

1889



In the Slums!

AN ACCOUNT OF

Salvation Army Warfare

IN THE

Dark Courts and Alleys

OF

Modern Babylon,

And other Great Cities.

International Headquarters,
London, E.C.

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IN THE SLUMS.

In the Slums:

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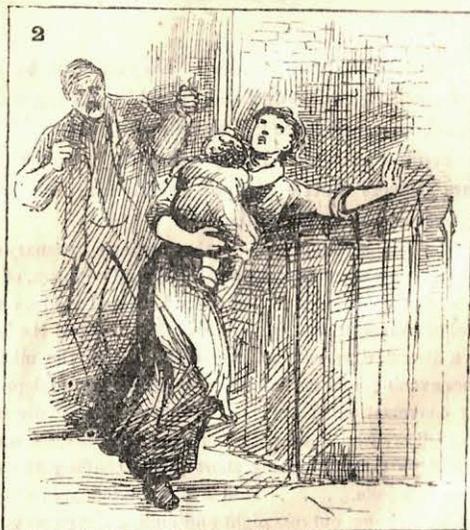
BY S. F. SWIFT.

Did you ever visit a slum, Reader? Do you need to be told of the damp, ill-smelling courts and the crowded, stifling rooms in the neighbourhood, say of the late "Whitechapel murders?" If so, we can hardly begin our report better than by a description of a typical Slum Officers' battle ground, taken from the columns of the *Daily News* of November 12th.

"Nothing fresh—no arrests to-day—is the evening's summary of the state of things in Whitechapel and Spitalfields. The public-houses, of course, are all full, and as the doors spring open every now and again, one can hear that the babel of conversation going on there is all about the late murder. . . . It is a dismal, dreary scene, presented here in the misty gloom of this November evening, and it is all the more gruesome and depressing from the revolting conversation of many of the people, especially of a line of rough-looking fellows who stand with their backs against the wall opposite the head of Miller's Court, smoking short pipes, chaffing the crowd and bandying unseemly jests. . . . Said a city missionary:—'I remember, a year or two back, going out one night and finding eleven women who had crept for shelter into the staircase of one house. They were quite destitute, and were sleeping here.' . . . Out into the darkness again and round into this lane, where the poorest of all the lodging-houses are to be found. What a picture for a Doré! The large coke fire, the sleek-looking, sprawling cats basking in the background, the men stretched in sleepy indifference on the kitchen forms, the rows of women with bandaged heads and gaunt

haggard figures, seated under the flaring gas, and the grimy, half-clothed, curly-haired, roguish little imps of children, pitch-polling about the sawdust floor, or sandwiched in between their mothers, piping up with their shrill little voices in the general chorus. What a strange phase of life it is!"

But after all, it is really impossible to make people see such things on paper! You must push along T— Street, Boro', on a Saturday afternoon or evening, where there seems nothing to breathe but concentrated essence of stale fish and staler whisky. You should mingle in the crowd at the entrance to 'a White-



chapel court when a cry of "Murder!" is raised, and a group of men and women gather to watch some man trying how nearly he can kick his wife to death before the police appear on the scenes. Listen to the horrid language of the very children. Watch for a woman's face with a pure, sweet look. Ask yourself where the

soul lies hidden, behind the glassy eyes of the beer-sodden men in the public-houses and at the street corners. Look till your heart sinks within you. Question police and relieving officers, till you are ready to cry out, not "in mockery," but in the bitterness of your soul,—“Where is the promise of His coming?”

Then write to Major Cooke, the secretary for the slum work, for twenty-four addresses, and from twenty-four neat, bright, be-texted little mission homes in the vilest quarters of London and other large cities will come the answer. “Here!”

ORIGIN OF THE SLUM WORK.

Certainly, the Salvation Army grew up in the first instance, to meet the need of the slums. But going into the highways and hedges to compel men to come in is one thing. Finding out the men, women and children who never see a hedge or any other bit of fresh, God-made greenness, and who only slink up into the highways by night, is another. *For such*, the slum work was organised.

A “Slum Post” is a little Salvationist home of two or three rooms, taken somewhere in the worst courts or alleys of the worst districts in London or other large cities. By the time this report is printed, two Slum Posts will have been opened in Glasgow, and one each in Manchester and Liverpool. Other towns will be worked as quickly as officers can be got and trained. The work is waiting! Will *you* be a worker?

A Slum Home is so simply furnished that everybody around may feel that the women who live in it are just like themselves, except in point of goodness, and that it is “a centre of salvation and civilization” for the district. At present, we have twenty-two such, occupied by fifty-eight officers. Each Slum Post is officered by at least two women, whose business it is to be in all ways friends and spiritual leaders to the dark souls around them. Their first duty is to “show themselves friendly,” to nurse the sick, watch with the dying, and help to make the homes in their “beat” clean and home-

like; to feed the starving and clothe the naked so far as the contributions sent them will allow, and thus to win a way for their gospel message. They dress poorly and plainly, but wear Salvation



Army braid and badges, and spend their whole time in house-to-house visitation, in going in and out of public-houses, brothels and lodging-houses, giving or selling the *War Cry* and pressing salvation upon the inmates, and in the conduct of meetings at their own quarters for children and adults.

"This is the sort of work we used to do," said a Bible-woman to a Slum Officer whom she found washing and dressing a sick woman's baby; "but we've got out of it now-a-days." Our Slum Officers are instructed that they can *never* exceed their duty by doing anything which may help them to win the hearts of those they would help!

A DAY'S WORK.

The general routine of a Slum Officer's day is as follows:—

Rise at 7.

Breakfast at 8.

Prayers and housework are over by 10.30, and visiting begins. The morning is given to converts and cases of sickness. Between November, 1886, and November, 1888, our Slum Officers

Spent over	42,000 hours in visiting,
Visited over	200,000 families,
Prayed with about ..	94,000 ..
Visited about	9,600 public-houses,
Rescued about	70 from lives of ill-fame,
More than	1,000 professed conversion,
Of these over	120 have died rejoicing,
And assisted over ..	6,000 persons in distress.

They come in at one o'clock for dinner and set out again at 2.30, always finding a little time for noon-day prayer among themselves or in private. In the afternoon, they visit from house to house, wherever they can gain admittance.

Tea at 5.

Children's meeting at 6.

Open air at 7.

Regular meeting in quarters at 7.30.

This general order varies in different slums or on different days. Saturday afternoons and evenings are, for instance, generally given to *War Cry* selling, and Tuesday evenings to public-house visitation.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, after attending the seven o'clock prayer-meeting at the nearest corps, Slum Officers spend the morning in open-air meetings.

Children's meetings are held from 9.40 to 10.30 a.m., and from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. An hour of the afternoon is given to public-house visitation, and its remainder to visitation work or meetings.

Regular salvation meetings are carried on at night.

The changes rung by unexpected calls upon this week-day and Sunday programme are numerous, but they always alter it to the tune of more, rather than less work. Slum Officers receive no salary. The entire maintenance of these twenty-two London Posts, Slum Headquarters, Home for sick comrades, and forty-eight Officers is only £30 weekly. Only £9 of this sum is guaranteed by regular subscribers in weekly sums ranging from one penny to £1. For the remaining £21, for means of extension and for money to enable us to relieve deserving cases of absolute destitution, we are entirely dependent on the voluntary contributions sent up from all over the kingdom.

A REAL SALVATION.

In noting the record of converts, friends should bear in mind that no profession of faith in Christ unaccompanied by a definite change of life is counted for anything by our workers. "We felt sure she was saved," said the Marylebone officer of a woman visited during a lingering illness, "because after she claimed to be, go when we would, we never found her little black bottle under her pillow or her drinking companions in the room."

One man who had lost an excellent situation through drink and had sunk as low as possible in poverty and sin, resisted the efforts of set after set of officers stationed successively at the Boro' Slum. Patient love won him to God at last. For twelve months he has been steady and saved, and he now has good and regular work. A full account of him will be found in *All the World* for January, 1889.

At a meeting in Woolwich the other day, Mrs. D——, a well

known ex-drunkard, said that not only had she been saved through the Slum Officers, but her son and husband as well. Her home was now a praying, God-fearing one. As she finished speaking, the town missionary sprang to his feet, saying,

"I can bear out all that Mrs. D—— has said, and I rejoice over the glorious change in her and in her home."

In the same little gathering was Mrs. G——, once the owner of a publichouse. When our slum lasses found her, she had sounded the very depths of degradation, now she is fully saved, a salvation soldier, and earning an honest living.

These are only a few specimen cases.

RESCUE WORK.

Slum work blends naturally, alas! into Rescue work. Our lasses are able to get very free access into streets and houses frequented by fallen women. Mary Jane Kelly, the Whitechapel victim of November, was not only listening attentively in Captain W——'s lodging-house meeting a fortnight before her death, but singing from half the Officer's song-book! This alone shows how thoroughly our Slum-workers are in touch with the class they aim to help.

Woolwich Slum Post is more expensive than the others, since we are forced to use it as a Receiving House for fallen girls, until they can be passed on to Rescue Homes or restored to their friends:—

30 have been thus received.

11 of these are in situations.

2 have died very happy.

1 has been restored to her parents.

1 is in a hospital, still saved.

3 are in Rescue Homes.

12 are doubtful or unsatisfactory.

The lassie who is in hospital has a piteous story. She fell on Jubilee Day. Her relatives lived in Woolwich, but she dared not go home again to them, so for three months she lived day and

night on Woolwich Common, sinning for daily bread and sleeping under the bushes, as do many like her. A workhouse official sent her at last to the Slum Home. She was a horrible mass of dirt and vermin, but they got her a little clean, made her a cup of tea, and began to talk to her and sing—

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest.”

She burst into tears.

“Oh, captain, don't!” she cried, “that's my mother's hymn.”

She was saved that night and sent on to the Rescue Home, where she proved herself thoroughly real, as she is still doing in the hospital.

“Drinking Sal” stood one day, pipe in mouth, listening to a Slum open-air meeting in the brothel-filled street where she had lived since her mother had turned her out, three years before, to earn her living on the streets. She ran after the officers as they left, to ask if they were *really* Salvation Army and came to call at the Slum Post next day. She kept on coming: the place fascinated her. Our lasses used to sing to her and try in every way to keep her with them. She would sit sometimes till late in the evening, held by the charm of the captain's accordion, and then bolt out of the door, saying in the most hardened way,—

“You've done me out of ten shillings to-night.”

When she claimed to be saved at last, the scene was like a very casting out of devils.

“We held the door to keep her from going out to kill herself,” say the officers. But saved she was. The mother who had sent her to sin in the first place had given her heart to God in the years since. The officers wrote her and she came for her girl. We should never dare try to describe their meeting, but it is worth while to live and die in a Slum to see sights like this.

PREVENTIVE WORK.

Less thrilling and less obvious, but none the less real is a Slum Officer's indirect work. It is so much in some of these places that a good woman should even live there, that her influence is great even over that class of wild, rough-fringed, gaily-feathered girls of the stamp which the match girls' strike has just been bringing so prominently into public notice! We quote from a description of a meeting held at the Boro', specially for girls from fourteen to twenty—step scrubbers, paper-bag makers, and that like.

“Shortly after seven they began to drop into the little room—rough girls with ‘fringes,’ shawled and aproned, several with a heavy baby-brother or sister in arms—and curled themselves up, when the very limited stock of chairs was exhausted, on boxes or floor. Hymn after hymn we sang. Polly and baby—a saved five-year-old—prayed. Then the Bible came out. The listening faces were so eager, the features were softened by happiness, and the home-feeling of love and care came into such womanly lines, that one felt these girls might be moulded into anything.

“Oh! the power that loving womanhood and the sight of pure sweet girl and child life among them can wield over these girls, who are growing up—to what end? Remembering the awful words and actions with which girls scarcely older than these have sometimes met our workers here, we clasped baby close, put an arm round the frowsey-headed girl nearest us, and thanked God for this handful of fifteen or twenty, gathered in that peaceful little room, to be mothered by Captain Polly and sistered by her lassies, and to sing and read and pray the Sunday evening through.”

IN THE LODGING-HOUSES.

The lodging-house work is often fearfully trying. One false step may offend the “deputy,” or ever so little a thing bring down the

wrath or the coarse jests of your audience on your heads to a degree that makes all further attempt at speaking or praying futile.



Mr. Montagu Williams said the other day, at the Worship Street Police Court:—"I repeat what I have had occasion to say so frequently, that the whole crime of the district is due to the registered lodging-houses which are allowed, and which are made the home of the men who perpetrate these robberies. I had occasion the other day to ask a constable the character of these places, and he said they were the resort of notorious characters. I said then, as I say now, that they are the home of thieves, and worse

than thieves, but it does no good; and while such places exist I may go on saying it, but I can do nothing."

The magistrate's statement is true of lodging-houses of many another district than the one to which he referred—as our toiling lasses could tell him.

Results are not always so manifest as in the case of the prodigal son who knelt in the midst of the jeering men around him, in a lodging-house near the "Grecian," and cried for mercy—rising to his feet to confess that he had broken his mother's heart by his bad living, and setting off to her next morning.

Sometimes, the fruit is seen only "after many days." So it was with the burglar who listened, apparently unmoved, in a Seven Dials' lodging-house meeting, but who was so wrought upon that he left London, went into Kent and found honest work; gave his heart to God, and was reported to us afterwards by Major Ridsdel as being really a "slum convert." "Jimmy Burns,"—looked on as one of the brightest results of our Night Shelter for men,—tells us that he was led to go to the Shelter largely through the constant urging of one of the slum lasses, who used to visit the den where he consorted with other thieves and pickpockets.

AMONGST THE CHILDREN.

Special efforts are put forth for the children. Three children's meetings are held weekly at most Slum Posts. In one of these the other Sunday, the meeting was carried on from 5.30 to 9.30, in three instalments,—one for bigger boys, one for girls, and one for wee things,—because the room was so small and the crowd of eager children so large. "We can always get them," say the officers.

Merely to gather them in, to tell them Bible stories, and to teach them songs, to take the place of the vile stuff one hears in full many a lisping, childish voice, from gutter and doorstep, would be much.

But we aim at more—the definite change of these boy and girl hearts through the power of a living Saviour, and we can count many a child soldier now.



There is twelve-year-old Fanny, at Y—, long a juvenile rioter in Army meetings, in slum hall, and in barracks. Major Cooke called her back one night at the end of a meeting he had been forced to turn her out of, prayed with her, and got her saved. Her "home" influences were fearful; but mother has "given up the drink" now, and Fanny has faith for her salvation.

Call in at "101" any week-day and try to discern which of the bright, quick, red-guernseyed messenger boys, came out of a slum

Tommy's mother came to a meeting the night after he was saved to see what we had done to him that made him refuse to fetch her beer. She was inclined to forgive this new development, because he now turned the mangle without grumbling, but she found it difficult to comprehend. She was saved that night; and Tommy, who has been for nearly two years at "101," is learning shorthand, fighting well as a junior soldier, and in a fair way to make an officer yet.

THE CRÈCHE.

Our crèche in the Boro', is justifying all our hopes of what it would prove. It is not only a boon to those babies of hard-pressed mothers, who, but for it, would be locked in all day or left to the tender mercies of babies only a little better able to toddle about than themselves, but it is giving us a strong hold on the hearts of the mothers, and affording them daily glimpses of a well-ordered home and nursery.

The crèche cannot be self-supporting at its charge of threepence a day, for it takes the entire time of three officers from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Its furniture is of the barest. We very much need a few low chairs for the officers to "tend baby" in—at present they sit on boxes turned upside down—and a swing to suspend from the ceiling would be a great delight to the older children. They have most lovely games. Marching in a ring to the tune of "My Beautiful Home," they hardly tire of at all. Unbreakable toys of any sort would be very welcome, though.

Of course, those who are old enough are taught to pray, and to say grace before meals, and we have already some baby-missionaries who go home at night to pass on what they have learned during the day. One little five-year-old lad heard his father and mother "having words" one night.

"Oh, don't!" he said. "If you're good, I'll sing to you." So he sang, "My Beautiful Home," and there were no more words."



FROM SLUMDOM TO HEAVEN.

The hundred and twenty whom we have reason to believe have died in Christ through the ministry of our Slum Officers, have gone, for the most part, out of such utter poverty, up from such fierce surrounding enemies in the way of inducements to backsliding and sin, that we exult doubly in the knowledge that they are saved and safe for all eternity!

"For fifteen years I've been trying to think there's no God, and it's no use now," moaned a dying man to Captain M——, as she knelt by his hard pallet. He lingered long. She visited him daily for weeks, only to hear the same desolate wail: "It's no use now." At last he woke his wife one night to tell her he was saved: "It's all light—all light!" he said.

"Lord, give him a triumphant entry into the glory land," prayed Lieutenant W——, kneeling beside him.

"That's it!" gasped the dying man, faintly. "A triumphant entry into the glory land!"

And up from his damp, dark cellar he passed, a few days later, under escort of angels, murmuring,

"Victory! A triumphant entry into the glory land!"

Captain H—— made her way one day into a wretched room where poverty, sickness, and death were met together. Children were ill, and father was dying of consumption. She sent out for bread and meat to make broth, and when she had fed the little ones, spoke to the failing man of the way of salvation.

"I was a respectable church-goer once," he said, "but I don't know where I am going now."

As she talked on, he put his hands together and prayed like a little child. The light of God shone into his soul, and she left him saved. For three weeks more he lingered; then the captain, slipping in one night, saw a great change in his face.

"Are you in pain?" she asked, leaning over him.

There was no answer.

"Are you weary?" she ventured again.

No response.

"Is Jesus precious?" Then the weak hand pressed hers, the tired lips smiled, and she knew her mission here was nearly ended.

"Good night," she said; "I shall not say good-bye, for I shall meet you again."

Her mission was *nearly* ended, we said. Not quite. She stopped till he died, prayed with the mourners, and, very likely, followed his rude coffin to the grave.

A poor man whose wife was buried by the parish the other day, begged or borrowed a shilling to fee a workhouse official and get

permission for the Slum Captain to go to his dear one's funeral. "They get to come to us for everything," says one slum lassie. "A woman came to us to be churched the other day."

THE QUESTION OF RELIEF.

But it cannot be too clearly understood that it is love and sympathy, and counsel and prayer for which they come, and *not* coals and blankets.

"I used to feel," says one officer, "that it was no good to go to such poor people without relief, till God showed me one day that it was the sins of the people which had brought them down, and that helping them while they were still wrong would be helping them to sin."

Still, no problem presented by the work is greater than that of how far to help, and just when to withhold assistance. In the bestowal of the cast-off clothes sent for distribution, it has been found best to set a nominal price upon the garments, after the manner of the extensive charities of the Church Extension Association. The articles are more valued, and the self-respect of the recipients is better maintained. Such sales bring in from £1 to £3 weekly for the work, although a penny and a halfpenny are common prices for small or much worn articles. Clothes are urgently needed as winter comes on. Men's garments are most pressingly called for; children's are always wanted. But the loudest call is for boots and shoes. An officer was recently forced to send a destitute girl on a long tramp to a Rescue Home in a pouring rain, which soon made her soaked, sodden boots so unendurably cold and heavy that she left them by the way and went on barefooted!

Soup for the sick, and clothing for the immediately destitute, are furnished, so far as funds will allow. In one district last winter a lady kept our officer always supplied with money for such emergencies, she furnishing a regular account of its expenditure—for, by

the way, accounts are as rigidly kept in each little Slum Post, and reports of the spending of time as well as money are as carefully exacted as in the largest Army station in Great Britain.

Will no one do likewise during the coming winter?

THIS WINTER.

In a report just to hand we read of half-a-dozen pitiful but perfectly common cases met with in the day's visiting. One is of an old couple living in a little dark back room, furnished with a few dirty rags for a bed, a broken table, one chair, an old broken basket with a board laid across it, a saucepan lid, and an old tin mug.

Close by the Slum Home is a woman with two children, whose husband deserted her five months ago. Her "bit of furniture" has gone for bread, till there is only left an old basket, a few old sacks, one cup and a saucepan. She is not well enough to work, even when she can find anything to do, which is not often. The parish will afford her no relief, and her only help is what neighbours, almost as poor as herself, can give her. But she is saved, and is happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

Numbers of old women in this vicinity sleep on the steps of warehouses, and live on crusts of bread and tea-leaves picked up off dust heaps. The latter they put into tins and get boiled up by some friend who has fourpence for a lodging-house bed and a right to a share in a lodging-house fire.

"The other day," so runs the report, "one of these poor old souls asked us to have a drop of her tea, which we declined with thanks. She said, 'my dears, you are quite welcome, and may God bless you!'"

* * * * *

Somehow, that seems a fit story with which to close this brief outline of what we have done, are doing, and hope to do toward

advancing the Kingdom of our Lord and Christ. Perhaps some of us who feel that we have given and sacrificed much for it have not yet surrendered what counts for as much with Him, as that poor old woman's offer of a share in her drink of weak, lukewarm, dusty tea! How much are you prepared to sacrifice, to deny yourself for the sake of His poor—poor, considered merely in the light of human animals, and yet more miserably poverty-stricken in soul,—as you enter upon this season of rejoicing in the name of the Child Who was cradled in a manger, and Who grew up to know hunger and cold and thirst and weariness like these His lost, neglected sheep?

The Slum Work needs support; it needs money; it needs subscribers; but it needs, most of all, OFFICERS. This department is every day more thoroughly organised. Adjutant Cartner, Mrs. Major Rapkin, and Mrs. Adjutant Hall, all officers of wide field experience, have just been appointed as District Officers in London to superintend, and mother, and advise, and direct the Slum Officers. These appointments mean that each officer in the work can henceforth have more help and cheer, and be better aided to do her work than would be possible if Major and Mrs. Cooke still toiled unaided by an efficient staff.

Forty more Slum Officers could be placed before Christmas. If the women whom God calls will answer Him, He will not fail to summon other women to maintain them. If He tells you to send a donation to help forward the Slum Work, send it; but if he tells you to take *yourself* into a slum, the savings of a lifetime will not buy your substitute. While you are hesitating, souls are perishing daily, hourly, in these slums, and the work of destruction of minds, bodies, and souls of children, girls, boys, men and women is going on at a frightful pace, and with ever-increasing rapidity. "What thou doest, do quickly."

The majority of our readers cannot offer themselves; still you

may be able to do something towards the maintenance of those who are there. £1 weekly will support a Slum Home; 6s. 6d. weekly keeps a Slum Missionary. Could not you and a few of your friends unite and keep a "Home" or a Slum Missionary?

As before mentioned, we wish to extend the work immediately, in London and all the large cities of the United Kingdom. To do so we need not only a large increase of officers but naturally also of funds. The poverty in the slums, which we are now daily witnessing, is heart-rending; surely for the sake of the poor bodies, if not for the souls, you will help us?—we believe you will. Any amount, from sixpence upwards, will be thankfully received and acknowledged. Donations should be sent to the Secretary, 101 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., or to General Booth. (Cheques and postal orders should be crossed "City Bank.")

Clothes of all descriptions, new or old, will be gratefully received by Mrs. Cooke, 36, Brooke Road, Stoke Newington, N.

Candidates should apply to Major Cooke, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Representatives from Headquarters

Will be sent to Lecture on "The Aims and Objects of The Salvation Army," and explain its methods of working, if the loan or use of Chapels, Churches, or Halls can be obtained by any of our friends, or if an invitation is sent by Ministers or Clergymen.

The fullest information with regard to any Branch of the Work of the Army, or the methods adopted, together with the Balance Sheets, certified by Chartered Accountants, will be sent gratis, on application to

The Secretary, Financial Department, 101, Queen Victoria St.,

LONDON, E.C.

SONGS.

I.

1 **G**IVE me the faith Jesus had,
The faith that can great mountains move,
That makes the mournful spirit glad,
The saving faith that works by love ;
The faith for which the saints have striven,
The faith that pulls the fire from Heaven.

2 Give me the faith that gets the power,
That stubborn devils cannot turn,
That lion-teeth cannot devour,
That furnace-fires can never burn ;
That never fears the tyrant's frown,
That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

3 Give me the faith that dare do right,
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,
That will for Jesus nobly fight,
That turns life's sorrows into song ;
That passes through the fiery test,
That lives, and gives, and does its best.

Give me the faith that lives to trust,
That in the child-like spirit dwells,
That buries self and slaughters lust,
That keeps out all that Christ expels ;
That gives no quarter to the foe,
That sternly says, " You'll have to go."

Give me the faith that clearly sees
What worldly eyes cannot behold,
That knows the way the Lord to please,
That can His secret ways unfold ;
That gives up greatness for the good,
That wins the fight with fire and blood.

II.

1 **L**IVING in the fountain, walking in the light,
Now and ever trusting Jesus and his might,
I will be a Soldier, I will fight for God,
I will live to save poor sinners bought with
Jesu's blood.

2 Always realising Jesus and His smile
To be ever with me,—in me all the while.

3 Having for my portion Jesus and His joy,
Joy which none can hinder, nothing can alloy.

4 Living and believing, saved from every fear,
Working and receiving heavenly wages here.

5 By-and-bye He'll bid me "lay the weapons down
Ended is the warfare; come and take thy
[Crown."

III.

1 **A**ND can I yet delay
My little all to give ?—
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive ?

2 Nay; but I yield I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take
And seal me ever thine !

4 My one desire be this,
Thy love alone to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

IV.

A FRIEND I've found who my needs hath ^{[supplied,}
A Friend who my sorrows hath soothed ;
A Friend who no blessing my soul hath denied,
Nor suffered my heart to be moved.
He smiles, I am blest ;
He rules, I have rest ;
His presence destroys ev'ry fear.
How can I be ever by sorrow oppress'd,
With Jesus my spirit to cheer ?

A never-falling Friend ! A never-falling Friend
Is Christ to me ; so rich and free ;
His favors never end.
A never-falling Friend ! A never-falling Friend
Give up your sin, and you shall win
A never-falling Friend !

2 The Friend I have found, no respecter is He ;
All classes with Him are the same ;
The poor and the rich, and the bond and the
His mercy and pardon may claim. ^{[free,}
I sought, He was near ;
I prayed, He did hear ;
I proved that He loved even me.
I rose from the tomb of my sorrow and fear
And claimed Him my Saviour to be.

3 A Friend I have found who has taught me the
Of loving the purest and best ; ^{[charm}
And into the wounds of my heart poured the
Of healing, and comfort, and rest. ^{[balm}
His pain brings renown ;
His cross brings the crown ;
To serve Him is now my one care ;
And here at the cross I have laid myself
And trust to be kept ever there. ^{[down}

V.

1 **R**ESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

3 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide.
Back to the narrow way ;
Patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

VI.

1 **A**ND is it so ? A gift from me
Dost Thou, dear Lord, request ?
Then speak Thy will, what'er it be,
Obeying, I am blest.

CHORUS—

I have not much to give Thee Lord,
For that great love which made Thee
I have not much to give Thee Lord, ^{[mine ;}
But all I have is Thine.

2 And dost Thou ask a gift from me,—
The talents I possess ?
Such as I have I'll give to Thee,
That others I may bless.

3 And dost Thou ask a gift from me,—
A loving, faithful heart ?
'Tis Thine, for Thou at Calvary
For me with all didst part.

5 And dost Thou ask a gift from me,—
A human form like mine ?
Revealed thro' me, Lord, would'st Thou be ?—
My body I'll resign.

6 And is it so, that gifts like these,
My Saviour will receive ?
Then use them, Lord, as Thou dost please,
For all to Thee I give.

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