

THROUGH THE HOMES AT CLAPTON

SALVATION
CONGRESS HALL



MISS EVA BOOTH



HERBERT H. BOOTH.



MISS EMMA BOOTH

PRICE ONE PENNY.

[1886]
[see The WC,
3 July 1886, p12]

R. 30

Officer training

alone with God.

CADETSHIP
No. 9
The Cadet occupying this
Dormitory is requested to spend his
stay in the Training Home by
the contemplation of

Mr. THOR A.



"A BOX ON THE CORRIDOR"—that is what the Cadet himself terms the hallowed little recess where he sleeps and prays and often "watches his armour," often for whole nights before he goes out into the world's wide battle-field. Here, many a girl washes the Master's feet with tears of home-sickness borne for His sake, and that His lost children may win Home for all eternity. Here, many a lad faces in solitude the question of a sterner self-surrender than he ever realized that God asked of him when first he "got his form," and finds grace to realize what one of our Indian officers calls "the luxury of self-sacrifice."

The Training Homes do not receive or deal with their inmates in the mass, but as individual human souls; aiming to fit each for the work God meant him or her—not somebody else—to do. So, first of all, we show our friends in this look "through the Homes at Clapton," one of the recesses which our lads and lasses make into little private sanctuaries.

If you could but see the long dormitory on the girls' wing as we saw it for the first time, a passing visitor; the slanting yellow rays of a June sunset falling on the Army colours flung across pillows in some boxes, and lighting up in others the white lettering on a blood-red back-ground,—"Washed in the blood," "Jesus Christ is Lord," "No Retreat," "Victory!"

If you could only have walked with us late last night down the same corridor and heard the murmured prayers from some, and the ring of joyous laughter from others, where our "Training Home Girls" were just lying down to sleep, you would realize so much better the Training Home aim,—to be a place where God and His kingdom are really first with everybody; where people pray as naturally as they breathe; where men and women shall become so saturated with the spirit of Christ that simply going about the earth they may bring an atmosphere of heaven into its most noisome places. Will you at least, look and listen through the pages of this book?

WHERE DO OUR LADS & LASSES COME FROM?

Out of the public-houses and out of the prisons ; out of the ranks of the persecutors and down from the top galleries of the scornful, come the officers of the Salvation Army. Over and over our friends are astounded when the simple truth comes out about some man they have learned to revere as a very saint of God ; about some officer whose spotless life and upright walk they find it impossible to connect with his own straight-forward story of chain-gang and treadmill and casual ward. Is it so hard to believe that when God takes men and women in hand, He makes them really "new creatures in Christ Jesus?" Yet we remember our own surprise when a girl whose modest dignity was irreproachable, clutched us tight as we walked with her one night "on the rescue," down a crowded London street, and pointing to a hard-faced woman, said, "I wonder if she remembers me ; I knew her when I used to dance at the Alhambra!"

Many come, of course, from the paths of honest toil. Sturdy colliers, light-hearted lasses, who have dared to "wear uniform, even in the factory," servant-girls who choose to give up comfortable homes and settled tasks, to be the wandering "servants of all," plead to be better fitted to go as God's errand-boys and errand-girls, wherever He wants a message taken. How can they be turned away? In the name of His work we ask for aid to train His workers. Comparatively few of those who seek admission to the Clapton Homes can contribute anything towards their support while there ; some such there are, but for the most part, we are, as a friendly writer has said of us, "the poorest and happiest people on the face of the earth."

"I got over my roving disposition when I was saved," says one, and wanted a home ; but God called me out of that home and three months' after I was saved, I gave up all to him—home and self too, and I've never been sorry." Many, whose parents have been willing to keep them in idleness, have even been willing to pay debts and fines for them before they entered the service of God, are cast off afterwards. One cultured woman came to us last May from a home where her father had heaped every indulgence upon her. She writes :

"Liberal-minded and easy-going as he generally is, you may fancy how stunned I was, the day after I joined the Army, to hear him say that he must request me to take lodgings the other side of London, as he couldn't be annoyed by seeing me going in and out of the house with 'that bonnet' on. I replied, 'I suppose you don't want me to go to day?' 'No,' he said, 'but you must leave here on Monday.'" She is working bravely as an officer in the South of France.

Some come from across the sea ; from Sweden, from America, even from Australia and India, only asking to be trained to work for God in poverty and hardship. Shall we send them away when £12 10s. will keep each with us for six months' missionary training?



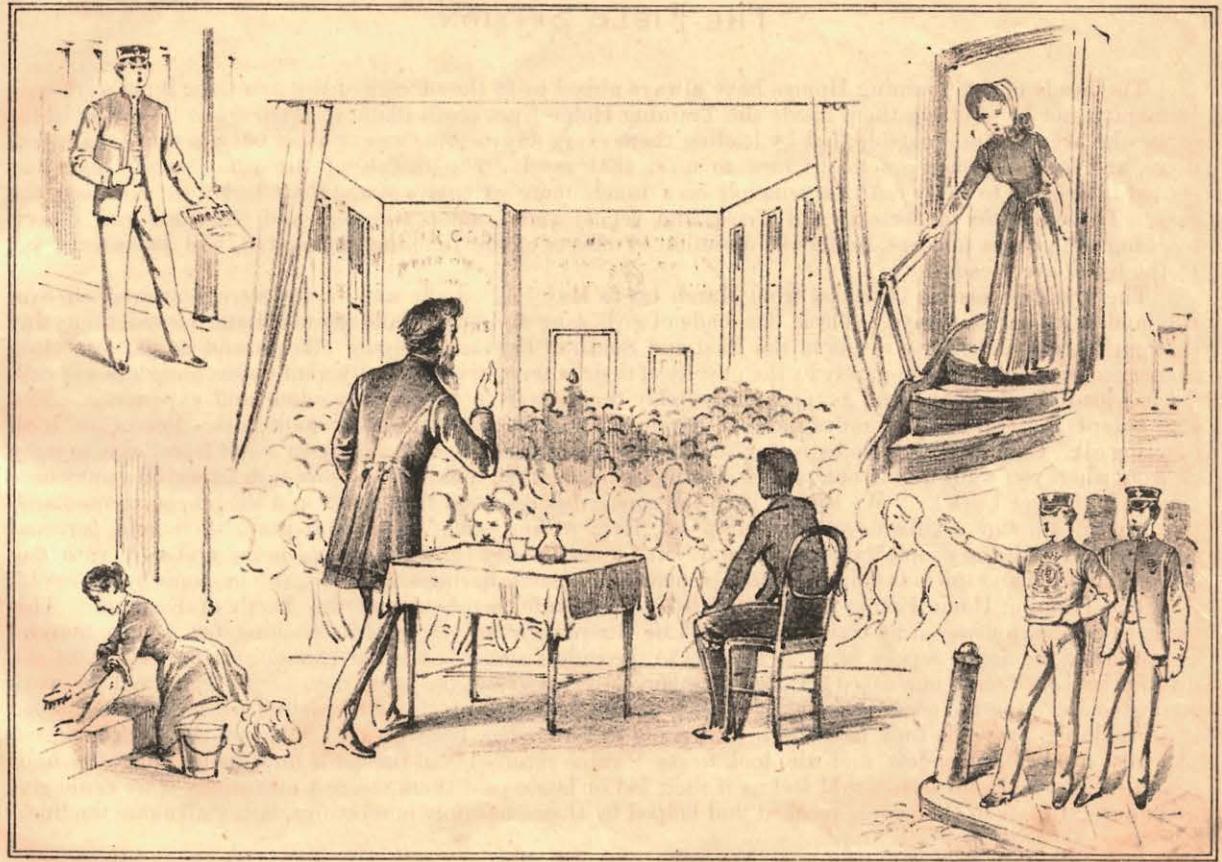
WHAT WE DO IN THE HOMES.

Test and train—a two-fold work. And it proves possible to turn every moment of the day to account toward the two-fold end. Not that a cadet always realizes while he is scrubbing a floor, or washing a window, or standing in an open-air ring "praying and believing" while somebody else talks, that the lesson he is learning then is nearly or quite as important as what he learns in lecture-room or school-room or Bible-class; but older and wiser heads than his have proved it, and he too will see it sooner or later.

The lad who "didn't come to scrub floors," when scrubbing is necessary, is likely not to prove of much use in setting the world to rights generally; but "many hands make light work," and willing hands make it lighter still, so, since the T.H. bugle wakes everyone at 6.30 a.m., few except the girls "on the wash," and the lads who are helping get dinner in "the big kitchen" need to be out of school at ten o'clock. Classes in Bible study, reading, writing, arithmetic and the keeping of corps-books are conducted by a staff-officer; but the principal instruction is given by lecture. At least three times a week, one of the principals of the Homes or the General himself, lectures the cadets on all sorts of matters likely to be useful to them. There are plain and practical talks on prominent spiritual truths, on consecration, on faith, on holy living. Instruction on various matters connected with the workings of a corps is now given from the basis of a text-book which has grown out of the General's thirty years of experience and observation. Each cadet is examined before leaving the Home on the result of his or her study. The knowledge of God and man and the best way of serving each, gained in lecture-room, in study or in private prayer, is not allowed to rust, either, until the lad or lassie goes out on the "field session," East London offers a fine field for house-to-house visiting, and for open-air meetings. Visit and sell "WarCrys," or "go on a bombardment," as they do every afternoon, unless an extra lecture or a singing-class or a "speaking drill," with its chance for giving and getting much friendly advice from officers and comrades, comes in the way.

The "Cellar, Gutter and Garret" work gives the girls scope for trying almost all ways of dealing with the wretched and the sinful. Five girls at a time go into the depths of the wretchedness in the worst parts of the East End to live for weeks at a time; to hold open-air and lodging-house meetings, to visit and make friends and teach and help and love, and strive by any means and in all lawful ways "to win some" of these more than heathen. The stories of all they face and what they do by night and day are well-known now; our picture and our words can give but very faint idea.

At present, a cadet is supposed to spend only three months in the Homes; three months more are given in the field-session, depicted on the next page. But before you turn over, we wish to remind you over again, that head-work and hand-work are, at Clapton, all subordinated to heart-work.



THE FIELD SESSION.

The heads of the Training Homes have always aimed to fit the officers of the Army for their work with humanity, not by shutting them inside the Training Home fence and talking to them about the value of the souls who are perishing outside, but by leading them every day in some way or other out to a world that needs them, and teaching them practically how to meet that need. The march of the Life Guards last year proved it possible to carry out this principle on a much more extensive scale than had formerly been the case. Three months for lectures and classes and school and London training, and three months' object-teaching from corps to corps, under the direction of officers of the Training Home staff, will henceforth fall to the lot of every cadet.

The first field-session extended from March 1st to May 5th. Lads and lasses were scattered all over England in all sorts of ways. Three bus-loads of girls sang and prayed and preached and visited their way through more than seventy towns in the East and South of England, helping officers and corps, attracting to the meetings many drawn purely by the novelty of their entry and by curiosity about what outsiders will call, "a bus-load of salvation," and gaining incalculably themselves in love and wisdom and experience. The Life Guards did two-hundred miles more of marching. Six lads and an officer took possession of an Irish jaunting car. Could any vehicle be better adapted for Salvationist work? Easy to shout from, easy to jump off from when you want a word or a prayer-meeting with a man by the roadside, sure to draw a crowd anywhere outside Dublin or Cork! "We always keep the concertina ready on the seat," said the officer in command. "As we run through a village, we can jump off, form a ring, sing, speak and pray, then hold personal conversation with the people gathered around. It's a very pretty sight to see the horse and car, with flag flying, standing, and the lads doing personal bombardment, some in shops, some in gardens, some by the road."

The Training Home Father and Mother led a party into Scotland and the North of England. This band, of course, journeyed by train—even our Life Guards are not yet quite in training for such a march! The value of the active service of these months to the cadets alone is beyond count. "How is one to get love for souls?" some one asked a little lieutenant half carelessly, the other day. "By going out to work among souls," was the eager answer. "I got it on the field-session." And the actual work God has enabled them to do for the souls they have been "learning to love" has been great. Some of the friends whose £12 10s. are training cadets, and who look to see "value received" in the souls he wins for God after he is commissioned and sent out, would feel as if their lad or lassie paid them interest meantime, if we could give them any estimate of the people reached and helped by them, not only in meetings, but "all along the line."



WHERE THEY GO TO.

Wherever need offers. "I do-na care where I go, so God keeps me good and lets me bless ith'er fowk," said a lassie when asked, "Will you go abroad?" Likes and dislikes are supposed to be left outside the Training Home gates when one comes in. If they have not been, we expect the earth to open and bury them once for all, somewhere in the months of training. Very often the timid, shrinking girl whose secret hope has been to go out as lieutenant with a captain who will "mother" her, has proved by her very habit of child-like submission and trust that she can safely be given an important command, because she will leave it in God's hands, and not try to take it in her own. One such, sent to open H....., said afterwards, "All through those opening days, I used to run upstairs every chance I got and pray, "Oh, Lord, help me with this great big do!" Sometimes a lad has to go back near his own town, and feels himself utterly "without honour," save "the honour which comes from God only." No cadet knows till a few hours before his departure, unless, indeed, he is bound on foreign service, whether he is going to lead hundreds of soldiers and manage immense audiences in some crowded manufacturing town, or have to ferret his own congregation out from the ale-house and the cottage kitchen, and harangue them in some draughty village barn. Why should he? He is not to depend on human wisdom or preparation. He has simply to give God's message as God freshly gives it to him. Human nature is the same in town or country, God's grace has always the same conditions, and "a melted man will fit into any circumstances," and make his way through any opening. "Where the need and want are greatest, there we travel to and fro." For the most part, our officers go two by two; sometimes, of course, they must stand all alone. One girl's letter lies before us who writes from one of the Channel Islands, "I am quite in the country, and there is no house near me; nearly all the people talk French, and I do long to have a lieutenant to speak to." Another girl, overwhelmed by the responsibility of the large corps to which she has been ordered, says "I don't shrink from lots of work and lots of difficulty, but it seemed so tremendous that I felt I was not equal to it. Yet I must praise God by saying 'He hath helped me.' I am learning more than ever to lean on the Mighty Arm of a Mighty King."

"It did seem so hard," said a kindly lady in a train the other day, "that you people should send our captain away just when she'd gotten so into our hearts and brought up the corps so and had such a nice little home; and she's gone to such a hard place, and has next to no quarters, and the people are not fond of the Army." "Just the place for her," we explained. "Our officers go out not to have 'nice little homes' themselves, but to bring light into other people's homes."



ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

The frosts and fires of seventeen countries have a chance now to try their powers on the ever-lengthening and strengthening "Training Home chain." Lads and lasses sent out from Clapton are proving among the blacks of Africa and America, in the midst of the "Six Nations" of Canadian Indians, in and out of Maor Palis and Jirati villages, that "the love that loveth all," can make itself at home anywhere.

The freedmen of Baltimore and Washington know at least one "Training Home lad" who goes about entirely one of them, knowing no "color-line," as "the curly-headed white man." "From the moment I set foot on land and saw the black people, my heart went out to them," writes one of our girls from Durban in Natal. "When I looked at the happy faces around me in our tea-meeting, shining like nicely polished boots," says another, "I blessed God for ever sending the Salvation Army to South Africa to tell the black about Jesus." It takes more than Swiss gendarmerie or Parisian brutality or Californian "hoodlums," to stop or check people who have once counted the cost and set out to build their tower—the world for Christ!

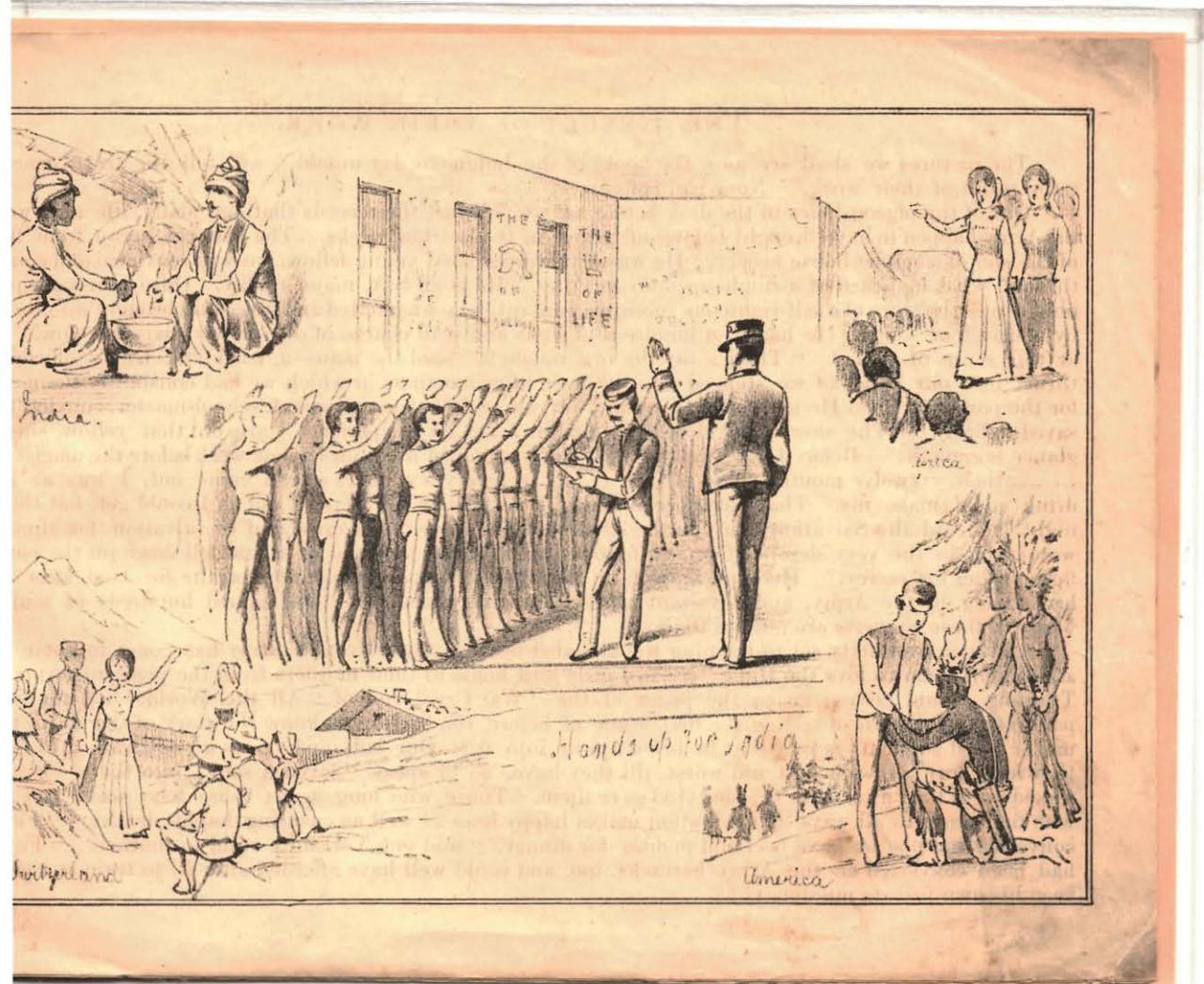
"Such a call for volunteers" as is shown in illustration on the opposite page, can hardly be better described than has already been done by a quick-sighted observer.

"Presently, the lads came trooping in. They scattered themselves all over the great room, walking apart with arms on each other's shoulders, or in groups, gaily talking, while one stood alone under a window absorbed in his Bible. To the average man or woman, the lot of a Salvation officer in a foreign country must be one endless crossing of Jordan, a life-long passing through the river of death. Could these lads know what was before them? We asked one, as he came near us, why they had come together, and he answered quietly, "there's to be a call for volunteers."

Prayer, a little song, a few searching words as to what hardships and trials the volunteers called out to-day might look for, and the commandant said:

"May God give you grace! Those who are willing to go to India, hold up your hands, and God will see them if I don't."

Many a hand was raised before the Commandant's long inspection ended. "There are two lads," said he, after noting those who had volunteered, "who I have felt for some time, are peculiarly fitted for this position. Both have held up their hands to-day, and I ask them now to stand out before you! The names were spoken, and the two men, stepping out from the ranks, stood apart, alone, as they must hence forth walk, except for God and each other. They knelt there, still apart, while we prayed again, and then were lost in the crowd of lads who went back, silently now, to their usual work. What did it matter to them, after all? Nothing, alike India or England, to men who could sing from their hearts, 'With Thee my God is home.'"



THE RESULT OF THEIR WORK.

The pictures we shall see as "the books of the Judgment day unfold," will tell the truth concerning "the result of their work." None can before.

Out of the pigeon-holes in the desk before us, we pull just the records that our daily life and work in the Army happen to have brought before our notice in the last few weeks. The first is a scrap from the life of the son of a public-house keeper. He was a very dissipated young fellow, but was convicted and converted through what he heard at a single open-air meeting. He is an S.A. major to-day. Out of the same pigeon-hole comes the story of a self-righteous young accountant, who was melted and saved and brought into the Army by a snatch of song! He has won hundreds of souls and is in charge of one of our divisions now. Look at this scrap of paper! "There's my life in a nutshell," said the man—a tried and trusty officer—who thrust into our hand as we stepped into the train after meetings in which we had constantly thanked God for the power for good He had made this man. It ran, "Drunkard, prodigal, school-master, convict, tramp, saved, officer!" The short-hand notes of a foreign A.D.C.'s "experience" are on that yellow sheet. A glance is enough:"—Before I was twenty-five I was summoned five times in one week before the magistrates,"then, "twelve months' hard labour..... In a very few hours after I came out, I was as bad as drink could make me. That Saturday morning, it seemed as if I were as bad as I could get, but that very night, I heard the Salvation Army in the streets tell the story of the cross and of salvation for those who were sunk in the very depths of sin. I followed them to the hall and went and fell down on the penitent-form crying for mercy." Here are notes from the life of a woman-officer, won again for God after fearful backsliding, by the Army, and a valiant worker for five years. She has gained hundreds of souls too! Many of these converts are officers to-day.

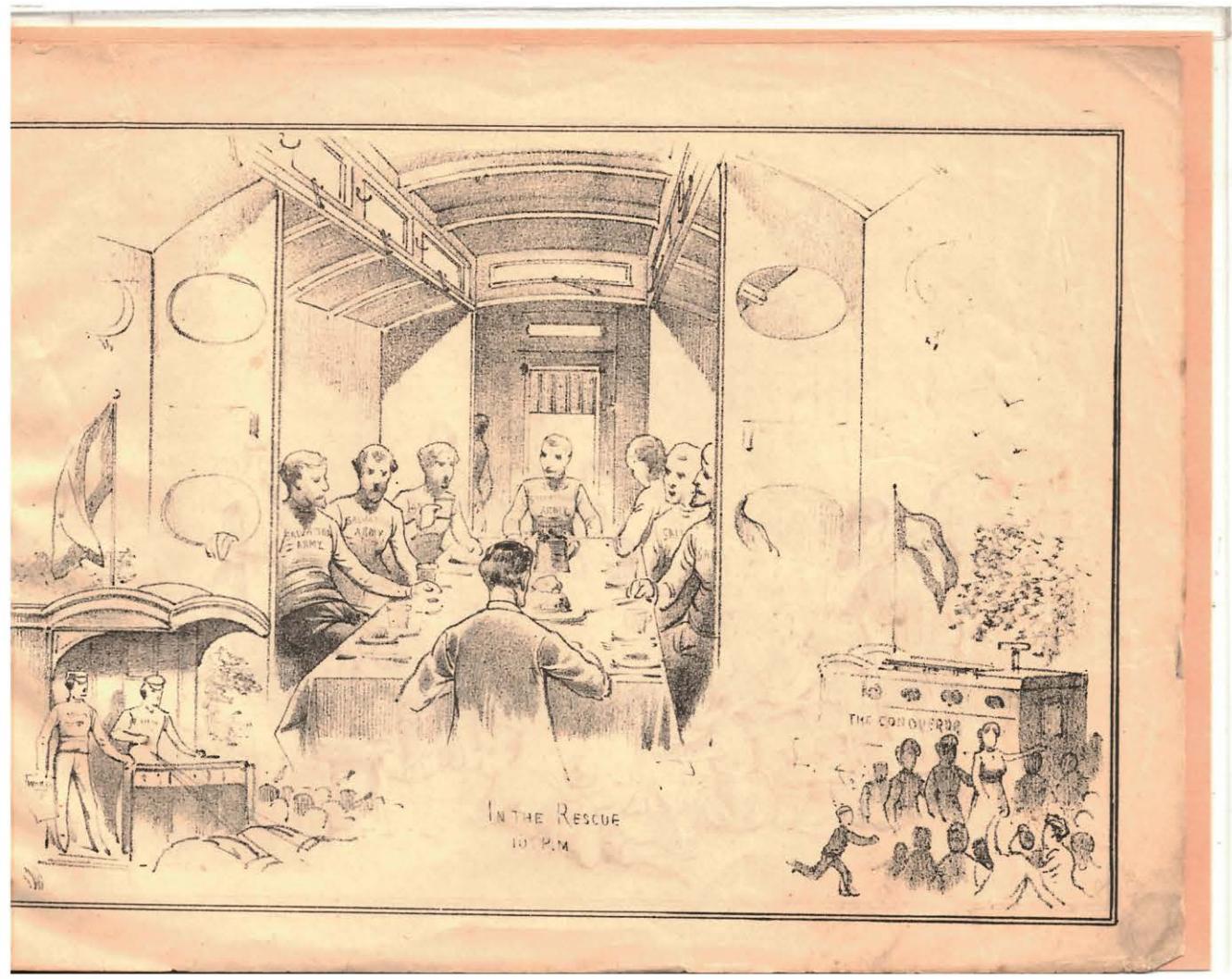
Old men over sixty set to learning the alphabet because the Salvation Army has come to their village and taught them to love the Bible; rescued girls sent home to their mothers from the penitent-forms of our Training Home lasses; go to the pages of the "War Cry" and of "All the World," for the shifting panorama we despair of setting the first scene of before you! Do you know the story of the statue that its maker loved so for its beauty that he loved a soul into it? Our lads and lasses go out trained to feel that they must love the wickedest and worst, till they have, so to speak "loved a soul" into them—or, rather, waked up to long after Him the soul God gave them. Those who long, seek; those who seek, find; those who find prove in all ways that salvation makes happy lives as well as ensuring happy deaths. "Feyther's converted and noo we have beef and puddin' for dinner," said one Yorkshire child to another. "Feyther" had been converted in the Army barracks, too, and could well have afforded after it, to train a cadet and keep his own private missionary!



THE CAVALRY CORPS.

"Do you understand that you are expected to serve in one of the Cavalry Forts before leaving the Home if thought desirable?" stares up from his "form" at the "candidate" for admission to the Training Home. Cry after cry has gone up from pulpit and press in the last few years, for more **LIVE** religion for the villages of England. The Cavalry Corps are part of the Salvation Army's answer, and a "fort," Army parlance, is the van in which our cadets go "gipsying for souls," as a friendly writer has termed it. Each is fitted up for eating and sleeping, and contains accommodation for from eight to twelve persons. Each fort is under the charge of an officer, and is manned by cadets sent down in turn from the Training Homes. Manned—or womaned, as the case may be; for the experiment tried during the field-session, sending girls under an experienced staff-officer, to work in the Oxfordshire villages, has proved so successful that the "Conqueror" fort is now a branch establishment of the Woman's Training Home, as the "Rescue," the "Faithful," the "Victory" and the "Deliverer" are of the men's wing. Each van selected for its stand a village in a locality where villages are plentiful and Army work seems to be needed, and stay there, perhaps for several weeks, holding open-air meetings in places within walking distance by day, and conducting meetings in the central village by night. After a hold is gotten on the place, converts made among the Army introduced, an officer is left in charge of the "camp," or group of villages, and the Fort moves on to "fresh fields and pastures new." Many people have been distressed for fear "those dear cadets should die, living like gypsies." But our lads and lasses look for nothing better than a soldier's life, and experience has proved that the cavalry work is not in the least likely to bring cadets of average health and strength into a soldier's grave.

In one campaign of ten weeks, the "Victory" reports 127 souls, of whom all but three can be accounted for as having either joined in some church or moved away. The "Rescue's" latest statement is, "It is nearly nine weeks since we opened fire on this village. The sixty soldiers who marched in our ranks on Sunday form one proof that our labour has not been in vain in turning men and women to serve the living God." The girls of the "Conqueror" have just been holding a tea-meeting in a large meadow. People walked from villages fifteen miles away to be at it. They say "As the people sat in rows on the grass, it reminded one of the time when the Saviour commanded the multitude to sit down in company on the grass. Over one hundred of our own converts were present at the tea. Afterward, it seemed as if they could not wait the appointed time for the meeting to begin, so they began one themselves, singing and praying and speaking in their own simple way of the Saviour who had done so much for them." "I wish we had counted the testimonies we heard on a recent tour through the villages of Suffolk, which began "I do thank God the 'Victory' van ever came along!" and could have somehow stored them up in spirit to ring again in the ears of the people who will call our vans, "those horrid circus-wagons!"



IN THE RESCUE
10 P.M.

THE CONQUEROR



MARLBOROUGH, GOULD & CO., LITH., 52, OLD BAILEY, LONDON