused them admission, though he could only keep them out with the greatest difficulty. In the evening he came again, alone, and finding a lad of twelve on guard at the door, knocked him down, bit his hand well to impress the event on his memory, and walked triumphantly in.

Not a pleasant object, from an artistic or sanitary point of view, was poor Bob. His Newgate face scowled out from a shock of horrid hair, and neither skin, nor ragged clothes -- many sizes too large for him -- showed any acquaintance with water other than London rain, which seems to blacken as it falls.

He sat quietly all through the evening, and remained to the After Meeting with those invited to stay and begin a new life. When the first Meeting closed, the little doorkeeper was set at liberty, and coming in, he walked straight up to Bob, put his arm around his neck, and began to tell him

about the Saviour, till presently the big tears were rolling down the clean face and the grimy one together, and next they were both kneeling at the penitent-form.

Some one took Bob home that night, the next day back to his parents, and still later to a place where he could learn an honest trade; and his life there proves that the sometime thief and blackguard, loathed and dreaded by a whole neighbourhood, has been truly born again.

Such pitiful stories of the past as are told by some of these children! Take that of Charlie W_____ whose father died when he was a very little fellow. He lived in an East End garret with his mother for several years afterwards, she sewing, night and day, he running about the streets trying to earn a few coppers at holding horses or calling cabs, and the two barely able to keep bread in their mouths.

At last the mother sank in the unequal struggle, and, dying, left Charlie only the poor legacy of a vague hope that, if he trusted God, He would take care of him. While the boy was gone to see his mother buried by the parish, the landlord took possession of their few bits of furniture, sold them, and when Charlie came back to his wretched garret he found the door locked against him, and the street henceforth his only home.

He had no friends, not even among the arabs of the locality, and the only people who showed him kindness were the policemen, who, after putting him in the station occasionally as a vagrant, let him off the next morning without a turn in prison; and only the homeless Christ knows how the lonely boy kept life in him for the many months that a doorway, an old barrel, or a niche in London Bridge were his sole shelter from cold and snow or drenching rain.

One evening, wandering aimlessly about the streets, he heard the sound of singing in the distance, and went to the spot from whence the music came. Children -- clean, happy, singing children in that God-forsaken street! The boy stood fascinated, eyes and ears charmed by this strange, fair group; and when they moved away he followed.

In the Hall where the children led him, the talk about God called to mind his mother's dying words, and he saw what it meant to trust God -- he did trust, and the vague hope became a living reality; from that hour he has never been lonely any more. He told his story after the Meeting, and a young lady, not a Soldier, took him home. And since then God has taken care of him, soul and body; he has home, friends, health, work, and there is not a happier Soldier in London than Charlie today.

Another lad, who was left a friendless orphan at eleven, joined a band of young pickpockets, living with them for five years a life which defies description. Passing a Junior Soldiers' Hall one night, the music attracted him, and he asked to be let in. He was taken into one of the Companies, which gave the Sergeant in charge a chance for personal talk with him, and in the After Meeting he was the first of twenty to come out for Salvation. He was afterwards taken into one of Dr. Barnardo's homes, and when last heard from was giving entire satisfaction there.

Two bright, jolly, English schoolboys, eleven years old each, once told me their story, and the taller of the two had been saved over two years. By his own account he had been a

bad-tempered boy before, given to throwing stones and using his fists when matters failed to go to his liking, and fond of tobacco, although he thought it very wrong that his Sabbath-school teacher used it.

His mother was a Wesleyan, and always took him to Sunday-school; but when his inseparable companion, and now fellow-drummer, joined the Junior Soldiers, she allowed him to go and see a Meeting, and, when he was converted, to join them too. He used to find Sabbath-school dull; but now, if he lived in a town where there was no Army, he should go to it.

What difference did Salvation make in their lives? "Ah, it makes our lives more happy!" piped the glad duet; and the smaller lad went on: "The Bible is so interesting now! it seems alive when the Sergeant explains it. The rough lads like the miracles best; but I like it anywhere he picks out.

"We play better now, too; we didn't used to agree, sometimes. And we play honest. It 's easy to lose your temper at hide-and-seek and cricket or football; but we never do now. We get set on about religion at school, sometimes, but don't get vexed or say anything.

Have we got the clean heart? Yes, from the time we were three months saved. It was very different when we were only half-saved -- we used to lose our tempers a little, and do small things that were wrong, and it was hard to keep saved. We'd go into fields where we oughtn't, to pick primroses, and once we went jumping about in a field of barley. But now Jesus keeps us from little sins as well.

Father used to live in a house with a big garden behind, and we'd get three or four others in there, and have Meetings; we took turns reading the Bible. I wish we had the garden now!

We've had the Band about a year, and it's a great help in drawing rough lads in, and keeping the littlest ones quiet. The drum makes your shoulders ache, if you have to walk very far; but we don't mind, because we know it does good. There 's about twenty in the Band, and I don't believe one of 'em plays for fun -- they play to do some good."

As I came on the railway platform at Bumley once, ten minutes early for the train, I was beckoned by a ragged, wretched-looking woman, with a miserable baby at her feet, to come and sit on the bench by her. She had never seen me before, but The Army uniform marked me at once to her eye as the friend and sympathizer of any one in trouble. She poured out her woes to me without other preface than, "I know you people are good," and all the time the tears kept welling over and dropping down on her faded shawl.

I want to tell you about my girl," she said; "I'm goin' to look for her now. I 'ad words with my 'usban' a bit ago, an' 'e said, I'll take our Alice" -- she was at service, though she's only twelve -- "an' you'll never see her nor me no more!" An' 'e's done it. Oh, it's a miserable world!"

I tried to show her misery's cause and remedy, in the simple Salvationist way; but she only answered

"I can't think of God till I get Alice back. She's that pretty you wouldn't believe it, an' he'll 'ave 'er at all them low lodgin'-'ouses! If 'e'd only belonged to your folks, this wouldn't 'ave 'appened. One of 'is mates does. We was on the streets one night, an' some of your people come along, street-talkin' an' drummin'," you know, an' they says,

Now the converted scissors-grinder an' 'is wife'll tell you how they got saved."

"An' my 'usban' says, "Oo's that? I know every one 'tween here an' Carlisle." An' it was 'is old mate. He see Bill in the crowd, an' e come for 'im, an' 'e says, "Bill, you're hard up. Tells you, a shillin' goes farder now than fifteen did 'fore I got saved. I've chucked up "bacca an' all -- come an." try it."

But 'e 'adn't a mind. I wish 'e 'ad. 'Is mate looked that clean and respectable! -- not much like us," bitterly. "If only 'e was good, an' I 'ad Alice! I'll think about gettin' saved w'en I get 'er again, but now I can't. She's got blue eyes -- not like mine, an' I can't abear to think of w'ere 'e'll take 'er."

The train came puffing in, and I saw her no more; but all that day I thought of the blue-eyed girl with as much longing as her mother, and prayed that some "street talking" or street drumming might find her out, and bring her in to her Father. And so long as such Alices are hidden away in city slums, may Army children march the streets and find them!

* * * * *

My poor monk, my poor monk, thou hast a march and a struggle to go through such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like in our worst campaigns. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing; He will not forsake thee. --Freundsberg (to Luther)

When Christ divests Himself of His hat and boots He will conquer India -- Keshub Chunder Sen

Your favourite piano has scarcely done so much as the poor despised drum to help Christ to win back His own. -- Smith

Then forth I went,
Forsaking father, mother, all I had
And all I hoped for through the sunny years,
Content for evermore to follow Him
Who thus had summoned me. In weariness,
In painfulness, in perils by the way,
Through awful vigils in the wilderness,
Through storms of trouble, hatred, and reproach,
I followed Him.
-- B. M.

* * * * *

8

THE CONQUEST OF INDIA BY THE DRUM

A peace is of the nature of a conquest. -- Shakespeare

It began in Camberwell," said the Captain, eagerly.

"The conquest of India!" I ejaculated.

The Captain looked puzzled. Men of a single, God-given idea do not much concern themselves with its scope, only with each detail as it comes to be worked out.

"We bought the drum there," he explained, simply. I had left my Corps at three hours' notice, and gone there to prepare for India by drumming a bit under Major Tucker and Captain Bullard. They had had no drum at Camberwell before that, and couldn't fill the house, but that drum drew in the scum of London. There were thousands followed it in the streets; the crowd was so great I scarcely had room to swing my strikes. The Corps got one of its own directly, and then we had one at each end of the procession.

"After six weeks we sailed away with our drum for India, and got prepared for what was before us by being arrested in Gibraltar for singing in the streets. However, the judge not only let us off, but sent us away with a bodyguard, when he found out all about us.

We didn't fare so well in Bombay. As soon as we landed there we marched away down to our Headquarters in a procession, three men and one lass, singing and shaking a tambourine. We had had bills out beforehand announcing a procession with music the next day; but now the police withdrew our licence."

I laughed out. The alarm of majestic Bombay at this invasion seemed quite out of proportion to the intruding force, unless one supposed the peace guardians of that ancient city gifted with a spirit of prophecy.

"Ah! they knew we'd never stop, once we got going," said the Captain. "But it couldn't have been the noise they objected to, for the natives drum all night at times, when there's a death among them. We set out on our procession with four bullock-carts filled with missionaries and other Christians, besides ourselves, and took an old cornet along in order to test the law about the music. I couldn't play a note, but blew a blast on the old horn, and no sooner had done it than a policeman took me. I got out of the cart into his buggy, and rode off to the "choky."

"The jailer was very kind; sent his servant for iced lemonade, and sat and talked to me till bedtime; then I was locked up in a bedless cell with a drunken European. Next morning, when we were tried, he was fined one rupee for being drunk and disorderly, and I twenty rupees for serving God according to my light. Somebody outside paid the fine.

Six days later we were run in again for processioning. We had a procession of three this time; Major carried the Flag, and one of us marched on each side singing. They told us to disperse! and then took us off to prison again. Fined us 100 rupees now, and when we refused to pay, seized all our things and put them up at auction. But some godly man paid the money.

"All this while the big drum was in the Custom House; but when we began regular Meetings in an Indian theatre, we took it out, for we could as well dispense with an Officer as with a drum in the Meetings. The natives love a drum, and use it everywhere -- at their weddings, funerals, and all religious ceremonies, such as taking offerings to the temple, and that, and they'll flock to hear it. You go into your Hall, and find the lights lit, but the place empty; sit down and beat the drum, and in ten minutes the place will be crowded. We couldn't beat it in the streets at all. The authorities licensed all other drums but refused ours, so we only beat it inside.

"We never went to any station without a drum, even if we had to use a native "dhol" or "tomtom." It wouldn't have been of any use. We wore native dress from the first; and, if we hadn't had a drum, we couldn't have attracted the people's attention. And there are no clocks in India, so the people couldn't tell when to come to the Meetings unless they heard our parchment bell.

"We had to borrow one to take into Poona, and its owners reclaimed it, and left us without one. We could see our congregations slacking, so we prayed for another. Then a friend from Bombay saw our need, and collected the money right away. The congregations came up again as soon as we got it.

"The drum helps about the singing. Natives don't sing at all unless they're converted, and it's hard for them to learn our tunes then. Besides, they haven't much idea of time, except the professional drummers of very low caste. The drum bears your voice up while they're learning both."

I sympathized heartily with this need for a drum. Only yesterday a Hindu had sung a native song for me, with tom-tom accompaniment, and although his lithe brown hands struck the drumhead with perfect rhythm, his voice was at war with both time and pitch. It was easy to see how a drum would help to make headway against, say, fifty such singers.

They did love the drum in Gujerat -- it's their ideal of music! And we found it useful there in new ways; for instance, when we got lost in the fields, or on a plain between villages, we'd beat the drum, set the peacocks squeaking, and then say, "There's a village."

"Then, again, when we came into a village not yet occupied by us, and wanted to hold a Meeting, we had just to beat up the drum, and the inhabitants would all come running from fields and houses, and we could get up a Meeting in a few minutes. Once, we reached a village in the dead of night. In the middle of it we struck up our drum; the people got up out of bed, and poured into the street; in a few minutes every one was there, and we had a grand Meeting.

"That's one reason why we need so much money for India -- the drum is an essential part of the missionary, and we have to export all in use. I never saw an Englishman yet who could beat a native drum, and it's not so good any way -- it thuds, instead of ringing out. We don't spend much

on clothes or food out there; but our drums and fares do cost a lot," said the Captain, idly beating the table with his own fingers, and evidently lost in thoughts of Indian days.

My own thoughts ran back to an inventory I had seen the year before of an Officer's personal property, comprising a cloth for the shoulders and one for the loins, a pair of trousers, one blanket for the night, and a begging basket! At that time he and his Cingalese Officers lived on one regular meal daily, with a biscuit or some fruit at morning and night -- if they could get it. Later, he wrote of an extended tour in the Punjab

We slept in the open air, begged our food, bathed at the village well, cleaned our teeth with a bit of stick, poured water on our feet after journeys, dipped our fingers into the dishes, and even ate chillies, as if we had been native villagers all our lives."

Remembering these things, I searched my comrade's face for a trace of regret at the memory of his past hardships, but could see none.

Is it easy, then, for an Englishman to turn Indian in other ways, if he can't beat a tom-tom?"

"That depends on the Englishman, I should say!" he twinkled back. "I had no home ties of any kind, so it was easy for me to go; and I loved the natives, so it was easy to stay. Then I got my wife over there -- and just look at this baby!" picking up a little brown-haired beauty off the floor, and tossing her to his shoulder. "It was she brought us back here. I'd only been four years, and expected to die there but I couldn't see her die. English air has made her a proper lass, though, and she'll live to go out there as an Officer yet. That's our highest hope for her. But talking about hardships, it's no light work to carry a 20-lb. drum in the heat of India; and it takes some strength to beat it, too!"

I turned across the table to another Officer returned from India because of a sick wife and baby, a man whose young face already showed deep lines and heavy shadows. "Your four years haven't been easy ones, altogether."

"No," he said, "and it was hard before they began. I was very fond of all my people, and they didn't like me joining The Army, much less going abroad. I had to get saved to going, and all the night before that day I decided, I lay on the floor praying. But when morning was breaking, I was willing to go anywhere. I didn't grudge myself, but thought a lot of parsons and lawyers, educated men, would do better than me.

I couldn't go to say good-bye to my family -- it would have taken the life out of me for six months to see them again, and my life and strength were for God's work. My father wouldn't write to me for two years, and many a tear I've shed over them all, before I finally gave them up to the Lord and felt happy. That cross was heavy.

The work in Indian cities is much the same as in English, in one way; you go to a place without money, and without friends, and have to get into the people's hearts before you can do anything. But in India you are, maybe, fifteen hundred miles from Headquarters, and have the climate to fight and the language to learn besides.

But the real hardship is that you get no rest in India. We have so very few Officers that if one rests a station has to be closed; and any one with the right spirit won't do that while he can crawl. Such work!" He leaned forward in his excitement, the old war-spirit flaming up in his brown eyes, and driving out the tired and sad look from his face.

"These Hindus have beautiful souls, once they see Jesus. But they are so dark! The kintal work in Calcutta would break your heart. A kintal is a sort of lodging-house, you know; a courtyard with, maybe, twenty houses in it, and a public bathroom and kitchen for the lot; where the lowest of the city live -- Europeans, Portuguese, Eurasians -- and they live more like beasts than humans. There's one room in a house, about 12 ft. by 14, and I've found father, mother, two sons, three daughters and their children, all in one room. We hold Meetings in the yards, and get to four yards on a Sunday morning. We've had some thorough good cases of conversion there; and, of course, they moved out at once into better houses. I'm longing to get back, and am believing that wife will be well enough soon."

"That is the way India looks to our Officers in retrospect," I mused. "I wonder if it is any less fair in prospect." Still another Captain told me, later on "No human being ever asked me to go to India." she said. "God did. I was reading something about India in an Army magazine last summer, when the question just came to me like a flash, "Would you go if God wanted you?" And I answered out, "No."

"I was troubled from that time on, till at last I fell ill, and they thought I would die. It wasn't fear of death, but misery that made me give in finally, and promise God I'd do whatever He asked of me. Then I had peace, and when I got better they sent me home to rest.

There at the Corps one night, some one said, "India," and it brought it all up to me again, only the question this time was, "Will you go?" For a week I couldn't sleep, and I couldn't give in to God, spite of my promise; it seemed too hard. You know my father had turned me out of doors the night I joined The Army, and none of them would speak to me or answer my letters. But now they were reconciled, and I was here in my sister's house, and my father had just got saved; it seemed as if I couldn't give them up. I should never see them again till the Judgment Day; would my sisters be saved then? How could I go till I knew they were His too?"

I had known this girl before, and could see almost with her eyes the way of the Cross wherein her poor feet had trodden, as she spoke each sentence slowly, between long pauses. The youngest sister was hardly grown, the mother long dead, and the other sister wrapped in her own household cares; mother and sister in one, her whole heart went back even now to that fair child. She held in her hand the photographs of the sisters, and with them another pictured face, of which we did not speak. "But they know the way." The tears stole down and down her face in the silence that followed.

I knew just what India meant. Short life, for one thing. After I once told God I'd go, I seemed to hear nothing but India. I knew our Officers there walked miles over the scorching hot sand with bare, bleeding feet, and that some of them had gone for thirty-six hours without food or water in that dreadful heat, and people can't live very long at that rate. But that didn't hurt -- short

life and many souls! Only the Devil stung me by showing me what that life would be while I lived it. He left all the glory out, and hid Jesus, and showed me the mud hut I'd have to live in, with only a mat to furnish it."

I remembered her neat, house-wifely ways, and the pleasure she took in dainty ornaments, and little womanish odds and ends about the house; the very apron she wore now pictured the girl as she used to be before God made her forget herself and care for Him, its fine, plain linen, set off with narrow tucks, and delicate, small-patterned, shuttle lace.

"You've been poor in The Army," he said, "but you've never been quite a beggar. What little food you have out yonder you'll get as a tramp does."

Self must be dead indeed, when this last appeal to pride met no answer.

And, last of all, he made me see the heathen. Never to live with civilized people again, to hear their talk, or follow their ways -- flesh and blood shrank from that."

Her quick-changing face followed the old train of thought, flushing and paling. She had been educated at one of our oldest Massachusetts schools, and its influence showed plainly in the little turns and allusions I had long noted in talk and letters; and I felt with her, that the grave of a lifetime's way of speech was one to linger by, and understood as I never had before, the human loneliness of another girl who had had to tell the Lord of the daily funny happenings in her life, for want of any other understanding listener.

"We had often sung in the Meetings

Send me, send me, to save the heathen lost;
Send me, send me, whatever it may cost;
Send me to suffer, send where I can sacrifice the most,
I'll gladly beg my way to Glory.

It 's easier to sing that chorus, and to feel it, than to do it! The Devil showed me again, in a sort of review, the poverty, the beggary, the heat by day and the cold by night, the dirt, the ugliness, the pain, the possible sickness, the strangeness, the loneliness -- all of it. But Jesus called me to follow Him there; and Heaven, here or hereafter, lies for me through India."

I looked at the small lady's handbag, which held all the present earthly possessions of the girl who had sometime been used to a complex and cumbersome machinery of daily living, and then at the heavy plait of hair which was to be cut off that day; and these foolish things moved me beyond speaking. I could only take her in my arms, and pray and pray. What passed in her white, surrendered soul, only its Lover knew; but mine was filled with glad thankfulness that God had answered to her heart its oft-sung prayer

Each moment draw from earth away My heart, that lowly waits Thy call.
Speak to my inmost soul, and say, "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice, To share Thy cross, be all my

choice.

Has the drum, then, yet conquered India?

Yes, and no.

The hands which beat the drum of The Salvation Army in India hold the key to its conquest, in the love, sympathy, and utter trust of the natives. When our Officers have been imprisoned, Mass Meetings have been held to protest, and the native papers have defended them, Hindus and Mohammedans joining hands for once in a common cause; and, wherever they have gone, India lies conquered for Christ. But compared with what remains to be done they have barely planted His standard in that vast realm.

I have seen a little diagram in use among missionary societies, whereon the combined heathenism of the world is checked off in small squares on a slate, a million to each square. And in the midst of the whole black slateful of heathen squares, numbering 1,047, lie three little whitened spares, representing our millions of Converts among them. By that showing, India is far from conquered.

It is a simple little diagram, and yet its black spaces represent to the Christian who really believes what he professes to, so many millions of souls on their way to Hell. If they will pause a little to hear about Heaven, between drum-beats, will any Christian grudge them the parchment -- dare any Christian stop the drum?

And yet, in the face of these facts, Christians will still be talking about Army methods! Why, would it not be wiser to sit and berate Paul, for using all means "to save some," since his work is, happily, past hindrance?

"Alas long-suffering and most patient God,
Thou need'st be surelier God to bear with us
Than even to have made us.

"A good house and a horse and carriage are necessary for Europeans in India," says a little book on missionary work in India and Ceylon.

On the other hand, an ex-Cabinet Minister has written: "I speak not my own opinion, but that of men who have gained, by long experience, the most intimate acquaintance with the native population, when I say that our missionaries will never obtain a thorough hold on the Hindu until they renounce that way of life which is considered essential to the health of the European in this climate"; and the Hindus, speaking for themselves, through that famous and remarkable woman, Ramabai, say, Our Eastern idea of a religious teacher is that of a man who has nothing, but goes about from door to door, depending on the people whose good he seeks, for food and shelter."

The Officers of The Salvation Army hold that, if the last-mentioned writer's facts are correct, those of the former must be disregarded, and they act with the courage of their convictions.

A mud hut and an open road is all that they ask for. Shall they not have them? Let those who hold in trust God's money and the law's authority, answer.

* * * * *

Whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain. -- Webster

There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world and none of them is without signification. -- Paul

Were five score John Baptists and as many Pauls sent among us, crying in the highways and byways, and working by methods which, because of their strange zeal and courage, were deemed by the slumbering thousands irregular, spasmodic, extraordinary, they would not be too great a company to arouse the indifferent, the doubting, the sleeping masses around us.

All that the mind would shrink from, of excesses;
All that the body penetrate, of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream of man's distresses,

* * *

All by which Hell is peopled. -- Byron

It makes me sigh to think on it, -- but yet
My days will not be better days should I forget.
-- Ingelow

Would you know, O world, these warriors? Go where the poor, the old, Ask for pardon and for Heaven, and you offer food and gold; With healing and with comfort, with words of peace and prayer, Bearing His greatest gift to man -- Christ's chosen priests are there.

The soul of every sinner is the victory they would gain; They would bind each rebel heart in their Master's golden chain; Faith is the shield they carry, and the two-edged sword they bear Is God's strongest, mightiest weapon, and they call it love and prayer. -- Proctor

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9

THE DRUM WITHOUT A DRUM

O life! thou art a galling load
Along a rough and weary road,
To wretches such as I!
-- Burns

The first thing I noticed about the man who walked in, took off his hat and muffler, and sat down on the other side of the fireplace, was his way of looking. Whenever he spoke, he looked one straight in the eye; and his own eyes, clear and transparent as crystal, had that look of perfect honesty seen at its best in those of a Scotch collie, or a young child.

I had talked with many an unconverted thief, and noted many an unconfessed one in various Meetings and lodging-houses, and knew the furtive "thief look" well. It is impossible to hold, almost impossible to catch, the eye of an unreformed convict; he may glance at you, but his eye shifts uneasily, and evades your gaze in some fashion. But a ray of sunlight is not more direct than was this lad's look.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said; "at least, what I can. A thief's life can't be all told out, even if there was time."

"I was stolen myself at three and a half, and kept from my mother for fifteen months. She never knew who did it, but likely my father, for he'd deserted her. She got me back again in a queer way. She took my little sisters to a ball ground just outside the city, and one of them, only two and a half years old, got playing with me there, and led me by the hand up to my mother. She recognized me, and took me home.

"She must have been a good woman, for she taught me a prayer and some Bible verses, though I was never sent to any kind of school, and never saw the inside of a church or chapel till I went in prison. But she went to the hospital, and died soon after, and I was put into the hands of some distant relatives, and then my education for Hell began.

"The man was brutally cruel to me; when he was drunk he filled me with whisky, and put me in the middle of the street to make a spectacle of meself; and when he was sober he'd strip me, tie me to a bedpost, and thrash me with a birch or strap till he was exhausted. I've been in bed five or six weeks with the leatherin's I've got from him. A young man that lived there got tired of seeing him pound me at last, and when he shifted to another town took me along.

I got a taste of prison life there, before I was seven -- was charged with throwing a lighted match into a pillar-box and burning some letters. I didn't do it; but a woman swore to it, and I got fourteen days.

When I was let out, I stayed a bit with the people that friendly man had put me with, and then took to the streets. I had a wandering spirit, and no one cared for me, and I cared for no one.

How did I live? There's many rooms in the street arab's house. I slept anywhere -- in old trucks, empty houses, railway carriages, stairways, on roofs, in old garrets of occupied houses, under haystacks, in barns, farmyards, behind tombstones in graveyards -- there's no place where a tramp can lie that I haven't been. Sometimes when I had money I'd get a night's lodging, and sometimes people would take me in.

I used to get clothes from missions, or steal them off lines; and in that way I lived till I was thirteen. I used to get odd jobs, blacked boots, sold papers, carried parcels; but what I got mostly

went in drink. I was just a little drunken tramp. When I couldn't buy liquor there was plenty of people to give it to me, in low lodging-houses and the "shebeens" where they sell liquor when the pubs are shut; there are hundreds of them in all large towns in Scotland.

I was jailed, off and on, from eight to thirteen, for theft, breaking windows, and that, anywhere from twenty-four hours to thirty days at a time; and every time I learned something new of sin, and came out worse than I went in. I'd talk with old criminals in chapel, and so on; they were always planning mischief, and giving me points in wickedness, and when they got out would take me in hand to train. Prisons are just schools for burglary.

"At thirteen I thought I was big enough to do something. I'd got work two or three times, and every time Christians would scorn me, and tell that I was a prison bird, and get me turned away. So I became a deliberate burglar.

I was very successful; could pick a pocket from ten years old, and always got safe away, and my booty squandered. Then my own tongue betrayed me when I was drunk. That was the way I got my first term of six months, at sixteen; next time it was twelve, then eighteen, then two years, then fifteen months, and the last time was nine months, for being found on private premises at one o'clock in the morning. I hadn't done anything; but, of course, I meant to; and my character was dead against me.

"Wasn't there anything good in my life at all? Yes, a little. I never got any good from chapel or minister in those short terms, but the Scripture reader who came once a fortnight for an hour made me love him; and that was a good deal; and I never forgot what he used to say to me. He was well saved, and talked straight, and, although I showed an ungrateful spirit at the time, I used to cry nights to think of him. I wish he knew it now!

And I learned to read a little. I never read a story of a bad man turning good but I wanted to be like him. I got a respect for religion, and an awful contempt for half and half. When any of my old mates got converted at free teas and that, if they were real, I could spill my blood for them. But if they turned out half and half, I could as well have killed them.

A burglar's life is one of danger, in course. I always carried a weapon, and have often stood ready with a pistol, knife, or bar of iron, expecting some one to come, but he went by. One time there were two of us in a house where the ground sloped right away, so that the front window was only twelve feet from the ground, and the back one seventy. The police found us out, and were coming. My mate says, "Jack! I'll not be caught!" and jumped out of the wrong window; and smash he went on the pavement, seventy foot down. Dead, of course! He haunted me many a long day. I'd hear my companions saying what a good fellow he was; and I'd think, "Well, what about his soul?" and then I'd drink the thought off.

Some folks make it easy to steal. I walked into one house through the front door -- it was wide open. Up stairs three young ladies were sitting by a fire in their dressing gowns. There was a screen before the door, and I crawled behind that, and under the bed to the dressing-table, took all their jewelry, and went out the same way.

I got no end of money; but it all went in drink and treating. I've gone out at night with thirty pounds, and come in in the morning without a farthing. My talk was a constant stream of oaths, and it was only the mercy of God kept me from committing murder, for I had the temper of a devil.

"I didn't do all my wickedness without thinking; things instilled into my mind when a child would come up to me when I was doing the wickedest deeds. I'd read the Bible through thirteen times in prison, and committed many a chapter to memory, to pass time. Some stories in it always brought tears. When in the world and in prison, I knew very well I was sowing briars to reap thorns; something would say to me, "You'll have to answer for this in tears and sorrow, here or in Hell hereafter." But "Let tomorrow take care of itself," was my motto, for my money and soul, too, and I went on. I looked up quickly. Was that long breath for the wild excitement of the old, mad days, which must have been so alluring to a man of his nervous temperament and enormous physical strength? No, the frank eyes were dimmed instead of flashing, and the whole face saddened.

"It breaks my heart to think of all that sin and blackness," said he. "I know that God has forgiven it, but when I tell it over it almost seems as if He couldn't. It was just as if He spoke to me one night. I wanted to get into a sexton's house, where £150 was to be got. The only way was through the garden into the dead-house, and so through a vault into the house. There were three corpses in the dead-house, and I had to plant myself between two of them, and lie there for three hours, till the man of the house went out. I thought if God was to strike me dead there! But once I got out I was as unconcerned as could be.

Once I dropped out of window into a policeman's arms; but one of me companions came to the rescue, and felled him to the ground, so I got away. Another time two of them had me by the collar. I watched me chance, slipped out of the jacket, and left them with it in their hands. I've been chased from a place five or six times, and finally succeeded in getting in; and there have been three men searching outhouses for me while I robbed the house and got off.

When I was convicted it was always through goods sold to other people, till the last time. Then, I went to take a traveler's bag from a club-house, and was drunk. I put on a gentleman's overcoat; and when they found me, I wouldn't give it up. They took me to the station, and when the superintendent asked me to give it up I struck him. He said he'd make it a dear coat to me, and so he did. They gave me ten years' penal servitude.

"There are no convict prisons in Scotland, and my terms in prison hadn't been so bad; there was plenty to eat of good food. But it was very different when they sent me down to England for penal servitude; there I had to work like a slave, and was half starved. I could have eaten three times as much dinner as I ever got, and had to work in the gravel pits, or barrowing a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds up a steep road; and if you straighten your back you can be reported for idleness, or if you turn your head or are caught talking, that means three days' bread and water, or fourteen days' penal class!

"Then the cold! Sometimes I'd get out o' bed to try and get the blood circulating in my veins; if the night watchman saw me, three days' more bread and water! That means a pound of

bread a day, and sometimes they don't give you the water -- won't be troubled with you. The doctors said I had the constitution of three men, or I'd never have stood it.

Many convicts commit suicide -- cut their throats or hang themselves. I saw one man at Portsmouth throw himself over the banister going to chapel; he spattered his brains out four stories down. I've seen another put his leg under a truck to get it cut off; wanted to get hospital and light labour. In the dark cell you're about starved to death with cold. I got plenty of punishment; but it made me worse -- bitter and hard. Twice I had the irons on. They go around ankles and waist, with chains connecting, and weigh eleven pounds; not comfortable to carry.

If the strict rules were carried out a man would never speak except to the officers; but his head would go soft in half of ten years. The fact is, they do talk, and the conversation carried on between them is something horrible; it makes my flesh creep to think of it.

The last year of my time I heard talk about The Salvation Army. I went on about them, but in my heart I said, "They must be like Jesus Christ, for they're persecuted like Him for doing good."

"Three months before that year was out, I got me arm hurt and had to go to the infirmary, and a text on the wall caught my eye

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH

I'd put my hand over my eyes, or my head under the bedclothes, but night or day I always saw it.

"The clergyman there came in, and looked at me. He'd preached in the prison chapel all the while, but the sermons produced no effect on me. They were plain and simple, but I paid no attention; I went there to learn the news of the day from the other prisoners, and either tried to talk, or slept. But now there was that love and sympathy in his face that I couldn't bear it, and burst out crying.

"There's no use your talking to me," I says. "I'm not thirty years old yet, but I've had seventeen years in prison. My character's gone, I'm stigmatized as a convict, and there's nothing before me but the gallows or a felon's cell."

But he said, "Yes, there's a chance for you. When you get out, go to The Salvation Army. They're a people who'll give you a hand in this world, and point you to the next."

"There's not a people on the face o' the earth," says I, "if they knew my character, would have to do with me."

"You're the very man they want," says he. "I'll send a letter."

"When it comes back you'll see the end o' the tale," says I.

"But the answer came that they'd not only open their doors, but their hearts to me.

"After that talk he spoke to me about my soul. He's a real Salvationist from head to foot -- God bless him!

"I was under conviction for ten days from that on, and he came every day; stayed an hour and a half sometimes. The tenth day I was miserable! I'd have made away with myself if I'd had the means. I called on God to strike me dead, cursed Him, called Him all the names I could think of.

Supper was brought in at half-past four, and I was just going to sit down to eat it -- I had no intention of praying -- when down I fell on my knees, and cried, "O God! if You'll pardon me I'll serve You to the end of my days!" and inside of a minute He did it! The load rolled off, and I got up and jumped about the cell as if mad. I shouted nearly all the night through, and they checked me several times; but when they opened the cell door I didn't forget to tell 'em I was saved.

I kept the rules all the rest of the three months, and as soon as I got out I went straight to The Army Home for Discharged Prisoners, as the clergyman had told me. Mother W_____ was the first one who met me there, and she took me by the hand, and asked me was I hungry. I wasn't, so then she says

Have you a mother, my lad?" I told her my mother was many years dead, and she said

"God bless you! If you'll let me, I'll be a mother to you."

"And she has been ever since. Their power over me has been for good from the first.

"When I came out of prison there was a bit of the Pharisee left in me, and a little temper and jealousy, and I wasn't exact about the truth. But God took all that out of me at the first Army Meeting I ever was in, and gave me a clean heart. Since then I have had men strike me in the face, and sent the blood flying; and I only gave them a "God bless you!"

"I shall never forget seeing the march that night. I thought it was the beautifullest sight I'd ever seen. I don't know how it is, but The Army seems made by God for fellows like me. When a man comes out of prison he has to stand such a lot!

Conviction is thrown in his face wherever he turns, and people don't seem to care anything about him.

"But I always got love and sympathy at the Home. If anything went wrong, "father" or "mother" as we always called 'em, would have me down on my knees praying, at any time of day. And they held me up to God till I was able to stand.

I've been "out in the Field " now, as Lieutenant, or acting Captain, eight months; and it cuts me up not to be able to send anything to the Home. They've so many there always, and so little money is sent in. People don't send in work either, as you'd think they would, though all sorts is

done there. If ever God's own work was done anywhere, in the way of turning brutes and devils into Christians, it's there. And yet Christians don't help it any to speak of. I can't understand it.

I've only had any salary once in this eight months, and then I sent it to the Self-Denial Fund. The six weeks I was at F____, I only had two-and-thrippence; and at J____ the Captain and me had three shillin' between us in eight weeks; I had to buy a cap with all that. People sent us in food enough; but my clothes went bad, and just when I was shabbiest, and was wishing I had some money to send to the Home, along comes one of my old pals.

"Jack," said he, "what a fool you are to be going like you do. Look! here's £130, and you shall have it if you'll come with me."

It was there in his hands, and I looked from the money to my shabby coat and split boots, and the Devil said, "Think of the old gay life, and how you toil here day and night, only to be called thief, and kicked and struck!"

"It was a temptation! But I cried out to God to help, and then said, "Thy money perish with thee!" and ran from him. And very soon I had these clothes given me, and some new boots, and I'm believing to have some salary to send to the Home some day."

* * * * *

Thus saith the Lord, Go and get a potter's earthen bottle, and take of the ancients of the people, and of the ancients of the priests; And go forth unto the valley of the son of Hinnom, which is by the entry of the east gate, and proclaim there the words that I shall tell thee.

Now Pashur, the son of Immer the priest, who was also chief governor in the house of the Lord, heard that Jeremiah prophesied these things. Then Pashur smote Jeremiah the prophet, and put him in the stocks. --Jeremiah

And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes of men and women. Then the high priest rose up, and all they that were with him (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and were filled with indignation, And laid their hands on the Apostles, and put them in the common prison. -- Luke

They caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the marketplace, unto the rulers. And brought them to the magistrates, And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely." -- Luke

* * * * *

10 THE DRUM IN PRISON

I find that holy writ in many places
Hath semblance with this method.

-- Bunyan

Truly, the world moves. It almost seemed like moving backward when, more than 2,000 years after the prophet Jeremiah was put into the stocks and imprisoned over a year for having a procession and Open-Air Meeting to proclaim God's message to the people, John Bunyan was shut up for twelve years, for preaching only. And it does not seem as if the world's rate of forward progression was very rapid, when, two centuries later still, Salvationists are imprisoned, with and without hard labour, for the same offence.

However, it is matter for gratitude, if not exactly complacency, that in 225 years, England and English speaking America have succeeded in reducing the term of punishment for preaching the Gospel from years to months, and leaves room for hope that if Japan carries out her some time benevolent intention of sending missionaries to these two countries, they will soon become sufficiently civilized to do away with all penalties for preaching the national and accepted religion.

"I were drummer for a long time in S____," said an Officer whose labour for souls God had greatly blessed and owned, "and it were a cross at first onset, but I soon found it did a lot of good. I remember one chap testified to coming to Meeting through hearin' drum, an' he got saved -- that were four years ago -- an' he's a Lieutenant in the Field now. There was another man the same in that place, an' I've known many so, most remarkab'e cases.

A man of this experience was not likely to abandon the use of the drum when he went into the Field. He was sent as Captain to the hard, dissolute town of B____, where a large garrison helps to make worse the morals and manners of the place. It was very rough fighting for the small band of Salvationists. They were pelted with eggs and stones, sprinkled alternately with water and flour, and treated variously as are the playthings of a mob, unrestrained by sympathizing police and local authorities.

One Sunday night, the Captain, carrying his own drum, took his stand with a handful of Soldiers between two public-houses, in one of the worst streets of the town, and began to sing the old hymn

There is a fountain filled with Blood,

to an audience of 100 people. A policeman came along shortly, told them to move on, and took their names, and six days after they were summoned to answer in court for what the local papers chose to term, "obstructing the road to Hell."

"There was one witness against us besides the policeman," said the Captain, "and that was a sergeant, who said he had wanted to march by with some soldiers, and couldn't! But we never saw him near the place, and there wasn't a wheel in the street either. The chairman of the bench said, "We can't agree; but we must convict!" Queer talk, wasn't it?

"They gave me fourteen days, without hard labour, or a fine of 21S. They gave me a fortnight to pay it in; but I said, "If you give me twelve months, I shan't pay it." But they wouldn't

take me then. They generally took prisoners off by the four o'clock train, and there were thousands waiting to see if I went. That night, forty of our worst opposers marched in front of our procession.

"When the fortnight was up, I went to give myself up. 'I'm come,' says I

What for?" says they.

"I'm fined for obstruction, an' I'm come to give myself up."

"Go on home," says they; "when we want you we'll send for you."

Next day a policeman in private clothes came for me. I said good-bye to me sick wife, and off I went.

"It wasn't very comfortab'le in jail, though it was June. I had to keep beating myself to keep warm, an' when we went into the yard I did shake with cold. None of me clothes fitted, except the cap; the trousers didn't touch me shoes within seven or eight inches, an' I had to tie up me neck an' wristbands with a piece of tar rope.

When we went to chapel, I'd drop on me knees, an' pray. One morning while I was at breakfast the governor came in an asked me not to kneel again. I said I wouldn't, and after that bowed my head on my hands. Some mornings after he came in again. "I thought you said you wouldn't pray?" says he.

"I said I wouldn't kneel down," I told "im.

"Well, you come in same as the others. You mustn't set such an example -- the others will want to do it, too! If you want to pray, do it in your cell, and not in chapel!"

I thought I should have some spiritual comfort when the clergyman came to see me. But he asked me about me family, me "costume," and then what salary I got. I told him sometimes I had a pound a week, sometimes 'alf a crown, an' sometimes nothink.

"How do you live?" says he.

"By faith," says I, "an' my bread an' water are sure."

"How long since you joined them?"

"I've been converted two year an' eight months, sir."

"Converted! You mean convicted!"

"No, sir -- converted," and with that he turned an went off. But the warder got the blessing of a clean heart while I were in, an' that was worth a lot.

I came out weak from under-feeding, but not ill, and the outcome of my going to prison was more sympathy for the work, a big lift to it, an' twenty sou's saved -- some of them those I'd been praying for in prison. We had Open-Airs all the seven months I stayed after that, an' never got took up."

It is rather harder for our women than for our lads to suffer imprisonment; but they, too, will give up personal liberty rather than freedom to preach the Gospel. I talked once with a girl-Lieutenant of seventeen, who, with her Captain of twenty, sentenced to a week's confinement in a provincial jail, or a fine of 21S., chose the former.

"It was only a village of 1,500 inhabitants," she said; "but there were fourteen public-houses in it; and, of course, we met with opposition. The night when we "obstructed" the street, we stopped in front of one house, and they asked us to move on, so we shouldn't wake the baby up. We moved on.

When we stood again, a policeman came up -- he'd plain'y been drinking -- and took hold of one of the men and hustled him about. The brother said, "Don't exceed your duty," and this made him very mad. We were on one side of the street, with about 150 people listening, and presently a cart drew up. The man could have got by easily enough, but he testified in court that he wanted to listen. The Bench asked him what we were talking about, and he said, "Something about the Saviour." The policeman asked the carter if we obstructed his passing, and then took the horse by the head, and ran him through our ranks; then he ordered us to move on, and we did.

After a fortnight we were summonsed, and then appeared. Every one said we were sure to lose the case, because Squire _____ was on the Bench; if it were the Mayor, he would laugh the case out of court. We hadn't troubled about it, and only had two witnesses -- the other side had six. One policeman proved the other in a lie, so that the whole room was tittering; but we were convicted of obstruction, and given to choose whether we'd pay a guinea each or go to jail. Of course, we chose jail.

"They took us right away to the station-house, and we two women had a good Prayer Meeting in our cell before time for the train; and then they took us away. Several wanted to pay our fines, even at the railway station; and some of the worst men in the town ran after the bus they took us in, and offered to pay.

It was a bright, clear day when we went in, and the great, cold, gloomy place didn't match things outside very well. There the matron took us in charge. Oh, that bath! and the cold, stone floor we had to walk on, barefooted, after it! Captain never got over the chill of it, all the time we were in. She'd been examined for the work by one of the first doctors of London, and pronounced in full health and of a good constitution; but she was so ill when she came out, he thought she'd never recover. Now he thinks she may; and he says it all comes from that long chill. We had to exercise an hour in the damp yard, with no shawl over our cotton dresses, and at night we'd only a pair of sheets, pair of blankets, and a cotton spread, and the hammock swung very near that freezing floor. We were very cold all the time we were there.

"Next day we were weighed, inspected by the doctor, given a Bible, hymn and prayer-books, and then the chaplain saw us. He didn't look at me at all, but asked my name, and what my parents thought about my coming to jail. I told him they thought it the greatest honour God could confer upon me.

"You mean the greatest curse for life," says he. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for being here. It's a pity you couldn't hold Meetings in your own place without disturbing other people. You'll go out when your time's up. Pass on!"

"I saw him once more before I left; and this time he said, "You go out tomorrow. I hope you'll never come in here again."

I said, "That will be as God leads me, sir."

He opened his eyes at me, and said, "Go to your cell."

We went to chapel next morning, and it was beautiful to hear them sing

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.

And, Oh, how good it did seem to hear The Army drum and singing as they went by at nights! They'd been forbidden to play in the streets; but they brought the drum, and beat it near the jail, and sang, "Gird on the armour," and hymns to cheer us.

We kept all the rules as fast as we learned them; only when we were mangling together once, I said to the Captain, "Keep smiling!" We sorted rags, picked oakum, did laundry work, and sewed a little. It was good for our souls, and we were perfectly resigned to be there; only one night, just as twilight was coming on, I thought of dad and mother sitting by the fire at home, and I couldn't help crying. I never knew the real meaning of the word freedom till I came out of jail.

But the worst thing was, going about that prison not able to speak to the women about their souls. They were such a hard-looking lot! The matron said they were the lowest sort; mostly sent from London prisons.

I cleaned the door-handles of the cells one day, and found out what they were in for by the tickets on the doors-most of them for stealing, some for drunkenness, and one woman for smashing the windows of a public-house. One of them tried to talk to me, but I wouldn't break the rules. She got very angry, and shook her fist at me. The matron said she was one of the worst characters she ever knew, though she was only nineteen. She was brought up in the Union till she was twelve, and had been in and out of prison from the time she was fourteen. She was in then for some months; but the Captain is going to get her name from the matron, and try to meet her when she comes out.

"When we came out, there were near 20,000 people to welcome us, and some who had opposed us most came and shook hands. There has been no opposition since, and there was a revival through the shire."

It is not England only which has had to bear the shame of imprisoning men and women, ostensibly for interfering in some fashion with the legal rights of others, but really for preaching a Gospel which interferes with rum-selling, brothel-keeping, and kindred money-making pursuits. Protestant Sweden fined The Army heavily for preaching in its own Halls after eight in the evening; Protestant Switzerland hunted its Salvationists more unrelentingly than its criminals; and Christian -- not pagan -- India and Africa imprisoned our Officers on the frailest pretexts. America dealt out even-handed justice to the followers of Jesus, by sweeping clergy and Salvation Army together into a common jail for reading the Bible and singing hymns, of Sabbath afternoons, on the Common of Puritan Boston.

One of our Swiss Officers was summoned before a magistrate of Geneva for beating the drum, and his advocate read the 150th Psalm in his defence: the judge thereupon acquitted him.

But so long as the drum draws the scum and dregs of our cities into The Army Hall, there will always be brave souls ready to follow the metrical counsel of an Army singer to his brothers of the stick and parchment

Drum on! the Lord will be your shield,
He'll fill you with His might,
You'll conquer in the battle-field,
Though hard may be the fight.
Drum on, drum on! For Jesus still drum on,
For while you drum, each stroke says "Come,"
Inviting sinners home.

* * *

And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
-- Shakespeare

Not struck enough to overturn
Our faith, but shake it -- make us learn
how hard it is
To be a Christian.
-- Browning

We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail.
-- Ingelow

Yet charge once more, then, and be dumb.

Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

* * * * *

11 DRUMMED OUT

Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self love.
-- Shakespeare

At a morning Holiness Meeting in a city many miles from London, and, looking over the audience, my eye fell on a melancholy countenance among them. It stood out singularly from the rest, from the fact that the man wore uniform, and I had never before seen Army dress surmounted by a depressed, positively unhappy face.

After the Meeting was ended, the strange-appearing Soldier joined the group of Officers with whom I was going home, and was made known to me as an ex-Captain. He walked on with us, as his way lay in that direction, and, as we spoke together, could only tell me of his unhappiness.

"There's no place for me out of The Army," he said. "I was born to Army ways, though I never saw them till I'd been a chapel-member for long.

"I got saved, like 'em, though it was at a Wesleyan Prayer Meeting. I said I wanted to be saved, an' a dear man told me to pray. I didn't know how, so he told me to say: "I thank Thee for enabling me to approach Thee."

I didn't quite know what it meant, but I said it; an' then the Lord struck me down like a bullock, an' I roared an' cried for mercy. They were so taken aback at my noise that no one came near me; but in the agony of soul I remembered the Lord's prayer, that my mother had taught me when I was almost a baby, an' had forgotten all these years, an' the Lord saved me while I prayed that.

"No one told me about my Christian duties. But the Spirit did. I read the Bible every chance I got, prayed all the while, talked to every one I met about religion, and went right in for souls.

"The way I got at the other flatmen was just in Army way, though I didn't know it then -- I went for their hearts. I'd talk to them on the flats, an' get into their cabins and pray; and Sundays, I'd go to the shelter hut, read and explain the Bible in a simple way, an' tell my experience -- what a vile character I'd been (for I was just a devil before I got saved), an' how the Lord saved me. The

Spirit led me, an' there was a regular revival in the flats, and continual singin' goin' on there all the while.

"The foreman was a local preacher, an' he 'elped me. Pretty soon the hut got too small, an' we had to hold Open-Airs, an' go into a shed when the weather was bad. I did work! "Where be goin," Bill?" they'd say to me.

"To Meetin."

"You'll be on duty again directly -- you'll kill yoursen in these here Meetin's ."

"Can't 'elp it," I'd say. "I'll rest in Heaven."

By an' by we got the shed floored, an' made a platform, an' opened it with a tea. Then that shed got too small, and we got one to hold 600.

There was something went wrong about the opening of that, an' as I didn't have the clean heart I got vexed an' left. That week The Army came. I went to hear 'em, an' said, "This is the people for me," an' cast in my lot with 'em from that day.

I got the clean heart right away under their teaching (that was what I had wanted from the first; only nobody could tell me that it was to be had from God for the askin'). I was a Soldier for four years, an' then applied for the work.

"I went out as Captain, and have had the brunt of the battle in some places. You'd hardly credit how hard it was! Sometimes we took our lives in our hands when we went out for the evening. I've been kicked all the way from Open-Air to the Hall.

"I succeeded in the work. Did it by visiting mainly; that's when you get at the hearts of the people. But it lays here; getting into a station where you succeed, an' take hold of the people, you're apt to get selfish, an' feeling you're somebody. It's the greatest temptation an Officer has in the work.

"I was in for two years, an' you know the rest of it. But what you don't know, nor any one but God, is how I've repented leaving the work. Every time I heard The Army go by, I used to cry like a child; it used to go through me same as a knife. It broke me heart to see 'em, an' I said to my wife, we'd go away. I didn't seem to have any life in me, through being away from The Army.

I've got my old situation, and a good 'ome, an' far more money than I ever had as an Officer. But I'm lost out o' the work, an' weary to get back. They've asked me into many missions, an' offered me charge of one; but I can't go; I can't keep away from The Army. I can't work anywhere else for the sense of wrong-doing; my heart is too heavy. God called me there, an' it's not the same anywhere else. I believe it never can be for me."

* * *

They have cast their nets again and again. -- Procter

"Ah backslided oop to two year," said a quiet, pleasant-looking man in a red guernsey, "and then persecuted The Army well.

"There never were an uglier young fellow born than me -- almost always fightin'; through a game called bull-ringin." Game comes to a close tie; then they starts a hargyin'; then poonchin'; an' almost always gets fightin' at end of match. Lan'lords 'ud tip us out as soon as we got agate; then ah'd go home an' give my wife an' childer a good round, an' turn 'em out of doors many a night.

"Ah never got locked oop but once, an' that was for leatherin' a policeman. Last Fairfield wakes they told me as ah should get locked oop for drummin'; but ah said, "Ahl right, if ah"m locked oop for praisin' the Lard, ah will be, if it's ten year." Drummin' is praisin' the Lard for me.

"Chaplain theer in prison talked straight to me, an' ah joined the Good Templars "count ofwot 'e said. Stuck to it two year, an' got a lot of brass saved, an' then 'ad a good spree. Ah might 'a' went sometimes to a mission, but didna laike their ways -- allus some starch about 'um. Ah got as bad as ever soon, an' was fuddled the Sunday mornin' Th' Army come.

"A mate of mine says, "Let's go see 'em." So we had two or three pints of ale, an' went to th' Open-Air. There was but a dozen on 'em, wi' a fiddle, a guytar, a banjo, an' a concertina.

"Jack says, "Wot think about these, Garge?"

"Ah says, "Ah'll "ear 'em afore ah either comes down on 'em or praise em

Would that all The Army's sober critics were as fair! thought George's listener.

"An Irish chap got shovin' on 'em," proceeded the narrator; "but ah meant to hearken to 'em; an' ah says, "Let's have no shovin' 'ere, else ah'll shove thee on t' nose

"Ah laiked 'em verra well, an' we followed 'em oop to Rink, an' hearkened more. Says I, "Jack, my stars, summat about them two wimmen more'n ever I 'eard before. They've made me feel foony."

"They 'ave me, too," says 'e. Part drunk we was, too.

"There was a bother started in t' Rink, chuckin' paint-cans an' rippin' up things; then the Irish chaps were goin' to maul the sisters. I says, "No touchin' them wenches, else there'll be a row

"They were pushed about! But me an' my mate got on to platform, an' poonched they chaps, an' ah did get poonched. Right on platform a reg'lar fillyloo! That ended Meetin' -- police came an' turned us all out. But ah couldn't forget first hymn as they sang, "Will you go?" fuddled as ah was.

Well, ah got saved; but ah didn't get a clean heart. Ah 'd been matched for a game at bull-ringin' just a fore, an' they called me coward, an' this an' that, an' ah went an' played it. In

course, ah backslided arter that. Ah persecuted The Army through publicans puttin' me oop to it, wi' lies, an' that.

"Ah couldn't keep away, an' thowt they were always hittin' at me. Tried to disturb Meetin' ahl ah could. Ah were a verra good one for imitating Punch an' Judy, an' used to take ma ventriloquist's insterment along an' shout out in the Meetin," an' nobody could tell where it come from. One come to me an' says, "Garge, for God's sake, dunnot do that."

"Do what?" says I.

"Tha knows," says 'e.

"Ah shouted, "Shut up!" wi' th' insterment, an' 'e turned quick, but couldn't catch me.

"Ah laiked drum that toime same as arrystocracy laiked it -- wanted to poonch th' end in. Ah didna keep Soonday mysel," but wanted drum to keep it. Ah laiked it well enuf nights, but detested it Soondays. Ah got a prejudice from hearin' it talked against i' the public-house.

"Two year come last Fairfield wakes, lan'lord betted me 'arf a crown as ah da'sen't hit Capten across face wi' a stick of rubbarb. So ah went to th' Open-Air an' the ring.

Now, Garge," me mate says, "win yer "arfcrown l" So I stepped up, an' hit un.

Soldiers said, "It's Mary's father!" (my lass were a Soldier), an' they walked me oop to Rink -- ah'd summat to do to walk! Capten an' Soldiers were at me ahl times; ahl the two years through they ne'er give o'er talkin' an' prayin," till at last ah went down to form, an' ah've been right ever sin."

"Ma mates 'a' done everything to get me back, but they canna. Ah've been to chapel sin' ah got saved, an' ah laike to hear God preached anyw'ere; but Army ways is my ways. Ah'm no great hand at spoutin' an' speakin," but ah can drum well for th' Lord. W'en there's a good Meetin' ah canna help bittin' out, an' w'en ah testify, ah has to say, "Amen" wi' drum.

"Lard has kep' me two year, an' ah see nothin' to go back for."

But if he ever does, undoubtedly The Army will follow him again, with boundless love and endless patience, until they win him back.

* * *

Wilt thou, then, feed My lambs?
Lovest thou Me?"
Give me Thy neediest
Theirs would I be.

Father and mother thine,

Lov'st thou no more?"
Daughter of Heaven, Lord,
Thee I adore.

Exile and strangerhood,
These for thy need."
Mine be the country, Lord,
Where Thy steps lead.

Far have I put from thee,
Lover and friend."
By Thy lone cross, Lord,
Lonely I bend.

Sad in their darkness,
Mourn thee thine own.
So mourned the angels, once,
Thy vacant Throne!

Those who have loved thee
Pray for thy death."
He whom Thou trustedst, Lord,
Sold Thy last breath.

What if thy following
Won thee no Heaven?"
Heaven is -- following
To the death even

* * * * *

12
THE CHRONICLER OF THE DRUM

Only a newspaper! Quick read, quick lost,
Who sums the treasure that it carries hence?
-- Clemmer

This . . . is writ in such a dialect,
As may the minds of listless men affect;
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel strains.
-- Bunyan

You hear many outcries against sensation; but I can tell you it is not less sensation that we want, but more. -- Ruskin

The drum has called many a man and woman to God whom a human voice would never reach; but its chronicler and fellow soldier, "The War Cry," constantly reaches people to whom neither drum nor Christian have ever effectually spoken.

"War Cry!" Only a penny! Tell you where to get a ticket for Heaven!" was the cry which astonished the people going into a theatre one night.

Here was a new sensation. Elderly men in spectacles stopped to expostulate with the girl-sellers; Freethinkers, with no platform for the evening, tried to begin an argument; blase' men, in evening dress, loitered to chaff, and some stopped to let the splendidly-dressed women with them inspect an Army uniform at close range; but each bought a paper, and in half an hour two score "War Crys" had gone to do God's errand where His messengers could not follow.

Moreover, people who sell "War Crys" seldom stop at handing over a paper and receiving a penny, and each buyer tonight carried away with his paper some word about his soul.

"Now, I'm interested in your getting on," said a middle-aged man to one of the girls; and I heard you tell a man who went into the theatre just now, that he'd enter eternity soon. That's no way to sell your papers! Of course, I know I've got to die; but I don't want to think about it when I'm just beginning an evening's pleasure; no one does." And so they preached their own sermons sometimes.

One tall American, with a beautiful Swede hanging on his arm, stopped to buy. "What does she say?" demanded his companion, looking curiously at The Army girl.

"That you must repent of your sins, and be forgiven by the Lord Jesus, or you cannot go to Heaven when you die," explained her escort, in fluent German.

Buy me a paper, too," said she; and into the theatre went two more "Crys," winged with the seller's prayers.

No one who has not tried it can properly estimate the amount of pluck, endurance, and unmixed love for God and man necessary to sell these despised papers on the streets of a large city. Any newsboy endures fatigue, and all the hardships incident upon the various states of wind and weather; but the lad or lassie who offers "War Crys" for sale has to bear besides, ridicule, abuse, contempt, and very often kicks and blows.

Why do they bear it all, since none of them is ever paid? For two reasons: because people are converted every week through reading "The War Cry," and because in offering it for sale, whether it is bought or not, they have a chance of speaking to the passer-by about the things of eternity. It ought to go without saying, that the class of people who cannot appreciate fine architecture do not like beautiful music, and cannot understand the glorious service of the Church of England, should not care about refined literature. But it does not. People who are reconciled to the drum, understand the uniform, and yield a reluctant consent to street marching, still cannot away

with "The War Cry"; and "Why is your paper so vulgarly written?" is an always recurring question.

Does vulgar mean, primarily, anything more than pertaining to the crowd"? If not, then the "Cry" ought to be nothing else than vulgar in this excellent sense, for it is written, printed, sold, first of all for the people, by the people. Verbal polish is exactly what the class reached and helped by "The War Cry" neither like nor understand.

Many a person, on first acquaintance with "The War Cry" turns away with a refined shiver from its rough, uncouth words and phrases. But let such a one come to know the people, work with and for them in the Salvation of souls, and he will come also to like the record of their spiritual victories written in their own language. He will never come, perhaps, to read it for intellectual enjoyment, but something in him higher than intellect will be gratified when he sees in its columns that seventy people in a little Scotch town have been converted within three weeks, and that over 300 of the worst characters in a large Welsh city came to The Army penitent-form in a month after the Hall was opened. Instead of objecting to the rough-and-ready fashion in which one of these Converts says that he "has served the Devil in the four quarters of the globe, but likes serving the Lord better," he will notice that the man is very near the three-score-and-ten limit, and will be glad that he was won in time.

In a "Cry" taken at random from a pile on the table near me, I read this:

"During the last three or four days nearly forty stepped out of darkness into light.

"One man came in with his pocket full of flour, with the intention of upsetting the Meeting. He had not been long there before the arrow of conviction took hold of him, and instead of upsetting the Meeting God upset him, and brought him to his knees and saved him. The next night he was on the platform giving his testimony, and told the great things God had done for him.

"Brother C_____ told us how he got shot while listening through the window in Crawford Street at the Salvationists, telling how God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned their sins. Now he is saved, happy, and rejoicing in the Lord.

"We have in our ranks poachers, thieves, drunkards, wife-beaters, children-starvers, prostitutes, etc., all washed in the Blood of the Lamb; indeed, new creatures in Christ Jesus, going with The Army to Heaven.

"Our hearts rejoice daily at the improvements we see, such as matted hair being combed, tidy clothes being taken out of pawn one by one, buckets of water and soap being daily introduced, and hovels being converted into tidy little homes. We were taken to see an aged drunkard, who had never bowed his knee to God; and was now dying. He received us gladly; we prayed and sang with him; he asked us to come again.

"Over the way we found a very aged couple, both too feeble to go out, and both in great trouble about their souls. We placed before them a present Salvation, and before we left they were both clapping their hands and singing:

He takes me as I am."

We are daily finding these bed-ridden folks who gladly receive Jesus.

I can scarcely see in all this, the mixed metaphor, the lacks, the superfluities, the faults, for the surpassing interest of the facts related.

In the same issue I find these specimen verses of Army Songs, and say of them, as John Wesley said of his own and his brother's hymns, "That which is of infinitely more moment than the spirit of poetry is the spirit of piety, and I trust all persons of real judgment will find this breathing through the whole."

I bring my heart to Jesus,
With its fears;
With its hopes and feelings,
And its tears.
Him it seeks, and finding,
It is blest;
Him it loves, and loving,
Is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour,
Heart in heart,
None can part.

I bring my life to Jesus,
With its care,
And before His footstool
Leave it there.
Faded are its treasures,
Poor and dim;
It is not worth living
Without Him.
More than life is Jesus,
Love and peace,
Ne'er to cease.

There is a stream that washes white;
There is a power that keeps me right
There is a love that fills my soul;
There is a King, my Lord of all.

This stream can wash you as the snow,
If to its swellings you will go.
None are too black to be made clean;
None are too full of sin within.

Over a leaf, this same issue of "The War Cry" tells of a Yorkshire lass converted through reading a "Cry," and of some of the inmates of a workhouse looking forward eagerly to the day when a neighbouring Captain takes them the unsold copies of his weekly supply.

But those who do not like either the reports or the plain, practical Songs may agree with the Scotch Presbyterian who said to me, "I dinna care about the paper mooch, exceptin' for thae airticles by Mrs. Booth. They're joost gran! I buy it for her sairmons an' siclike."

To people who like it at all, "The War Cry" has a strange fascination. The open secret of the charm is, that from beginning to end it glorifies God. Like its sister publication, "All the World," it binds together in one vast brotherhood Salvationists scattered all over the world.

"Admitting that they are well enough in their way, goes on the critic, "still, why sell them on Sundays?"

"I used to be prejudiced against Sunday "War Cry "selling," said one of our older Captains, when I passed this question on to him. "I wouldn't do it myself, and didn't like my Soldiers to. But one Sunday morning we were out on the march, and a lass left the ranks to sell "Crys" to some very poorly-clad people; a woman bought one, and went into her house to read it. The story of somebody's conversion she found there touched her, and she began to cry. She read it again; went into her bedroom, read it a third time, and then knelt down and gave her heart to God. She came into the Meeting afterward, and told about it.

Her husband persecuted her a good deal, and said he'd break her neck; but she said he couldn't break her new heart. That was six years ago, and she not only stands well, but has been the means of the conversion of a great many of her neighbours.

"That converted me on Sunday "War Cry" selling, and I've never had the slightest prejudice since. I've known scores of people say they were saved through reading the "Cry"; and these are usually among the best workers.

Another Sunday we sang a Song out of the "Cry" on the march

Tell me if the Lord can pardon
Such a guilty wretch as me?

and a poor woman heard it. She followed into the Hall, and we sang the Song again, and she knelt right down where she was sitting, and made her peace with God. She's been a bright light, too, this many years."

Happy woman, who, instead of criticizing the faulty grammar of the rhymed sermon, took its meaning to heart, and acted accordingly!

"Come, and see what we do here with our old "Crys," said a red-cheeked lass in uniform to me, in one of England's largest cities.

It was already dark when we left the house, and time for The Army workers to be about their Father's business in the streets. Sure enough, down one dark lane we heard a cheery song, and could dimly see the Banner flying; and up another we found a second ring of comrades. We knelt for a little on the pavement to pray with them, an elderly woman from their ranks joined us, and on we went.

The streets were broad, and open to the sea-wind, in pleasant contrast to the narrow, contracted alleys of London; but there was the same life and motion. Working men and women thronged the pavement and crowded around the doors of the brilliantly lit theatres and gin-shops, small boys puffed cigarettes, and half-grown girls shouted, jostled, and laughed, and it all looked like a diminished Whitechapel Road. Suddenly the crowd at a corner thickened till it filled the whole thoroughfare, cheers and groans drowned out the street clamour, and then the boom of a drum and the playing of a full Band struck up clear the general roar," and an Army procession swept across the way, carrying all the crowd with it, and leaving the street empty for the moment, except for us.

It's only women can go to the lodging-houses where I'm going to take you," said the girl-Soldier; "men have tried it and failed. We go regularly, but it's hard to keep track of the people, they shift about so. They're hawkers, many of them, and go about from town to town. They sell flowers, watercresses, fish, and things in the street, Sundays and all days, and when we meet them out we always speak to them. They often come to the Meetings, and a few weeks ago a man professed to be converted through a "Cry" left at his lodging-house.

It's no use to go about without the "Crys ." We went once, when we couldn't collect the money to buy 'em, and the people didn't care to have us in. They asked us, "Where's our "Cry"? and we promised to bring them next time. Here we are, down this passage."

In we went, nearly falling over a huge pet sheep lying in the narrow hallway; and; opening a door, found ourselves in a large, low room, furnished only with bare deal tables all along the walls, with two rows of benches at each. The air was blue with smoke, and heavy as that of a prison, and the clatter of tongues, cursing, scolding, laughing, calling, made the place a Babel; yet it was home to the sixty people of both sexes and all ages who filled it! Some were cooking, some eating, two women sat sewing, and one, with a small basin of water beside her, was bathing a child. They took our papers eagerly, coming to ask for them in some instances, and listening always to what we had to say. One ragged, wretched, bent old man refused a "Cry," because he couldn't read.

The paper tells about Heaven, father. Are you bound there?"

"There'll be no room in Heaven, for all o'us; an' I'll be a fur away from you when we're both dead," said he, hopelessly.

As we made the dreary round of the room, every soul in it seemed to have some special claim to pity; but, most of all, the children made one's heart ache. One of them, cleaner than the rest, and dimpled and pretty as any little four years' maid of happier parentage, climbed to the

table, and from there to her father's shoulder, where she sat for many minutes, holding his shaggy head in her tiny arms, and kissing his rough forehead from time to time. And in a few years, if God's people left her untouched, she would be like these wicked, miserable women about her -- like her own mother, perhaps.

I glanced up, and there, above the little one's head on the smoke-dyed wall, hung a coarse engraving of the Sistine Madonna! I looked from the baby Jesus, safe and serene in His mother's arms, down to the child who were better unborn, and blessed the newspaper which was my passport in to tell one little one about the other.

When the papers were all given, we came together in the middle of the room to sing and pray. The people quieted down gradually; two men postponed their fisticuffs till after the Meeting, with significant nods of the head; the women tried to silence the babies, and a daft old woman who insisted on hailing us as "her queen" at intervals, and by the time we had finished the first hymn they were quite orderly.

The papers were put away while singing, praying, and Bible-reading went on, but were resumed as soon as they ended, and when we left the room, twenty-four men of the stamp which might be expected in the lowest lodging-house of the city, were intently reading about God and His miracles worked in the hearts and lives of their kind, in language which had the merit of being, at least to them, intelligible and pleasing.

* * *

LOUIS JEANMONOD,
Died February 4, 1886

Just a Swiss lad, sturdy and tall,
Keeping the door of Quai Valmy Hall,
Working for God in the dark, that was all
Jeanmonod!

Bound for "the Field" with the morrow's sun,
Days of soldierly training done,
Pledged to fight till the battle is won,
Glad to go.

Struck down there by the riotous crowd,
Tranquilly meeting its curses loud,
Just inside while his comrades bowed
Low in prayer.

Not a murmur from Jeanmonod.
Comrade, that was a fearful blow,"
All he said when it laid him low,
Done to death.

Battling with pain instead of sin,
First of us, rank with the martyrs to win,
Stephen and Zwingli have welcomed him in
Jeanmonod!

* * *

Rise up, ye women that are at ease hear My voice, ye careless daughters. -- Isaiah

We well know that there are no women among us more generally distinguished for
modesty, gentleness, order and right submission to their brethren, than those who have been called
by their Divine Master unto the exercise of the Christian ministry. -- Gurney

She was a woman once.
-- Shakespeare

Father, mother, home,
Were God and Heaven reversed to her the more
She knew of right, the more she guessed them wrong.
-- E. B. Browning

O ye good women, it is hard to leave
The paths of virtue and return again.
What if this sinner wept, and none of you
Comforted her?

* * * * *

13
THE DRUM AND THE LASSES

"The Lord gave the word; great was the company of women that published it."-- Isaiah
(R.V.).

Dear Saviour, I am Thine,
Thou hast commissioned me,
And it is now chief joy of mine
Thy Soldier-girl to be.

Dear Saviour, Thou art mine!
With Thee I fear no foe;
Through earth to Heaven, my hand in Thine,
Thy Soldier-girl I'll go.
-- Marshall

"I've a lassie for my drummer," said the Captain, smiling.

I stood amazed. Some ghost of a dead prejudice against "women's rights" rose within me at this new departure from all ancient customs, as I knew them, and, I suppose, looked out of my eyes, for it was promptly met with the question, "Why should not a woman beat a drum when God's cause is served by it?" The ghost could only feebly suggest lack of muscular power as a reason why she should not, and forthwith vanished.

But are there no men in Scotstown?" I asked, still wondering.

Only a few," answered the Captain. "The factory work here is all for lasses, and the lads have to go elsewhere for work as soon as they're grown. So our lasses do their work in the Corps. It has to be done," he went on, in a matter-of-fact tone. "There's one plays a cornet, and another the drum."

In my mind's eye, I saw a brawny, strapping fish-wife, sending drumsticks against parchment with thunderous force. But, in reality, I saw, when the opening Song struck up in the Scotstown Hall that night, a slender, brown-haired lassie, of apparently twenty years, sitting at her drum as modestly as another girl might at her organ. I could not help looking at her as she played, with the drum poised on her foot, and steadied by one hand, while she beat it with the other, and wished she would lift the down-dropped head, and let me see her face.

And where was the cornet-player? Beside her sister-Soldier, with her rosy cheeks puffed out, her bright eyes steadily fixed on the notes, and her deft hands managing the polished stops. She reminded me irresistibly of one of Raphael's cherubs, with the improvement I had always wanted to see, of the cherub doing something.

"Isn't it hard work?" I asked the drummer-lass later, when we were sitting alone together. The shading bonnet was laid aside now, and the dancing firelight played on a strong, serious face, womanly and reserved in its every line.

"It's rather hard if they plays lang," she said; but I never think about that, for there nae one else to tak' it. There's three brothers belonging to the Corps who might, on'y they've nae music in them, an' sae arena fit; they canna keep time like."

"Have you been drummer long?" I asked, thinking still that it might be only a passing plan.

"Ay, the on'y regular drummer," she answered, an' I've missed but one march sin' I took it. It cam' this way: there used to be a band i' Scotstown that played at dances an' that, and when the man 'at played corner in't got convairtit, he wantit a band, an' there wasna' lads for it all, so he took lasses. Jean an' me took comets together; but it hurt my throat after I played yon, sae I gave it up. Then they asked me wad I tak' the drum, an' I thocht it wad be for the honour an' glory o' God, sae I took it.

"People ha'e come an' told me it wasna right for me to carry the drum, an' they wouldna -- it was shame for a woman; but I tellt them I was saved to do anything. I believe it's just as much

for a lassie to beat the drum as a mon, if she does it frae a pure motive. The lasses i' the factory made fun, an' laughed an' jeered, but I never minded. There's on'y two of us on the flat saved out of forty or fifty, an' we have to bear a lot.

"They're no verra bad, these lasses, but awfu' for dress, an' liking dances an' concerts, an' sic like. They get good wages, an' spend it a' in dress. Yon lassie ye were talkin' to i' the Meetin', wi' feathers on her hat an' the lot fur on her gown, works i' the next frame to me at the factory.

I was brocht up varra respectable. I worked i' the factory days, an' evenings went to walk i' the country i' summer, an' to a concert or dance i' winter, an' whiles had to do my own knittin' an' sewin," an' help the others too. The dances were verra quiet, from seven to ten, wi' on'y respectable people in, an' no drinkin' alboed.

"An' I always went to kirk on Sunday ance, or maybe twice. It 's an awfu' place for goin' to kirk, is Scotstown. I've known many members to be drunk on Saturday night, but go to kirk on Sunday."

Her homely phrase pictured the little city exactly; it had already shown itself to me "an awfu' place for kirk-goin'." On Saturday night, its beershops and public-houses were doing a thriving business, and looked as if a large proportion of the young men whom a personal solution of the labour problem had forced to look for work abroad, had come back to their native town for "a right good draught" that night. But on Sunday morning, 90 in every 100 of the entire population seemed to be on their way to church at the hour for morning service, and every street near which a kirk lifted its pointed spire or solemn front was thronged with men, women, and children, dressed in their Sunday best, with faces which declared their errand a grave one. Whatever the influence of the Sabbath might have been on the thousands of attendants at divine worship, it did not last over Monday, unless in a reactionary form, for the street corners and squares were grouped this night with a crowd of people harder and worse-appearing than even that of Saturday.

I looked at my lassie. Her grey eyes met mine with the same bright Sabbath shine which they wore each day I saw her.

"Did you like kirk-going yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, ay," she said, "I liked to go joost for goin's sake, for everybody went."

"And did no one object to your going to The Army instead?"

Ay, when I joined it. My minister came efter me, an' asked why I didna' come to kirk ony mair? I teilt him "at I got mair good at The Army. "But they talk ahoot theirsels'," he says, "an' I preach Jesus."

"But it wasna sae; The Army folk tellt what God had dune for them, an' so I kent 'at He could do it for me. I understood the sairmons, but the talk was too high; religion seemed on'y to preach aboot, an' as if no one could live it. But when I went to The Army, an' heard lasses 'at I knew testify, an' saw the change in their lives, I knew 'at the God who saved them could save me. I

knew all the plan o' Salvation as they talked; it was the same doctrine I'd heard in the kirk, on'y The Army puts it plainer, an' sae ye can live it -- it's a practical religion."

She had not satisfied me yet. How had that shy, reticent, yet strong Scotch nature, born and bred in such staunch notions of respectability and formalism, ever been brought to face around upon all its past, defy the powerful traditions of its class and locality, and become a fool for Christ's sake? I had almost come to believe it easier to do right against bitter persecution than in the teeth of a town full of

Good Christians, who sat still in easy chairs, And damned the general world for standing up.

"Why did you join The Army?" I persisted.

"My lassie pondered a little before she spoke again. "For a chance to work," she said slowly, at last. "It's a live religion. It's not only goin' to the Meetings, but they expect you to live out the religion at home, an' everywhere, an' beside that, to be always doin' something for other souls. I'm willin' to do anything for them. If stayin' home quiet-like an' prayin," would get these lasses to go anywhere an' get saved, I'd like that fine, but it winna. So I do what will. An' what got me in will get them yet."

"Fair logic, and yet fairer Christianity," I thought, "Ah! my lassie, if only the felt needs of our different worlds and their proved remedies could be so resolutely put together by your sister Christians, the sum of undefiled religion in the earth would be vaster today."

There had been no march on Sunday, but we had all walked separately and decorously to each Meeting in the Hall, though it were a church service, only choosing the middle of the street sometimes, with real kirk-goers, because the sidewalks were thronged while the roadway was entirely clear of vehicles.

"We can only march on week-days," explained the Captain, "and the march is smaller Monday nights, because a good few of the lasses are too tired to come after walking on Sunday to the villages six miles away "War Cry" selling, going to all the Meetings on Sunday, and getting up before daylight Monday to go to the factory. But there'll be at least forty out."

So there were. Full forty Sisters walked, two by two, behind the Colours at the Monday's march, and it was a pretty sight to look back upon their ranks. Comparisons crowded upon my mind as I looked at their ardent faces, still all aglow with the spirit of the Prayer Meeting we had held before coming out to the streets. I had seen twice as many young, charming girls in ball-rooms, threading the mazes of the "German" for their own amusement, and still larger regiments of maidens at church fairs, going through a "broom" or "fan drill" under the leadership of some gentleman with a knowledge of military tactics, to raise money for charitable objects; but these hard-working factory lasses were marching the muddy, half-lighted streets solely to induce some unconverted fellow-beings to come where they might hear the story of Jesus.

They succeeded now. The large Hall was well filled by eight o'clock with other workers from the factories. The audience more than matched the march, for only two men broke the uniformity of row after row of women and girls below the platform. They had dropped in in their plain working clothes, all the Sunday finery left at home, and the majority plainly thought a Salvation Meeting fit time and place for getting on with their knitting, for needles flashed in every direction, while grey stockings in various stages of completion dangled from the workers' hands. But the hand-work did not in the least hinder the closest attention to the services from beginning to end.

The march that night had been a very quiet one, so far as the Soldiers were concerned. The playing was followed by a lapse of silence, only broken by some very faint singing before the Band began again.

"What ailed your Sisters to-night?" I asked of the Captain, "they sang like a meadowful of larks inside, but on the street one could barely hear them. And why was there no stand for an Open-Air?"

"Oh!" he answered, "we are only allowed to stand at bleaching greens and the squares on the outskirts of the city, and there's no one there in the cold weather."

Remembering that in all our long march through the principal streets, as well as the byways of the town, we had only met a single cart, the precaution against obstruction seemed needless; however, I deferred that point to the prudence and wisdom of the city fathers, and said again, "But about the singing?"

No religious organization is allowed to sing in the streets of Scotstown, and so we just whispered it like. It would have been bad for us if there'd been a policeman in hearing," said he.

But no less than five groups of mendicant singers, in various stages of beeriness, had warbled Scotch airs under my window that day, standing for the purpose in the middle of the street at an hour when the few drays and trucks of the place were rolling through it. How many hundred years more, I wondered, will it take the lineal descendants of the old Covenanters to learn tolerance for any form of religious protesting? They must learn it, or the tide of public opinion will sweep them away. Surely, though very slowly, the world is coming to be civilized, if not Christianized to the point of helping instead of hindering even "those women which labour in the Gospel," and to recognize all rights which God does not deny.

The rights of woman--what are they?
The right to labour and to pray;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path her Saviour trod.

I left Scotstown before daylight of a late November morning; the dim, flaring lamp of the railway carriage showed me the only passenger, and so darkness and solitude shut me in to thoughts of the golden girls I was leaving. Their lives had been to me a fresh pointing of the text, "He gave -- to each according to his several ability," and had shown me by the light of that word

as never before, that God demands from girls in any station of life to whom He has entrusted the capital of moral lives, religious habits, and Christian surroundings, large usury of active work for souls. I had seen these Sisters paying it easily and gladly, and remembering their "works, their labour, and their patience," I wondered if the structure of their Christlikeness was so fair because of its early laid foundation.

For I had been taught to think much of early training, in that society which, while severe on all open vice, has yet one code for men and another for women, and whose unwritten dogma reads

"A man-drunkard may be reclaimed; a woman never. That which is error in a man, is sin not to be repented of in a woman."

Could the grace of God produce exactly the same results in the lives of women who from earliest babyhood had been trained to vice as those to virtue, whose surroundings all the way from birth to middle age had been of the vilest, and who were as ignorant of the name as of the nature of religion?

When the evening lamps were lit, I found myself face to face with such a woman. She must have been very pretty when her red-coated husband married her, at fifteen. That was thirty years ago; but the dimples, the jet black hair, and the brilliant brown eyes showed still what the girlish "fortune" was. The fair face was absolutely all that English parentage gave her, for the rest she might as well have been born in Ashantee or Patagonia. She never darkened the door of school or church; she never was spoken to by clergyman, district visitor, or Christian, about God or the hereafter; and she was as ignorant of the needs and workings of soul or brain as Galatea before she, too, was prayed into life.

"Ah sat beside ma mother in the public-house when ah was but a babe, an' she gave me sips o' beer," she related, "an' when she didna gi' it me, ah bent ma head an' supped."

And so she went over England, taught to wander and taught to drink by her natural guardians, taught all other evil things by the companions with whom they placed her. At nine, finding that her sups of beer sensibly lessened their supply, they put her into a mill to earn her own drink -- food was already a second thought with her. Whenever she could get a little money, she and a companion ran away to a neighbouring city, to be brought back again shortly by the father, and set to work, and so on with little variety except as to interval, till she was married.

"Soldiers aren't good," she said, "and they drag their wives into their wickedness. There were fourteen of us billeted together, and ah had to wash and cook for the lot, and bring the beer. That put me always in the way of drinking. Neither man nor woman gets a drunkard all at once; it's a little now an' a little then as does it; and it was that way ah went on, till ah was always in a police station."

After ten years' soldiering her husband turned tinker, and, following this time-honoured calling, the two tramped all over the kingdom. The sights that can be seen afoot in the country! The "glory and the gleam" which Shakespeare and Wordsworth found in English meadows and lakes and skies have never left them, but are there still for the eyes which can see them. But these two

only measured the landscape by the distance between public-houses, and saw nothing from the Solent to the Firth of Forth to look at twice except the alehouse signs. A haze of blue-bells on a wooded slope, the pink feathering of the elm branches in early April, the shine of ivy in a rain, the flame of poppies in the October stubble, the unearthly light that falls in a beech avenue with the morning sun on it, were things invisible to them. A sunrise on the Derbyshire peaks was but a sign that they were to move on from the sheltering straw-rick; an after-glow in the pale evening sky simply meant that the time had come to stop working and begin drinking; and the babble of the little brooks afield only made them long for the musical gurgle of the brandy bottle.

But one might like to travel between hedgerows now, with the owner of the keen brown eyes, for when the spiritual vision has been unsealed to see God it is opened to Nature too. Riding once through a mountain pass in the Housatonic region with some such people, one of them broke out suddenly, "What force, what power in them hills I've been through here hundreds of times, drunk and sober, and never noticed them before except when they got in my way. Aren't they wonderful!"

"My 'usband made up the stuff anywhere," said Jane, "in lodging-houses or on the roadside, an' ah'd go sell it. Many a night ah've slept out under the hedges, or under a rick in the hayin' time. The first time as ever ah slept under a hedge, my baby was two year old. Ah did mind! Ah took all my petticoats to wrap round her to keep her warm, an' 'e took 'is coat off. We was fond of our children but that cursed drink! Ah ill-used my girls when ah'd had it, an' ah've sold the clothes off my back for it.

"We used to take a room sometimes an' call it home. But it was so miserable, ah always wanted to be out of it, getting drink to drown sorrow. Ah was taken up often for drinkin', vagrancy, and kickin' up a row. He always managed to escape an' get 'ome. An', after a few times, ah learned to get off into the fields somehow. Ah've been up several times for fightin' women, an' me 'usband as well, though he is a big man.

"We made a great many 'omes like that, takin' a furnished room, an' payin' till we took to drinkin' hard -- then we'd have to move on again. The last one we sold up, an' went to a lodgin'-house, an' there my eldest girl ran away. She was fourteen, an' she couldn't get clothes to wear, or anything to eat, so she ran. Ah never saw 'er again till ah was saved, then she was married hersen, an' 'ad a little un of her own. She was ill last week, an' ah went to see 'er, an' when she asked her drunken mother as she'd runned away from to pray wi' her, ah thought what a change!

"After that, ah went into it worse an' worse; used to work a bit an' get a few coppers, an' then spend 'em, sell ma clothes, borrow off anybody 'at would lend, an' drink. Oh, the misery! Ah couldn't lie ma head down for seein' devils making faces at me -- ah don't want to see them again. Ah've thought sin' ah've been saved, if there's all them things in Hell it must be awful!

"There's no sleep when you're drinkin' -- you walk about all night watchin' for the pub to open. Ah used to dread Saturday comin', for we couldn't get drink on Sunday till half-past twelve. Sometimes when ah had sense ah'd provide for Sunday, an' get a gallon, an' keep drinkin' it all night. Ah've found mysen in queer places -- behind the door, or in the fireplace, but ah'd be glad to

be under a roof, an' noan locked up. One time ah waked in a stable, atween two horses; if they'd stamped their great hoofs ah must 'a' been killed.

"Once ah rushed out of a pub, an' threw mysen in a dam of water; but two men saw me, an' came an' pulled me out. It was in a strange place, an' when they tried me next mornin," ah cried so bitter they let me off wi' a fine, an' a p'liceman saw me out of the town.

"When ma youngest was two year old, ah remember comin' ome -- ah don't know "ow long ah'd bin away from 'er -- an' there was no fire, an' nothin' to eat. She'd always wake up in the night an' call out for summat to eat. There wasna a crust now, an' as I laid aside her on some straw, the Devil said, "She'll wake up an' call out directly, an' your husban' 'll fight you." Ah turned 'round. What should ah do to mak an end o'everything?

"Bill," ah said (he were drunk an' all too), "ah'm going to cut the child's throat."

"If you say that again, ah'll give you in charge," says 'e, no more.

"Ah just rested ma head down, not givin' over, but she slept till mornin," so ah didn't hap' to do it.

Once ah laid in bed a fortnight that bruised up, face an' all, that you couldna tell what I was. The neighbours said Bill would 'a' killed me that time, but for them stoppin' 'im.

Sometimes ah wanted to be better. Ah never thought about my soul or Hell, for ah knew naught; ah knew of no hereafter, but ah wanted to be good here. Ah used to be so proud when ah could stop drinkin' a few weeks, an' thought ah were so good. But then ah'd meet wi' somebody -- "Come, let's have a drop!" -- and that 'ud be the end.

"One night ah was locked up in the jail here, an' my heart goes up wi' joy to God often for it. The lock-up is right back of the Hall, an' you can 'ear the singin' as plain as in the Hall itself. Ah'd never 'eard The Army afore. They came into my street once, but ah was drunk in bed, an' couldn't understand nothink. Ah loved music, but never went near The Army. There was fiddles in the publichouse, an' dancin' too that made me stop, as well as the drink.

Ah was that wild for drink that ah'd have suffered every tooth out to get a drop, when ah 'eard the singin' in the cell, an' sat up an' thought.

"Eigh! whatever is that?" Every now an' agen I 'eard it, an' ah thought, "Ah am a miserable woman. Here ah am -- ma child at 'ome wi' no fire, an' it winter, an' nothink to eat, an' her drunken mother locked up!" Ah didn't take notice of any of the words but just one, "Jesus!" Ah didn't know who Jesus was, if a man or a woman, nor anything. about Him. Ah'd never been anywhere to find out. Ah used to notice folk goin' in an' out of church, an' wondered what they went for. But the name went through me, an' made me shiver! An' though ah didn't know Him, He showed me then ma home, ma girl, wandered away so many years, an' where ah was goin."

At the trial next mornin ma 'usband paid ma fine, the only time ever 'e did it. "E ad two or three shillin's left, an' ah wouldn't let 'im off till we'd spent it all in drink. Ah was worse than ever from that time on, till one Tuesday night a month arter, me an ma 'usban' was sittin' by our own hearthstone, drunk, when the singin' ah'd 'eard in the lock-up came ringin' in ma ears, an every now an' agen the word "Jesus" struck through ma soul, an' such a feelin' came!

Ah was in a state! -- hadn't washed for a week, don't know when ah'd straightened ma 'air, an' ah had on an old skirt an' a shawl as they wouldn't take in pawn, an' wasn't fit for a floorcloth. Ah put the shawl over ma 'ead, and ma "usban' asked where ah were goin'."

"Ah'm goin' to be a good lass."

"Eigh, ah've 'eard thee talk afore."

"My lad," ah says, "it's a long lane 'as no turnin'."

"Ush, "ush," says 'e, "ah've 'eard it afore."

"Ah were goin' to where ah'd 'eard that singin'." Ah went straight down, an' God Almighty must "a went afore, an' kept ma mind an' eyes fixed on the place. It were market day, but ah 'eard an' saw nothin', but came straight where ah'd 'eard that sweet singin' an' the name of Jesus. Ah rushed in, an' ah remember well the Soldiers was just wipin' their knees from kneelin' on the mud floor, afore they went into Open-Air. Ah were drunk an' cryin', an' n me rags an' tatters, but they says: "Do you want to be saved?"

Ah didn't know what "saved" meant, but said ah wanted to be a good lass, an' give over drinkin', an' lead a dif'rent life, an' be good to ma 'usband an' child. They talked to me a long time, an' told me ah had a soul that must go to 'Eaven or 'Ell when ah died; an' who Jesus was. Then they prayed wi' me, an' told me what God wanted to do for me, an' that ah was to let "Im do it. Ah understood, an' ah let "Im forgi" me, an' "E sobered me an' saved ma soul that hour.

Ah went to the Open-Air wi' 'em, an' told the people what God 'ad done for me, an' they gave me twenty minutes to stay saved, an' said ah had done it for drink. But that twenty minutes is two an' a half year back now! When the neighbours saw me comin' in the old days, they'd run an' bar the doors; but, bless the Lord! every one loves me tonight. There's nobody happier than me. It 's grand to live like this! -- the Queen can't be happier. Them as has tasted the rough, like me, an' then to have this beautiful joy an' peace! Ah've never missed but one Meetin' since then, an' ah've told what Jesus has done for me far an' near, an' ah'll tell it till ah die. Ah want everybody to know about Him -- there was so many years as ah didn't know 'at He lived.

My 'usban' isn't saved yet, but 'e's honest an' sober, an' don't take so much as a 'arf glass of beer -- 'e's give up all 'is bad ways entirely. When we were first married, 'e was very kind to me, an' 'e's like that agen now; 'e were always a wanderer, too, but now 'e likes 'is own fireside. He's never been a night i' the Hall since first night Army came, five years since, an' ah can't get 'im. He were drunk then, an' didn't understand. "You do as you like, an' I'll do the same"; is all 'e says. He's got no companions but just sits at 'ome an' reads the Bible and "The War Cry", wi' a pipe to amuse

Ah worked an' toiled at first to get 'im a good suit of clothes, to leave 'im no excuse, an' then ah says, "Go to the 'ouse of God now. It doesn't matter where you go to, either Army or church or chapel, an' ah'll go with you." He won't go yet, but ah'm believing."

"Does he like music?" I asked, thinking of this strange, indirect influence of The Army upon a man whom it had never really touched.

"Eigh, that 'e does -- 'e loves a drum."

"Then it would be a pity to have the drum stopped," I said, still half mechanically, while lost in my own thought.

"Stop the drum! Whatever do you mean?" The startled voice made me lift my head to see, in her earnest face, turned full upon me, a look of actual fear.

"There are some people who don't like the drum," I hastened to explain; "it annoys them when we beat it in the street, and they are trying in many towns to stop us; trying very hard just now."

I wish that these objectors could have seen this rescued woman's face when she realized for the first time that serious efforts were being made to stop The Army marches. Her big brown eyes dilated to the full, and she looked as though she were pleading for her child's life, while her voice thrilled through the room.

"Stop the drum? They'll never do that! Ah love it -- soon as ever it starts on a Sunday ma 'eart fair jumps. They won't stop it! Ah, we mustn't have that, we must pray about it! "The poor drunkards, an' that, that never goes out of their houses to find God, they'll follow music anywhere; an' what'll they do if the drum is stopped? Ah've known many a score get saved who'd never 'a' come near the Hall but for drum an' Band. An', sure, no one that loves souls can want to stop a thing that draws 'em on to good! There's our King has the drum an' band agate to take his soldiers to church an' back agen, an' if they stop The Army of the Lord, surely they'll have to stop that of the King. Lord, help us! They'll never do it."

* * *

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army,
Joy! joy! joy! in The Army of the Lord.
Sing to God, sing to God, with loud, joyful songs of praise;
Beat the drums, beat the drums, while Salvation music plays.
Play the music, play, sing the happy song,
Loud hosannas shout with the happy throng,
To the happy land we'll march along,
We'll be joyful all the way.

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army,

Joy! joy! joy! in The Army of the Lord.
Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire, is The Army Soldier's might;
Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire, is our victory in the fight.
"Tis the Blood and Fire gives the battle-cry,
"Tis the Blood and Fire makes the foe to fly,
"Tis the Blood and Fire gives The Army joy
And victory all the way.

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army,
Joy! joy! joy! in The Army of the Lord.
We will sing, we will sing till the world is full of joy;
We will shout, we will shout, till glad voices rend the sky.
With a thousand Bands and a thousand drums,
We will praise the Lord in bright, happy homes,
We will sing and shout till the Master comes,
We will ever praise the Lord.

* * *

Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangours o'er the heedless town,
To call the worshippers who never came,
Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes.
-- Lowell

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
-- Defoe

When first The Army came our way, There goes my church," says I. And when the drum comes out tonight, to my pals I'll say, Good-bye!"

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

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14
THE DRUM AND THE BELLS

London! Right well thou knowest the day of prayer! -- Byron

London is the most religious city in the world. -- Moody

Hell is a city very much like London. -- Shelley

A London journal some time ago published a census of the worshippers at morning and evening services of churches and chapels, on a certain Sunday. Four hundred and ten thousand out of a population of over 4,000,000 were present in the morning, and 400,000 in the evening. Where are the other 3,000,000 and odd Londoners at eleven o'clock on the Lord's day? Forgo one service, madam, and come with me to find out. Borrow your scullery-maid's worst dress, wind an old shawl about your shoulders, put on such a bonnet as Madame Elise never saw or dreamed of, tuck your chilly fingers in your jacket pockets, and come away down toward Old Ford.

The streets are full of people, and to all of them, judging from their expression and errand, Sunday is a day with a meaning. To the men with wolfish eyes, standing about the street corners, it is a black day, when the public-houses open six hours later than usual; to the women, going home with their aprons heaped up with cabbages and potatoes, or chaffering at the stalls, it is a welcome day, when marketing is cheap; to the children, clamouring everywhere, it is a red-letter day, when school does not keep, and they can spend all their hours in the street.

All the East End seemed to be out shopping on Saturday night, but they were a well-dressed set of people compared to those who have come out on Sunday morning to buy their leavings. Here are all sorts of shops open, with clothes new and old, meat, fruit, vegetables for sale. A milliner's shop is well filled with women, and a brisk trade is doing all along the street. Crockery, buttons, combs, and tawdry lace are exposed on stands at every corner, and at one of these a huge, bloated man comes to a pause.

"Where's that 'ere brat as ought to be along 'ere sellin' grey stockin's?" he demands. "Ye seen anythin' on 'im?" Nobody has seen him, but we can't help hoping, Sunday though it is, that when he meets his business-like parent he will have sold a few grey stockings, or it will so evidently be the worse for him.

Come along eastward, and note how the crowds swell as the hour grows later. The people look unkempt and dissipated, as if they had stayed in the public-houses till the very last minute on Saturday night, and had not slept since -- the red-edged eyelids and sallow, bloodless faces of these shabby women make one wonder if "pretty Bessee" has no successor in all Bethnal Green.

People and things alike look soiled and worn, and we long for something clean, and suggestive, at least, of good; Here it is, at last -- a barrow full of many-coloured dahlias, with country dew still on their leaves, and close by a pannier of blackberries, with a stem of red, frost-touched leaves trailed across them. We linger by the flowers, but see no buyers stopping there.

Turn to the left, now, down this street where the market-day shouts make such a deafening noise. Here is meat for sale, in all shades of brown and purple, calculated to make a vegetarian of one at sight; cabbage, celery, onions, in all stages of wilt and wither, but selling rapidly. The carts

and stalls, with people buying from them, block the street entirely, and we have to make our way slowly along the side-walk, assailed on all sides by entreaties to buy. "Meat, on'y fo'pence a pound!"

"Ere's yer bacon, now!" "Plate full of onions for a penny!" "Best steaks for thruppence!" "Flowers, mum? Finest artyfishuls!"

Nearly church-time? Yes, the last bells must be ringing now; but it would take keen ears to hear them in this babel of bargain-making. Look at that pathetic row of second-hand shoes along the sidewalk, mostly children's! Sold for drink, beyond a doubt, the loss of them and the gain from them going to swell the total of misery in some sin-cursed home.

Turn again to the right, now, down this narrow lane, packed close with human beings as if the Lord Mayor's show were to pass this morning. But it is far quieter than the other. There are no women to be seen here besides ourselves. The men stand about, or move slowly on, smoking; their talk is not at all in the auctioneer key, and the calls and cries are mostly those of birds. All sorts of live things that suggest the country are here; plump pigeons, grey, furry hares, and sleepy-looking rabbits in crates, bags, and baskets, frightened ducks with silent heads bobbing, draggled, limp fowls, with all the barn-yard self-assertion scared out of them; and everywhere canaries, linnets, and sparrows whistle and pipe, till the power of association almost makes one think the air clear and the sun shining.

Down through the middle of the press goes a boy, with bent head, poring over a bit of paper, the only human being in the mass who seems to be really interested in anything. Look over his shoulder, and see what holds his eyes so fast, when these painted paroquets and strange, chattering foreign birds are right over against him. It's a penny tract he is holding, and these are the words which fascinate his eyes, staring up from the page in large letters -- "Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." He reads on as long as we can see him in the crowd.

Ready for His coming! -- and it is difficult to believe that half these people have even so much as heard of the Son of Man. But this one lad, who has heard of Him through that mute messenger for, perhaps, the first time, seems to care. How shall one make these people hear of Him?

Study them, madam. That man with the dull eyes, and set, grim mouth, is a wife-beater -- the sort of man I saw at two o'clock one morning, down Whitechapel way. Three times his cruel fist went straight into the woman's face and made sickening pauses in her shrill, drunken scolding.

That fellow treading like a cat, and always looking out of the corners of his eyes, is a pickpocket, and the one just behind him, with a heavy scowl, sideglancing; dodging eyes, and shaven head, a ticket-of-leave man -- he'll be back in Portland soon.

That bloated, purple face belongs to a man who --ah! you heard what he said -- you turn faint! There is worse than that. Listen as hard as you may in these streets, and you will never catch one word addressed to you, or spoken by the men among themselves, which a pure, good woman

would like, or ought, to hear: that is the true horror of this accursed region. Look once more, as we go, at these weary, wicked, drink-sodden, vice-marked men about you -- your brothers, they, in the sight of God -- and, having once looked in their evil faces, dare you lift your voice against any means or method which brings them to listen to, to think of, their Father? Nay, must you not henceforth help on those means, in some way?

Push your way down the street to its end. Here is active business again. Glassware, pictures, chestnuts, apples, and glasses of hot "raspberry rum", are being loudly hawked, and the latter are in great demand; and see, facing us, directly across the street from all this Sabbath-day traffic and bustle, stands a house of God, a new, imposing chapel.

Cross over and come in. A boy hands you a bill announcing the especial attraction for today, a Sunday-school anniversary celebration. Count the congregation over -- sixty-seven adults all told -- while within a stone's-throw are enough Gospel-needing men to cram the place, pews, aisles, and galleries, three times over. Why don't they come in? Not because they are not wanted, for, in spite of our conspicuously shabby dress, the kindly, courteous usher offers us a front seat. Madam, as a Christian, with the imperative command of your Master, "Compel them," resting upon you, I submit that you are bound to solve the problem, or to act upon the solution already made by others.

A clergyman holding evangelistic services this year in a Vermont village of 2,000 inhabitants was told that at least 1,500 of them did not go to church once a year. "During those Meetings," he said, "I saw the necessity of radical measures to catch people as never before, and really longed for a bass drum and a cornet to stir them up and draw them in." So now, as I look at the scores of people huddling under the railway arch and against the blank wall in sound of the playing organ, I long to see the chapel's immaculate brick front covered with glaring advertisements of anything which will pique their curiosity to come in, and hear that "the Son of Man cometh ."

I admit the vulgarity of flaming circus bills in announcing a religious service, but I maintain their compelling power with the class whom you and I are under sternest necessity of reaching. Such advertisements would hardly "compel" a Grace Church or Westminster Abbey audience; but when the former friends and acquaintances of the man who used to worry live rats to death with his teeth, or the one who ate dead cats on a wager, see these individuals announced to speak in a certain Army Hall, they will walk twenty miles to hear them. They would hardly go to hear one of Dr. Storr's or Canon Liddon's exquisite sermons. And, once in, the "Gloria" from Beethoven's mass in D, or Handel's Chandos "Te Deum" would drive them out again in deepest disgust; they did not come in to hear a noise! But the Band strikes up one of their own tunes, which they helped to roll out at a public-house last night -- only now Jack and Bill from the platform sing to the air some new, strange words about Jesus. This is religion, then, is it? Not so bad a thing after all, they say; and they come again and again, till at last the word works its wondrous change in them, and they are ranged beside Bill and Jack as rude but effectual fishers of men.

Lately, two prize-fighters, converted in Salvation Army Meetings, spoke together from the platform of an Army Hall -- the same theatre where they had once fought each other for public entertainment. The Meeting was placarded as one "for boxers and boozers," and the announcement

drew from the back alleys and dens of Bristol such an audience as the Major, a man of long experience, had never seen before, even at Army services. While the procession marched the streets, these "kings of shreds and patches" came to the old theatre, and placed themselves in the front seats, with a feeling of rightful possession, and a certainty of perfect welcome. They had paid for those seats once, to see these two men exhibit their talent in one direction -- they were willing to occupy again to hear them perform in their new line. They stayed all through the Meeting, and if no other good were done by the startling advertisement, it was well that through it the spirits in the prisons of these vilest bodies were preached to once. But some of them have since been converted.

Come away eastward again, and drop into this large old-fashioned church. Here is no elegance of architecture or ornament to frighten away the poor by force of contrast with their poverty -- and again we are made welcome by the smiling usher, and a front seat and prayer-book are fairly urged upon us. Three gowned priests intone the service, and a congregation of, perhaps, 150 adults follow the well-trained choir in the responses; while just outside the gates two Socialists are holding forth to a side-walk audience twice as large. The listeners do not seem to care very much about it all, only it helps to pass the time away till the doors of the public-house open, and the real business of the day begin.

"All the earth doth worship Thee," we read in huge crimson letters on the church wall; but outside the church gates, the grey fog does not seem more all-pervading than man's blasphemy.

"That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived,

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!" chanted the white-robed boys within, and the music wailed in a hopeless minor cadence when the people sang, "O Christ, hear us!"

Doubtless, Christ will hear us when we hear Him, and He will answer our prayer for the erring when we obey His command, "Go ye . . . and compel them to come in."

Why will not these people come into either church or chapel? Let us have some witnesses from their own ranks to answer.

"I went to church onct or twict," says a bright, lively North of Ireland lad of twenty years, "but I couldn't understand what was said.. When The Army came to our town I went to hear them, and they seemed to be a lively people, and I liked them very well. I never could stand dull people, or long-faced ones; if people didn't seem to be having a good time of it, I'd always strike off another way. But this good time has lasted five years."

"I got saved in a Sailors' Bethel," says a river bargeman, "joined the Wesleyans, an' went to chapel an' class reg'lar. But they was too staid an' solemn; I never got a chance to work, or to express myself. I was full o'life before, ye see -- I would always be where there were laughing, dancing, devilry, stir, go -- now, that same life took another form, an' I wanted always to be telling of Jesus everywhere -- doin' something in my religion."

"My family was very High Church," declared a third man of the people, "and I had to go to church most week nights, besides three times on Sunday. I was houseboy at the vicarage, and choirboy in the church, and went to the parish school till I was confirmed, at fourteen. I went to confession then, and the penance prescribed was, that I had to write out the name of the sin so many thousand times; then the priest pronounced absolution. He gave me a piece of paper about the size of a letter sheet, to put down a dot for every sin I committed, but the sheet wasn't big enough at that age, for I began to drink at twelve, and would go out of church into the public-house.

My first job of work was as a printer, in a house where they printed nothing but Bibles and prayer books. I got there to swear something frightful, and into all manner of sin besides."

As lampsman on a railway, he went steadily from bad to worse, until, at a little over thirty years of age, a pious baker took him into his employ, and persuaded him to go to the Wesleyan chapel, where he became converted, and for three years was a consistent member.

"Through neglect of prayer," his testimony runs, "I backslid, and went to drinking worse than ever, and I got so low I didn't believe in God or man. I took my name off the church books, my fellow-members in the class passed me by, and no one ever tried to get me back. I don't remember a sober night for six years.

"When The Army first came I went to an OpenAir Meeting, but wouldn't go inside because they had no music. The first time they paraded the streets with a Band, I went out of a public-house to follow them.

"I was pretty drunk that night, and did all I could to upset the Meeting; but they bore with me, and at last I heard these words said: "If you go to Hell, it will be over the mangled body of Jesus," and they went through me like a bolt. I went to the penitent-form, and God sobered me, and has kept me the four and a half years since.

"I took the drum in the Band soon, and I'd rather beat it than do anything else except speak in the Open-Air. I gave it up once to another man, and it was a great cross.

"The Open-Air work is my delight. One winter we were out of a Hall, and all our work was outside, and I consider that that time was the making of our Corps. It was a very hard winter, and we had a good deal of snow, four inches and more sometimes; but we generally mustered up thirty strong of a night, and often got more than 400 people listening.

"It was worse when the snow was melting, but then we'd pull off our coats, and put them by the drum for the penitents to kneel on. We got twenty new Soldiers that winter, and more saved who didn't join us. If I had to choose, I'd give up the inside work, rather than the outside." This Christian worker is no hot-blooded boy venting his enthusiasm in marches, singing, and drumming, but carries on his spare shoulders the weight of fifty years; and so, by age and experience, is qualified to speak for his class. These witnesses, young and old, do represent fairly hundreds of their like; and, judging by their needs, life, liberty, and leave to work, seem to be what "the masses" demand in a religious organization; and do not their requirements square exactly with the commands of the Master to His Church?

Society has been, for years, trying to "elevate the masses" by the leverage of Christianity, but ignoring, for the most part, the simple and fundamental fact that a lever must go under the mass to be raised. The Salvation Army has been raised from the under stratum of society by the leverage of a Christianity which came down to it; and now, in turn, it has hold of the lever. It only asks a place whereon to stand, to move the world.

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THE END