PREACHING LADIES

An Historical Restoration of the Founding of The Salvation Army in America

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Mrs. Chesham is an honorary member of the London, England, Women’s Press Club and is listed in World’s Who’s Who of Authors and World’s Who’s Who of Women.

Other books and dramas by this author are:

- Born to Battle
- Born to Battle (musical)
- Combat! (musical)
- Combat Songs (with Col. H. Chesham)
- The Contender
- Creators All
- Horizons Unlimited (musical)
- In Praise and Prayer (musical)
- It Isn’t So!
- One Hand Upon Another
- Peace Like a River
- Plus and Minus
- Songs of the Crest (musical)
- Today Is Yours
- Trophies
- Trouble Doesn’t Happen Next Tuesday
- The Undaunted (musical)
- Walking with the Wind
- Wind Chimes

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A book of her poetry, Walking with the Wind, won the Chicago Poetry Award; and her book Trouble Doesn’t Happen Next Tuesday, the story of her experiences with a Chicago street gang, won the Chicago Publishers’ Award, both presented by The Society of Midland Authors.
Captain and Mrs. Philip Symmonds (nee Eliza Shirley)
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Foreword</td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preface</td>
<td>xi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historiette Victorian England</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter I The Hallelujahs</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historiette William and Catherine Booth</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter II Marching Along</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historiette Silk Weaving in Coventry</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter III The Salvation Army</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Article Captain Allsop’s Miracle Prayers</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter IV The Test</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historiette Victorian America</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter V The New Country</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sermon by Eliza How To Be a Hero</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter VI Victory!</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendices</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Historiette—Eliza Shirley</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Historiette—Amos Shirley</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Historiette—Annie Shirley</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Family Tree—Amos Shirley</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Recipe—Eliza’s Cornish Pasties</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Sermon by Eliza: How to Conquer Depression</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Eliza’s Songs</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Amos’ Song</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. Evangeline Booth Letter</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bibliography</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FOREWORD

At a time in the world when there is so much theological and philosophical debate about the leadership of women in the community, and particularly in the Church, it gives The Salvation Army great satisfaction, once again, to call attention to the creative and effective ministry of its women officers and soldiers. From the very beginning, almost 118 years ago, The Salvation Army has recognized under divine leading the equal place which women should have in helping to declare the whole counsel of God as revealed in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Much has been written heretofore highlighting both the witness and work of women through The Salvation Army, which ministry has undoubtedly helped to bring The Salvation Army to the highly favorable position it holds throughout the world today.

While it may be trite to state, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," there is, nevertheless, a growing awareness in the secular world, as well as the religious world, of the sensitive, qualified, skillful ministry and work of leading women of every community. This certainly can be recognized by noting the increasing number of women who are occupying places of high leadership in various parts of the world, in politics, in business, in literature, and in the work of the Church in general.

This book will present illustrations and anecdotes highlighting particular women who have been most gifted and effective as preachers of the divine Word. No book could ever include reference to every such woman, nor adequately chronicle the quality of that ministry. However, I am personally pleased to endorse not only the book itself, but the basic premise upon which it is written, giving credit and gratitude to God for all these fine women in the Christian community who, over the years, have been so dynamic and productive in their preaching ministry.

May God use this book to His honor and His glory and to the further cause of our Preaching Ladies.

Commissioner Norman S. Marshall
National Commander
The Salvation Army in the United States

June, 1983
Ever since I was told as a child that a 16-year-old English girl started The Salvation Army in the United States, I've been vitally interested in Eliza Shirley who, in months, without any assistance from the homeland, opened two thriving Philadelphia corps, attended by thousands, and laid a strong foundation for work throughout the North American continent. What’s more, this happened in a Victorian day when few women raised their voices about anything, let alone public preachment; when the right of free speech was hotly contested; and when a personal, Christ-centered experience was increasingly discounted and disdained.

Very little has been written about this tiny soldier of the Cross and her dauntless parents, partly because Booth’s pioneers were too busy marching to record, and partly because they didn’t consider themselves noteworthy—giving all glory to God. This is commendable, yet in the history of great spirits we are encouraged to know God better and to attempt noble, sometimes daring, exploits for Him.

For years I’ve been accumulating material regarding Eliza, but it was not until about five years ago, through coincidental direct contact with a remarkably cooperative and knowledgeable descendant, Mrs. Everald (Russell) Crowell, a granddaughter, that Preaching Ladies became possible. Other valuable assistance has been given by the following: Corps Secretary John Howarth (R) and Mrs. Gladys Howarth, Coventry, England; Mrs. Captain A.J.D. Hawthoren, Bishop Auckland; Colonel Howard Chesham (R), music research and invaluable support; Colonel Paul D. Seiler (R), S.A. History; Commissioner John Waldron (R), S.A. history; Mrs. Captain Laura (Homer) Fuqua, granddaughter; Brigadier Leonard (R), and Major Robert Wilkins, grandsons; Mrs. Brigadier Janet (Earl) Lord (R), who was stationed with Mrs. Major Evangeline (Sandy) Nelson (now deceased), a daughter.

To be able to peruse articles, sermons, letters and songs of the Shirleys has been extremely helpful; but also to find a treasury of fine clear photographs of them and their descendants was an indescribable delight, especially when the only photo previously available of Eliza is not a clear likeness.

William Booth’s biographer, St. John Ervine, wrote, “The Shirleys have not hitherto received the credit they are due. Father, mother, and daughter were evidently remarkable people. It is indeed difficult to say which of the three Shirleys was the most remarkable. Their devotion, good temper and utter unselfishness were notable even in the Army, which had thousands of soldiers to whom their words could be applied.”

Preaching Ladies is neither straight history, a novel nor historical recreation. I have called it a Restoration, a word that contemporarily
describes serious interest and execution related to buildings, furnishings, and costumes and customs of the past—all to be made whole as authentically as possible. Every available historical yard, foot, inch and scrap has been included, using imaginative piecing and patching, seaming and feather-stitching only when necessary for clarity and completion. Some incidents have been juxtapositioned, some minor characters are composites, but all make up the life of The Salvation Army in 1878-'80.

I shall be overjoyed if, reading Preaching Ladies, you search, laugh, cry and sometimes even wave a banner with Eliza, Amos and Annie.

To Coventry then, where they wait...
In 1878, life for the masses was neither peacefully rural nor respectably urban. On the meadows, "monster" factories had sprung up with grinding, cavernous jaws; and about them cowered the drones' cottages, or in larger cities, disreputable tenements. Life was almost unbearable in factories, mines and up sooty chimneys. Somebody, commoners believed, had moved to Elysium, but it wasn't they. In a tantrum of desperation, they embraced gin, sex and criminality, spurning gentility, the brash new rich, and God, who seemed not to care.

This was William Booth's world. The steel-petaled flower of industrialization perhaps was necessarily spike-thorned but the crop seemed too profuse too soon. It had only been a few dozen years since England completed land enclosure before which life had revolved around the smith, the wheelwright and the carpenter. A woman took care of her husband, her children and her household, which included the making of butter, rugs, bread, yarn and love. No one traveled much but royalty and the Royal Navy, and Parliament was believed to be the Eternal's advisory council.

In 1819, a bill was passed to prevent any children under nine from working. In 1830, Robert Peel, the Home Secretary, began inquiry into social conditions and did succeed in getting the death sentence abolished for 100 crimes. In 1833 slavery was abolished.

Popular Queen Victoria had married Albert the Good, but by 1853 the popularity of both had diminished in their efforts to prevent the Crimean War, and after Albert's death in 1861, Victoria was inconsolable and a semi-recluse.

Traditional Christianity had largely settled into form and, if not denying the Spirit within, did nothing to vitalize it. The resentful populace attacked it, using whatever came to hand as a weapon. Science, energized by Charles Darwin's *Origin of the Species*, sprang into action. The infant, psychology, howled for recognition. A few mystic-minded individuals stood watching in dismay then headed for the hermitage; and the sociological embryo had not yet been delivered. "Social conscience" had never been heard of.

English politician Sir Robert Peel, and English philanthropist, Earl of Shaftesbury, both members of Parliament, made individual thrusts, hotly contended, the Poor Laws their spindly offspring. But the populace in England shrieked for bread, both material and spiritual. They reasoned that if God were no respecter of persons, and *their* world was *His* world, something was wrong.
2 / PREACHING LADIES

Some said William Booth denied the age in which he lived, when he preached, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."
Chapter I

THE Hallelujahs

TIME: March 10, 1878

PLACE: Coventry, England

SETTING: Shop Street, Midtown

"Preaching ladies! Bound for hell. That's what they are!"
"Lizzie, they'll end up in gaol, but you needn't shovel 'em off to t'devil so soon, d'ya think?"
"They're not Scripture, Beck! Papa says the rioting these three weeks' is because they're women. Just you read that poster!"
The girls studied the poster, one of many tacked to trees along Coventry's shop streets:

COME! HEAR! FREE!
PREACHING LADIES
FOR JESUS
Theatre Royal  8 p.m. Sundays
Salvation Factory  8 p.m. Weekdays

"What's more, Papa says these lady Hallelujahs have roused the worst rats and roaches from Coventry's cracks—hooligans, bummers, drunks..."
"An' a sprinklin' o' leather-glove slummers."
"Don't I fancy to have a good look at the lot."
"Lizzie, not everybody's tainted by the Hallelujahs. Cousin Katie's got

The two women had arrived in Coventry on Valentine's Day.
(Sketch at head of chapter by Julie Kennedy from original Christian Mission bonnet in Colonel Paul D. Seiler collection.)
religion, and Pa and Ma says she's the happier for't—bears her up under Jimmy Docker's fists."

"Raise your right hand and swear God's truth!"

"Hand on Book."

"Then they'll more than ever bear watching. How can Satan cast out Satan? I'm not permitted to go to their meetings but an afternoon's peek can't harm. Let's wait till their march."

Eliza Shirley and Elizabeth Pearson, 15 and 14 respectively, and daughters of Coventry silk weavers, were unalike except in abounding affection for each other and shared curiosity. Eliza's mother, Annie, called them her patchwork lasses because "between you there's a bit of everything—embroidered with laughter." Eliza was dainty as gossamer, under five feet in height, hands like dove's wings, face a cameo. Her questing dark-browed blue eyes were intent, and she'd a ruffle of chestnut hair—a French fashion doll. Beck Pearson was all bones, buttons and provocation, her black hair braided and ribboned, her one startling feature a broad-lipped mouth, continually springing open to disclose amazingly large white teeth. Both had completed Coventry's free-school education and were forbidden the mills, being taught the homely arts by meticulous Victorian mothers, though many of their peers were dues-paying guild members.

"They're comin', Lizzie!" Beck cupped her ear. "They're comin'!"

At her shout, doors and windows were cranked open, heads stuck out like Swiss clock people. "Where? Where?"

"HALLELUJAH'S COMIN'!"

Eliza, usually self-composed, felt excited at the prospect of seeing truly wicked women. People said they hawked religion like street vendors. Satan's disciples with the power of purgatory in their flashing eyes no doubt. She was determined not to let their tainting gaze cross hers.

"Come on, Lizzie. We've got to close in before the others." Beck snatched Eliza's hand and tore down the snowy street, an assortment of Coventry citizens close behind, shawls, stocking caps and sweaters flying. Some were sensible citizens merely bored with the humdrum everydayness, others the ragtag and bobtail, some wretchedly dreary in their struggle against poverty. Others, known as bummers, out of weakness or lethargy or both, sucked on the conscience sores of the people; and the remainder were called roughs, the incarnation of man's lowest nature—ruffians who physically resembled bounty animals. Born in slime they grew up apparently insensible to kindness and reason. Thriving on sensation and gore, they carnivorously clawed and chewed at society, never satiated.
The Hallelujahs indeed marched, in single file, straight toward the girls. There were many more than the two women advertised. These wore black capes over black princess frocks, Quakerlike black bonnets without brims, edged with white frilling and tied with broad black streamers under their chins. A procession marched behind them, clad in a ragbag of pattern, color and patch, singing and shouting, many jingling tambourines. Three played fiddles and one squat gentleman squeezed a concertina. Posters and sandwich boards bore startling pronouncements: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" "HELL OR HEAVEN, WHICH?" Clumping determinedly in the snow, attempting quick common time, they sang a rousing song:

The mission is gath'ring from near and from far,  
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;  
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,  
We'll gird on our armour, and be marching along.

"Beck!" shouted Eliza, pointing, "it's Katie! Katie, ooo-oo!" The girls whipped out lace-fringed pocket handkerchiefs and waved. "Katie! Ooo-oo!"

Katie was a cream-skinned Irish girl with a long slender neck, square shoulders and a high-born walk. Even shabby plaid muffler and great-coat couldn’t disguise her beauty. A pearl in a tumble of pebbles.

"Come along, darlin's! Hear the message of our great grand King!" Katie went singing down the street.

The girls ran beside the march which was now congealing into an aggregation as ghoulish as ever flocked for a hanging at Warwick gaol. At a signal from one of the preaching ladies, a slight intense woman with a sunshine face who looked to be about thirty-five, the procession halted, formed a double circle, and the aged drummer placed his instrument in the center.

"This blessed drum is our pulpit and penitent-form," said Sister Mrs. Caroline Reynolds. "Friends, as many of you know, Sister Burrell and

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2Ground-length, fitted frocks without belts or waist demarcation.
3Robert Sandall, *The History of The Salvation Army*, Vol. I (The Salvation Army, London, 1947) pp. 152-214, and Coventry, England Corps History. Carrie Reynolds: Before opening Christian Mission work in Coventry, she had been a valuable member of the mission's "Female Band" and was one of the first women to command a station. Mrs. Reynolds' husband had accompanied her to Coventry but being chronically ill could not become part of the warfare.
myself have been sent by the Reverend William Booth, superintendent of The Christian Mission, to open fire for our blessed Redeemer."

At that, hoodlums set up a howl of midnight wolves intent on a kill and readied themselves, armed with fish, vegetables, eggs and butcher bones in every stage of decomposition, but Sister Reynolds lifted her arms to heaven and sternly commanded, "Stay! The King's business must be spoken clearly, me lads. After prayer we'll call on Mistress Katie Docker for a word o' testimony. She's a precious brand plucked from the burnin' who radiates the love o' Jesus."

"Cheers for Katie Docker!" bawled a hooligan and up shot a string of Hip! Hip! Hoorahs! though one bawdy voice screeched, "Go home, Katie Docker! Go home!" The two women and about 50 recruits knelt in the snow while Sister Reynolds prayed.

"God of creation, convict Coventry! Bring this Babylon of 60,000 souls to desolation then raise it up in Jesus to such a revival as converts every wayward Tom, Dick and Harry within sight an' sound. Hinder an' hamper an' make 'em agonize until they throw aside every weight that so easily besets 'em and jump into the fountain o' Your love. Then kiss 'em and hug 'em and send 'em after their straying mates. Oh, sweep the city streets with us, Your consecrated brooms, and send revival! Send us results that from this very spot the world will be set afire wi' Your love. In the precious name o' Jesus, amen!"

Eliza was still pondering the unusual prayer when Katie Docker stood forward, a worn Bible in her mittened hands. She had not so much as opened it when two ruffians, black woolen caps close about their pocked noses, began to jostle her.

"Katie, stan' back! Jimmy Docker vows e'll smash yer 'ead in if ye speak ou' once more! We're sent t' persuade ye."

It was pure honey, the smile Katie gave them before she opened her Bible. Calmly she proceeded: "The wages of sin is death but the gift o' God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our—"

Like fury arrows, the roughs sped toward the marketplace where Jimmy Docker loitered, setting himself forth as a law-abiding greengrocer but known for a good half of his thirty odd years as the most notorious villain in many a county. The whole of Coventry wondered at the novelty that such as he could win a jewel like Katie, though he was molasses and treacle when he chose to be. Now, before Katie had done, a yowl went up that could be heard halfway to the tower of London.

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when 15 in one of Booth's first tent meetings on Mile End Waste in 1865. During the interim she and her husband had proved their loyalty, spirituality and industry and had directed the innovative "Food for the Millions" cheap food program.
“Ye-ow! Ye-ow!” A string of oaths, enough to make a walking stick curl pierced the air as Jimmy came whirling through the snow, swinging an axe handle, a dozen mischiefmakers pounding behind him. “Ye-ow! Ye-ow!” They rushed the Hallelujahs, slammed the preaching women into the snow, scattered the screaming crowd like feathers and, stomping, hissing, yapping, confronted Katie, who still read her Scriptures. Clogs spread, axe handle high, Jimmy Docker bellowed, “Katharine, wife o’ James Docker, step for’d an’ follow thy legal master an’ mate!”

There was a pause.

“Come not, an’ we’ll bash the lot!”

Bestowing on him one pleading look, Katie recommenced: “The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light…”

Eliza and Beck gasped. The crowd stood like snowy grave monuments. “Katie Docker come willin’!” screamed Jimmy, “er I’ll—I’ll—”

He lunged.

Eliza leaped in front of Katie and, short as she was, caught his knees, throwing him off balance. Beck took up a position behind her. On rising, Docker brushed them away like fluffs of snow, and with his mates howling about him, leaped again, Katie still reading. Eliza made another grab, halting him. “Sir,” her own stentorian voice startled her. Stiffening on tiptoe to almost five feet she shouted, “To reach Katie, you must first pass me. Bash away!”

Docker was so surprised at the miniature rebellion he stepped back, heaving.

The preaching ladies squeezed in front of Eliza. “I’m in command, Mr. Docker,” stated Sister Reynolds. “Bash me before you touch a hair of Katie’s head.”

“And me. Bash me!” dared Sister Burrell, a somewhat portly duplicate of Sister Reynolds, with much bolder features.

Jimmy Docker and his mates bashed away. The Hallelujahs, dozens of them, piled up in the snow, bloodied and broken as rank on rank they confronted the Docker brigade, refusing either to take the offensive or defend themselves.

Eliza and Beck remained in the center of the melee, jiggled and jostled, but not seriously hurt. Some recruits and bystanders were stomped, some severely beaten. Cloaks and coats, shawls, bonnets, hats and blood polka-dotted the snow. Amid screams and groans some citizens escaped to the constables and as Black Maria came rolling to the rescue and the antagonists were recognized, messengers were dispatched to the station-
house for every available reinforcement. That afternoon, March 8, 1878, seventeen constables were enlisted to subdue one James Docker, with a law enforcement officer having a good part of his right ear bitten off for his devotion to duty. Hate and gore were hardly more in evidence in the Crimea, several veterans observed that disastrous afternoon, recounting that the Docker onslaught was uncontested as the Hallelujahs preached passive nonviolent resistance to evil.5

As they brushed off mud and snow, and Eliza wiped blood from a cut over her right eye, the girls vowed never to breathe a word of their heroism for fear they’d be prohibited from ever attending a Hallelujah meeting.

“The Hallelujahs almost got Katie killed!” Eliza held a pocket-handkerchief to her swelling eye.

“Then she’d die happier than ever she’s been since she married Jimmy Docker,” said Beck. “Lizzie, I’m not easy on the preachin’ ladies, but it’s a pity they’re not men so we could enjoy ‘em. Lizzie, why’d you stan’ forth?”

“I don’t know. Respecting courage that much I expect. Beck, I’ve got to find their secret. How could they want to be battered about like this? How can they sing and march in the streets when they know they’ll stir up trouble? Yet there’s something grand about them. They act like I told you I feel sometimes—you know, like something wonderful is about to happen and I’m part of it—like I’m destined.”

“Destined? By yourself? I mean just you? That couldn’t be—unless you’re a Calvinist. Then God is choosier—but not that much. I’m glad I’m Methodist. Primitive too.”

Nearing home. Eliza suddenly pressed Beck’s mittened fingers.

“Cross your heart you won’t tell a soul?”

“Under Heaven.”

“I’m not convinced about religion, Beck. Today I about believe nothing. All those picky-wicky differences—all those interpretations of Scripture. Even the Bible confuses me. I don’t like the begets and I don’t like having four Gospels, and I don’t like the idea of having to be saved, and I don’t understand how one person can save a whole world. My brain goes round and round. I don’t approve of my brain, and I know that’s blasphemous too. God made me and it and I should be grateful, but it gets me into squeezy places and sometimes in the dumps. Some of my thoughts about religion

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5Coventry, England, Corps History in The Christian Mission Magazine; “So notorious a sinner was Jimmy Docker...that the police talked of subscribing to the Mission if ever he were converted.”

6Original organization of Methodism; in the 1800s most closely aligned to theology and practices of John Wesley, founder of Methodism.
are shocking—even to me. I expect I’m not a real Christian at all—though not an out-and-out atheist. At best, an inbetweener. Because of Papa and Mama, I’m not absolutely against, but I’m certainly not altogether for. What’s more, everything’s so dull in chapel. I like a bit of action, and I don’t see why God has to have all the rest of His creation so alive and His very own house dead. Papa isn’t dull, but I don’t hear many Papas about.

“Lizzie! You better change your tune or you’ll go to hell with the Hallelujahs!”

“I know. And I don’t even feel that matters. I guess I’m not a very feeling person about anything—except fun. When I was 18 months old, Papa and Mama laid me on the altar but nothing set. I can’t believe babies get saved that way either, sprinkling them with water and sticking them all wet and wailing on forms. Nothing happened when I was 12 and knelt by myself either. I just kept on being me, and I decided either there wasn’t anything to salvation or it was too much work.”

“Your Pa’s a Sunday preacher. Don’t is sermons make ye wiggle?”

“Not often. I know all his texts and most of his sermons. They just roll right off me. I’m not a Darwinist, a Marxist, or an atheist. Not a Church o’ Englander nor a Catholic. I expect I’m just a nothing.”

Beck burst out crying.

“Oh, Lizzie, don’t! Pray God you’ll get convicted!”

“I don’t want to get convicted. I want to be free! Especially of me.”

Eliza took Beck’s shoulders. “Keep all this under your bonnet?”

“Honor under Heaven.” They clasped hands and parted.

Eliza composed herself with a few well-chosen Bible verses borrowed from her father’s Sunday sermons and entered the Shirley cottage.

“Lizzie!” Annie, Eliza’s mother, rushed to the door. “Whatever has happened? Did you have a tumble? Here, let me have a look at you. Oh, poor little Lizzie!”

Eliza suddenly felt sly. “Mama, I did have a wretched tumble. Beck and I together, and we’re both quite rumpled, but most of the harm is to my clothes. I’ve really only a scratch over my eye.”

“Come, we’ll bind you up,” said Annie, “then we’ll tuck you in bed with a nice hot brick at your feet. A drop of tea and a piece of fresh bread? I’ll put the scrubbing brush to your coat before Papa comes home.”

Annie Shirley was a delicately patterned woman with a strong, discerning spirit. Eliza resembled her in many ways, though she was much more introspective and timid like her father Amos. A hustler and bustler, Annie was known as a woman who could turn a few withering berries into a jar of

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1Sunday preacher: lay minister of the Primitive Methodist denomination.
good jam, and fuller\footnote{Fuller: to bleach.} the grayest linen with a few scraps of naphtha soap and strong sunshine. Practical and persistent, she had a winning way with her world. It submitted to her cheerful, indomitable nature. No mountains for Annie, only fair-to-middling knolls planted by divinity for human exercise. While attending to Eliza, she described plans for the evening.

"Papa and I decided to attend the Hallelujahs’ meeting tonight."

"May I come? Please?"

"Not this time, darlin’. They must be weighed. The gossip of their exploits must be explained."

"I think they’re harmless, Mama. It’s those ruffianly—"

"Lizzie, you haven’t been there?"

"We had a glance on the street corner. Please?"

"No. And I’m upset you listened. They may be wonder-workers for the Lord, or charlatans. Remember, they’re totally unscriptural. God does not call women to preach."

Eliza could think of no suitable words to enhance her plea, so she submitted to the kitchen couch and Annie’s warm concern. When her father came home, she attempted to charm him into permission but to no avail. Amos Shirley, though lacking the inventiveness and nervous energy of his wife, was a man to be reckoned with. Skilled in weaving at an early age, he’d attained dignity, responsibility and now authority in the silk weavers’ guild and was known miles around for his endeavors as a lay preacher. His views were fundamental; he was not boisterous, seldom raising his voice above conversational level and never in the remembrance of his family had he been either explosive or virulent. He was of medium height and weight, balding, forthright in expression, and his power of persuasion seemed to come from some secret corner of his person. He knew how to be firm.

"No, Lizzie, love. We’ll see after tonight. Anyhow, you shouldn’t go out in the cold with your bumps and bruises."

Entreated to blow out the lamp early and get a good sleep, Eliza had no intention of sleeping and very soon got out her slate board, hoping to remember the words of the Hallelujahs’ marching song. She was waiting with feigned unconcern when her parents returned very late in the evening.

"Darlin’!" said Annie, "you awake still? We’ll have a cup o’ tea and a biscuit and tell you all about the meetin’." Her voice crescendoed. "The Hallelujahs are quite remarkable."

Eliza’s father hugged her.

"Papa, tell me their secret! Is it true that 300 boozers march with them?"
That thousands go to their meetings? They roll on the floor and shout during service?"

Amos held up his hands in mock dismay.

"Lizzie, you make the Hallelujahs sound like a circus! Which, indeed, they are not. The preaching women are quite ladies. They seem to have awakened the whole city, but they've no evil magic."

"Then why are they put upon so?"

"Love, let Papa have his tea," said Annie, laying a cloth and buttering scones. "Poor souls. I heard from a convert they wandered for hours when they first arrived seeking lodgings. First they tried The Pilgrim's Rest not knowing it to be a public house. At length a woman took them in but the room they slept in had broken windows and they've had catarrh ever since. They've bounced about for meetin's; shabby mission hall, a ragged school on the town's edge. Now they've the old Theatre Royal off Smithford Street for Sundays, though the roughs won't let them alone and the authorities only cheer. Weekdays they use an old factory in Much Park Street, once a dancing saloon. Holds 500 people. In just the right position, Sister Reynolds says, to be filled soon with pardoned sinners singing hallelujahs."

Amos looked at Eliza gravely.

"These women have something, Lizzie. Tonight the place was packed. Great many standing. Fourteen converts spoke. I've never been in a more powerful meeting in my life."

"Worshipers seemed to fairly dance for joy," said Annie. "And the place was so crowded collection couldn't be taken up properly and fishers couldn't deal with the people. Sister Reynolds said she now has 60 recruits and is not afraid of what the roughs might try."

"But all that shouting and jumping and clapping?"

Amos smiled.

"We didn't see anything outlandish. And, Pet, a fire's warmth can't be too long withstood if a body's chilly enough."

"I know how you feel, Love," said Annie. "I most certainly don't understand. They say Reverend Booth's wife is either a suffragette or an anti-whiskey woman, greatly influenced by female uprisings in the United States. She speaks in public and won't be put down. Has a great following in London's West End and some say the Reverend Booth lives on her petticoats. Yet, Darlin', we had a blessed time."

"Lizzie," said Amos, how would you like to visit next Sunday afternoon for the free-and-easy?"
Eliza felt frightened.

"Have you forgotten, Papa? They are women preachers."

"Darlin' child, 14 years ago, when you were a baby and we lived in Derby, Papa and I were backsliders when we were converted under the preaching of a most peculiar gentleman called Fiddler Josh, a converted jailbird. We laid you on the altar and there gave God all we had and were. Not in all these years have we matched that night until now. I was born in the fire and dare not live in the smoke any longer."

"But what about lady preachers?"

"Lizzie," said Amos, "when you find the fire and you're freezing you can't fret about who laid the logs. I confess to serious questions about women preachers and also the Hallelujahs' unorthodox methods, but God will answer these questions. We're not joining... only supporting. Whatever The Christian Mission is, these preaching ladies are of God."

Eliza was not convinced. She'd only wanted to watch them, see what magnetized the people. However, she now scurried to tell Beck, whose parents readily agreed to the visit so long as Pearson's mill foreman, Amos, gave permission to Eliza.

Thus it was that on the following Sunday afternoon, much effort and time having been given to suitable attire, including best bonnets, cloaks, gloves and boots, Eliza and Beck hastened to join the crowd of almost 1,000 that milled about the entrance of the Theatre Royal waiting for the doors to be opened. The Hallelujahs were at the marketplace holding an open-air service, and as the girls waited they listened.

"They do magic or they won't hol' folk!"

"They read the Book diff'nt. Make't come alive."

"Naw. It make them come alive!"

"The leader she's a husban' that's sick so she cap'ns the ship. Mr. Booth put 'er in charge."

"Trouble in the Mission lately I hear. Evangelists run out on 'em in Derby and Leicester. Some didn' pay bills."

"Other's a widder wi' two children. She an' 'er late run a cheap food shop in east end London all fer the Mission."

The parents of the Shirleys were known for their spirituality. John Allen, Eliza's maternal grandfather, was "such a lover of souls that an acquaintance once remarked he would walk a mile out of his way rather than meet John Allen, who never failed to plead for his salvation" (American War Cry 9/12/25). Just before her death Amos' mother placed her hands on Eliza's head and said, "The Lord make the child a preacher of the gospel."

Sandall, Vol. I p. 215: "Now, let everybody understand this: everything is to be paid before salary, putting by weekly enough to meet all rent and other current expenses... Whom God sends into His work, God will take care of..." (William Booth, 1878).

Sandall, Vol. I p. 214: "...There is Sister Reynolds and her husband who lived on 21
“Don’t believe that.”
“Bet they made a pretty penny.”
“The Hallelujahs turn everythin’ in fer the cause. Live hand-to-mouth. Twenty shillin’s a week, Ma says. She arksed ’em.”
“Don’ say.”
“Aye, look! Doors openin’.”
Eliza and Beck floated forward in the surge and were almost past the doorkeeper when there was a hard hand on Eliza’s shoulder.
“No, you don’t! Frizz an’ ruffle an’ doodas haint f’er this meetin’. This meetin’s fer ladies an’ gents. Not yer kin’. Out wi’ ye!”
Before they could protest, the crowd had pushed past and they stood disconsolate near the roadway where carriages were pulling up so rapidly that horses were rearing and snorting in the cold, unnerved by the commotion.
“Imagine that!” Beck was furious. “I vow! Can you tell a man’s heart by the buttons on his vest? Lizzie, I could pop his off.”
Eliza paused, studied their Sunday finery. Then she turned to the crowd. Many were in tatters and there were noisy, woolly hooligans clustered about, but there was also a good proportion of Coventry’s elite.
“Beck, I’ve an idea. Pull yourself tight and tall as possible. If our parents were here, we’d pose no problem to the doorkeep. All we need to do is—quick.” Hands laced, they slipped in behind a well-to-do couple. The gentleman’s greatcoat was bulky, his wife’s fox furs trailing. Heads down, barely touching the foxtail fringe, the girls whispered by the doorkeeper and ran to find a place on an empty form.13
“How beautiful this place is!” said Eliza. “A little shabby and sad, but think what it must have looked like.”
The Theatre Royal was very old but still bore signs of early Victorian elegance, painted in faded blues, with an abundance of chipped rococco decoration, the plush seats long gone and replaced now by stiff wooden benches.
“Can’t believe it,” Beck whispered as they discovered aisle after aisle crowded, people packed like toothpicks. They scampered up the broad old staircase to the highest balcony and seated themselves near the rear, here to espy a conclave of young roughs. The noisy stratagem was halted with the girls’ arrival.
“Welcome, fair damsels!”

__13__Rough wooden benches.
"Join us, Queens of the May!" Several dozen stood, bowing to the floor, swinging their flat, filthy caps. "May we have the pleasure?"

There were hoots and howls of laughter, whistles, snorts and sniggers, jiggling of burly bodies and jousting of long arms.

"We can’t stay here," whispered Beck.
"Never be allowed back."
"Shouldn’t hear a thing."
"There must be some place, Beck. I’ve this feeling so strong."
"What feeling?"
"Like something splendid is about to happen and I’m part of it."
"It’ll have to rattle like thunder to be heard in this commotion."
"Beck!" Eliza pointed down to the ground floor, in front of the stage.

"Look! Exactly what we’re after—empty forms. Come on!!"

They raced downstairs. The forms were stationed about five feet in front of the stage. Probably too close for most folk, Eliza thought. They sat down and had only taken off gloves and retied bonnets when marching up the center aisle in single file came the Hallelujahs, led by the two preaching ladies, singing and shouting, a circus drum beating. There were concertinas, tambourines, posters on poles, and red jerseys. All were either clapping or playing or waving as they proceeded. Red-cheeked and red-nosed from the cold, they clattered to the stage, divesting themselves of cloaks, mittens and mufflers and stood singing and clapping with the delighted audience.

What was their secret? Without exception they were smiling. All smiling. Some looked coarse and naturally playful but others did not, were in fact totally circumspect, precisely clad. Yet all exuded joy. They acted like people possessed. Maybe the devil had...

"Jimmy Docker!" Beck stood up. Eliza stood up. It was Jimmy Docker, marching up the aisle in a fresh black suit with a red jersey rolled high at the neck, shined shoes and carrying a poled placard which proclaimed: "GLORY!" 15

14The girls did not understand that these benches were placed there to be used by kneeling seekers during the prayer meeting.
15Coventry Corps History, The Christian Mission Magazine, September, 1878 "(Fist WAR CONGRESS) The scene as this brother rose (Brother Docker, Coventry)—so notorious a sinner before his conversion—surpassed all description. Almost the whole audience arose and praised God aloud. He spoke as follows: ‘I have been in prison many a time, and all through drink, but I hate it now as much as I used to love it. Many a pound I’ve spent on it but no more. I bless the day the Mission came into Coventry. But when I went into the old Theatre I had no idea of being converted. I had just had me beer, but it was a wet night and I got in a corner near the door. I never thought my heart was going to be brought down, but it was and I found Christ, although not the first time. I went again and again. I’m a greengrocer by trade..."
Eliza began to tremble.

"Jimmy Docker!" called Beck. "Jimmy Docker, are you, you?" He waved his poster at them, pointing to the sign, and shouted, "Glory!"

Katie followed Jimmy, jingled her tambourine as they sang with the other converts, "And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown, we shall..."

"Miracle of miracles!" Beck gasped.

Eliza wasn't sure. Jimmy Docker couldn't be serious. Soon he'd bang somebody over the head with his poster and stir up a riot.

Sister Reynolds stood forward on the stage.

"Beloved friends, we welcome you to God's house in the name of Jesus!" There was an uproar of amens and hallelujahs behind her. "We've just had a blessed open-air. Five more souls in the fountain. The Spirit of God directed our march and He has come to direct our efforts this night."

Another volley of amens. Then loud clapping as a song was lined out word for word for those who had no books or could not read:

Sound the battle cry! See the foe is nigh,
Raise the standard high for the Lord;
Gird your armour on, stand firm every one;
Rest your cause upon His holy Word.

CHORUS:
Rouse, then, soldiers! Rally round the banner,
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosannah!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

Jackson the Bear, a burly crevice-faced convert, asked to lead the congregation to the throne of grace, prayed, "God, Ye know us bilgin' varmin's. We don' desarve Y' wonder grace but we got't! Thank Jesus! Murder the waywar'. Slay 'em in Jesus! Grab some stinkin', sinkin' sinner who can't fin' the lifeline an' save 'im Lord, sav 'im! Then sen' 'im seekin' ither's roun' the worl'. Amen."

There were testimonies, some bombastic; more singing, hisses from hecklers in the balcony, a collection and an interruption by a gentleman who wished to take the stage with a pronouncement against women

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6Catherine Booth, when visiting Coventry soon after, said, "My husband says the people do not come so much to hear the preacher as to look at the Bills and Dicks, the prizefighters and bird fanciers who have got converted, and that they come still more to hear them speak."

like our brother Warren. I saw a notice up in his window: NO BUSINESS DONE HERE ON SUNDAYS IN FUTURE. Thinks I, I can earn as much money as him and can do without Sunday work as well as he can."
preachers.” Sister Reynolds allowed him to make an animated declama-
tion, answering only with, “Time will tell, dear friends. In Christ there is
no Greek nor Jew, neither male nor female. We may not use our Saviour’s
precious time for further discussion, but welcome our brother’s comments
nonetheless.” She concluded with so graceful a love message, that Eliza
wept. The sum and substance of the message was “God made you. He
loves you. And if you give your entire life to Him through Jesus’ saving
power, He will receive it, cleanse it and give it back to you with divine
purpose and His own lovely Spirit.”

Eliza couldn’t sort out her feelings; the sermon...the sight of Jimmy
and Katie Docker...the believers’ joy. They talked about life as if it went
well even when it didn’t, as if Jesus were a real human friend always with
them—cooperating, planning, listening—always after their best. Was that
what it was all about—being born of the Spirit? Being free because you
gave yourself to God?

Sister Reynolds was concluding: “Jesus it is, my dear ones, who makes
us come alive. Jesus is the Divine Presence, not a name only but a
Presence—a nature—the core of creation—that part of God that put on our
clothes and walked amongst us. He and the Father are one, and when we
become part of Him we become part of the whole of creation.”

One with creation? Imagine that! Eliza began to cry. No past to worry
about, no future to frighten—just the ever present. And this salvation
didn’t depend on anything you did or didn’t do, now or at any time—
simply on your acceptance of God personally.

Sister Reynolds invited all unsaved persons to come forward.

“It is a witness of repentance, of decision for God.”

Publicly kneel? Others did. Another song, another prayer and the
meeting was over.

“Lizzie, why didn’t you go forward? You wanted to.” Eliza shook her
head, and they continued home silently. Why hadn’t she gone? Why should
she have? Wasn’t it a matter between her and God? Why should everybody
in the world know her business? Or was this pride? Dishonesty? Fear? She
began to cry again. At the Shirley gate Beck demanded her gaze.

“Lizzie Shirley, you’re convicted. You’ll see.” She sped away.

Eliza stood staring after her for some moments before she had the

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17 “I’m a wonder in all Coventry...” Mrs. Reynolds took for her text, “What think ye of
Christ?” I thought, I don’t want none o’ that. The forms in the Factory at that time were badly
made and often used to break down during the service. And either me or somebody in me was
too heavy for the form that night and down it went. I didn’t like to get up so crouched against
the wall and got meself all whitewashed over...Then Mrs. Reynolds came to me...Thank
God!” (Brother Warren, attending the first War Congress, 1878).
courage to go inside. She blinked, wiped her eyes, recited Scripture verses, kicked the tree by the gate, and worked the latch several times. Of course, reason ruled her emotions. It always had. She could not be whimpering about. Oh? Though she had prided herself with composure for anything, anybody that came, this afternoon she’d not only not controlled herself but had felt strong emotion. What’s more, Beck, who was excitable and always ready for a great laugh or equally sorrowful cry, had tonight remained quite unmoved. How could that be? What sort of folk were the Hallelujahs? And what sort of god was God to make her feel this terrible?

She opened the door, attempting to greet her parents calmly.

“Darlin’, how did you like them?” said Annie.

“How did they strike you?” said Amos.

Eliza looked at her mother, bursting with blessing, anticipation. Then at her father, who seemed, with his gentle probing glance, to know exactly what had happened. She was indeed her parents’ child. She felt as if she knew both of them so well at this moment. How, O dear God, how can it possibly work for me? She burst into uncontrollable sobs. “I am undone! God has completely undone me at the Hallelujahs! I don’t know quite what I believe—but I know I can no longer unbeliev .” She rushed to her father’s big armchair and dissolved at his knee. Her mother knelt beside her.

“Come now, darlin’. All you need do is begin at the beginnin’—believin’ in Jesus, givin’ yourself to Him and then trusting for all the rest,” said Annie. “God knows exactly what He is about, and never a tear does He waste.”

Eliza only cried the harder. “It isn’t that,” she sobbed. “Oh, Mama, it isn’t that! I can believe all about God. It’s I who’s the troublemaker. You have no idea how willful and wicked I am inside.”

“Perhaps we do,” said Amos. “Perhaps we do, Lizzie, sweet.” Both parents patted her. “Bear in mind, you’ve not had time nor circumstance nor even inclination for the deep-dyed sins of commission, so your struggle is more refined. God has given you a clear mind and a hardy spirit, and perhaps you’re meeting now what others are beset by many years hence—not only saving but cleansing, and the consecration of your will to God.”

Eliza went right on sobbing.

“I think if ever I accept what the Hallelujahs call faith, I’m such a stubborn one that nothing in this world could stop me—not illness, nor friends, nor cogitations—once I made up my mind. Is that Christian faith? “Should I allow Him in, I should cry Him from the housetops, and that would be a consuming life task,” said Eliza. She looked up. “Why, I
should proclaim liberty to all the captives in the world because freedom
would be so lively in me. It would just go shooting out without my even
knowing. But it would be quite a trade, wouldn’t it? God’s will for my
own.”

“Yes, Love, and you would have the Book to test your inner guidance.”
Annie placed the family Bible on Amos' lap. Eliza looked at it, jumped up
lightly, kissed her parents and spreading her feet slightly, viewed them like
a congregation.

“It is all very well to snivel and slobber, but if I am to make a covenant
with God, reason must prevail. Not in full knowledge but in determination
made strong by conviction and Scripture, I, Eliza Shirley, do hereby affirm
that I am a chosen child of God through Jesus Christ His Son, having
offered Him my life, including my will.”

It was an uncommon act yet not unlike Eliza's usual behavior. The
strangeness was in her earlier emotional response. Though often tender she
was never tormented. And she’d had an emotional pummeling this day. In
calmer moments over tea, the three talked of events that had led up to
Eliza's decision. They discussed the Hallelujahs' coming to Coventry, the
ridicule, persecution and buffoonery; their unorthodoxy, sensationalism;
the posture of the press, the church, the mayor and the ruffians. But more
than anything else, they pondered the ministry of two preaching ladies. In
His good time, they concluded, God would make His wishes known;
meaning, they would worship as often as possible with the Hallelujahs,
though not defecting from their own church.

Head aching and nose red, Eliza went to bed, aware of meanings she
couldn't fathom, depths she couldn't plumb, sure only of her acceptance by
God. What did the Hallelujahs have to do with her? Certainly, she thought,
as she slipped into slumber, I could never be one of them. Too noisy, ill-
mannered, unorthodox. And I for one could never desecrate womanhood
by ordering either ladies or gentlemen about or preaching from a pulpit.
The man and woman whose motto became "Others!" were not the gentle, self-effacing, submissive persons an ideal and often idol-worshiping generation conceives them to have been. William and Catherine Booth, co-founders of The Salvation Army, were flesh-and-blood people, knowing all the frights, foibles, and frailties that all humankind knows—they had sore feet and sick stomachs, malformed bones¹ and fatigued bodies; they suffered headache and heartache, temptation and depression. William was impatient and quick-tempered; Catherine often needed seclusion and bed rest; both suffered temptation to give in to excruciating depression. Their miracle was that they believed in a loving, personal God who could call and direct persons in victorious ministries, as promised in the Book they considered to be His inspired Word—the Bible.

William Booth was born April 10, 1829, in Nottingham, England, to Samuel and Mary Moss Booth,² and, even as a boy, was a curious combination of worker and dreamer. He was born into a well-to-do home (Episcopalian) and attended the best schools in town; however, his father, an affluent nail-maker who built artisans' houses when industry moved into Nottingham, suffered grave financial losses, became ill and died when William was 12.

By the time of William’s birth, multitudes of villagers had crowded into the big cities and smaller industrial towns where the poor knew acute suffering. In order to make a living after his father’s death, William’s mother sold variety items in a tiny shop in the poor quarter of Nottingham. Of these days he later remembered vividly: “When a mere child, the degradation and helpless misery of the poor stockingers of my native town, wandering gaunt and hungerstricken through the streets, droning out their melancholy ditties...had a powerful influence on my whole life...the sight (was terrible) of children, blue with cold, crying in the streets for bread.”

Always restive and searching, at 15 William was converted in a Wesleyan church and immediately became an active witness, rushing home from work to visit the sick and to hold street meetings which especially attracted the ragtag young whom he sought to bring into the church fold. They were not welcomed. At 17, a recognized leader, he was deeply

¹Catherine suffered a serious curvature of the spine and was bedridden for long periods from early childhood. She was educated at home; thus, by being an early participant in serious adult discussions conducted regularly in her home, she knew early preparation for a later ministry.

²Mary Moss was Samuel’s second wife and is believed to have been Jewish.
impressed by the flaming American evangelist, James Caughey, struck by Caughey’s realism, conversational style and open-air preaching. Caughey, dark and theatrical, taught William many of the methods he was later to use. British cries of “Un-English!” “Flashy!” and “American!” probably were well founded. From the first, Booth’s ministry was American in enthusiasm and color.

In 1849, William left for London, hoping to preach, but was soon homeless, jobless and penniless. Finding a job with a Walworth pawnbroker, he immediately searched for opportunities to preach, and at 24 entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connection, the plight of the poor heavily on his heart. Although he was not a revolutionist, desiring and respecting authority, he was compelled to reach the masses, which were untouched by church or philanthropic agencies.

During Easter of 1849, he met Catherine Mumford, the cultured keenly intellectual girl he was to marry, when both were guests at the home of a mutual friend, Edward H. Rabbits. Catherine was born in London a few months before William, January 17, 1829, into a cultured, affluent family. When she met William she was living in the picturesque suburb of Brixton. Slight and graceful, she was highly sensitive and frail but her spirit was incredibly strong. She testified that she’d always yearned after God. Despite her frailty, she’d found time for writing even as a child, and once had sent an article to a magazine under the name of an adult friend for fear it wouldn’t have a fair reading if the editor knew she was a very young female.

They were married on June 16, 1855, after William had repeatedly warned her, “I offer now a step in the dark.” The Booth marriage was idyllic, though seemingly beset by every obstacle that public careers admit, besides the rearing of eight children and the incorporation of both writing and speaking careers for Catherine.

In March of 1861, when William was 32, and earnestly seeking a wider ministry, he appealed to the annual Methodist Conference for reappointment to evangelistic work. He was told to take a circuit, with only a portion of time being allowed for evangelistic services. Strengthened by Catherine’s cry, “Never,” from the balcony, William stalked from the conference—and from the Methodist ministry—to begin independent mission work. For a while he went where he was invited, preached where he could, in street and pulpit, awaiting God’s direction. The Booths had growing children by this time and economic circumstances were worrisome.

Edward H. Rabbits, a wealthy boot manufacturer, had heard William street-preaching, encouraged him and helped support his ministry for many years.

Legendary.
On June 25, 1865, a group of people who held evangelistic meetings asked William to begin a preaching ministry. As a substitute for an absent minister, he would conduct meetings on a Quaker burial ground in the Whitechapel district of London’s East End. The group extended his engagement and soon asked him to become their leader. During this period, William walked the squalor-ridden east end of London, watching, listening, talking—compelled by the poor. He didn’t like what he saw. So many churches—but not one for the men and women and children who peopled his nightmarish dreams. He remembered later, “When I saw those masses of poor people, so many of them evidently without God or hope... there and then my whole heart went out to them. I walked home and said to my wife, ‘Oh, Kate, I have found my destiny!’”

In 1869 Bramwell, the eldest son and barely in his teens, was taken by William into a saloon late one Sunday night. Bramwell reported, “The place was crowded with men, many of them bearing on their faces the marks of brutishness and vice, and with women also, disheveled and drunken, in some cases with tiny children in their arms. There in that brilliantly lighted place, noxious with the fumes of drink and tobacco, and reeking with filth, my father, holding me by the hand, met my inquiring gaze and said, ‘Willie, these are our people; these are the people I want you to live for and bring to Christ.’”

When the embryo work began to take form it was called The Christian Mission. William’s message was simple and direct: “There are many ways to damnation but only one to salvation. Jesus Christ can make the vilest clean! I don’t blame you for not believing me. Some of you weren’t born into this world. You were damned into it. But there’s hope. Believe God! Jesus loves you. Come!”

Folk began to join Booth—converted toughs and street women who had no church, cultured and wealthy Christians who were sick of Sunday religion, and a great many illiterate laborers. Though in the beginning desiring that his converts return to traditional homes of worship, Booth soon learned that they were not welcome, that they didn’t want to return and that he needed at least some of them to assist him in his ministry. It wasn’t long before many in his unlikely and unlovely parish began to use the street-corner as a pulpit themselves. Many street people who would have yelled down a theologian now stood speechless to hear men and

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3A year later as William’s 14-year-old aide, Bramwell attended the first annual conference. This altruistic, quiet, sensitive and legal-minded boy, so like his mother, with his soft voice and gentle gaze, was now William’s right-hand man, doing secretarial work, keeping books and managing William’s “Food for the Millions” project, which provided cheap food for the poor.
women who had seemed to be as evil as Satan tell of inner peace and love.

But as yet the Mission was certainly no Salvation Army. There was no brass music, no uniform, no drum, no flag—nothing but the will to do and the spirit to do it. Determined to bring the Christless to Christ, William mounted many a soapbox to teach God’s way to a congregation that shouted and swore, reeled and spit. With the world as a battlefield and the devil as the ever-present enemy, there was need for an army. Toughs broke up their meetings and nice people thought the whole business in the worst possible taste. Even the authorities often dragged them to prison. Booth’s army marched into the dim and dreary regions of the lost—the low places of iniquity. Reviled, persecuted, cheered by few, jeered by many, they continued to proclaim the message:

Jesus, the name high over all,  
In hell or earth or sky.  
Angels and men before Him fall,  
And devils fear and fly.

Folk stopped to listen—one by one. One by one and two by two. Two by two, then more and more. They filled each bench and crowded round each open door—and The Christian Mission marched on!

From 1875 to ’78 financial and disciplinary difficulties oppressed the Mission: evangelists were in short supply and an experiment was tried (with strong recommendation from Catherine), the appointment of a woman, Annie Davis, as supervisor-evangelist of the Barking Station. So successful was Annie that in 1878 “a cloud of women were sent flying over England,” Mrs. Caroline Reynolds and Mrs. Honor Burrell being two of these.

As yet there was no prescribed social-welfare program, though a number of services had been in operation for a number of years, including drunkards’ brigades, house-to-house visiting Bible women, services to “lost women,” ragged schools, sewing classes, reading rooms and cheap food depots. Booth deplored “blanket and coal” religion, and in early years would not dispense any kind of charity from his places of worship.

Certainly, the Mission never had been only a street-corner army. Always practical, Booth early had commented, “You can’t preach to a man on an empty stomach,” but he also realized that “you can’t make a man clean by washing his shirt.” He always believed in the man—the man God intended residing somewhere inside the most depraved. “It believes in the survival of the fit,” he once said of another organization. “The Salvation Army believes in the salvation of the unfit...if we help the man it is in order that we may change him. I see the folly of hoping to accomplish anything abiding, either in the circumstances or the morals of these hopeless classes
except there be a change effected in the whole man as well as his surroundings... Now, I propose to go straight for these sinking classes, and in doing so shall continue to aim at the heart. I still prophesy the uttermost disappointment unless that citadel is reached."

The social work of the Army grew both spontaneously and officially. To meet need at the point of need, as William Booth believed he must, it became necessary to begin, often ill-prepared, often failing. "Sometimes," observed Bramwell in later years, "we were building the ship while we sailed her."

But Booth knew he had the key to the reclamation of society. "It is nasty work," he said, "pleading for the salvation of men's souls when their bodies are filthy, their clothes ragged, and their faces like an outlined map for the lack of soap... as we passed along the streets the Army was joined by many strange recruits, out at the elbows, smelling of thick twist, miserable looking wretches, men in whose minds the truth was probably dawning that it is not absolutely necessary to wear patent-leather boots and a broadcloth coat to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

William and Catherine Booth believed their soup, soap, and salvation religion was right because: one, God had set their hearts yearning and called them to serve; and, two, because they had proved their premise by results. Though the message was not always stated through spoken words, ("We never took a sermon to a cell. We took a tear."), still, they took the message—their lives and the lives of the tramping soldiers behind them shining out the joyful truth that there are "good tidings of great joy" for, unto all who will receive Him "is born this day... a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

If impatience was William Booth's most unpleasant characteristic, it may be explained by his words: "Be patient do you say? Wait for the Lord's time? This is the Lord's time. Why should I wait? There is a sanctified anger because it is just, and there is a sanctified impatience because it is born of benevolence. How can we wait and see the people die and see the generations sweep off before our eyes into eternal woe, that might be rescued—that might be saved?"
Chapter II

MARCHING ALONG

TIME: April, 1878

PLACE: Coventry

SETTING: Leaving Chapel

"Exactly this is what happened, Beck."

At the ringing of the chapel bell Eliza and Beck, Bibles tucked under their arms, bounced out and down the steps toward the Hallelujahs. They were bound for a free-and-easy meeting at the Salvation Factory.

"Tell me like your life depended on’t," said Beck. "You’re converted, Lizzie? Cross your heart and hope t’ die?"

"Beck, that’s infant talk. We’re women now."

"Well, you were a scaredy-cat not to kneel in meeting."

"I know. The kneeling came later. I shan’t have the correct words but the best wouldn’t say it. First, the joy of the Hallelujahs. When they came marching up the aisle, I felt I was jumping right out of the top of my head. Then came Jimmy and Katie and—"

"You’re so proper, Lizzie. I just can’t—"

"I know. You’re the one for the high jinks. Then Sister Reynolds began to talk about Jesus and something broke inside me, like my blood was crying. No one else seemed cantankerous any more; just me."

"When you say it, I see it. But ’twasn’t like that for me."

"How was it?" They could hear the Hallelujahs singing.

"Well, Pa an’ Ma give me a Bible when I was eight an’ I commenced to read. Not the hard parts. Just about Jesus. He was enough for me. I told ’im I’d be obliged if He’d take over. That’s all there was, but I do know."
“It seems as if you and I traded places. Anyhow, what I’m telling you, I spoke at chapel love feast.¹ And that’s what folk are upset about.”

“Because you got saved?”

“No, because I got saved at the Hallelujahs. But my folks are happy. Mama cried and Papa said, ‘Praise the Lord!’ You know how he says it—mild. But for him it was a shout.”

“Then I shouldn’t worry. God is dandy at makin’ things work out.”

“Here comes the open-air march… Oh! Poor things!”

Down the muddy spring street came the Hallelujahs, the preaching ladies marching backward, followed by a long line of converts attempting to keep in a straight line while singing, “We’ll gird on the armour and rush to the field, determined to conquer and never to yield . . . ,” but seriously impeded by a howling mob of roughs encouraged by publicans² and ne’er-do-wells who trotted cheering on the sidelines. The hooligans especially tormented Jimmy Docker, who marched straight forward, placard high; and the old drummer Sam Harrow, a reclaimed drunk, cockfighter and gambler, assailant of many a decent provider. Harrow crumpled to the ground, struck in the head by a brick.

“Beck!” Eliza said, “we can’t wait to grow up. We’ve got to march now!”

Smaller than most, Eliza raced through the crowd, dipping and darting, to stand in front of the fallen drummer who was about to be stomped. She thrust her Bible high over her head. Beck followed suit.

“Citizens of Coventry! Stop! You mock God. In His name, stop!”

For a moment the mob swayed. Then a rock knocked her Bible to the ground.

“Ye-ow!” The fight was on again. Beck slipped her Bible into Eliza’s raised hand. What to do? Eliza closed her eyes. Dear Lord, now! The answer now! One word flew into her thoughts. Eternity. She began to sing loudly, Beck joining:

* * *

_Eternity, eternity;
Where will you spend eternity?
'Tis heaven or hell for you and me;
Where will you spend eternity?_

A tough had grabbed her Bible, was about to hurl it at the fallen Harrow, when he opened his hand and let it fall.

¹ Love Feast: a period of service of personal experience and testimonials, sometimes accompanied with the breaking and sharing of bread, and the distribution of water—not to be confused with the communion service which is a sharing of the body and blood of Christ, either symbolically or by belief in transubstantiation.

² Publicans, meaning tavern keepers.
"Me hand's burnin'! God loosed 'er on us! God loosed 'er!"

His mates backed away, but at a distance many turned back to listen. Eliza finished the song and they continued to stand like fenceposts. Then, wailing, one rushed to kneel at the drumhead. Two others helped carry Sam Harrow toward the Factory, his blood spilling on them. The remainder of the attackers, about one hundred in number, either fell shamefacedly in line or helped shoulder injured converts.

After makeshift repairs, some of the lady converts contributing petticoat ruffles for bandages, all the marchers, with the exception of Sam Harrow who was laid on the platform, participated in the crowded meeting. Sister Reynolds assured her audience that all was well and even the most seriously put upon, Sam Harrow, was now conscious and would, God willing, be marching again in a day or two. She explained the set-to.

"God used two very young ladies to His great glory."

The forms began to rock.

"We wan' the lassies! We wan' the lassies! Let the lassies sing!"

Sister Reynolds explained the two were not converts but little stranger angels. The roughs stamped their feet, jumped on the forms, threw whiskey bottles and banged spittoons with pocketknives.

"We wan' the lassies! We wan' the lassies!"

Sister Reynolds asked that, if present, the girls would honor their Lord by singing. Eliza and Beck held a whispered consultation, then holding hands tightly, marched up the center aisle to deafening hurrahs. Eliza asked if there were a guitar handy and, strumming, matched her soprano to Beck's alto, singing to 1,000 stunned listeners:

What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

It was as if a soft summer breeze had entered the room, soothing, settling, caressing. People began to weep. Before the song was ended there was not a hallelujah to be heard. No spitting, no drinking, no blaspheming. No yelling, no hissing, no howling. Not even a baby's whimper.

Sister Reynolds rose.

"We are in the presence of God." She opened her Bible and read:

"But as many as received Him (Jesus), to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth" (John 1:12-14).

No heckling that night! Waves of sobbing broke forth. From throughout
the auditorium folk began to filter to the penitent-form—the furred and furbelowed beside the patched poor; ruffians and street girls next to university professors; theshawled and the shaven together; bent heads and folded hands, wild faces andstretched arms beseeching heaven.

"Glory!" said Sister Reynolds at the conclusion.

"Hallelujah!" proclaimed the converts, including Eliza and Beck.

"Amen!" roared the congregation, perhaps not every soul in earnest but at least there were no vile oaths nor tossed missiles.

From that night forward Eliza and Beck were bound to the Hallelujahs, attending chapel only on mandate from their parents, who also frequented the Salvation Factory, though the idea of women evangelist-administrators still repulsed them and they were uncomfortable in the noisy, sometimes emotional atmosphere. Nonetheless, they never disputed that the presence of the Almighty abode in the Factory. Soon it was April and with the going of the snows, longer open-air meetings were conducted. Easter was a town festival in Coventry, and Sister Reynolds early announced that they'd make the most of the "pagan" celebration and have rejoicing reinforcements for the holy weekend. Converts from Leicester, four sisters and two brothers, two of them called Happy George and Blessed Sally, would be worshiping with Coventry faithfuls.

"As we'll be mos' diligently careful, we shan't have a go-round with the police," Sister Reynolds advised. "We've been as much plagued by the police as the publicans and roughs. We'll let our Lord carry the day for us and never answer back. Just go marching on, handing out God-bless-yous. An' 'tis happy we are to have the eldest son of Reverend and Mrs. Booth, Mr. Bramwell, bring our Easter evenin' message. Mr. Bramwell's a young gentleman with sweet spirit, clever brain and distinction, perhaps 22 years o' age, the eldest of eight. He's well acquainted with Jesus."

She further announced that plans had been made to use the Theatre Royal for all festival services and continue the celebration through Monday when a monster afternoon open-air meeting would be conducted in Pool Meadow at half past four, after which the entire congregation would march to the Mission Hall, kindly lent for the occasion, for tea and testimony, a true love feast. She added that, despite their tender years, the Misses Eliza Shirley and Elizabeth Pearson would again sing in the evening service.

The girls rushed home to share this momentous news. They clattered in the back door.

"Beck's come to tea, Mama! We've got to decide on Easter outfits."

Annie came from the breadboard, and the girls kissed her. She daubed the tips of their noses with flour.

"Come, darlin's. A raspberry tart and a drop of tea." They sat at the
kitchen table, a family treasure of huge proportions with a central clawed pedestal, covered as usual with a white linen cloth enhanced with a very old chased silver service. All important discussions were aired at the kitchen table.

"Now, then, Papa will buy the Easter fabric for Lizzie, and I'll help with pattern and scissors, but she must sew it herself."

"Me too," said Beck. "Ma says if I'm old enough to marry in two'r three years, I'm old enough to act grown up. What we want's a pattern and color suitable for t'Mission. We'd make them exactly like Sister Reynolds."

"Black?" Annie shushed her. "You'd look like play-widows. If you want something sturdy, how about a soft brown challis with a delicate paisley pattern?"

"But that wouldn't look Mission t'all!"

"It'd be sober an' stylish, too," said Eliza.

"Not enough. Got t' be ugly like hers."

"Nonsense," said Annie. "Mrs. Reynolds is quite severe, and she's much older, 30 or more. You can be just as holy in a lovely light batiste, say a blue or rose. And dear little posy bonnets, based on your old straws should you want to put the stray coppers in the collection box."

Eliza brightened.

"Won't do," said Beck. "Got t' be plain. And Lizzie, we got t' dress alike. When we're singin'—"

"Singing?" said Annie.

The girls jumped up to hug her.

"Mama, on Easter Mr. Booth's son, Bramwell, is to be the evening speaker at the Hallelujahs and Beck and I are to sing a duet."

"Got t' dress alike."

"Girls, I know how you feel but I must caution you both that Eliza is not joining the Hallelujahs now, nor have we the intention for later. If you must be plain, consider a solid tan. Papa can get it through the mill. With dark brown velvet trim, velvet roses and streamers for your straws."

"Mama's right, Beck," agreed Eliza. "Let's have the tan."

"Very well, but princess like Sister Reynolds."

"That fashion never caught on," said Annie. "Too severe for girls your age, and too tight for the buxom ladies. Tan with a slight bustle. Your old cages' will fit, and your brown boots greased up will do if you're intent on frugality. A bit of ecru lace and brown velvet at the throat. Now then, off to the flatirons for Eliza."

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*Cage: Wire cage-like foundation used as undergarment to sustain bustle.*
“When do I put my hair up, Mama?” Eliza laughed, piling her curls high. “And my skirts down?” The girls’ bouffant skirts came to the top of their high-laced shoes.

“Time enough to grow old. To the irons!”

Easter Saturday proceeded according to schedule, though the police twice stopped Mrs. Reynolds, telling her that singing processions would not be tolerated and her people dare not stand in prominent positions on the street henceforward. This edict disturbed no one. The Hallelujahs attracted huge crowds and marched in silence to the theatre. People thronged to watch. The congregations were larger than ever before, offerings improved and they rejoiced that six souls sought the Lord and ten raised their hands for prayer.

Happy George, Blessed Sally, and others in the visiting brigade helped encourage many bold and brave testimonials during the Sunday afternoon free-and-easy meeting. One housewife declared, “I know there’s somethin’ in religion now that I got a whole week’s money from me man instead o’ half.” The next declared, “Why, meself, until I started here I ’adn’t been in a place o’ worship fer 15 years, an’ tha’ ware when I married.”

But it was the evening service for which Eliza waited. Half the town turned out to hear Mr. Bramwell Booth. Eliza and Beck had convert places on the platform as the meeting commenced. Breathless and blown from the open air, they attempted to smooth their Easter finery. The open-air crowd had been surprisingly good-natured. Not even a dead cat nor a pail of slop had touched the converts as they silently marched back to the Factory. Police, though watchful, had not been abusive.

A string band and half a dozen concertinas struck up the melody of “Onward, Christian Soldiers” and, though the handclapping and foot stomping were deafening and roughs shouted vulgar epithets, there seemed no undertone of aggression. Easter singing lightheartedly prevailed as, behind Sister Reynolds, Bramwell Booth ascended the theatre stage. A roar of applause succeeded Sister Reynolds’ announcement: “Mr. Bramwell Booth of The Christian Mission.”

Eliza was awed by the young man’s appearance—much younger than she had pictured such a gentleman. Tall, with a slight bend in the shoulders and mild, rather pallid features. Such a kindly face. An ear trumpet had been brought for his use, if needed, for he was somewhat hard of hearing. How could such a sensitive gentleman speak in public? How could he face the howling mobs? He smiled, waved, then knelt by his chair in prayer.

Early in the meeting he spoke in a modest, conversational tone of his conversion, of his parents and their influence on his life. He mentioned his
mother's tenderness, albeit administered with school-mistress severity. He recounted a letter she'd recently allowed him to read in which she'd written her mother that Bramwell was not exhibiting the attentiveness and obedience necessary to proper growth. "Commendable," said Bramwell, though one must consider that at the time of writing he'd been less than three years of age. "To disobey," he said, "was to incur her highest displeasure." Not a principle to make grownups comfortable. It was her appreciation of the fact that obedience is a necessary principle in education, growth and development. "For example, we were always encouraged to express sympathy with beggars and tramps, and whenever we took an interest in a particular tramp, she would say, 'You can give him your pudding.' She believed in hitching not only the wagon to a star, but the star to a wagon."

He mentioned that newswriters often said his father was overexacting. "Father demands the best for God," he said. "Always the best. Once, accosting a Mission evangelist, he asked, 'How are you doing?' 'Well, sir,' said the man, 'the best I can.' 'The best you can?' snorted my father. 'The best you can? That will never do, man! God must have better than your best!'" "Sometimes," said Bramwell, "I have put it to him that he would be dissatisfied at the moment of victory on the field if he noticed that a gun of one of the batteries had come up with six horses when it should have had seven. And his reply was, 'Yes, Bramwell, but if there ought to have been seven, I should be right to be vexed because there were six.'"

He said that extreme care for minute detail, demand for accuracy, and tension in his father came in part because he cried out against wickedness and the guilt it engendered. The elder Booth seemed to bear others' pain. "Not long ago I walked into his room very late and found him pacing. 'What are you doing up?' I asked. 'I am thinking.' 'But ought not you to be asleep?' 'No,' he answered. 'I am thinking.' 'But what are you thinking of especially?' 'Bramwell,' he said 'I am thinking about the people's sins. What will they do with their sins?'

"Father seems to bring mankind to this consideration with his own life as proof that God can do miracles with a man by nature most eccentric and sensitive," said Bramwell. "That concern will be the burden of my message tonight."

Many in Coventry listened to young Booth; citizens who dwelt in infinite squalor and abysmal degradation, as well as the elite of society. All who attended were enraptured with the sweetness of his speech, its earnest entreaty. Eliza was profoundly stirred by his message, which was based on this Scripture:
"Concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was...declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Romans 1: 3, 4).

"Just as one of the great proofs, if not the great proof of the truth of Christianity, is the fact of the world's need for it," said Bramwell, "so one grand proof of the Resurrection lies in the fact that no interpretation of Christ's teaching or Christ's life would be worth a brass farthing—so far as the actual life of saving man is concerned—without Jesus' death and resurrection."

Bramwell said that if Jesus did not die the Bible is little more than a superior book of proverbs or a collection of high-polished copybook maxims—if He did not rise from the dead, Christianity is a dead discipline, like a splendid specimen of carved marble in some museum, exquisite to look upon and of priceless value, but cold, cheerless and dead.

"A living Person must needs be our Friend, Saviour and Guide," Bramwell continued. "Jesus did not say, 'Follow My methods or My disciples,' but, 'Follow Me!' It is the life of Jesus, from beginning to end, and the evidence of that life in us that is really important. No extent of worldly wisdom or historical testimony can finally establish for us the fact and power of Christ's resurrection unless we have proof in ourselves of His presence there as a living Spirit. With St. Paul we must know Him and the power of His resurrection."

Bramwell declared that no books, not even the Bible itself, no testimony, not even of those who were present on the first Easter Day, were as good as experiential proof. This is beyond contradiction.

"What use is it?" he demanded, "to argue with a man born blind that he is still blind when he declares, 'Whereas I was blind now I see.'"

He told them that salvation through Christ is the hope of the world, and that the Mission's struggle for the souls of men centered in this glorious truth: "HE IS RISEN!" He next pointed out that until a man by faith received Christ within, he is dead in sin. Jesus, he said, never made light of sin—which is any separation from God. He used no disguises when He talked of it, no equivocal terms, no softening words. There was nothing in His discourse to suggest He thought of it merely as a disease or derangement or misfortune. He deemed it deadly rebellion against God—the great disaster of the world. He said there was no remedy for it but His. No rains to wash it, no waters to clean it, no fire in hell itself to purge its defilement. The only hope was the blood of Jesus' sacrifice. He came to shed it, to save the people from their sins.

"That," stated Bramwell, "is our hope. Our hope is made secure by our faith—for which the only true test is its treatment of sin. There is
something within men that defines sin. They do not learn it or deduce it or believe it. They know it. All men do. I do. You do. The renaming of evil has little or no effect either upon its nature or upon those who are under its mastery. A new label does not change the poison. Its victim is a victim still. Nor does punishment for sin entirely dispose of it. This may provide relief but what people need is a cure. Can the slave be emancipated by a new contrivance for painting his chains? Never! Sin is a wrong against self, against fellows—and most important—against God.

“So every man” Bramwell concluded “comes at last to the awakening—evil must stand up for judgment. We cry tonight with David, ‘Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity... Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned’” (Psalm 51: 2a, 4a).

It seemed that night even lackadaisical and resistant worshipers left with hosannahs in their hearts. There were no decaying chickens, rotten eggs, or old boots as the Salvation Factory closed shop. However, the week after Easter was a different story.

Sister Reynolds had ordered all converts on holiday duty both morning and afternoon, when monster open-air meetings were to be conducted in Pool Meadow where, it was expected, thousands would converge for celebration and would follow to the Mission Hall for tea and testimony, a carefree period of food for both soul and body. However, so well attended was the open-air service that only about half the crowd could be accommodated inside, and converts kept the open-air meetings going from three in the afternoon until seven in the evening.

“Then,” exulted Sister Reynolds to her enthralled audience that evening, “we came in procession to the Factory, singing all the way. As you know, our town has been alive this weekend with marches in band processions, with young women dancing through the streets to the lively brass tunes. We thought surely we might sing a little for Jesus. Praise His name, we got to the Factory without the authorities halting us.”

—Coventry, England, Corps History given in The Christian Mission Magazine. Sister Reynolds—Easter Monday: “Sister Burrell gave her farewell address, which made many poor sinners fall... Easter Tuesday: We had to leave off speaking in the meeting which followed (open-air) when we saw one poor man, with his handkerchief up to his face, crying for mercy... Women are continually talking about their homes, which were once little hells but are now little Heavens. An old man, who had been a great drinker said the other night, ‘It’s beautiful to come here.’ Another said, ‘The Salvation Factory’s quite a byword.’ One young woman had got so miserable she could not rest till she gave herself to God. She tells me that when she heard me ask the Lord to make poor sinners miserable, she thought that it was very unkind of me for she was miserable enough... since her conversion says everything’s so different. Even the very steam in the factory goes differently.”
Eliza had been with the second group, coming indoors now with Beck, famished and tired but more excited than ever she'd been in her fifteen years, a festival of thoughts leaping about in her skull, “or wherever my thoughts congregate,” she later told Amos and Annie. She danced around her father, drumming her tambourine, now decorated with red silk ribbons.

“Papa, listen to me! I must join the Hallelujahs! I’m made for them. You saw me yourself on the march today. I sang and clapped with the best of them, and I’ve never felt more robust in my life. I could even wear Sister Reynolds’ black princess gown now.”

“Lizzie,” Annie put her tatting in a sewing basket, “if all this is God’s leading, there’s enough time to contemplate it. You’ve never been rebellious, irrational nor impulsive, but I’m a little anxious. You seem quite overwhelmed with the Hallelujahs.”

Tapping her tambourine, Eliza ran to hug Annie.

“Mama, I’ve not lost my senses. It’s just that I know I belong and that there’s something quite glorious in store.”

“Darlin’, better a small puddin’ with purpose and reason than a whole creamcake with ague,” said Amos. “We’ll see in six months how the land lies.”

“Plenty of time for the mournin’ frock,” said Annie. “Do you realize, Pet, you won’t be sixteen until the ninth day of October? Don’t seek to be a blossom before you’ve been a bud. Now, off to bed with you.”

The next night Eliza and Beck marched directly behind Mrs. Reynolds. Eliza carried the borrowed guitar and Beck waved her embroidered linen handkerchief to the whosoever. The procession sang with gusto:

\[
\text{We are marching onward, singing as we go,}
\text{To the promised land where living waters flow...}
\]

Whether the Easter weekend was the lull before the storm, or whether “old forktail,” as Sister Reynolds put it, had found where to use his ammunition with best dispatch, is unclear, but the most treacherous melee yet experienced broke out the day after at the pump in Much Park Street, where the crowd stopped carriages and pedestrians for blocks and Eliza was quite sure police had encouraged the attacking desperadoes, from the looks of them. At any rate, as the roughs closed in, bashing and butchering, armed with a formidable cache of weapons—from lead pipes and battering rams to cat-o’-nine-tails, flacons of hot water and bags of flour, which they immediately cut open to powder the Hallelujahs—a command was heard.

“Halt!” shouted a constable. “Halt in the name of Her Majesty, the
Queen!” He handed Sister Reynolds a summons, the crowd was forcibly disbursed and Sister Reynolds was hustled into the Black Maria, along with an assortment of converts, among them Eliza and Beck. In court, 50 to 60 stood in ragged lines before the magistrate, a gimlet-eyed gentleman who sniffed them with displeasure.  

“Mrs. Caroline Reynolds step forward.”

She stepped.

“‘You are the preacher-administrator of the group known as The Christian Mission?’”

“Yes, your Honor.”

“And responsible for the activities of this group?”

“Yes, your Honor.”

“You are charged with the obstruction of traffic, disturbing the peace and inciting to riot. Fined ten shillings and ordered to desist from congregating in the open-air meetings.”

“Your Honor, I did not incite to riot nor disturb the peace. I shall do all in my power to avoid causing obstruction but cannot promise not to hold open-air meetings. It is the venomous mob which obstructs and from which we should be protected. They are paid by the publicans. We must have the right of free speech to be properly about our business.”

“What business?”

“Our King’s business.”

“Her beloved Majesty, Queen Victoria, rules Britain.”

“King Jesus. I shall not pay, and we cannot discontinue the open-air meetings for we are marching to convert Coventry! Including your immortal soul, your Honor. Comrades, shall we seek the throne of grace?”

Half of the audience plopped down.

“Order!” The judge pounded his gavel.

A spattering of oaths, clapping, hallelujahs and glories broke forth like a disabled dissonant street organ.

“Madam,” snapped the magistrate, “I give warning that the next time I’ll hold you in contempt and have you flogged with every one of your ragtail band. Twenty shillings or seven days in prison.”

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3Coventry, England, Corps History, by Mrs. Caroline Reynolds, *The Christian Mission Magazine*, 1878. “I was only kept a quarter of an hour in custody although it seemed much longer... ‘I thought your friends wouldn’t let you stay here,’ said the officer (who took her to her cell). One woman, Yorky Liz, protested so against my going. She cried, ‘Don’t let her! She’ll have nuthin’ but dry bread to eat and boards to lie on. I’ve been myself and I know all about it.’ Then I got lots of sympathy from the poor people... We have only to ask the poor and they help us...”
Sister Reynolds closed her eyes and folded her hands.

"Thank You, Jesus," she said matter-of-factly. And to the magistrate, "Fines are an admission of guilt when paid, your Honor. God has a right to the streets of Coventry."

There was a volley of amens and hallelujahs, even from some of the assailants, and a wild stamping of boots.

"Cheers for the preachin' lady!" The courtroom rang with hip, hip hoorays as two officers handcuffed Sister Reynolds and pushed her toward the cells. The crowd had not disbursed when, shoving past the doorkeeper, Amos strode angrily up the aisle.

"Your Honor," he had his hand in his pocket, "I'll be obliged if you release Mrs. Reynolds. I'm honored to pay her fine." He put the money on the clerk's desk, turned and was striding toward the door when he spied Eliza. His eyes widened.

"Come with me." He took Eliza by the arm, pulled her to the door and once in the open said with severity, "This ends the Hallelujahs for you, my girl!"

Eliza was stunned. "Papa, don't talk like that! How can you pay the fine and be against them?"

Amos kept his hand firmly on her arm, propelling her forward.

"I do believe in them. They preach straight gospel and go for the worst. They're straightforward, loving and earnest. And sadly set upon. But their ranks are no place for frail girls. It was difficult enough before, but now this court business. It wouldn't be long before you'd be manacled to cell bars. Fighting in the streets is not female business. God must raise up male soldiers. If Mrs. Reynolds had been a man this could well have been averted. Women attract men, and men—this kind of men—attract trouble straight from hell."

He hustled Eliza on and tug as she might, cry as she did, nothing availed. When word got to Beck's parents that Eliza had been forbidden, she was also forbidden, and the girls could only tearfully beseech God to lead them out of this tormenting restraint from duty. Secretly they sang the happy songs they'd learned at the Hallelujahs.

The prohibitions lasted throughout April when neither Amos nor Annie were proof against Eliza's pleas for them to read posters regarding an eminent, eccentric Hallelujah visitor.

"Papa, this fine gentleman was born and bred in Coventry. Please, please let me go—if not to the open-air meeting, then to the indoor meeting to hear Mr. Elijah Cadman."
Amos and Annie studied the scarlet poster, one of hundreds showered on Coventry:

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COVENTRY'S CONVERTED PUGILIST-SWEEP!
ELIJAH CADMAN TO STORM THE FORTS OF DARKNESS!
SATAN TO BE WAYLAID!
CAPTAIN IN A SALVATION ARMY WHICH IS WINNING
THE WORLD TO JESUS!
COME!
WITNESS THE ATTACK AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL
8 p.m.
```

"Please?"

"Lizzie, you may go," said Amos. "We'll accompany you. Pet, the prohibition is for your own good. God doesn't want your young life tormented—or worse. He doesn't expect us to lose our reason in our salvation."

So it was that the Shirley family attended a spectacular service conducted by the ex-pugilist chimney sweep, Mr. Elijah Cadman.

The meeting had begun, when, due to inclement weather which had delayed him, the evangelist in question marched on stage, a diminutive black-bearded man whose girth was the measure of his height. Broad-shouldered with a humorous gleam to his dark eyes, he had enormous vitality. His gestures were large and his voice deep and vibrant. Also, it was said by those who remembered, he was powerful beyond his size and had been a vicious antagonist when drunk.

After the opening exercises and before his lecture Elijah gave his testimony, a statement that might well have been considered to be a cheap fabrication except that there were those present who remembered that he had been the runt in a brood of five infants left by a Coventry millworker who, "worn out by privation, toil and excess," died when Elijah was 15 months old.

"Me mother was a silk weaver," said Elijah, "an' she arly taught we should no' whine no' excuse no' lament our lot, but fight our way through. That I did." He laughed like dynamite. "A' six I ware done wi' education, boun' meself t' a sweep who give me bread an' board fer the privilege o' climin' chimneys an' sweepin' down 't soot. Face covered by a calico mask, I'd be pushed up t' chimney, a scraper in me 'ands, tol' t' clean its insides.
“Sometimes, we knew, little boys were choked in chimneys,” but t'was not tha' fear set me weepin’, but t’ terror I’d come on the Black Bogey who lurked inside t’ gobble little sweeps. At six I ware often drunk, fer t’ sweep an’ is boys ware give a small drop o’ beer t’ each ‘ouse.

“At 13 me mither an’ grannie died, an’ at 17 I wen’ off’ t Rugby fer more chimneys an’ became a terror to t’ town. Fought like t’ devil and drank like a fish, an’ soon became sparrin’ partner t’ a carousin’ pugilist. One Christmas we’d ‘eard o’ a public ’angin’ at Warwick gaol and decided to celebrate by goin’ t’ execution. As we watched t’ danglin’ bodies, me mate said, ‘Thas what ye’ll come to, ’Lija, one day.’ ‘e upset me, ‘e did, so back to Coventry I came, tail tucked between me legs, leavin’ me mate cursin’, for I’d t’ money. Became a teetotaler, then quit tobacco an’ oft spoke int’ public square t’ this purpose.

“This ware some time ago, in early ’60s. In 1864, I became a partner in me employer’s sweep business an’ soon after stopped to listen t’ a ranter who spoke on ‘Death on the Pale Horse.’ He so stirred this renovation cause t’ cause a row that I wen’ prowlin’ about t’ road fer weeks to get meself in ‘and. Not so. One night I said, ‘I’m lost. I’m afraid o’ death.’ ‘Chist died for me,’ the ranter said. ‘Did ’e now?’ said I. ‘Then ’ere’s a man as’ll die fer ’im as did die fer me. I’m gonna fight fer God an’ not t’ devil.’ I knelt by me bed all tha’ night, an’ at last in t’ mornin’, t’ storm in me ‘eart an’ mind ceased. I ware a converted man an’ knew it. Then prayin’, I saw a Form and a Face. Me eyes ware full o’ tears an’ me ‘eart o’ gladness. I dressed, ran down, nearly tumblin’ over me master’s wife who ware sittin’ on t’ step, an’ tol’ ‘er, ‘I’ve seen Jesus Christ!’

“I ware not out of me mind but felt I’d t’ shout the glory o’ it, so ran along t’ streets, tellin’ every man I met, ‘I’ve seen Jesus Christ!’ From then on I ware a local preacher. Couldn’t neither read nor write, but ‘ow I loved that Bible. Once I ware accosted by a white collar. ‘Cadman,’ ‘e says, ‘you read t’ lesson wi’ your Bible upsidedown.’ ‘Did I read it right?’ I asked. ‘Yes,’ ‘e said. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘what’s the matter how I held t’ Book?’

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“Small boys for narrow flues,” was a common advertisement. A larger boy might stick in a nine-inch square chimney and suffocate—a very disagreeable business for everybody since the lad not only died but put his employer to the expense of hiring a bricklayer to demolish a part of the chimney so the corpse could be cleared away and the flue made to function again.”

“Taking an old-fashioned alphabet board he got the interest of a large group of children then holding up the board pointed to a letter and said, ‘What’s that?’ ‘A,’ said a child. ‘Is he right?’ said Elijah to the rest. At the end of the third week’s ‘teaching’ the teacher had the names of the letters in his head and their shapes in his eye. He learned a variety of one-syllable words in this manner, but arrived at a troublesome fence with ‘at.’ He asked the children in the usual style, ‘What’s that?’ The class was puzzled once more. ‘What do you wear on your ‘eads?’ ‘An ’at.’ ‘That’s hit!’”

St. John Ervine, God’s Soldier, p. 345. St. John Ervine, God’s Soldier, p. 347.
"In 1865 when I married me God-blessed girl, Maria Rosina, she soon joined a hallelujah band, wore red shirts like Garibaldi's and took off their coats durin' meetin'. They ware t' noisy men of God, and oft pelted wi' mud and stones. I knew when I saw 'em they ware me class, and though when I went t' Mr. Booth t'join up I wore a well-cut suit an' tall silk 'at, I ware all for t'jerseys an' hallelujahs."

As Cadman sat to wipe his wet forehead, Sister Reynolds told of his Christian Mission career, how he'd always considered himself God's soldier. As evangelist administrator at Hackney, stationed in an outpost almost in the enemy trenches, he'd written of conflict to the editor of The Christian Mission Magazine, signing his reports, "Yours in the King's army."

"Mr. Cadman is a fighting man," Sister Reynolds told the congregation, "ready to rush the enemy at any moment, no matter how bloody he is from earlier wounds. Let me read you from one encounter:

At a saloon, the publican came out and blackguarded us. He then sent out half a dozen drunken fellows, some of them six feet high, who commenced knocking me about, and one of them laying hold of me, ripped my trousers very nearly in two, another one knocking my hat off and kicking it in double. Thank God, my head wasn't in it. At night we had a glorious time of it, and sinners weeping came to JESUS. We are often pelted with dead cats and rats while procession-ing in the streets."

After the usual singing, praying and collection taking, Sister Reynolds introduced the subject of the evening by a further anecdote regarding Cadman.

"Brother Cadman is a soldier. In October 1877, he, with Gipsy Smith, opened fire on Whitby with a call for 2,000 men and women to join what he termed 'The Hallelujah Army.' He wrote out a bill to this effect and the people were most curious as many were half expecting England to go to battle and were alarmed at the mention of women engaged in warfare. He signed at the foot, 'Captain Cadman.' A month later, Mr. Booth visited Whitby. In Mr. Cadman's home he found a hidden poster announcing his coming as 'General of the Hallelujah Army.' He instructed Mr. Cadman to forward it to headquarters. During this Easter's meetings in Whitby, at the head of the Easter procession he placed a banner which stated: WAR IS

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*George Scott Railton, *Twenty-one Years, Salvation Army...*

*Gipsy Smith: Later, moved to America and became popular as an independent evangelist, very well known on the east coast during the turn of the century.*

*War fright: Russia had defeated Turkey and the British government sided with Turkey, a position which threatened active conflict with Russia.*
DECLARED! RECRUITS ARE WANTED! THE HALLELUJAH ARMY, FIGHTING FOR GOD!” Now then, let us have a rousing martial melody and we’ll hear what Brother Cadman has in store for us.”

Coventryites sang, “Onward, Christian Soldiers” and listened with rapt attention to the dynamic little soldier tell of portentous changes in the Mission.

“But a week or two ago,” Cadman began, “proofs for t’ 1878 annual report of t’ Mission to t’ public was being proofread by Mr. Booth; t’ secretary of t’ Mission, Mr. Railton; an’ Mr. Bramwell Booth, chief aide. ’Appened in Mr. Booth’s bedroom where as is customary early in t’ morn, t’ faithfuls were summoned for instructions. T’ report read:

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION
under the superintendence of the
REV. WILLIAM BOOTH
is a
VOLUNTEER ARMY

“‘I object to that last phrase,’ said William Booth. Then he strode across the room an’ bent over t’ desk where t’ two others wrote. ‘Now,’ ’e said, ‘we are not volunteers,” for we feel we must do what we do, and we are always on duty.’ Without further word, ’e put ’is pen through ‘volunteer,’ and above it wrote ‘salvation.’

“Now,” exulted Cadman, “the deed is done! To t’ present we’ve been an army o’ salvation in everything but name. Now we shall know ourselves to be what God intended. God’s Salvation Army! Soon we’ll be marchin’ ’round the world—our weapon, God’s love. Flags n’ drums an’ horns an’ uniforms. Why, I’d like to wear a suit o’ clothes t’ would let everyone know I mean war to t’ teeth an’ salvation for t’ world!”

Enthralled, Eliza listened, observing Cadman look intently more than once at her parents.

“Are there responsible, courageous fighters for God, married and single, who’ll become full-time captains for King Jesus? Come an’ sign up!”

The Shirleys did not acknowledge his inquiry, but their reaction was strongly expressed around the tea table before bed. Eliza was astonished at their resistance.

11Robert Sandall, The History of the Salvation Army, Vol. 1, p. 230. “The volunteers,” an auxiliary and part-time citizen army, first constituted in the reign of George III and reorganized in 1863 (later replaced by the territorials), were at the time receiving much notice—not a little of it derisive.”
“I could never do such a thing!” said Annie. “A woman’s place is in the home. Perhaps a few, like Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Booth’s wife have special callings, but as a general rule, I hold to Scripture.”

“I agree,” said Amos, “yet how can Satan cast out Satan? Apples don’t grow on thorn bushes. We can’t refute the fact that the Hallelujahs are becoming a household word in Coventry—and many’s the sinful life that’s been righted.”

Eliza had burst into wild weeping.

“Lizzie, love,” Amos put his arms around her. “You’re our chief concern. If we became active, you’d reach womanhood in chaos. Believe me, if these wonders continue and crowds keep growing, The Salvation Army will know persecution like the martyrs. For your sake, if not our own, we must not become members of The Salvation Army.”

Eliza could only sob and go running from the room.

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12 Coventry, England, Corps History, The Christian Mission Magazine, 1878, by Mrs. Caroline Reynolds. “One Christian man, the manager of a works, said the other day that, for the first time, their boiler was cleaned out without hearing a man swear. Another, an unconverted man, who keeps a shop, told one of our people that since the Mission’s been in town, the people paid their debts better, and it was a lot in his pocket, and that he should send us something toward the work. One day as I was walking with another sister up a street, where the stones were very rough, I remarked to her how bad they were to walk on. ‘Yes,’ said an old woman, who was sitting on a doorstep, ‘I wish you could alter them, misses, like you are doin’ everything else in Coventry.’ Glory!”
Silk Weaving in Coventry

Amos Shirley was a silk weaver; thus, the following information is relevant to our story:

France was the world's chief silk producer until 1685, when, with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 400,000 Huguenots, many of them silk weavers, were driven into exile. They fled to England. In 1718, a new method of throwing was introduced and the English industry expanded, with English silks replacing French.

Among the important silk cities of England was Coventry which, by the end of the 18th century specialized in silk ribbons. Silk in England was important partly due to fashion, silk decorations being employed in a manner unbelievable to us. Loom improvements were made locally but it was the French Jacquard machine (adopted in 1820 in Coventry) which made the production of figured ribbons possible, plus the introduction of steam power in 1831, that made the industry flourish.

By 1850 steam factories in Coventry (employing 25,000 people) were common. Also, steam power was made available for weaving in private homes which were now built with high third floors to accommodate looms. Overhead shafting (powered by engines in the "steam yards" below) was carried into the weaving rooms. Foleshill, where Annie Shirley was born, was one of these factory satellites.

After mid-century, the industry declined. This was due to French and Swiss competition (duty free during Napoleonic and restoration periods) and the fact that silk and silk ribbon went out of fashion. Weighted silk had recently been introduced, heavy with iron and other materials. It was very heavy and wore badly. Fashionable dresses required so much material (30-40 yards) that most women could not afford an all-silk dress, so turned to wool, cambric, batiste and India muslin during the bustle period of 1870-'90.

America had been experimenting with silk and after the Civil War put high protective tariffs on luxuries, including silk. By 1872, the United States supported the Silk Association of America, and at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, American silk was in fair competition with that made abroad. Paterson, New Jersey, was the chief silk city; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, second, with concentration on silk ribbons.
William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army

Catherine Booth, wife of William

Bramwell Booth, first child of William and Catherine
Mrs. Booth preaching at City Temple, London (around 1889)

General William Booth speaking at a public reception in Carnegie Hall, New York City, in 1895
Commissioner Elijah Cadman, converted chimney sweep

**His Staff, and Native Regiments.**

*At 7:30 a.m. all will muster in the TOWN HALL SQUARE for a TRiumphant March. Led by the MILITARY BRASS BAND.*

To the Circus arriving at 10:30 for Great Convention before the Throne.

At 12:00 p.m. Troops will assemble at NORTH ST. BARRACKS for another MARCH, arriving at the Circus at 2:30 for an EXHIBITION of Living Wonders, Men who were once as wild as LIONS, as savage as TIGERS, and as stubborn as OLD.

**Jumbo!!**

Who were found PROWLING through the BLACK JUNGLES of Sin, but CAGED and TAMED by our Troops. Now they are on the LAWN of the KINO'S PALACE. These will give an account of their Marvelous ADVENTURES and Escape from the BLACK MONSTER!!

*At 2:00 p.m., in the Circus. MAJOR CADMAN will read the Proclamation, and torch of Peace will be offered.*

Convoyed by the Bradford Express, The Happy Irishman. The Taps and Whistle, Tenorum. Deserters from Ruben, Army Mourners with their Tambourines and a host of others will defile the Enemy.

**Transformation Scenes!**

Will take place, and all will be lighted up and with Electric Light, as with the FIRE of MOUNT SINAI. MAJOR CADMAN and Staff and Officers will conduct all REBELS into the KINO'S PALACE, who will make a FULL SURRENDER! APPLY EARLY.

*A Cadman campaign poster*
Happy Eliza on active service at Marylebone
From the Musical *Combat!* (Boston, 1976)
Costumes by Julie Kennedy

Eliza and escort in early uniform (about 1880),
acted by Eric and Nancy Jackson Sampson

“Amos’ theme” by Colonel Howard Chesham

Reddy, an American convert, posed by Major William Hulteen
From the Musical *Combat!* (Boston, 1976)
Costumes by Julie Kennedy

Coventry elite going to hear the preaching ladies

Philadelphia society belles ("swells") are also attracted to Eliza's preaching

Eliza's young friends in Coventry discussing the coming of the preaching ladies
Hanging the sign at the chair factory in Philadelphia
SALVATION ARMY!

TWO HALLELUJA FEMALES
FROM ENGLAND,
will speak and sing on behalf of GOD and PRECIOUS SOULS,
Commencing
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1879,
IN THE
Salvation Factory.

Formerly used as a Furniture Factory.
OXFORD ST., between 5th and 6th Streets.
Service to commence in the morning at 11 o'clock, afternoon
three and evening at seven.
Other Christian friends will take part in the meetings.
RICH AND POOR, COME IN CROWDS.

Placard and billboard sign announcing meetings conducted by the Shirleys at the Salvation Factory in Philadelphia

Eliza (left) and her mother, Annie Shirley
Chapter III

THE SALVATION ARMY

TIME: August, 1878

PLACE: Salvation Factory

SETTING: War Congress Report Meeting

"Sing on!" commanded Captain Caroline Reynolds to the Coventry comrades. One thousand strong they boomed, "March on! March on! We'll bring the jubilee! March on! March on! Salvation makes us free!" after which the captain gave them a report of the first Salvation Army War Congress, held the previous week in London. It had been a three-day conference attended by headquarters and station officers and members, during which The Christian Mission not only had been renamed but also conferees had been informed the Army would have a military pattern and Superintendent Booth, now to be termed General, would assist in procuring other employment for any full-time evangelists who chose not to remain in the ranks. Among Captain Reynolds' most receptive listeners were the Shirleys. Though three months earlier they had decided against membership, they frequented the Factory, continually wheedled by Eliza.

Captain Reynolds' report concerned the conformation of The Salvation Army to quasi-military discipline.

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1 Sung to the "converted" melody, "Marching through Georgia," introduced to England by evangelist Dwight L. Moody.

2 General Booth: A rank reluctantly accepted by William Booth. "General" for some time had been a shortened term for "General Superintendent" and Elijah Cadman had adopted it previously; however, in an early report Booth had written on a proof sheet thus designating him: "Isn't this a bit pretentious?" He suggested his name be reprinted in lower case. Once assured that the old conference system was too unwieldy, he accepted the appellation and became General Booth in every respect.
"Now," she told her listeners, "we'll have the ranks of sergeant-major, sergeant and corporal for lay leaders and lieutenant, captain and major for full-time evangelists. With one General, Mr. William Booth, assisted by his continual comrade, Mrs. Catherine Booth. She it is who speaks to overflow congregations on London's west side, preaching in London City Temple and the like, inviting the well-to-do into the Kingdom and their offerings into the east-end ministry, where folk are pained to keep body and soul from raveling. Here she also wins the highborn to membership, convincing many that the Kingdom has no boundaries of culture, creed or color.

"As to uniform, I expect that too will be ours. At present there is free experimentation. At Congress young Herbert Booth wore a plumed warrior's bonnet, Brother Pearson a bobby's helmet, and many others, conductors' caps. The ladies remain loyal to their Quaker bonnets and princess frocks, stripped of all ornamentation as the General has directed.

"As to praise: brass bands may accompany singing, as well as pianos, orchestras, strings, concertinas, whistles, Jew's harps, mouth organs and any other instruments that can honor the Lord. Songster brigades will replace choirs, and our strains will be joyful, often using the old favorites but also melodies captured from the corner saloon. Our prayer meetings will be knee drills; weekly offerings, cartridges. We shall fire volleys, shouting 'Hallelujah!' and 'Amen!' And we shall conduct military drills to avoid ragtail marches.

"We shall continue with nightly open-air and indoor meetings, holiness meetings, free-and-easys and more. We shall ever more courageously seek out the lost, visiting homes and hell-holes of iniquity, always carrying prayer, the Scriptures and our white-winged messenger. We shall vow to

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3Herbert Booth: Booth's youngest son, later to become Territorial Commander for Canada and, later, Australia. The Army's finest songwriter.

4When criticized about using brass music, William Booth once answered: "If standing on my head and beating a tambourine with my toes will win a soul to Jesus, I will do it." Brass music was introduced in Army worship as a direct result of the Fry family's participation in Salisbury during 1878. Charles Fry and three sons, seeing Missioners brutally tormented, went to their rescue with brass music. Invited by Captain Arthur Watts, they became members. Very soon, Booth heard them play and appropriated them as a musical experiment to accompany him on a campaign. From that time, brass groups were employed, though initially Booth deplored anything other than hymn tunes. The father, Charles Fry, was choir and orchestra conductor at the local Methodist church at the time he met the Army and had been solo cornetist in the renowned Rifle Brigade band.

5Booth once declared with reference to the Army's use of secular tunes to which religious words were wedded: "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?"

give complete obedience to The Salvation Army, following orders and regulations which will soon be published and will include prohibitions against the use of drugs, strong drink, swearing, obscene books and pictures. Married officer couples will hold equal rank, and headquarters’ permission must be given for engagement, courtship, and marriage. Orders and Regulations for The Salvation Army will also carry complete instructions on how to attack, capture, and hold towns.

"Henceforth this 35th station shall be known as the Coventry Citadel Corps. Its members will be termed soldiers, its leader the commanding officer, whether male or female. Our goal has not changed. Jesus has not changed. Sin, sickness and sorrow have not changed. Sinners have not changed and converts have not changed. Best of all, victory has not changed! We march to win the world for Jesus!"

Captain Reynolds mentioned that soldiers of the Coventry Corps would now begin to pray and look for a proper building, remembering the distress of the Coventry Fair in June.

"Some of you will remember we’d planned our attack well and knew the Royal would be packed out as people were already having to be turned away regularly. However, on the eve of the Fair the authorities condemned it as unfit for public use, shutting us out of any place near large enough. We were compelled either to put up our plans or adapt. Then God stepped in with a blessed thought—the traveling theatre for the Whitsun Fair, and never have I seen such open-air meetings in my life. Hallelujah!"

She also announced that on September 28-30 General and Mrs. William Booth would pay their first visit to the Coventry Corps on the first leg of a seven-week campaign, and she hoped, please God, they would have their new building to be dedicated at that happy time.

The meeting was concluded, as Captain Reynolds put it, "with 22 souls slain in the Lord, many severely wounded." Both vanquished and vanquishers boomed out the Salvation Army’s first official song:

\begin{align*}
\text{Come join our Army, to battle we go;} \\
\text{Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;} \\
\text{Fighting for right and opposing the wrong,} \\
\text{The Salvation Army is marching along!}
\end{align*}

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{1}1878.
\item \textsuperscript{2}Coventry Fair: Week-long traditional June festival, famous for hundreds of years and drawing crowds from throughout England and France.
\item \textsuperscript{3}Pageant (traveling stage): built for outdoor presentations, a two-storyed stage on wheels, one level being used for a dressing room, the other for performances. Morality plays were favorites.
\item \textsuperscript{4}Composed 1878 by William Pearson to the American melody, "Ring the Bell, Watchman," which was written by Henry Clay Work.
\end{itemize}
Beck’s parents had given her permission to become a soldier and she and Eliza were deep in discussion homeward bound.

“The Salvation Army,” said Beck. “Lizzie, isn’t it a grand name?”

“First-rate. One day I’ll be a soldier too.”

“You think so? Even if your parents agree, you might change your tune when you read all those orders and regulations. I shan’t mind but I’m plain me.”

“I could pass muster.”

“But would you fit in? I mean with all your queer thoughts. And the uniform’ll probably be even uglier than Captain’s.”

Eliza said no more, and her parents didn’t mention the matter. Flags, drums, brass horns. Obedience, frugality, simplicity. Women corps commanders. Permission for courtship, engagement, marriage. Would they require permission to fall in love? What on earth would such an army grow into? The more she considered the matter, the less suitable she seemed and the days succeeding proved still more provocative. With renaming, crowds, persecution and resistance from authorities increased. Coventry quickly became a disciplined corps intent upon confronting and overpowering the enemy. It drew fire from every quarter. Eliza was caught in still another struggle—one between heart and head. By the time the 29th of August arrived, she was in torment. Placards had been posted for weeks. In every open-air and indoor meeting the series had been well announced: lectures, discussions, salvation, holiness and free-and-easy meetings. Open-air meetings in between. A love feast and trophy testimonials.¹ Ten meetings were scheduled for the Sabbath. However, no one could have foreseen the crush of 5,000 expectant, curious people who jammed the Coventry railway station for the arrival of General and Mrs. Booth. Cheers were deafening. Thousands of banners, flags and Bibles filled the air. “God bless General and Mrs. Booth!” “Hallelujah!” “Amen!” “Give ’em the other barrel!” From the railway coach stepped the much-cheered, often-maligned General William Booth of The Salvation Army.

“Look at ’im, Lizzie!” Beck was hoarse from cheering. “I could follow such a General forever.”

Eliza was not so sure. One sight of him and she shrank—his presence demanded more than she wanted to give. He was extremely tall, linear and sharp-boned, with gaunt, straining features, frowning white forehead, keen gray eyes burning above a large aquiline nose and a bushy black beard. He wore a stovepipe hat which exaggerated his height, and an inverness cape.

¹Trophy Testimonials: personal experiences given publicly by converts who had previously lived lives of debauchery, chief among them being jailbirds, gamblers, drunkards of long standing, etc.
He was not smiling. Eliza decided he probably never glanced at anybody. His look seemed to penetrate each of the 5,000. He acknowledged the cheers with a single wave, as if to say, “This much for good manners. Now let’s get on with business.” Then he assisted from the coach, as tenderly as a mother robin, a slightly built, brown-haired woman about 5’6” in height, refined in appearance, even timid. She was dressed much like Captain Reynolds, very neat but plain. A plain black straw bonnet, slightly relieved by a pair of dark violet strings, a plain black velvet jacket and a plain black silk dress. She smiled and waved to the crowd, her tender glance appreciating them all. She continued smiling and waving as the two were led to the strangest chariot ever to accommodate a General and his lady.

Jimmy Docker would have it no other way and had talked down the entire Coventry soldiery regarding a more traditional and comfortable conveyance.

“They must be seen,” he insisted, “and they must be safe, with me their driver. Our leaders must have a chariot.”

So the salvation chariot it was—Jimmy Docker’s greengrocery wagonette, the owner himself holding the reins. Eliza heard him comment as he was introduced to the Booths, “Rascal, dear General, sir, that’s me. Greatest scoundrel from ‘ere to London in t’ ol’ days. Savin’ murder, up t’ every crime in t’ book.” Then snapping his heels, he gave the General a stiff salute which Booth returned with the utmost gravity.

They were followed by officers from nearby corps and Captain Reynolds with her new gentleman assistant, Brother Irons. Then came the soldiers flooding the road like a flock of sheep, singing and shouting. And finally, hangers-on, the curious and the critical. They sang one song until they reached the largest hall in town (or so it seemed to Salvationists), the new Army building on Freeth Street which had once served as a coach factory.

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12 Robert Sandall, *The History of The Salvation Army*, Vol. II, p. 20. Catherine, like William, accepted participation in many unusual demonstrations which were not appealing to them but which they judged would encourage their soldiers and attract attention. Once she allowed herself to be drawn in a wheelchair at the head of a procession, commenting dryly of this: “Practical Christianity indeed. I was a gazing stock...I felt a little of the meaning of Paul’s glorying in the Cross...”

13 Coventry, England, Corps History, *The Christian Mission Magazine*, Oct. 1878: “The Factory, by the way, is the most wonderful piece of property we have ever acquired. There are seats for over 1,200 on the main floor where the meetings are held and room to seat 1,500 at least. The floor below contains an evangelist’s home and a number of rooms where a whole school of prophets might live. The main portion of the basement is a room where 400 people at a time can comfortably sit down to tea, besides abundant storage room in other cellars. There is a garden, a yard, a tall chimney (our first spire, by the way) and, in short, one of the completest and largest buildings for our use we ever got—all at a cost of 660 or thereabouts, freehold. If it was the devil who maneuvered us out of the theatre in Coventry, he made a dreadful blunder...”
The chorus of the song was:

So we'll roll the old chariot along,
So we'll roll the old chariot along,
So we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind!

Stanzas included, "If the sinner's in the way we will stop and pick him up," followed by a succession of "gamblers," "drunkards," "cock-fighters," "wife beaters" etc. until the final stanza:

If the devil's in the way,
We shall roll right over him,
And we won't drag on behind!

Seeing such a display of Salvationists strongly affected Eliza and Beck. The Salvationists wore a great variety of uniforms, often with embroidered mottoes or questions on breast or back. Many wore badges and ribbons with THE SALVATION ARMY on them. The men wore patrol caps, helmets, stovepipes—all trimmed by a red ribbon.

"Lizzie, I think I shall burst!" cried Beck, amid the crush of people attempting to squeeze into the hall. "When we looked at those preaching lady posters, we never guessed the Hallelujahs would come to this, did we?"

Eliza agreed. Never had there been such a church as this. Never so many so active and eager. Never so many so loud, so long. And never a joy like the Hallelujahs!

She could see Captain Reynolds on stage conversing with Army leaders, motioning for alignment and realignment of forms for the soldiers, straight-backed uncushioned armchairs for General and Mrs. Booth, and a table for speaking. A brass band was warming up. There was a crashing chord, then Captain Reynolds introduced George Scott Railton, a short, slender, intense-looking man with a soldier's bearing. Pilot of the meeting, he now greeted Coventryites: "Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army—and others present who may not be so cordial." He waved and smiled toward the top balcony, his voice rising. "This historic weekend it is the purpose of General and Mrs. Booth to indelibly mark Coventry for the Kingdom of Jesus."

A rolling roar, boot stomping and clapping.

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14 Table: plain four-legged table used by pioneer Salvationists when speaking in public, in substitution for a pulpit, which seemed too formal.

15 George Scott Railton: a highly qualified, eccentric young Methodist minister who joined the Mission in 1874, captivated by the annual report. Intellectual, speaking several languages, with Bramwell he was the Booths' chief aide in pioneer days, later to become international traveling commissioner. He was vivid, intense, self-sacrificing.
"Let us stand," Railton said, "and pour out our hearts in that magnificent hymn of the centuries, penned by my favorite composer, St. Francis of Assisi, 'All Creatures of Our God and King':

All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam:

*O praise Him, O praise Him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,

*O praise Him, Alleluia!*

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, three in one.

The song and prayer over, Railton introduced guests on the platform who bowed and waved pocket handkerchiefs. He then announced: "The General of The Salvation Army and Mrs. Booth!"

It was easily five full minutes before the ovation was done, during which more than a few ill-motivated rapscallions in the upper balcony dumped a flurry of feathers, flour and garbage on the heads of the unfortunate worshipers. But not a soul left.\(^6\)

On this Saturday evening, the verbal entree was to be a lecture by Mrs. Catherine Booth regarding a major British concern—women's place in the public eye, especially behind the pulpit. To those who had never heard Catherine Booth and expected the usual quavering feminine pronouncement or worse, an embittered and scathing attack on masculinity, she was a shock. Calm, precise and clear, informal, her expression was so strong, so

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\(^6\)Coventry, England, Corps History in *The Christian Mission Magazine*, 1878. Mr. R. C. Morgan, editor, wrote: "It was worth traveling to Coventry and back, to see 5,000 people march and hear them roll out the chorus: 'We'll roll the old chariot along.' It was worth the journey to hear those two words: 'Jackson knows,' spoken where they were, and the man who uttered them. It was at an open-air meeting, in the midst of a circle of five thousand. The speaker was a reclaimed drunkard, a burly thickset, determined John Bull of the grosser sort. If you met him in the street you would think he was on his way to a boxing saloon. He told of his past and his present; of six months ago and now; of his years of sin and months of grace; of what he had suffered of the devil and what Jesus, through suffering, had done for him, and he cried, 'Jackson knows'"

"When the Church can put forward those of the John the Baptist sort, who speak that they do know, and testify that they have seen, the clandestine trade in secondhand or spurious sermons will be a superseded sin. This work at Coventry is being carried on by The Christian Mission, or The Salvation Army. This is one of the most remarkable evangelistic movements of this century, and it seems to us that God, taking compassion on the multitudes, who are like sheep having no shepherd, is about, on a large scale, to solve the problem, how to evangelize the working classes. This Army is shaking other towns..."
intense that it was mesmeric, holding the attention even of the top balcony. Nor did her listeners guess she was subtly drawing them forward to a sensitive exploration of the deeps of the human spirit. She worked on the poor like a poultice, drawing weakness and sins to broad daylight; she provoked the educated and secular-minded to self-examination which often resulted in earnest commitment to God.

Referring to female church leadership, she began:

“Dear friends, it is with anticipation that I seek to answer questions continually being raised regarding the Scriptural foundation for women preaching, praying and administrating in the Christian Church, of which The Salvation Army considers itself to be the militant wing.” She paused, considering her audience, particularly noting members of the visiting London press.

“Before I was married, my beloved intended declared he believed in the perfect equality of women, but that to concede she is man’s equal or capable of becoming man’s equal in intellectual attainments or prowess was contradicted by his experience and honest convictions.”

There was a wave of applause, shouts of “No! No!”

“Further, he said he would not stop a woman preaching but he would not encourage one to begin. He said I should preach if ever I felt equal to the task, but he should not like it. He did say that perhaps his views, as I believed them to be, were the result of prejudice. I remember vividly that he also said, ‘I am for the world’s salvation, and shall quarrel with no means that promise to help.’ I thank God he has proved a man of his word.

“With the birth of our fourth child, Emma, in 1860, though frail in health, I was impressed of the Spirit to speak publicly—and after an inner struggle, did, much to the surprise of my husband.” This was during my husband’s preaching mission to Bethesda. On the Sabbath evening after my victory over self Mr. Booth requested that I take the message in the evening service whilst he continued home with the children.”

Her audience now leaned forward as one, many watching for a change in the expression of General Booth. There was none.

“I do not mean that a woman should forsake her home. The Booths now have eight children, one in ill health because of an accident. It is a houseful to be sure, with pets, busy minds, active bodies and zestful imaginations.

7Frederick de Lautour Booth-Tucker, The Life of Catherine Booth, pp. 184, 185. Catherine sat near the back of the chapel, listening to William, when she felt she should speak but could not. It seemed that Satan was speaking directly to her, taunting, “Besides you are not prepared. You will look like a fool and will have nothing to say.” “Ah, this is just the point,” thought Catherine. “I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one.” Down the aisle she went. William thought that something was wrong. “What is the matter my dear?” “I want to say a word.”
Some ask how we can manage. I reply that we do what we choose to do, all of us. And whom God calls He equips. Women must have a gateway to the pulpit—secured at whatever the cost.”

Much applause. Some boos.

“Recently, there have been crises in some Mission stations—some financial, some administrative. My husband was in a quandary. Then, an experiment of 1875, in which Sister Annie Davis was sent in charge of Barking, was happily reviewed, and a great cloud of female preachers was sent flying over England, one being your fair Captain Carrie Reynolds.”

Clapping, stamping and cheers didn’t cease until Captain Reynolds stood for a bow and a wave of her pocket handkerchief.

“For more than six months you’ve witnessed living proof of the efficacy of women’s ministry. In this meeting there are a throng of the redeemed who praise God for Carrie Reynolds and Honor Burrell, who now serves elsewhere. What has been achieved by these lasses can only be regarded as miraculous. They came to town without a friend, without an introduction and with hardly a copper in their purses. They had to provide for and maintain services every night. They had to raise funds to pay rent, meet the gas bill, repair broken windows and broken forms and provide themselves with food and lodging. They did it.”

Another sustained cheer.

“I wonder, dear friends, what you know of the countless dinners of bread and cheese, wrestling in prayer for boots, of empty rooms in which they lived behind newspaper blinds. These battles in which the first of our glorious host have had to drag women’s right to conquer are just the beginning of a world crusade in which both men and women will captain God’s hosts.”

At that, the audience rose to its feet in proclamation of Captain Reynolds, and William Booth, calling her beside his wife, stood with his arms about the two. When the outburst had subsided, he said, “My dears,” then turning to the audience, “and all my dears, we stand before you united in declaration that The Salvation Army fully recognizes the work of women in administrative and preaching appointments. It has been forcibly stated that female preachers would be the ruin of the Army, and we have forfeited some financial support from prominent persons because of our stand. However, on the contrary, where women are allowed fullest opportunity, progress is the greatest for the Kingdom of God.”

He sat down and Catherine proceeded.

“We must not confuse nature with custom. Use, or custom, makes things appear natural. There is nothing either unnatural or immodest in a Christian woman, becomingly attired, appearing on a platform or in a
pulpit. By nature she seems to grace either. The want of mental culture, the trammels of custom, the force of prejudice and one-sided interpretation of Scripture have hitherto almost excluded her from this sphere. Why should she be confined to the kitchen and the distaff? 'In Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free, male nor female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus.'

"After being repressed and buried for centuries beneath a couple of misquoted Pauline texts, woman, like Lazarus of old, has heard the voice of her Saviour bidding her come forth, and great will be the company of women warriors, Hallelujah lasses, who will go forth to preach.

"Considering Scriptural basis for prohibition: if we study Corinthians, in the most quoted statements used against woman speaking for God, the reader will see that it was directed to the edification, exhortation and comfort of believers and the result anticipated was the conviction of unbelievers and unlearned persons.

"Whatever may be the meaning of praying and prophesying in respect to man, they have precisely the same meaning in respect to woman—that some speak to others to edification, exhortation and comfort.

"The question with the Corinthians was not whether women should pray or prophesy at all; that question had been settled on the day of Pentecost; but whether, as a matter of convenience, they might do so without their veils.

"As to the obligation devolving on woman to labor for her Master, I presume there will be no controversy. The particular sphere in which each individual shall do this must be dictated by the teachings of the Holy Spirit and the gifts with which God has endowed her. There is not a single word in the whole book of God to restrain her, but many, many to urge and encourage her.

"Considering further Scriptural basis for prohibition, I direct inquirers to read the three following passages and Clarke's comment on the two first: Exodus 15th chapter, 20-22nd verses; Judges first chapter, from the fourth verse and 2nd Chronicles, 34th chapter, from the 21st verse.

"In the first, Clarke says the same word in the original is used in reference to Moses and the other prophets, and therefore Miriam was as truly inspired; and that she was chosen and constituted joint leader of the people, we have the express word of God for it by Micah, 6th chapter, 4th verse: 'For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron and Miriam.'

"On the latter, Clarke says that Deborah seems to have been supreme as well in civil matters as in spiritual. 'She judged Israel'—the same term as is used to denote the function of the regular judges—she appointed Barak as general of the armies, as well as declared God's will to him and Barak most unhesitatingly recognized her authority. But read carefully the whole
account, as also that in the 34th chapter of 2nd Chronicles, and see whether in any respect you can discover any difference between the exercise of the prophetic power, or the recognition of its reality and force, in these cases and those of Isaiah or Jeremiah.

"It is worthy of remark that there are no less than six prophetesses mentioned in the Old Testament, one of whom was unquestionably judge as well as prophet. These are not mentioned in a way which would lead one to suppose that the inspired writer regarded them as anything very extraordinary. They are simply introduced to our notice like the other prophets.

"Time forbids investigating further. I do believe that woman is destined to assume her true position and exert her proper influence by the special exertions and attainments of her sex. The heaving of society in America,\(^8\) the birthplace of so much that is great and noble, though throwing up, as all such movements do, much that is absurd and extravagant, yet shows principles are working and enquiries awakening. May the Lord, even the just and impartial One, overrule all for the true emancipation of women from the swaddling bands of prejudice, ignorance and custom which have so long debased and wronged her.\(^9\)

"One of the greatest boons to our race would be women’s exaltation to her proper position mentally and spiritually.\(^20\) Who can tell its consequences to posterity? If what writers on physiology say be true, and experience seems to render it unquestionable, what must be the effects of neglect of mental culture, and the inculcation of frivolous, servile and self-degrading notions into the minds of the mothers of humanity? Oh, what endears the Christian religion to my heart is what Christ has done, and is destined to do for my own sex—and what excites my indignation beyond anything else is to hear its sacred precepts dragged forward to favor degrading arguments."

She then turned to General Booth and indicated a door to her right. As the band struck up, a sergeant marched to center stage carrying a large flag of red, yellow and blue, standing at attention beside Mrs. Booth. She lifted a corner.

"The crimson in this flag represents the precious blood by which we are redeemed. The blue is God’s chosen emblem of purity. The sun represents both light and heat, the Light and Life of men. And the motto, ‘Blood and

\(^8\) Suffragettes and Women’s Christian Temperance Union women were much in the news, using both reason, demonstration and sensation to put their cause before the public.

\(^9\) Catherine’s pamphlet entitled, Female Ministry, caused a stir and is still available; published by The Salvation Army, USA Eastern Territory, 145 West 15th Street, NYC, 10011.

\(^20\) In September, 1878, the Army had 91 officers, 41 of whom were women.
Fire,' the blood of the Lamb and the fire of the Holy Ghost. This flag is a symbol, first of our devotion to our great Captain in Heaven and to the great purpose for which He came down and shed His blood that He might redeem men and women from sin and death and hell. Secondly, this flag is emblematical of our faithfulness. May God help us to be faithful—faithful to conscience, to principles. This flag is the emblem of victory. But by what power is this victory to be achieved? By fire! The Holy Ghost. The time of fire has come.

“All other agents have been tried: intellect, learning, fine buildings, wealth, respectability, numbers. The great men, the mighty men and the learned men have all tried to cast out these devils and have failed. We must try the fire of the Holy Spirit!”

She beckoned Captain Reynolds and said, handing her the flag, “Captain Caroline Reynolds,21 I present to you this blood-and-fire flag for our 35th corps, Coventry, England.”

Quite overwhelmed, the Shirleys walked home in meditative silence that night and on the Sabbath worshiped in the crowd of 5,000 which shared in meetings that concluded with one of the most remarkable and frightening experiences ever witnessed by many who attended. The huge crowd seemed tired but still expectant in the evening when, after musical preliminaries, testimonies and Scripture reading, General Booth arose. He looked down at his audience, scowling.

“War is at hand!” he barked, “and The Salvation Army was born for the heat of the battle. We must march across the wastelands of the world. THE SALVATION ARMY. What a strange name! What does it mean? What can it possibly mean in a meeting which is centered on the sinking souls of mankind? SALVATION. Nothing more and nothing less. It is the only army that converts prisoners-of-war into exemplary fighters. It is the only army that is nonviolent. It is the only army which uses love as its weapon.

“When Jehovah finished the work of creation, He turned from the new earth to the new Adam and gave him the commission to multiply and increase and subdue and govern it, so that it should become a happy home for him and his posterity, and bring honor and glory to its Creator. Adam failed in his mission. Instead of Adam subduing the earth, the earth subdued Adam, and he and all his family went off into diabolical rebellion.

“But God still claimed His own, and a second time appeared, this time to redeem by sacrifice the world He had before created. When He had

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21 Coventry, England, Corps History, in The Christian Mission Magazine, 1878. Mrs. Reynolds reported she was the first Salvationist ever termed “Captain.”

finished the work, He turned to His disciple the spiritual Adam and gave him a commission similar to that given to the first Adam, to go and disciple all nations (Matthew 28:19).

"Again, it is as at the first: overcome, conquer, subdue. Not merely teach, but persuade, compel all nations to become disciples of the Son of God. This is the idea which originated and developed and fashioned the Army in the past and which dominates and propels it today.

"Does this sound strange, my brother—not sacred, not ecclesiastical, not according to the tradition of the elders, not after the pattern of existing institutions? It may be new but it is nonetheless Scriptural and nonetheless of divine origin.

"Let us look at The Salvation Army. What is this work we have in hand? To subdue a rebellious world to God—and what is the question to which many anxiously desire an answer?"

He then described conditions for winning the world to God. The Army must move "in combination" as one army with one plan; in division is weakness, in unity, strength. There must be oneness of direction, in the training of soldiers, in actual service. There must be no claypipe soldiers. As in all armies there must be selection for duties. And there must be obedience. Implicit obedience. "If a desired course of action be taken on its recommending itself to the judgment, the leadings, the impulses, the feelings of each individual, there will be nothing except confusion, defeat, and destruction. There must be stiff discipline. Those who keep the commandments and who excel in service must be regarded and those who are disobedient must be punished. Expelled."

He further stated that nothing so demoralizes soldiers as inactivity. "Idleness," he said, "is the Devil's own opportunity. Push forward, never heed the number or position of your foes. Your Salvation Army has been raised to accomplish the impossible. Now, you must march forward! If you will only go forward, and go forward on the lines here indicated, you will go forward to fulfill the commission of your divine Captain, the discipling of all nations, the subjugation and conquest of the world."

He paused to pace the platform, long arms locked behind his back. The audience watched him tensely, breathing with his steps. He swerved back. Leaning forward on his speaking table he said confidingly, "Let me put it this way: The little town of Whitby was startled one morning by a telegram that in a very few minutes had agitated nearly every citizen in town. Howling waves and roaring seas had kept the town pretty well awake through the early hours of that stormy day but now it was altogether so.

"Six miles along the south coast, just off Robin Hood's Bay, a ship had been blown on the rocks, and her crew of six men had been compelled to
take refuge in the long boat. To reach the shore in that sea was impossible
so they had thrown out the anchor, and, with the seas breaking over them
all, benumbed with cold, and ready to perish, they waited for deliverance
or death—spied by some watchers on the shore who, unable to help,
telegraphed the calamity to the men of Whitby.

"Now, the Whitby men were men with hearts of flesh. What could they
do to get these six fellows out of a boiling sea? They had only one life boat,
though Robin Hood's Bay had none. Whitby was six miles away, and to
take to sea in that gale was impossible.

"We cannot bring our boat by sea but we'll bring her by land," they
messaged. Hurrah for the men of Whitby and all other men of the same
stuff. If you cannot go to the rescue one way go another!

"Ice and snow everywhere—six feet deep. But at it they went. Picks and
shovels, horses and ropes, and sailor and fisherman and farmer, and all
sorts of men lent a hand and the Robin Hood's Bay men met the Whitby
men. The road was cleared and that ponderous boat dragged up hills and
down hills until the bay was reached. Out there, through the drifting sleet,
the object of their toil was seen. Now, another pull and with a ringing cheer
they pushed their boat into the boiling surf and bent themselves to the oars
to reach the drowning men.

"Now, my comrades, I am speaking to you and to all other servants
whose business is to rescue shipwrecked souls: can you not learn a lesson
from the children of this generation? Perishing souls are before your eyes.
But they can't be rescued without trouble—without risk and labor and
travail and expense. Will you pay the price?

"Oh, my comrades, pull away! The oars may break. If your right-hand
oarsman runs, never heed. Get a fresh supply and go on. It will be a
struggle, but cheer up! Calvary's Royal Prince is your example, and angels
look on from Heaven's overhanging shores with wonder and admiration.
Now, another pull. There, let her go. Now, ease her. Now let her have it.
There you are. Take hold of that backslider. There, help that infidel on
board. Hold now for that poor drunkard. Have you got him? Now, thank
God for that wretched harlot. Here, give a hand to the prodigal. Another
and another and another. Hallelujah! Full are you? Back then to shore and
such shouting and welcome! Now, out for another boatload.

"Oh, it is hard work and exhausting, is this rescuing of men and women
from the yawning waves of temporal and eternal destruction, and the
landing of them in safety at the Redeemer's feet. But it is, nevertheless, the
most glorious and divine employment that can engage the powers of any of
the inhabitants of God's universe."

He leaned far forward, raised both arms in entreaty.
“Oh, beloved, if you are not secured for heaven then get the deed done! Join the men of Whitby! You can be a brave rescuer in the King’s lifesaving forces. Meet Him here!”

He indicated the penitent-form, stretched the width of the auditorium in front of the platform, and it was as if he were swinging wide the gate of eternity. There was a mighty rush forward. In all manner of posture and passage they came—slow and speedy, heads up and heads down, weeping and laughing. A few wailing. Though the audience was instructed to sing a prayer chorus, “I need Thee,” in a whisper, the cumulative effect of 5,000 persons in a whisper of soft melody made an oceanic roll.

Young Bramwell took his father’s place at the table, gently acknowledging the presence of Jesus. Suddenly one of the seekers shouted, “Glory!” Jumping to his feet, his round face shining, he began a little dance. “Glory! Glory!”

Bramwell quietly asked if he would like a word. “Not a religious man. Been a renegade for thirty odd year. But now I’m free of me! Thank you—you and God! Now to make restitution.” He dashed up the aisle waving his cap and was gone.

Someone began to sing the chorus, “Glory! Glory! Jesus saves me!” and the handclapping, raised arms and hallelujahs rose to cyclonic proportions. People began to testify at the front, rear and all about the auditorium. They danced, cried, shouted. There were sobs, groans and prayers. Some looked on with objective curiosity, others with apprehension. The press filled pad after pad. But nobody left. Booth frowned slightly, but he did not stop the meeting. “Don’t be alarmed, friends,” Bramwell counseled. “God is here. Yes, there is emotion, and perhaps some lack of restraint, some exaggeration, but all is well. God is on hand.”

“Saves me now!” sang the multitude. “Jesus saves me now!”

As one wave of seekers rose from the forms, another took their places. Many more dropped to their knees at the benches on which they sat or knelt in the aisles. On the penitent-form some laid pipes, earrings, brooches, necklaces, Albert chains, watches, tobacco pouches, snuff boxes, whiskey bottles, knives. One man shouted, “I’ve got it! O bless God!” Another young woman, after having walked to the form, shook her head and moaned, “Too much. Too much. I can’t tonight!” And another, “I believe! I believe!”

A little later, General Booth got up from his knees to stand with his arm about Bramwell’s shoulders. “Friends,” he said, “don’t be afraid or impatient. Let us never be afraid of our own tears, or the heart expressions of others. As a young campaigner
some years ago, I was conducting revival services in Leeds, when one Sabbath evening a little old lady got so happy that as we sang she began to bob up and down. Every time she went up she clapped her hands and shouted, "Glory!" I was fearful of display and of the criticism of others so I had her removed. The meeting was quiet enough after that for the Spirit had fled. Dead indeed was the meeting. It was a great lesson to me. God will give His leaders wisdom. Do not be afraid." He sat down.

There was more singing and praying, then one spry old fellow looked up at Bramwell and said, "I feel I must jump."

"Then jump."
He jumped.

On went the meeting, with hundreds upon hundreds singing, crying, laughing, shouting, jumping, dancing till upwards of 70 rose from the penitent-form testifying to unutterable joy until the last amen.

Once at home Eliza collapsed into uncontrollable sobbing.

"Lizzie!" Amos put his arms around her. "Darlin’ child."

"Papa, I don’t know what to think or feel. I’m completely undone."

"Love," said Annie, putting on the teakettle, "such an experience is overwhelming to most and can be repulsive, even shattering. But later you’ll know that heat makes the stillest water boil and if there’s a lid on it, can pop the kettle."

Amos smoothed back her fringe of bangs.

"There may have been exaggeration and some simple folk overcome, but I believe we’ll find the working of God’s Spirit tonight was genuine. I know many of the strong men who surrendered. They don’t play at anything—least of all, religion." 24

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23Biographer Harold Begbie once remarked to Bramwell of "the risk that lies in all such fervor as we find expressed in reports of this character, that enthusiasm is a highly dangerous thing." Bramwell made answer, "Not if you organize it." This was William Booth’s philosophy. A practical Christian always, Booth had no time to discuss doctrine that did not lead to purposeful action and would interrupt such questioners with, "Go and do something."

24Spiritual Manifestation. There are numbers of incidents in Salvation Army records of healings, and of unusual and demonstrative manifestations when seekers and celebrants were spiritually moved. "Praying John," a navvy from Hastings, recorded Railton in Twenty-One Years, Salvation Army..., was a "thoroughly sensible, shrewd old countryman who could deal in a commonsense manner with almost any subject that came before the Mission conference. As a lay member he gave hints that were of great practical value." At the conclusion of a contribution by this saintly old man, "he would go up and up, his body sympathizing with his soul. The evangelist of his station and his fellow delegates would be seen holding onto his coat on both sides, to prevent his jumping, an attempt that sometimes succeeded but generally ended in landing him on the floor. When the glorious old man suddenly went to Heaven, exclaiming, 'I be saved and I be happy. Let me go!' the conference lost one of its brightest... delegates."
“Then what is it all about? It was frightening.”

“There’s something called divine discontent, Pet, an inner yearning for God and spiritual homeness. Unless we find this King’s palace of the heart, we are forever uneasy, perhaps not disconsolate but not secure, not quite at home. Anxious, fretful, lacking peace. Augustine said, ‘Thou hast made us for Thyself, therefore we may not rest anywhere save in Thee.’ That’s what tonight was about. General and Mrs. Booth and many another on that platform live in that precious hiding place so whatever they say is powered by its atmosphere. They could call out your name, Lizzie, and you’d know of this place. Some of those dear folk tonight were so affected by the joyful set-up and the presence of God’s Spirit they gave way—some for the first time in their lives. Manifesting true feelings instead of false. The release brings a sense of relief, of cleanness, openness and lightness. Most of us shy from such actions. We cling to our pride and dignity—our self-rightness. We dare not dance nor leap nor bounce nor bubble just because the day is bright or the rose fragrant, the dog’s tail wagging or a precious one gives us a look of love.”

“I believe you, Papa.” Eliza sat rocking back and forth on the floor, removing bonnet and gloves. “Maybe my pride makes me want to disapprove. I’m torn. Tonight was both prison and paradise, as if I can’t leave the light that is breaking but fear to follow it.”

Annie urged them to the kitchen table, buttered some scones, poured tea.

“It wasn’t just the emotion that disturbed you, was it?” Amos said.

“No. It was the Booths’ presence as you said. It was seeing the glow on Jimmy and Katie’s faces, and Beck’s easy acceptance of everything. It was not just the unfamiliar music but what challenges it pictured to me—a demand for action. Even more. My will. As if something, someone, was ordering me to give up my own self. And I can’t.”

“Then, Sweet,” said Annie, “you must simply wait for divine guidance.”

The pressure on Eliza’s spirit was intensified a month later, two days after her birthday celebration on October 9, when the old drummer, Samuel Harrow, died from long illness and injuries he’d received in open-air combat. Captain Reynolds conducted the funeral, the announcement of which “spread like wildfire” through town. This novelty attracted thousands of spectators expecting the law to intervene, which it did not, perhaps fearing a riot, or Jimmy Docker’s damaging testimony. The funeral was used as a tool to win sinking souls, said Captain Reynolds, and at the memorial service the following Sabbath, she addressed a packed house, while Brother Irons and Brother Harris talked to 1,200 outside. All spoke
of Soldier Sam “laying down his weapons of warfare and being promoted to Glory.”

“Sergeant Sam was ready,” explained Captain Reynolds. “Oh, he was ready. I said at the last, ‘Sam, shall I tell them that when your feet were in the cold river you found Jesus as good?’ ‘Better! Better!’ he said. ‘And shall I tell them better than His Word?’ ‘Tell them, oh tell them,’ he said. ‘Give my love to the brethren. I shall see you all again in the morning. Triumphant! Triumphant!’ His last words were, ‘Jesus, my Saviour.’ Beloveds, Sergeant Sam had been a fighting, licentious blackguard, a child of hell. Now he stands fearless to tell his love, to say and mean it, ‘Jesus, my Saviour.’”

At Christmastide, the soldiers were advised to take in a poor family, visit the needy with fruitcakes, mince pies, plum puddings, or all three, and on Christmas Eve hundreds of the faithful caroled behind the lamplighter, thus establishing themselves as “The Lamplighter Brigade.”

Then, without preliminary notice, early in February, 1879, Captain Reynolds received farewell orders, followed by marching orders a week later to proceed to Nottingham and open fire in General Booth’s hometown. She consoled her soldiers and friends with the assurance that God was in command and they’d be delighted with her successors, for God had provided for them none other than the blessed best—Captain and Mrs. Elijah Cadman.

“Dear comrades and friends, God has led us all during my stay in Coventry, and a glorious corps will march forward in this heroic and historic city. I believe that out of our pioneer #35 will be raised many a salvation soldier and officer. We must not shirk! We must not run away from the battle’s smoke but march forward. I have loved you as I have led you, but now it’s farewell orders. Tonight as I stand under the blood-and-fire flag, I plead with you to commit your lives altogether to God, to march forward in the all-conquering name of Jesus.”

A half dozen soldiers joined the captain for a prayer of dedication. Among them was Beck, who had decided to go to Nottingham with the captain.

Eliza wept as she watched. Beck had told her, “I shan’t be going as an officer. Too young, and maybe I’ll never qualify for command. But I can help, and Ma and Pa’s willin’! How I’ll miss you, dear Lizzie.”

Promoted to Glory: Salvation Army term used to denote the death of an Army member. Traditionally, Army funerals are triumphant services with flags posted at either end of the casket, an honor guard and white satin ribbons on flags and mourners’ arms, the entire service used as a Christian witness to draw those attending into God’s Kingdom.
Eliza had hugged her, weeping. “We’ll write. We’ll always write. Lizzie, you won’t forget me?”
“Never!”

That flag was taking her best friend and her captain. What next? Should she too be going to Nottingham? Did she fear the new captain? It was said he balked at nothing for the sake of the Kingdom. Would he prove too stouthearted?

If Captain Reynolds had opened fire on Coventry, certainly Captain Cadman took the field with highly calculated strategy. He was an amazing little man with boundless imagination and a lighthearted faith. He marched rapidly, spoke rapidly, conducted his corps vigorously, and experimented with ideas with such tornadic energy that many considered him a major menace, the largest organized force of anti-Cadmanites being town councilmen aligned with publicans. It wasn’t long before there was a serious encounter. There had been some reserve with a woman commander, but now, publicans, incensed by loss of business due to Salvation Army efforts, paid low hooligans money or whiskey or both to drive the Army out of town. Toughs held mock meetings and processioned, brutally attacking the open-air rings, a major disturbance ensuing. The town council made this an excuse for demanding the abandonment of the Army’s work in the open air and dragged Elijah before the magistrate.

“I will happily rein in the soldiers,” Elijah testified, “but can’t cease open-air services.” He was sentenced to 14 days imprisonment, but while on the railway station platform enroute under guard to Warwick gaol, was released, as the superintendent of police suggested to a sympathizer that he pay Cadman’s fine, “a devilish riot being feared.”

Singing in the streets was forbidden, however. The next Sabbath, to counter this mandate, Cadman sent out 12 “scouts,” two by two, to walk the streets talking salvation. On Monday morning the police were after him.

“Captain,” the summoning constable remarked, “folks say your talkin’ scouts are worse than your singin’ soldiers. Can’t go on. What’re you plannin’ t’ do?”

“Next Sabbath,” said the little captain, “I’m going t’ follow t’ example of me Master an’ send out 70.”

The next week this comment appeared in an area publication: “We think the authorities have their match in the captain in Coventry.”

Free speech was it? Well, on that one he’d follow his dependable nose if it led to a noose. That was Elijah. Among Cadman’s many capabilities was that of recruiter. To the Shirleys he insisted, straight from combat, “The
war is now! This enemy don’ hold ’is fire till the saints are rugged enough or holy enough. You can’t wait longer t’ enlist. Battlelines are drawn. God has called you into t’ ranks. You must enlist!”

Enlist they did, all three becoming soldiers in less than a month after Cadman’s arrival. His faith-fashioned determination, industry and dare-deviltry helped increase crowds and multiply converts. They also intensified resistance. Elijah countered with still more daring experiments and concentration on holy living. His Sabbath holiness meetings were powerhouses to the consecrated and magnets to the unredeemed.

Early in March Eliza pondered and prayed over the matter of the dedicated will and decided she could stand the tension no longer. Also, a message in a letter from Beck in Nottingham beat on her like an insistent drumstick:

Darling Lizzie,

I love you so but hardly have time for writing, as we’ve been so busy since arriving. I can only think sleep. Captain R. has for her leftenant Eliza Haynes, who’s been quite a hellion in her day. Together we made great posters, took the huge Mechanics’ Hall for meetings and marched. But nobody seemed to care, few followed. Seven meetings.

Then said Captain to Leftenant, who knows the streets well, “What shall we do?” and Leffy says, “We must go to our knees,” and we did it—to our knees all night. Next morning, says Leffy, “It come to me we got to have a live poster,” and Cap says, “How?” and Leffy says, “Me.” So she put “Happy Eliza” with pen and ink on streamers fluttering down her hair not braided, and on her jacket, struck the placards across her back and dashed up and down back streets of town waving a fiddlestick and shouting, “Come, hear the Hallelujahs!” and “Mechanics Hall for you! Free!”

Now, we’re full every night, Lizzie. Every night a long line of converted toughs singing out, “I’m a wonder unto many, God alone the change has wrought!” Glorious! I wish you were here.

One of the Glory girls,
Beck

If it meant being a fool for God then fool she would have to be. Uniform? Yes. Noise and commotion? Yes. Discipline? Yes. Forfeiture of beaus and husband if need be? Yes. Anything, anywhere, always. She sang with other aspirants:

I’ll be, Lord, I’ll be, Lord;
I’ll be what you want me to be...

Succeeding stanzas substituted the words, “I’ll do, Lord,” “I’ll go,
Lord." She was impressed to open her Bible and read: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee" (1 Timothy 4:14).  

Gift? What gift? A decent voice, but no nightingale. Modest of form and feature, but no beauty. What gift, Lord? Youth, Eliza. Youth. Without hesitation she made her way to the consecration form and calmly asked the Eternal to accept her offering—herself. There were no tears, no emotional outbreak, no light from Heaven. Nothing more than the unshakable fact that she was making the correct decision. When Cadman patted her head as she knelt, she heard him say: "Good girl, little Shirley. God has great plans for you."

The Cadman campaign continued despite fierce persecution and impediments, until a mighty host of converts proclaimed God's Kingdom. Then one April evening Cadman beckoned Eliza after service.

"Little Shirley," he told her, "t' General 'as asked t' see you. 'e's to be in Leicester next Wednesday for the weddin' of t' Black Prince and will personally interview you. He heard you sing and testify if you remember, and I've reported on your fighting spirit. 'e wants t' talk t' you about becomin' an officer."

Officer! Not she! Too young. Can't leave home. Why, I'm an only child. And I'm far too timid for public work. Too sensitive. Too fragile. Yes, Eliza, a voice said within, and far too proud—high and lifted up.

"All it takes is your willingness," said Elijah. "God manages t' rest. You need never even fear failing, since He uses even that to His glory. How well I know."

"But I'm not capable, Captain, nor very strong. Mama is in delicate health. I couldn't leave home. Why, I haven't yet been to London."

"Little Shirley, do you wish t' Kingdom of God to come through you?" Eliza nodded tearfully.

26St. John Ervine, God's Soldier, Vol. I, p. 448. Happy Eliza: "This woman, a notorious virago, made herself known throughout England as Happy Eliza. Born and bred in a slum, a loud-voiced, raging woman who had no fear of any sort in her heart, led a throng of ruffians whom she had converted. At the top of their voices they would sing:

Shout aloud salvation, boys! We'll have another song;  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;  
Sing it as our fathers sang it many a million strong,  
As they went marching to Glory!

Comedians in the music halls introduced her into their songs. Dolls and toys were named after her. Small boys and girls sucked sticky sweets on which her title was engraved. But this unrefined woman, so indecorous in her behavior, so raucous and unladylike, 'saved' hundreds of harsh-minded men and women, and cost publicans a pretty penny before she died."

27A Trophy of Grace: Legend says this man had been a notorious fighter and carouser. He became the General's beloved bodyguard and often rode behind him on a white horse. During one of the riots in the mid-eighties, he was severely injured, dying not long after.
"The art o’ savin’ souls is divine an’ this wonderful gift isn’t given to t’ first comer, or to ’im who will not pay t’ price. One must die for t’ people, and it’s just in proportion as we consent t’ die ’is life can be spread. This is t’ pivot of Christianity. Die to concern about what anybody thinks or does or doesn’t do about you. Die to concern for popularity, appreciation, even love. Jesus says: ‘Follow Me, an’ I will make you fishers o’ men.’ To die is to live—victoriously. You consecrated yourself at t’ form, but do you mean business, little Shirley, now when t’ act must follow t’ thought?”

Eliza said nothing.
“If God call you?”
“But He hasn’t.”
“See the General and decide.”

Ruefully, Eliza said he could broach the matter to her parents, and late the next evening he laid the matter before Amos and Annie.
“It’s not as if she were called sudden,” he told them. “God, ’as been preparin’ ’er. I’m sure ’e brought t’ Army to Coventry in part for ’er.”

“Quite possible, Captain,” said Amos, surprising all. He paused, finding difficulty in speaking. “Strange how God works. I didn’t want to say anything prematurely, but working conditions grow more and more threatening. The mills go slower and slower and silk is being priced out of the pocketbooks of the wealthy, let alone good middle-class customers. I may soon have to travel where work can be found—and my destination may prove most untenable for Lizzie as we could not expect to find the Army everywhere.”

Annie’s reaction was quite other.
“I can’t bear such a loss,” she said. “Lizzie’s a baby. She’s not strong. If she joins as an officer, her life is forfeit. Can’t you see, Captain, what will happen? Battle her life long. Her health will wear through; she can’t pick her own husband; Army women will be fighting an engagement regarding the pulpit that never can be won, despite the saintly Mrs. Booth. I never thought it would come to this. We can’t sacrifice Lizzie!” Her face squeezed up like a prune. “We can’t. You’ll have to excuse me, Captain. I’ll have to battle this out in my room.”

Annie reappeared an hour later, surprised that the other three still sat around the kitchen table. She talked to the cookstove as she put on the teakettle.
“It’s all right,” she said, spreading a white tablecloth. “God’s will must be mine. I can’t solve the issue of the preaching ladies so far as Lizzie is concerned, or the violence we attract, but I’m satisfied God will in His good time. Why, if I weren’t past fighting age, I might relish a go at it myself. Did you know, Captain, Amos and I twice backed from the call?
Through none of Amos' doings. If she's willing, Lizzie has my consent for whatever the General may suggest.”

The next morning, dressed severely in a long black princess dress of Annie's, and wearing her little Mission bonnet, Eliza climbed into a rig beside Captain Cadman.

At Leicester, the Army hall was decorated for the wedding of the Black Prince. No candles or chrysanthemums, no carpet of white. Nor would the bride wear white—but a plain princess frock devoid of decoration except for a wide white diagonal sash bearing the inscription: “He Lives!” Everywhere was bunting of yellow, red and blue, and a space had been reserved for the brass band. The General was waiting when Cadman and Eliza walked in. He was surveying the penitent-form and talking to a carpenter.

“Now, there's a good solid form. I fancy it will be blessed tonight with tears of many a sinner.”

The workman looked surprised.

“You give t' call at a weddin', General?”

“Indeed we do,” said Booth. “We give the call on all occasions. The trumpet of the Lord must give no uncertain sound and at no uncertain time. And after the ceremony the wedding carriage will wind through town with soldiers marching behind, and a Salvation Army tune played by the band as a witness that two more young soldiers are joined to help pull down the devil's kingdom.”

“General, good morning!” said Elijah, saluting, then shaking hands. “Here is little Shirley.”

“Little Shirley.” The General smiled, smoothing his long beard, appraising her. “There is as little of you close range as at a distance. You are a tiny one—but no mind. Small flowers often bear sweet fragrance. Tell me, do you love Jesus more than anything else in this world?”

“Yes, General,” said Eliza, her hands locked behind her.

“Do you love the Army?”

“Yes, General.”

“Do you love it more than your own life?”

“I don’t know, General.”

“What?” He frowned. “You don’t know? Honest lass.” He studied her face. “Have you joined The Salvation Army to practice love to all mankind?”

“So far as I know, General.”

“Will you go anywhere your General tells you to go?”

Eliza hesitated.

“I think so, though I shall need testing.”
“You’ll get that, my girl. Remember this your life long.” He wagged a bony finger. “God wants soldiers who do what He tells them to, not what they tell Him they’ll do. Obedience is His requisite for guidance. You may not rely on your own reason nor strength nor desire nor inclination nor dream nor enthusiasm nor pleasure nor human affection. You must rely on God! If God orders you even to disobey the General, you must. Is that understood?”

Eliza was in tears.

“Yes, General.”

“Your test is in the Scripture. God will never ask anything alien to Scripture. Then, my lass, you are officer material.” He put his hand on her head and prayed invincibility “for little soldier Shirley.”

Before the day was over, Eliza was a commissioned leftenant bound for the north England coal-mining village of Bishop Auckland, county of Durham—far away from parents, home, corps and friends—her age being 16 years. A week later she boarded the railway coach, a single valise in hand.

“I love you darling, darling dears.” She hugged Amos and Annie, determined not to cry. “We march straight forward!”

And she did—straight into the stomach of the conductor, but as Amos believed, all things work together for good to them that love God, and the devil had overshot himself again: for the conductor, noticing, befriended Eliza on that first tortuous journey into the unknown, sharing experience and a hunk of his dinner pasty. He’d been a Welsh miner and knew “summut o’ what th’ wee bairn’d find.”
Captain Allsop's Miracle Prayers
(as perceived by Sallie Chesham)

Young Captain Annie Allsop, Lieutenant Eliza Shirley's commanding officer in her first appointment, perhaps never analyzed her prayer success, but she knew exactly how to begin, how to proceed, and how to conclude—and that's a fair miracle in itself.¹

Captain Allsop believed that to the non-pray-er, answered prayer is miraculous. To the believer,² it is natural. He knows that the same laws which apply to the rest of God's universe apply to prayer—thus, to understand and use prayer properly is to own the key to the secrets of the universe. Certainly, "with God all things are possible" (Matthew 19:26), because God "is all in all" (1 Corinthians 15:28). He never disregards divine law,³ but sometimes speeds up a process, using His law of energy concentration, or of cause and effect. It is what we mean in prayer that is powerful, either positively or negatively, not what we verbalize (though words themselves tend to create their connotation if thoughtlessly used). What men believe they get.

The timelessness of the Creator mentioned in Isaiah 65:24 may well here be quoted: "Before they ask I will answer; while they are yet speaking, I will hear." God is limited only by our unbelief, for if we believe, we know He must answer—because He has promised.

A simple definition of prayer is first in order: personal communion with our Creator, often expressed in conversation. The following are prerequisites for answered prayer. The one who is praying must: mean business; desire an answer which glorifies God; be willing to become part of the answer; use proper tools, which are specificity, visualization, presentation, reception, and practice.

I. Specificity: This means to be specific—one thing at a time. Write down ideas if you need to; know exactly what you desire. Vague prayers get vague answers.

II. Visualization: Imagine the subject of your prayer; if needed, draw, etc.

¹We are herein dealing with prayer requests, not other forms of prayer; also, regarding crisis prayer: most men in crisis mean business—God answering intense faith—but unless the experience is incorporated into everyday experience there will be little lasting good.

²Believer: One in earnest, who is honest and accepts confidently, not allowing fear to reside in the heart.

³That would discredit His perfection.
a picture or cut one out of a magazine or newspaper. Make the request as concrete as possible.

III. Presentation: Treat God as the personal Creator He is. Address Him by name (once is enough; it is unnatural and undignified to punctuate every phrase with His holy name). Present the request in detail but unembellished with recitation either of your self-worth or self-pity. Write it out as a letter to a businessman, if needed. Do not prescribe either method or time of execution; that is God's business. Just visualize the request achieved. Say clearly, "This, God—or something better." That leaves room for God to improve your request.

IV. Reception: Believe that you immediately have an affirmative answer, no matter what appearances say. It is only the manifestation that has not appeared.

V. Practice: Practice prayer; practice the presence of our loving God. In time, certainty will pervade your life. Strengthen your faith with appropriate Scripture reading. The power of habit cannot be overestimated. A typist must know the keyboard well enough to forget it before there is any degree of proficiency. A musician dare not think of fingering or blowing or he is recognized as an amateur. A qualified writer must be so sure of the rules for grammar, punctuation and spelling that he does not have to be concerned about these things. Prayer is an instrument. True, music always leaps out and away from the instrument—but instrument, technique and concentration are very important. An artist knows that he may never give up instrument care and discipline. That which is not exercised atrophies.

"People want spectacular guidance," notes Everett Lewis Catell in The Spirit of Holiness, "but they forget that these extraordinary experiences come to those who have built well the foundations—sensitiveness to the Spirit's pressure in the soul in small matters. The increase of sensitiveness to the voice of the Spirit is in direct proportion to the implicitness of obedience moment by moment."

Regarding prayer answers, we must not limit God but must learn to be aware and waiting, always waiting, for His whisper, His finger pointing, His tap on the shoulder, His breath on our cheek—anywhere, everywhere, at all times.

How to recognize the voice of God? Again, it comes with practice, experience. A new convert asked Amos Kenworthy how it was that Christ had said, "My sheep know My voice," yet this gentleman couldn't hear
that voice. The patriarch replied, "Yes, it is true that His sheep know His voice but it is also true that the lambs have to learn it."

Listen! Listen! Listen! And remember the American Indian axiom: "Listen, or thy tongue will keep thee deaf."

Be aware! Be alone! Tell no man!

Prayer truth is expressed in another manner as expressed in Jesus' words recorded in Matthew 7:7:

1. "Ask and it shall be given you." (Be specific. Know you have it.)
2. "Seek and ye shall find." (It's yours! Now, go after it.)
3. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Take possession with authority.)

For great prayer there must be great intensity of desire. Concentration in prayer, as in all other disciplines, requires deep feeling (not demonstrated emotion). No fire, no heat. If we say we are not warm by nature, never hot, then we may ask God for feeling. Thoughtful, purposeful reliance on His leading and determination to think, do and be the best we are capable of, will lead to correct change. True, feeling cannot be changed by thought, but thought changes action and action changes feeling.

Christians are commanded to pray "in His name"—Christ Jesus'. This demands our most centered thought, for Jesus is the heart of the universe, the personness of the Incomprehensible, the button which switches on the light. He is the Eternal's form and face. He is the tender and touchable, patient and powerful Living Picture of God: "He that hath seen Me (Jesus) hath seen the Father" (John 14:9).

Finally, prayer, as all else—miracles, healings, prophecies—is meant to lead us to the Father. Christ Jesus comes not primarily to be prayer-partner, helper, teacher nor miracle worker. He comes as blood-Son of Divinity—to be our Indweller. It is God we should desire, not His goodies, for the greatest gift He can bestow is Himself. God said, "I am their inheritance" (Ezekiel 44:28).

When this realization comes to us, as it did to Captain Allsop and Eliza, we find in ourselves the wonder of all time—that indescribable capacity to trust in the living God. Then, believing, truly believing, we may shout: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Timothy 1:12).
Chapter IV

THE TEST

TIME: April, 1879

PLACE: Bishop Auckland, Durham

SETTING: Railway Station

As the train pulled out of Bishop Auckland, Eliza, valise in hand, looked about her for a young woman in similar garb who General Booth said was so first-rate the town called her “The Gospel Trumpet.” Eliza’s marching orders read: “You are appointed to assist in the command of Bishop Auckland Corps under Captain Annie Allsop.” Captain Cadman had described Annie as “a fiery redhead, worth her weight in fine-cut diamonds. As small as you, little Shirley, and a hundred times louder.”

Where was this blazing bonfire?
“Leftenant.” It was a muffled call. “Leftenant.”
Eliza searched the platform. No red hair to be seen.
“Here. Quickly. Slip on this cape.”

Nonplussed, Eliza let the hooded figure adjust a similar black cape about her. Her arm was tightly grasped, and she was propelled off the station platform.

“Captain Allsop?”
“Yes, praise the Lord! Once on the way I’ll explain.” Taking Eliza’s valise she hurried along. “Leftenant, you’ve been appointed to fill the hole left” by Meg Darwell, a real glory girl. Converted soon after the openin’ last November. Her intended is a rough ’un—foreman at the mine, heavy drinker, atheist. Turrible Turnip Tucker. When Meg decided for officership, he popped quite out of his mind.”

“He’s holding you responsible?”
“Whole army. I wanted you to know before you got into the storm’s eye. Go home if you will.”
“I’ve told the General I’m in the battle to stay.”
"Not afraid?"
"Yes, but I’ve enlisted."

The draped figure dropped her hood and Eliza saw a mane of carrot-colored hair, a freckled reckless round face and molasses-brown eyes like a child’s.

Eliza slid off her hood.

"Hallelujah! Lieutenant Shirley! My, you’re the pretty one."
"Hallelujah! Captain Allsop. Victory or death!"

"That’s it! We’ll make a banner of it. Victory or death! We’ll march the streets of Bishop Auckland an’ tear down the devil’s kingdom, Turrible Turnip an’ the lot. You want to know what General Booth told me when my mother was worried? He said a gent had told him, ‘Self preservation is the first law of nature.’ The General retorts, ‘But self-sacrifice is the first law of grace.’ Down with that old liar the devil!"

"Please God, teach me how to fight—and to want to,” prayed Eliza. “I don’t feel like downing the devil or anybody else."

"Now then, we’ll walk with our heads up and shoulders back,” said the Gospel Trumpet, “and I’ll give you a bit o’ history regarding our fair town. Village it may be but as ragged and ragin’ a hellhole as London, and as likely for Kingdom building. There are folks other places say miners are subhuman, but I find them jolly and decent for the most part, hearts big as barrels. There’s the odd one of course—and they do stir one another up. But t’won’t last.” They began to race along like children. “Yours for the Kingdom, Lieutenant!"

"Yours for the Kingdom, Captain!"

"Only a few more rods."

"Shan’t we come upon Turrible Turnip directly?"

"Maybe he’s in the mines. Wager he’ll turn up with his henchmen this evenin’."

They reached the little shack called the officers’ quarters; entering, Eliza covered her astonishment by wiping her nose. The Shirleys had lived simply but well. Now she was confronted with what could only be called a shelter from the wind. The quarters consisted of two small rooms with broken windows stuffed with newspapers, a broken bedstead with no mattress, a pine kitchen table with no chairs, a chipped washstand and cracked basin, small potbellied stove with no fuel, a chamber pot and a blue frock hanging on the wall beside slips of paper which read variously:

"JESUS, MY REDEEMER,” “IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM,” “GOD BLESS MEG!” and, finally, “GOD SAVE TURRIBLE TURNIP TUCKER.”

1Harold Begbie, The Life of General Booth, Vol. I, p. 400. Order Against Starvation, 1878: The General has learned with great concern that several of the bravest officers who have gone
Captain Annie explained without apology.

“No cleanin’ problem, an’ we shan’t be resting oft. I am sorry about the larder. Not much on hand. You see, Leffy, with the strike on, Turrible Turnip’s men regular steal the collection plates. I’m sure the Lord has some noble purpose in it all.”

“Of course. May I make lunch?”

“Little to prepare but enough for a nice bit o’ potato soup.”

“Favorite,” laughed Eliza, taking off her bonnet and hanging it with her cape on the nail marked, “Lieutenant.” She was not prepared for the recipe however. Captain Annie sliced two potatoes thin as gauze, added a little pepper, salt and a dab of butter and set it in a blue-enameled pan to simmer. She put the kettle on for tea, and in a half hour they were sitting on two barrels planning strategy over a linen-covered table.

“Mam’s,” said Captain Annie. “She ordered as I left. ‘Annie, Love,’ she says, ‘ye may one day live on bread and water but do all as the King’s own daughter. If a crust be your portion, well then be grateful and graceful; beauty is God’s own handwritin’.’” Annie patted the linen.

“Turrible Turnip lay seige last night. Broke up meetin’ with hundreds present. Declared if the Army don’t cough up Meg, he’ll murder every last one of us.”

“What shall we do?”

“Oh, Jesus’ll work it out. We’ll pray, including the larder. I’ve advised God before, but a reminder won’t go astray. Down we go.”

Down they went. Eliza was used to prayer but she’d never before encountered such as this. Captain Annie prayed as if God had come to tea in this cold, damp room.

“Precious Father in heaven,” she said. “This is the way of it, and You’d best get a move on. How You do it is none of our business but that You do it is. Increase our faith. Double our love; stretch out our arms. Conquer the cruel, the faithless and brokenhearted. The hurt turned hellion, Lord. Deal with Turrible Turnip. A wee squabble won’t fret us. And a bit o’ bread an’ treacle for the table, please.”

Eliza was ashamed of her formal prayer but Captain Annie boomed, “Leffy, even angel wings got to be exercised.” Early in the afternoon they
visited converts and two jailbirds and distributed *The Salvationist*. There was fear in the voices of many they encountered.

“Cap,” was the consensus, “when Turnip sees ye’ve a replacement for Meg, ’e’ll make ’ell on earth ’stead o’ ’eaven.”

At six o’clock soldiers began to assemble at the barracks for the open-air meeting, curious and eager to welcome Eliza. Knee drill was conducted around the penitent-form, then out they marched, one hundred strong, fully expecting Turnip and his mine mates to tear into them. But not one renegade appeared. There was an air of relaxation as lines formed and four abreast, hands clasped, Army flag to the center, the Army marched back to its barracks. There a good crowd waited and as Captain and Leftenant marched to the platform, “Fire a volley!” shook the rafters, followed by a grand chorus of “We’ll roll the old chariot along, and we won’t drag on behind!”

Standing at the speaking table in the center, Captain Annie raised her hands and bade worshipers welcome. “Beloved comrades, tonight we begin a special campaign of the Cross.”

There was a chorus of amens.

“We’ll storm the forts of darkness an’ break down the devil’s kingdom! We’ll set the captive free. As replacement for Meg Darwell, our General has appointed a doughty little lass from Coventry, Leftenant Eliza Shirley. Let us welcome her with our ten-stringed instruments!”

Amid clapping, feet stomping and shouts of “Hallelujah!” and “Praise the Lord!” the back door was flung open and up the center aisle pounded Terrible Turnip, a mountainous, hard-faced, wildly gesticulating man followed by unwashed miners in a black line, all bellowing, ‘Down wi’ The Salvation Army!”

Before converts and sympathizers could guess the plan of attack, the miners had mounted the platform, wielding shovels and pickaxes, grabbed the two girls and holding them above their heads, rushed the door. There were screams. From her command post aloft, Captain Annie called, “Soldiers be true! God is not mocked. He will provide!”

“We’ll see ‘bout that!” roared Turnip as an onlooker lunged at him. “Who’ll take on Terrible Turnip? Tryt’ an’ we’ll kill t’lady preachers.” He turned back and spit. “We’ll kill ’em—or worse!”

Expecting trouble, the constables were quickly summoned. A half dozen of them came, wielding billy clubs. They apprehended Turnip and his chum, Rooster Beecham, who resembled closely his nickname, dragging them to the black buggy.

“You too!” They shoved Annie and Eliza on board. “Incitin’ to riot! Peace disturbin’!”
The Test / 83

Horrified, Eliza stared back at bloodied faces, ripped clothing, filth-covered floor and oh, dear Lord, there lay the sergeant-major and the flag-carrier on the ground.

"Chin up, Leffy," whispered Annie. "Victory or death!"

"Victory or death," Eliza repeated lamely, but her heart didn't agree. By the time Black Maria reached the town hall and the lot were shoved to the bar, the mayor, in lieu of a magistrate, was banging his gavel. The men spat their names and oaths, then, slit-eyed, measured the girls as they spoke, describing themselves as commanding officer and assistant of the local Salvation Army corps. When asked what this Army's purpose was in commencing work in Bishop Auckland some six months ago, Captain Annie answered, "To capture the entire town for Jesus!" Eliza was asked what right the Army had to send two girls to do men's business. She answered, "Your Honor, in Christ there is neither bond nor free, neither male nor female. We are all one in Christ Jesus."

Furious, the mayor banged his gavel. "I'm warning you girls, you're cited for public disturbance and inciting to riot. It could easily be contempt added. And if this happens again, you'll be sent to the workhouse. Case dismissed."

Turnip and Rooster were fined and released. They offered no further objection and did not molest the Salvationists during the march back to the hall and resumption of the meeting which benefited from the interruption and tribulation. Captain Annie reporting to headquarters, "Ten in the fountain, six in pickle." The girls were too exhausted to think about food that night; however, in the morning, they soon realized either God had other plans regarding their sustenance or He was severely testing their faith and endurance, for there was only tea and one thrown onion between them before they left the quarters to clean the homes of some of Bishop Auckland's ailing. Someone gave them toast and tea for lunch, but they were weary and dizzy on arrival home. Inside the door, Annie snorted. "Someun's bin here! Someun's disarranged us!"

Nothing seemed disarranged to Eliza. Bed, table, stove, chamber pot looked in order. The floor was unmuddied, the Scripture sat on the barrel top.

"See!" moaned Annie, "disarranged! God's bits an' pieces molested!"

"I don't see—"

"Plain as the nose on your face." Annie ran to the wall. "There is Meg's prayer slip, an' the sergeant's, Miss Olin's, Moose Bullard's. She named others. "And there was Turrible Turnip's. He's broken and entered, that one."

"You mean he's taken away his slip?"
Suddenly, Annie broke into peal after peal of laughter.

“Oh, the blackguard’s overstepped! Satan leaped too far. He’s touched God’s house an’ God’s soldiers. God is not mocked. Whosoever a man sows—poor Turnip—he’s done himself in this time. Leffy, we’ll thank God an’ let’s not forget the larder.”

Kneeling, Eliza was still confused. She couldn’t see how stealing a piece of paper, even a prayer slip, could determine a man’s salvation. Annie answered her thoughts.

“Leffy, don’t you see? The blackguard bounced in here to take a tum agin us—an’ got convicted! Else he would never have torn it off the wall.”

Annie prayed long and loud for the salvation of the entire world, the country, the village—and especially for the immortal soul of Turrible Turnip Tucker. “Bring ’im down, Lord! Make ’im mash! Then raise ’im up as stern for You as he was against You! Don’t forget the larder, mind, if You don’ want two rag dolls at meetin’.”

Eliza thanked God for the challenge of the hour. She seconded her captain in urgent matters and reminded Him of their empty stomachs. They then spread the linen cloth for a solitary cup of tea when there was a pounding on the door.

“Back!” ordered Annie, pushing Eliza behind her. “Don’t be fright-ened, Leffy. He’ll quail before God’s Spirit.”

Eliza was the one who quailed. She thought of picking up the stove-poker, but had lost all ability to move.

“Back are you?” shouted Annie to the darkness, opening the door. “Back after lootin’ the Lord’s larder. Your conscience has brought you, Turnip. Your—dear Jesus!”

She fell back as Turnip, carrying a heavy clothesbasket with Rooster, hoisted himself over the lintel. Eliza watched, boggle-eyed. Dear Jesus. He must be drunk, carrying some awful—

“We come to make amends.” Turnip did not look up. Others pushed forward, all carrying baskets and boxes, some with chairs in their hands. A new spring and mattress, a small couch, braided mats, a washstand, a set of crockery, bushels of food.

“The Lord be praised!” shouted Annie. “What is this? The Lord Himself in wolves’ trousers?”

Turnip looked like cold mutton.

“Paper on the wall do it.” He choked. “Come to smash yer cottage, but there ware nuthin’ to smash. Two little bairns in a nest wi’out feathers. Me eyes lit on the wall and I read o’ Meg, an’ the Sallies we done in. Then I see me own name—an’ ’t made mash o’ me.”
"Mash?" Annie hooted, turning to Eliza. "Leffy, you hear? He's mash, is Turrible Turnip. God's mash. Oh, glory! Now then, we'll all have a nice drop o' tea."

In crowded more than a dozen of the most untoward sinners ever swung a pickaxe, slurping out of mugs and saucers, eating bran bread and pure salt butter.

"Now," said Captain Annie, closing an elated prayer, "you'll come to barracks tonight an' get saved proper. Public confession is what's needed."

"Aye," said Turrible Turnip, "but I've no hankerin' to become a shouter."

As the door closed the girls dropped to their knees.

"It's a deal more, dear Father, than bread an' treacle Ye've brought—and by the selfsame lads yesterday would gladly have done us in."

They didn't eat much, a few spoonsful of oatmeal, simply because they were too hungry.

"But oh, tomorrow," said Annie, gloating, "we'll make a precious pasty. Leffy, you know how to concoct 'em?"

Eliza didn't.

"Miners' dinner—all lovely an' fragrant an' tasty. Wives bring 'em to the mine mouth at noon, wrapped tight in their aprons. Tomorrow we feast!"

The crowd numbered well over a thousand next night, with singing such as no one but robust miners can manage. At the invitation, out rushed Turrible Turnip before the soldiers could get a hand in fishing. He threw himself at the penitent-form as if he'd cause to pound out his brains, said nothing for minutes, then began to pound his great gnarled fists, to shake and shiver and shout, "God, I can't be saved! Can't be saved! Can't be saved! I'm too-too-too-"

"Too what, Turnip? Too what?" coaxed Annie, Eliza trembling at her side.

"I'm too, oh, God, I'm too—"

"Tell God. Too what?"

Turnip leaped to his feet, jumped up and down on the penitent-form then cried out, "I'm too damned mean!" As suddenly, he fell prostrate on the floor. Eliza thought he'd killed himself.

The audience convulsed, then rose up in fear and curiosity. Turnip's mates rushed forward.

"Back!" ordered Captain Annie. "He's been struck down o' the Spirit, slain in the Lord. Such a miracle is not seen often, believe you me. Friends, here's a man of intensity. Here's a man of..."
conscience. An' somewhat on it. Neither good deeds, nor good words, nor hell-raisin’ can cover nor erase—only the blood o’ Jesus. Count on this: he’ll rise up in his senses, clothed and in his right mind. Stand back!’”

Eliza had never seen such a manifestation before. Even the General’s meetings hadn’t produced the like. Annie had the congregation sing, “Just as I am,” and pray on their knees, then stand with right hands extended heavenward, humming. She did not touch Turnip nor allow anyone else near. For more than 10 minutes he was prone. Then he opened his eyes, slid his head back and forth gingerly and, seeing Rooster and his men, said “Eh, there mates. Give ol’ Turnip a hand up.”

This done, he spread his legs, put his giant hands on his giant hips and in as sober a fashion as the General himself, gave a detailed account of his experience.

“A devil all me life,” he confessed. “A beater, cheater, foul-mouthed an’ filthy. Only decent thing ever entered me life was Meg an’ when she took herself off I become the devil hisself. Vowed I’d taunt and torture and terrify ever las’ Sallie I spied. An’ if ever I saw me Meg, I’d kill ’er.”

He took a deep breath.

“Spittin’ brimstone, me an’ me mates went to the Hallelujahs’ cottage this morning. We’d’ve smashed ’em with it if they’d been home. But there ware nuthin’ to smash. and them starvin’. Nuthin’ but a few bits o’white paper tacked to wall—folks prayed for in off moments. I come upon me own name—knew I were goner. You see what happened next. Whys an’ ways o’ religion I never understood an’ maybe won’t, but this ye can bank on—Turrible Turnip’s a new man. A Person’s come to live inside.” He turned to the girls. “Teach me t’ sing, wee bairns! Teach me t’ sing! Fer I want to be a singin’ soldier, as likely fer God as agin’ ’im.”

They taught him a song and it was lifted that night, sung 50 odd times, until voices were hoarse and soldiers spontaneously began to march round the hall, Turrible Turnip catching up the Army flag to lead, Rooster pounding a half-skinned drumhead at the rear. Turnip learned this song and led it, and many’s a miner that knelt that night and many’s a miner that fled in terror from his “daft” commander:

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Sound the battle cry! See, the foe is nigh,
Raise the standard high for the Lord.
Gird your armor on, stand firm every one;
Rest your cause upon His holy Word.

CHORUS:
Rouse, then, soldiers, rally ’round the banner!
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward. shout aloud. Hosanna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.
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Next morning, Turnip called off the mine strike, stating that Jesus had given him the Army's secret for battle. Henceforward he would waste no time nor energy. He would fight with "fers," instead of fists, and soon had the miners singing gospel songs to pickaxe accompaniment, parading on off hours about management homes, whole families of them, singing homemade ditties to popular and jolly tunes. Here's an example:

He hears what diggers have to say,
He hears what diggers have to say,
He hears what diggers have to say,
That way he's always right!3

Sergeant Turnip donned a scarlet guernsey before the week was out, adding a wide red ribbon marked SALVATION ARMY to his miner's cap, and revival broke out in Bishop Auckland.

Eliza hardly recognized herself. Being part of the miracle of Turnip brought inestimable encouragement and delight to her during the next weeks. With Little #1, as she called Annie Allsop, she soon preached, prayed and praised God to crowds of 1,000 and more, conducted daily sing-songs at the mine's mouth, and altogether had a "Hallelujah!" time. Little #1 often did the preaching, Eliza served as songleader and soloist, accompanying herself on her guitar, with the frequent enrichment of a concertina, flute, mouth-harp and paper-covered combs. Saloons began to close early so patrons and publicans could attend. Gambling dens went without customers. Magistrates and mayor came for front seats. In the midst of the "great season of refreshment and armament," Eliza received a letter from her father. It read:

Darling daughter Eliza:

It both pleases and pains me to apprise you of the following, for separation of the kind described will be most distasteful to both your Mother and me, yet with mill conditions as they are throughout the land, in recent months I have made inquiries across the waters in the United States, and am convinced that my trade being held there in high regard, there are excellent opportunities for advancement.

After much prayer and heartsearching, your Mother and I have decided that I shall leave as soon as passage can be booked, visiting on arrival the cities of Paterson, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In each, the silk-mill industry is thriving. I shall probably settle on Paterson, as it is most prominent in the silk industry.

Your Mother will follow when I have secured a position, and set up a house. We feel sure this removal is God's will for us and know that

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3 "Fers": positive, nonviolent approach, sanctioned by preceding hours of prayer.

4 Tune: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."
we need have no fear for you, though our hearts are torn at the thought of wider separation. I shall write often. Do likewise when possible.

Your loving Father,
Papa Amos

Eliza was stunned. Leaving home was one thing, but having home leave you was another.

"I don't see how I can bear up," she said after I read the letter. "While they were close enough to reach, I felt secure."

"The child in us wants a God to be touchin' whenever we fear," said Annie. "Fine fer the newborn. But the oldborn must learn his ma an' pa's beyond legs an' arms, that home is in the heart, that a truly saved one doesn't run home because he's there, that he need never go shriekin' an' swayin' after the wailin' winds an' wonders far-flung, for God Himself has set up housekeepin' in him."

Eliza looked up through her tears.

"You say truth so oddly I can always laugh."

"But clear. That's why the lads call me Gospel Trumpet. It's clear we have to be, sweet Leffy, for as the Scriptures say, if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, how shall the people hear? We must know in whom we have believed, then we can go about seekin' an' savin' God's lost ones. But if there's question about God's ability in us, we'll walk an' talk an' chew an' vomit that question, an' folks'll only see a stumblin' questionmark. All that ever restricts God is our unwillingness to trust Him completely."

Eliza buried her head in her arms, trying not to act like a boohooing baby, as she said, but she could not. Never to see them again! What if she got sick? What if she couldn't carry responsibility? General Custer had his scalp cut off. Oh, what if the Indians captured them in the new country? What if she grew old and was left alone? What if they drowned? What if she died? What if God really didn't care? What if she lost contact with Jesus?

"Ohhhhhhhhhh."

"Oh, what? You sound like Turrible Turnip."

"What if it's harder than you think? Being me, I mean. What if I lost contact with Jesus?"

Little #1 didn't sympathize. In fact, she drew up and away.

"Leffy, if you never remember another thing about Bishop Auckland remember this: never be a crybaby. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world and the blues and depression and fear and all manner of nasties; and it's best based on the Scriptures. An' prayer is the carriage, six-horse carriage, both to and from God."
“I know it works for you. I’m amazed at your faith and I know the Bible speaks to you—and I know how prayer works. But maybe there are special people—special things happen to special people but—”

“Nonsense! God has no favorites! Else I’d never trust ’im—if He don’t love everybody the same. I don’t want ’im. He picks different folks for different tasks, but they don’t need to accept, and there’s tasks for every last one of us.”

“But you have so much practice and proof.”

“Because I listen an’ look. And mean business. Leffy, we don’t have to look far. The New Testament’s a set o’ golden keys. They’ll open any palace door. Tells how to live and how to love, how to praise and how to pray and how to center down in God. Don’t fear, just launch out!”

“I could never pray like you. I always feel how dare I ask God for real things, personal things—with all my shortcomings and vague desires.”

Eliza, unthinking, rose and filled the teakettle with the water-pail dipper. Dried her eyes. Suddenly she felt like her mother, initiating such a customary act. The gulps were gone, the questions now clear.

“Little #1, is there a right way to pray? I mean can we expect to be answered every time? Not to feel that God’s permissive will allows some awful inevitables?”

“There’s a right way of all truth. The coat God gives us; the buttons we sew on ourselves. You simply swing round the touchstone of God’s glory, one whirl at a time.”

“I thought thinking might draw me away from God—”

“What do you think God gives us minds for? And He won’t do what we can. Leffy, basics. We think in ones, or should. Then we think round the ones. What could go wrong? What can we do when it does. When we get that far, we hand our best thinkin’ to God. We say, ‘This, God. One and only one thing at a time.’ An’ we don’t think about its opposite. Just the good side. We hand one thing at a time to Him and we say, ‘This, God! Or somethin’ better.’”

“Somethin’ better?”

“Yes. That’s to give God His go at it. He couldn’t give us somethin’ worse, His bein’ God. Remember, Lizzie, He’s God. He’s absolute, absolute truth, absolute honesty, absolute justice, absolute love, absolute everything. That’s what God means. So anybody launchin’ forth in God’s vessel knows he’ll arrive by the best way with the best cargo to the best port. See?”

“I’m willin’ to. Each time I think I’ve journeyed far, I find I’ve only just begun.”
"And you'll really, truly let your Ma an' Pa go without ifs?"
"I'll try."
"You got to make up your mind. Follow fact and not feelin'."
"It's a hard decision—against resistance, against self-pity. I'm probably jealous of the new country too. I want my parents to put me before it."

Eliza got out the tin of biscuits, poured tea.

Then they prayed. Thanked God for food, for the miracles of Turrible Turnip and Rooster Beecham, for the mines and Bishop Auckland, The Salvation Army, and for Jesus, who never needs to come because He's never gone.

Getting up from her knees, Eliza said, "I'll do it. I'll let them go. I'll even let them love the new country."

"Good girl! Then we can look for more miracles."

Into May they marched, throngs at the mercy seat, throngs on the march. There was little or no opposition, until, about the first of June, there was a startling, insidious, near catastrophic attack campaigned in such a manner that there could be no planned defensive strategy. First, entrance and exit handles were goose-greased, along with patches of steps, resulting in some broken limbs due to severe falls. Snakes, hornets and leap frogs were loosed to slither and leap among worshipers. Chemicals were plastered over gas vents. Restrained by the girls and his own new philosophy, Turrible Turnip restrained his men from resorting to intricate devices of torture in apprehending the culprits.

Captain Annie quoted: "'Smoking flax shall He not quench. His voice shall not cry in the streets.' Neither shall ours."

Then came the night of terror. The meeting had well progressed, all the windows were open, and an overflow crowd lounged under the trees surrounding the barracks; in the darkness, some had climbed onto windowsills, some had brought ladders for a better view. Captain Annie was preaching and all were intent when, suddenly, through a slice of roof obviously sawed beforehand, a dozen or more pigeons were loosed over Annie's head. They swooped in bewilderment and she let out an agonized shriek. As the birds began to scatter, folks screamed and moaned. Red pepper, and worse, had been packed under the pigeons' wings.

Turnip and his men kicked open the front door, which had been barred from the outside, and shooed out the birds, but the attack was a clear victory for the attackers. Captain Annie, blinded and writhing, was carried to the quarters, her vision to be marred for months. She insisted that Eliza continue with the daily schedule of visitation and meetings; thus, Eliza's recent decision to rely only on God's strength and presence now served to
align her with forces strong enough to sustain her in her new role of acting corps commander. Turnip insisted that the criminal be apprehended.

"But not for jail!" ordered Eliza. "The Army keeps men from jail and takes them from it but cannot shove them into it. We'll pray, Turnip, and we'll deal in love. Your word."

He glowered at her.

"Leffy, I am me word."

That night a watch was set around the clock. That's the only way to turn up rotten potatoes. Which it did. At midnight a black-veiled figure approached the barracks, gracefully for a person so large. A small barrel of cow-dung was ready for dumping through a broken window when Turnip lunged, capturing a blaspheming amazon.

"Peg Poll! My God!" yelled Turnip. "You!" Eliza hurried to light a lamp in the barracks, and the woman was pulled in, biting and kicking the half dozen miners who held her. When Eliza came near, she spat chewing tobacco and attempted to bite.

"Go 'head. Clout me! Drag me to the jug. Hain't sorry."

Turnip looked nonplussed.

"Poll, what in hell you cussin' out the Army fer?"

Eliza could see the woman better now—very large, broad chested, vulgar looking, with bitter black eyes, heavy brows, and a bush of black hair flying about her shoulders. And she had a peg leg. Turnip caught Eliza's glance and muttered, "Her profession dirtied her up inside." Peg Poll tried to bite him, got one bold arm loose and smashed a fist at Eliza's bonnet, her face scratched and bleeding from resistance.

"Clobber me! Smash me!"

Still tightly pinned down, she had to submit to Eliza's God-blessing her.

"Peg Poll?" She swore. "The likes o' me? Sin's et me up long ago—like a holler sponge I am. Rotten. They set me to this. I was set to—"

"You can change," said Eliza. "God loves you and we love you."

"Enough t' take me home?"

"Yes."

"Eat t' yer table?"

"Yes."

"Sleep in yer bed?"

"Yes."

"Now? No jug?"

"Yes."

At the quarters, Peg had to face seeing Annie, but it wasn't long before they were laughing about the entire escapade, though Annie's eyes were
bandaged. Eliza bathed Poll in the round tin washtub, begged clean clothes from women soldiers later but fixed up the bed sheet for that night, put her to bed and in the morning fed her porridge, wrapped up a pasty for lunch, and took her to her shack on the hill.

Before she left, Poll asked, “And will yer put a slip wi’ me name on the wall?”

“Yes, Poll.”

“Then I’m takin’ a chance on God. Maybe what He done for Turnip, He can do fer me.”

And He did—without the flourish. It was in the midst of this rollicking victory that Eliza received another letter from Amos, postmarked Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It read:

Darling Lizzie,

Here I am, situated and settled in the city of Philadelphia—a fine silk-mill here and I’ve been hired as foreman. Good pay and have already found a home for your Mother. Now, what I’m wondering is this: without a doubt this is one of the finest countries in the world—and one of the most wicked. I’m hoping and praying that you may be able to convince General Booth to allow you to come with Mother and start something like The Salvation Army in the United States. I shall do all I can to help you if you come.

Your loving Father,

Papa Amos

Eliza read and re-read the letter. Then she gave it to #1, who read it and handed it back without a word. Eliza could only spread it out on her cot and wait for God’s directing word. For a week she persevered, then, finally assured, she wrote General Booth, requesting permission to lead the attack on the United States. Soon after, Turnip and Rooster were on the barracks door when there was pounding and the demand of feminine voices: “Leave us in! Leave us in!”

Eliza ordered, “Permit the whosoever, sergeants!”

In marched Peg Poll, clean and shining as of late, and behind her filed the brothel keeper, Flame Madsen, and a good baker’s dozen of fancy girls, crimson-frocked and henna-haired. They neither raised heads nor eyes through the meeting, but at the invitation, Flame stood to address the congregation.

“We hain’t Turnip Tucker, but if Peg Poll can be changed and God done it, then I’m fer God. We lost a lot o’ business to the Army and tried to even the score. Paid Peg Poll and beat ’er for bunglin’. But she didn’t bash us back. She paid no mind. Due to Peg Poll, we’re fixin’ t’ gi’ Jesus a chance.”
Flame and her girls filed to the penitent-form as Eliza led the congregation in a song:

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Someone is ready, someone is waiting,
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

The next morning came General Booth's reply:

Leffent Shirley:
I do not wish you to go to the United States of America. We have enough to busy ourselves saving England. But if you must go then start it on the lines of the Army and if it goes forward I may see fit to call it The Salvation Army and take it over.

William Booth
GENERAL

"Leffy, "said Captain Annie, "we're just smoothin' into double harness. I'll miss you, but this is the finger o' God. Don't delay. You said the General said to even go 'gainst him if God told you—now He's tellin' you."

Eliza sang at her farewell meeting, "I'll go in the strength of the Lord, in paths He has marked for my feet..." A second farewell was held in Coventry, conducted by Captain Elijah Cadman after another Booth son, Herbert, was sent to dissuade Eliza and, if he failed, to again caution her to "make it Army in every respect." Eliza and her mother agreed.

At the Coventry farewell, Cadman presented the two with a handful of Penny Songbooks, published just weeks earlier by the Army. Handing them jubilantly, half to each, he stated: "I want to have a finger in that pie!"

Eliza kept wondering what was in the pie...
During the 1870s and '80s, having finally "liberated" the black man, the United States was indulgently eager to liberate herself and sought escape from every possible restriction. Americans built an enormous variety of private and public edifices, the upper class characterized by ornamentation as extravagant as bulging purses would permit. There were multiple ways in which to spend money: private "Pullman" palaces, investments, the use of newly invented miracles such as typewriters, high-wheeled bikes, incandescent lamps and the "lover's telegraph," the telephone. Marvelous innovations were being made in a basically agricultural society, especially in farm implements and machinery.

Streets were still lighted by gas, but horsecars were being replaced by locomotives and mail-order houses brought treasures to the nation's doorstep. Indians had lost their battle with the white man, but on June 25, 1876, they made a last dramatic stand when they massacred General George Custer and 264 of his men at the Little Big Horn. The Ku Klux Klan was involved in fiery declaration, and the common people were beginning to rebel, showing their intentions in organized groups. Women were beginning to speak for themselves, especially as suffragettes and Women's Christian Temperance Union members, more popularly known as the anti-whiskey women.

Immigrants from southern Europe flocked into the States and joined with dispossessed soldiers of the Civil War, moving in Conestoga wagons to the west, where there was plenty of room to grow with their dreams. There was also phenomenal growth in the border cities of the east, where workers without money or job skills settled as machinists and mill workers. Few, however, could afford the smallest cottages and most became tenement residents. Coal, oil and steel made multimillionaire barons of determined and sometimes ill-motivated men. It was the day of Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, Andrew Carnegie, William K. Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, and of the meat-packing kings: Swift, Hormel and Cudahy. The new journalism was also being hailed, with editors intent on circulation, sometimes at the expense of truth—and certainly balance. Reporters snooped for scoops.

The machine age had begun. Henceforth America would depend largely on money to measure its success and gentility. Great wealth bred great poverty. Though church membership, attendance, and Sabbath keeping were semicompulsory within families, and few celebrants changed de-
nominations, few as yet related Christianity seriously to responsibility for
the deprived and depraved. Token gestures were made in the breadline, but
the God who seemed to cajole the rich seemed unrelated to the waifs,
widows and wild-eyed drunks who soiled the seam on the garment of silken
Victorian society in America. A small but enthusiastic group of the
intelligentsia, university-based scholar "radicals," debated the issues of
Darwinism, Marxism and liberal religious thought—a small but potent
leaven.

Habitual drunkenness was conceded to be the curse of Satan, and little
was done to combat it. Gross evils of the day were recognized to be
drunkenness, licentiousness and lethargy, with the burden of responsibility
placed entirely on the wrongdoer. Mentally and physically handicapped
and disturbed persons bore almost equal shame.

To many, this period was "the Golden Age;" others referred to it as
"gilded." Sometimes the gilt seemed already to be chipping and the frame
of society cracking. But it was a bright, if impossible picture in that
frame—gaudily representative of a promised land for which so many
hearts yearned, a land of milk and honey.
Major Annie Shirley (Mrs. Amos), divisional commander of the Massachusetts and Maine Division

Adjutant Annie Shirley (Mrs. Amos), seated, a divisional officer, about 1884.

Captain and Mrs. Amos Shirley (Eliza’s parents, about 1880)
Eliza Shirley Symmonds and husband, Philip, shortly after marriage in 1885.

Eliza, seated third from left (front row), and her children.

Commandant Eliza Symmonds. 50th anniversary of the Army's work in Philadelphia, October 5, 1929.
Atum Symmonds, Eliza's daughter, age five

Gertrude and Shirley (boy) Symmonds, Eliza's children

Seated: Ruby, youngest child, and Adjutant Eliza Symmonds; Standing: Daisy and Eva. The mother and three daughters had a quartette. Eliza played the autoharp, Eva the mandolin, and Daisy and Ruby, guitars. They sang as they played.
Annie Symmonds Knudsen, Eliza's daughter, Young People's Sergeant Major in Racine, Wisconsin, 1924

Daisy Symmonds, Eliza's daughter, about 1910
Captain Shirley Symonds, Eliza's second child and only son

Ensign Gertrude Symonds, right, 1916 or 1917
At the front during World War I. Ensign Gertrude Symmonds, right, one of the seventh contingent of doughnut girls.

Ensign Gertrude Symmonds, in France. Served March 1918 to June 1919.
Everald Knudsen, daughter of Annie Symmonds Knudsen; granddaughter of Eliza; in 1933

Mrs. Adjutant Russell Crowell (Everald Knudsen), in 1944

Cadet Gary Crowell, Eliza's great-grandson. Son of Everald Knudson Crowell and grandson of Annie Symmonds Knudsen

Russell and Everald Crowell, 1980
Before Their Conversion

Reddy

Jimmy Docker

Peg Poll

Turrible Turnip
TIME: August, 1879

PLACE: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SETTING: A Third-floor Walk-up

"Perfection!" cried Eliza on her welcome tour of the Shirley apartment which Amos had waiting, fully furnished—or as fully furnished as it was going to be. "Papa, how ever did you find it? Just like home. Perfect! Perfect! Perfect!"

Amos and Annie laughed outright as Eliza leaped to mid-kitchen to smooth the massive round oak table, pull out a high-backed pine chair, sit stiffly against its delicate spindles. She tapped the deep-grained top, much as Amos had done in Coventry. "Board meeting will please come to order. We are met to consider the imminent—no eminent—invasion of the United States of America by The Salvation Army." She looked intently out the kitchen window, still bare of the lace curtains Annie had squeezed into their luggage, at the drab walk-ups across the way, and at the cerulean summer sky. "Will members be seated as the lef tenant conducts a prayer of dedication?"

Amos and Annie exchanged glances of wonder then took positions on either side of Eliza.

"Proceed, Lieutenant—er Lieutenant," said Amos, kneeling beside his chair and folding his hands. Annie and Eliza followed.

"Father in Heaven," Eliza began, "we thank Thee for our blessed reunion, for all that is ahead. As Thou knowest, this is no small order, winning the United States for Thee. Nor is our request that Thee direct every step and keep us marching forward—especially when we can't see the step, or just can't believe it's correct. But that is Thy concern, nor ours.
Thank Thee for tempting me toward Thy Kingdom as the devil tempts me against it. Thank Thee for Papa and Mama. Thank Thee for their vision and their strength, and their willingness to sacrifice. Thank Thee that they are mine as well as Thine. Thank Thee for me, Lord. I’m glad to be me, but sometimes in the stress of battle I might forget that. Poke me to remember. ’We go forth not to battle ’gainst sinners but sin,’ to tear down the devil’s kingdom and build Thine. There’s a big, big battle up ahead. Lead on, dear Heavenly Father. In the name of our Captain, Christ Jesus. Amen.”

Thus was the round table dedicated to the honor and glory of God and the service of mankind, also staircases, mottoes, crockery, antimacassars,1 kitchen, parlor, bedrooms and bathing room, the last being a questionable novelty to Annie and Eliza who heretofore had been familiar only with commodes, chamber pots, china pitchers and wash basins for ablutions. Thus was Philadelphia, the United States and the continent of North America captured by faith for the Kingdom of Christ through His militant marchers. Though the new home was sparsely furnished compared to their cottage in Coventry, not a word of lament came from the three. They were so happy to be together again and to be conscious of their great commission. After prayer, the first cup of tea and more recitation of back-home news, Eliza said, “Papa, I know God’s already chosen the proper meeting hall for us. Bishop Auckland and Captain Allsop taught me a lot about prayer. Isaiah 65:24 reads, ‘Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” She continued, “God always answers. We just don’t always know it—and sometimes we cut off the answer before He gets the last stitch in. If you could have seen Him hustling about in Bishop Auckland!”

Amos smiled as if he had seen.

“And it’s only the beginning, darlin’. Only the beginning.”

“Exactly,” said Annie, “and Lizzie, when your papa hears about my decision, he’ll be even happier. This seems a proper time to tell. Love, you know what a struggle it was for us both to give Lizzie altogether to God. Yet it’s been even more painful to give me.” She flushed, looking steadily from one to the other. “I’m not an easy woman to convince. Naturally strong, follow my own mind. As your papa will tell you, Lizzie, twice we were called to full-time service. Twice we refused. I was too burdened, or too ill, or too old. And when the Hallelujahs came to Coventry they represented what I’d longed for yet feared could enslave me. I didn’t really want women’s freedom for the ministry, for then I might be constrained to

1Antimacassar: cover to protect the back or arms of furniture.
be a woman preacher. I was determined to remain in possession of my own will even if this mandated exclusion of my Creator's." She twisted her handkerchief. "That's what I came to grips with on board ship. Lizzie, if it's acceptable to your father, I'm happy to serve as a full-time volunteer, singing, praying, preaching and anything else God calls on me to be and to do."

The three burst into laughter rather than prayer, hugged and kissed. "And I, darlin' Lieutenant," said Amos, "am most eager to accept the position of treasurer and treasury until such a time as God sends showers of blessing—in gold pieces."

They sat down to another cup of tea and talk. "Mama and I may go searching tomorrow morning for our citadel," said Eliza.

Amos smiled. "You've no qualms about lady preachers anymore?"

"None."

"Administrators?"

"We can do whatever God calls us to do. And whatever the investment, 't'll be a small price for victory."

The next day Eliza and Annie set out early, searching all day with no prospects. Another day and another until, after a week's time, they were coming home one evening, feet dragging, hot and hungry, when they noticed a "For Rent" sign on a dilapidated old chair factory at Sixth and Oxford Streets. The doors were ajar so they inspected it. Only four walls and a roof, the windows shattered, roof shot with holes and earth floor strewn with machine bits. It was dusty and cobwebbed and exuded stale barn odors. A bony horse chewed in one corner.

Annie was appalled. "Lizzie, this is no proper place for worship. People would never come inside it."

Eliza mused, almost to herself, "Remember, Mama, Jesus was born in a stable. This is quite good enough for the birth of The Salvation Army in America."

Annie was poking into corners. "I know I don't have your imagination but Lizzie, just look at the ceiling—and no floor. How on earth would we manage enough forms for a barn as big as this?"

"We won't have to," said Eliza. "God will. Let's just thank Him."

Annie looked hesitant. "All right." She knelt beside Eliza. "Lizzie, let's recite that answer verse. How does it begin?"
"'Before they call, I will answer; while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

After prolonged prayer next morning, Eliza and Annie went to seek the landlord and found him in a downtown office, a portly person with heavily waxed mustache seated behind a mahogany desk. He looked at them curiously—two tiny women dressed in what appeared to be mourning, with small black bonnets instead of veils and no touch of ornament.

"So you want to rent the old chair factory? Have you seen it?"

"We were out there yesterday afternoon," replied Eliza. "It will need a lot of cleaning and whitewash and straw for a floor before we can use it, but I think it will answer our purpose."

"What do you want it for?"

"We want it for The Salvation Army."

"My God!" said the man, "what's that? I've heard of the Citizens' Army and the White Ribbon Army, but I've never heard of The Salvation Army. What or who is The Salvation Army?"

"We are The Salvation Army."

"You are what?"

"We are The Salvation Army. It's the militant arm of the Christian Church."

"Oh? And where does this Salvation Army hail from?"

"It was started by William Booth in London's east end in 1865," said Annie, "for the poorest of the poor, though others have now joined. My husband emigrated to Philadelphia last April and immediately realized the need for The Salvation Army to invade the United States. Our daughter Eliza, being a commissioned lieutenant in the Army—has been given permission to open fire in Philadelphia."

"Open fire? Invade? Very military. Folks won't like that attitude coming from Britain. Still a lot of bad blood. And who is going to preach?"

"Oh, we do the preaching, sir," said Eliza.

"You mean a woman preacher?" He choked, "Why, we don't have women preachers in America. This country's got enough trouble with the suffragettes and anti-whiskey women! The police would run you out if you tried to do that! People here wouldn't stand for it. Preposterous, ridiculous! I wouldn't rent to you under any circumstances."

"We don't want to rush you now for an answer, sir," said Eliza, backing toward the door.

He yelled after them, "Never mind coming back! I wouldn't think of renting the place for that purpose. Women preachers would never do in the United States of America!"

"Oh, sir, don't decide now, please," Eliza pleaded. "We'll come back tomorrow for your decision."
“Don’t bother!” he boomed. “This is final!”

At home they explained the dilemma to Amos.

“We’ll just take the matter to the Lord,” he said. “Now that we’re at the end of our rope, He’ll put down His.”

When they rose from prayer he said he guessed he’d saunter out to the old factory to have a look. The women watched his return in the bright moonlight. His step was firm and lively.

“The place is ours,” he said calmly. “We’ll get it. The Lord has given me the promise.”

Annie went to steep the tea, Eliza to set the cloth and china. The next morning, armed with Bibles and determination, Eliza and Annie boarded a horsecar, intent on convincing the landlord, who was inexplicably cordial and for half an hour chatted about the pleasant day, Coventry gardens and the friendly city of Philadelphia. Suddenly he stopped.

“Now, about that factory. I’ve been thinking the matter over and have come to the conclusion that it might just as well be in use as standing idle.” He was smiling and indulgent. They could have the place for $300 a year. He would not ask for the rent in advance nor require that they lease. He knew the work would be a failure. Nobody would come to church there, but if their hearts were set on it, it was their business, only it must be understood that he would do no repairs. He did not mention women preachers but handed Eliza a big brown key.

“Now, having said all that, if I can in any way be useful, come and see me.”

They went home ecstatic.

“Wonder of wonders!” said Annie.

“Perfect!” said Eliza clutching the key. “Perfect!” The big iron key! It seemed to Eliza that it must unlock the whole of America. That night they had their second board meeting around the kitchen table. Eating and drinking were always communion to them, and God’s presence seemed especially close at the kitchen table, near which hung a motto which began: “CHRIST IS THE UNSEEN GUEST AT EVERY MEAL, THE SILENT LISTENER TO EVERY CONVERSATION.”

“Now, then,” Eliza began, “urgent needs must be voted on. We’ll consider several loads of sawdust for a floor, the whitewashing of the walls, procurement of sufficient lumber for a big platform. We must have forms for at least 50 soldiers on the platform.”

Having discussed the most pressing matters they took up the matter of roof repair and window lights, and decided against action.

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2It was at that time customary in the Army to seat soldiers and converts on the rostrum, 50 being a good minimal number. Twenty converts were required to start a corps.
“What we must keep in mind, Lieutenant,” said Amos, “is that for the present there is only the treasurer’s treasury available for disbursements. However, the weather should hold for some time and very soon the Army shall minister to crowds of happy converts, and collections will cover additional expense.”

“Amen!” said Eliza, clapping her hands.

“Amens are fine,” said Annie, “but they won’t get the job done. Let’s list assignments and check them off as finished. We’ll mark them with a star.”

The restoration schedule was a strict one; Annie and Eliza labored all day for a month, with Amos joining them after work. A lamb sandwich or pasty then pound and paint till near midnight. They set the grand opening for October 5, 1879, four days before Eliza’s 17th birthday. They procured scarlet posters with “Blood and Fire!” on them, and of course “The Salvation Army” prominently lettered.

“How shall we word us?” asked Eliza. “How about ‘Two Preaching Ladies Will Open Fire on the Devil’s Kingdom’? Like Captain Reynolds did in Coventry.”

‘Hallelujah Lassies,’ is what most of the recent posters say,” said Annie.

Amos shook his head.

“Neither is appropriate. Lizzie isn’t a lady yet, and, Love,” he smiled disarmingly at Annie, “you’re not exactly a lassie. Hadn’t we better say ‘Two Hallelujah Females’? Two Hallelujah Females will speak and sing for Jesus in the Old Chair Factory at Sixth and Oxford Streets, October 5, 1879—11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. All are invited. How’s that?”

“Perfect!” Eliza said.

“Acceptable,” said Annie.

Amos was the placard-posting committee, which meant that when he arrived from work a day or two a week, he’d gobble a supper sandwich, take a bundle of posters, with hammer and nails and a bucket of paste, and plaster them from one end of town to the other. If there were an ordinance against bill posting he was not aware of it. Three or four days before the opening date, the Salvation Factory, named for Coventry’s beloved barracks, was ready. The Shirleys had hung kerosene lamps in place, had built their platform, and the sweet odor of whitewash and sawdust had overcome to some extent the foul stenches. But now there was another grave problem. Their money was gone and they had no benches whatsoever.

Surveying their accomplishments but near despair, they knelt to petition
the Almighty because, Eliza said, “God doesn’t want all those poor folk sitting on the damp earth.”

“Well, praise the Lord anyhow!” said Annie, kneeling. “At least we outprayed the landlord and have a home for our Army.”

“God’s Army, Love,” said Amos. “An Army’s home is on the battlefield—the street. We’ve got to remember we shan’t have a real home until we’ve crossed to Glory.”

“Darlin’ Amos,” Annie patted him. “You’re so rhetorical. Always thinking of the heretofore and the hereafter. What I’m concerned about is today.”

“No hurry. Eternity’s full of time—or beyond it.”

“Time is all we have at present. Here we are ready to begin our monster crusade without a single bench and not a copper to buy one.”

“I’ll be paid a week from Saturday.”

“Meanwhile we must eat, though it be buns, beans and tea.”

“Don’t fret, Mama,” said Eliza. “The benches are ours if we truly want them. Let’s seek the throne of grace. You’re first.”

“We’ve gone our limit, dear Lord,” reported Annie. “Now it’s Your turn.”

“We know the answer is on its way. Thank You, dear God. Thank You!” prayed Eliza. “Just help us to hold on until—”

“May I trouble you for a moment?” A masculine voice interrupted as a tall, distinguished white-bearded gentleman crossed to Amos and held out a roll of bills. “The Lord told me to bring this to you. I don’t know what you want it for, but here it is—just what the Lord told me to give you.”

“Praise God! Praise God!” cried Eliza. The three pressed the visitor’s hands and God-blessed him merrily. They knew all right and told him so. The money he’d contributed would buy seating for 125 persons.

October 5, 1879, dawned bright, clear and balmy. Everything was ready. A bite of breakfast, some earnest prayer and off they went, a Salvation Army brigade of three. They sang a song in the residential district a couple of blocks from the Salvation Factory, as the wooden derelict building was now called. But apart from folk glancing at them through screen doors and windows, no interest or enthusiasm was manifested. They didn’t attempt an open-air meeting but merely sang their song, “We’re bound for the land of the pure and the holy, O say will you go to that Eden above?” and went to the Factory for the first holiness meeting. They expected every chair to be filled but found only 12 people.

Eliza’s faith was severely tested. Why? We’ve done everything possible.
And we've believed, Lord. We've really believed. What now? Don't You care? Aren't You going to answer? Suddenly she wanted to run—run anywhere, go back to England, close her mind to The Salvation Army, to whitewash and dirt and leaky roofs and insensitive people who didn't understand and didn't want to be saved. She wanted to close her Bible and her mind.

"Papa," she wailed. "God's not answering. Why doesn't He make the people come?"

Amos was unnaturally curt.

"'O ye of little faith.' What do you suppose the Master thinks of you right now?"

Very well. Eliza was hurt by Amos' attitude, which compounded her anxiety. Very well. Her lips compressed. On with the meeting, on with the marching. On with the battle whether she wanted to or not. And it was a good little meeting—Amos with his concertina and Annie with her violin making the old Factory dance with sacred melody. By the final prayer, Eliza was herself once more. "I know, Papa. God won't carry what we can manage ourselves. We must find a good open-air stand where we can reach the people." On investigation they found a spot where five streets met, with a saloon on every corner.

"That's it!" Eliza clapped her hands. "Perfect!" Then they went home to lunch and prayer and at 2 p.m. reached the spot again. All three were blessed with good open-air voices and sang loudly, "Oh, we're going to wear a crown, to wear a starry crown!"

Almost immediately the saloons emptied and a crowd of several hundred surrounded them, hooting, hissing, jiggling, and joggling until the Shirleys were in danger of being swept off their feet. The crowd would listen to no speaking but were charmed with their singing. They sang and sang and sang, trying several times to testify and read Scripture, but to no avail. Finally, Eliza said, "Good friends, thank you for listening. We'll be back tonight to tell you more about Jesus. Now, you are all invited to follow our march to the Salvation Factory a block or two away, where a great time will be had by all."

They lined up in single file, made a sharp right turn and marched away, singing as they went. About 100 people followed but when they looked at the Factory, refused to enter. Inside, 20 people waited to worship, mostly Christians, and, in the estimation of the congregation, it was a fine meeting. Eliza was severely disappointed, her tension mounting again. There's got be a way, some way. Nothing should stop them when they'd
met all the conditions, worked, believed. What was wrong? What was all that about God answering before they’d even asked? Did it apply only to some and sometimes?

“Darlin’ Lizzie,” Annie told her, “even General Booth experienced great difficulties in the beginning. Terrible things happened to him.”

“But they happened,” said Eliza. “Things happened. Nothing’s happening to us. People just ignore us. Mama, we must be doing something wrong. Why doesn’t God honor His own work?”

Amos and Annie could only counsel patience. At seven o’clock they were back at the five-saloon corner open-air meeting stand. This time an enormous crowd waited for them, mostly saloon habitues, well armed with mud, sticks, stones, refuse, rotten vegetables and a dead cat. The Shirleys made a ready target, but did their best singing, and again marched away to the indoor meeting, where a small group enjoyed another “salvation show,” as some less delicate souls termed the meeting. Every night the persecution grew more fierce until the Shirleys decided that they must seek protection from the mayor.

“We’ll just march right in and confront him with the need,” said Eliza. “After all, Philadelphia and the safety of its residents is his responsibility.”

Upon inquiry, Eliza and Annie were waved into the august presence of His Honor, where Eliza explained the purpose of their street meetings and asked his protection from the ruffianly throng.

“Are you telling me that you do the preaching—you two women?”

“Yes,” said Eliza. “I am a commissioned lieutenant in The Salvation Army and my mother is a full-time volunteer in this campaign.”

“What campaign?”

“To win America for Jesus.”

“Nonsense! Pure nonsense! You British women are the cause of this disturbance. Corybantic Christianity! Women preachers! You keep off Philadelphia streets with your fanaticism or I’ll have you arrested for disturbing the peace and inciting to riot.” His eyes bulged. “The city of brotherly love will stand no such tomfoolery.”

“Please, Your Honor, we but beg for open-air meeting privileges such as are accorded a circus procession. We intend to remain. We intend to become citizens. We intend to win this depraved city to Jesus. Help us!”

“You’re a menace here already. No telling what could happen if you got a foothold. I won’t help you and the only way you can hold meetings in the

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3Corybantic: ecstatic, or frenzied.
outdoors is to see the owner of a lot somewhere and get his consent to use it. Then, and then only, will the mayor of Philadelphia give you protection."

Disheartened, Eliza and Annie retreated.

“Oh, Mama; what shall we do? Old forktail is after us, isn’t he?”

But when they encountered Amos, he was unperturbed. “The devil has overshot his mark again,” was all he said. “You’ll see.”

They had another board meeting, prayed and went out to seek some friendly soul who would allow them to conduct an open-air meeting on private property. The best they could find was eight blocks from the Factory in a dark residential district.

“We certainly don’t need protection here,” said Eliza when they arrived and surveyed the battlefield. “Hardly a soul passes by.” However, they held their service and marched down the middle of Germantown Road to the Factory, singing every step of the way, only to find that even the few who followed would not go in. They did find the same 25 present who always attended but would not or could not go to the open-air meeting.

For four weeks this was their routine. Every night, three times on Sunday. Hardly a soul more inside, and not one saved. Eliza lost her appetite. She struggled to read her Bible, to pray. Often she felt blank and would catch herself sitting and staring—neither saving nor sinful thoughts engaging her brain. Just nothing. Annie became short-tempered and demanding. Hadn’t they better seek another place? A different kind of placard? Perhaps Amos should ask for a raise. Amos alone was calm. He irked, even antagonized the women at times with his assurance, “The devil has overshot his mark again. You’ll see.” But no one proposed to quit the fight.

On Saturday of the fourth week, Eliza and Annie had hastened to clean house, iron, cook and bake for the weekend, as they touched neither pan nor pencil nor needle on the Sabbath. They sat down to once more talk over the situation and to pray.

“Dear Lord,” said Annie, “the yeast has risen, the pots are boiling, the teakettle is singing. Now we trust Thee for the feast. Thank Thee.”

“It’s quite all right, dear Father,” prayed Eliza. Thank Thee. Amen.”

They rose to their feet, uplifted and singing, “Hallelujah ’tis done! I believe on the Son; I’m saved by the blood of the crucified One . . .”

Marching to their open-air stand near five-saloon corner, the trio found great commotion.

Eliza could hardly keep from shouting.

“Look! Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of people! What is it, Papa?”

“Looks like all the fire wagons in Philadelphia.”
They marched on, singing though unheeded, then sighed with relief. Mischievous boys must have set tarbarrels afire and there was still a great blaze, but no lives forfeited, no precious property destroyed. Their time had come! They sang more loudly as they marched:

- Traveler, whither art thou going,
- Heedless of the clouds that form?
- Naught for me the wind's rough blowing,
- There's a land without a storm.
- For I'm going, yes I'm going
- To that land that has no storm.

The crowd enclosed them. In the warm autumn quiet the flames in the barrels now began to accentuate the song as they died. Amos stepped close to a barrel and delivered a short message. As he finished, an unshaven tattered giant pushed his way through and, shaking Amos' shirtsleeve, wept drunkenly. "Diya mean that? Will God take the Devil's castaways and make 'em men?"

"All true, my brother," said Amos.
"Then let Him try. By God let Him try!" cried the drunken man. "I gave up on myself long ago. Like President Lincoln said, a dead duck can't fly far."

"Come along with us." Taking his arm, Amos marched him along the street as the Shirleys sang their way back to the Factory, followed now by hundreds upon hundreds of the curious, all of them acquainted with Reddy, the most notorious drunk in town. What hocus-pocus would these strange Britishers work? Who were they? Where did they come from and why? Couldn't they see Reddy was as dull as Monday and soaked to the gills?

Amos entered the Factory with the big drunk. Their Factory was full! Jam-packed, with people hanging on windowsills and peering in through every crack. To the astonishment of onlookers the Shirleys put the applicant to sleep behind the platform, Amos taking off his tunic to make a soft pillow and covering him with the women's capes.

"Now, then," said Eliza, patting their charge, "you lie down there and sober up whilst we conduct service."

Curious bystanders who couldn't get inside listened to an eyewitness account from a window-watcher perched on a sill.

"They're putting him to bed!"
"They're going to sing, 'Brightly beams.' We'll sing too."
"The girl in black says she's saved by the grace of God."
"Now, they're taking up a collection."

The outdoor congregation took up its own collection and passed it through the window. Eliza talked briefly from the Scriptures, and, immediately after, the window-watcher cautioned his congregation.
“Shhh! They’re bringing him out from behind. He can’t stand. The man is almost lugging him. They’re making him kneel at the form and advising him to pray to Jesus. Look at him shake! He’s sobbing and praying fit to kill. But they’ll never straighten out ol’ Reddy. Hey, Reddy! Reddy!”

A chorus of greetings went up from the man’s mates. Eliza turned to the congregation.

“Dear friends, if some cannot be in an attitude of prayer, they must at least allow us holy quiet as the battle for this dear man’s soul, our first convert for Jesus in America, is on! Pray, oh dear friends, pray for victory!”

The crowd ceased sneering, singing, spitting, hissing, whispering. Indeed, they seemed even to breathe in rhythm now lest too much heaving disturb—waiting and waiting and waiting. For perhaps ten minutes all that could be heard were great sobs from the kneeler. The Shirleys knelt beside him, their Bibles open. At times Eliza would lead in a soft prayer chorus but for the most part silence enfolded the Factory. People were deeply interested now, drunk and sober, ribald and righteous. Then incredulity gripped the more than 1,000 persons present as the huge ragged penitent rose to his grimy, half-bare feet, still weeping, shaky, but cold sober.

Holding him by the elbow, which was about at her chin level, Eliza said, “Dear friends, we greet a new friend—Reddy—a new creature in Christ Jesus. Listen now to his testimony.”

Reddy was too moved to speak immediately, but the crowd waited without clamor. He wiped his eyes and nose, dusted off his shabby clothesline-belted trousers.

“Many here will not believe this but I know tonight I am saved from despair, degradation, rottenness and ruin. I don’t understand this Presence, but I know He is here, He is real, and He’s mine.” He blew his nose. “Many of you know me. Thirty-five years of steady decline. I’m glad my parents didn’t live to watch it. I shamed them as much as they loved Philadelphia—but chiefly I shamed my Maker. There is little reason for you to believe what I say. The calendar alone must be my witness. Thank you.”

It was an awesome testimony: no Christian jargon, no orthodox religious pattern. Scion of a prominent local family, Reddy was known by many and shunned by all but his drinking mates. Of course, there were many who stopped to tell the Shirleys that Reddy was a waste of time, but they went home with a thousand hallelujahs in their hearts.

“We’ve got our crowd!” Eliza exulted. “We’ve got our answer and we’ve seen the penitent-form bathed with the tears of the first Army convert in America! He will be faithful.” And that was true.
How To Be a Hero

“No when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus” (Acts 4:13).

The circumstances connected with the text are familiar. It was not long after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost that, directing their footsteps toward the temple at the hour of prayer, Peter and John were about to pass through the gate called Beautiful when an appeal for alms reached their ears. Here was a poor cripple lame from birth who had been carried by sympathetic friends or neighbors and lay at the gate of the temple so that as worshipers passed by he might beg a coin.

When the cripple saw Peter and John, he simply made the beggars’ plea, little dreaming he was about to receive that which wealth can’t buy. Peter and John stood still and said, “Look on us!” The poor fellow looked. Then Peter said, “Silver and gold have I none but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!”

He took the fellow by the right hand and lifted him up. I do not know what sort of sensation he felt in the poor powerless feet and ankle bones, but it was evidently a thrill of new life, a thrill of vitalizing power, for he stood, he walked, he leaped and in astonished wonder and praise entered the Temple with the apostles, glorifying God.

Now, the design of this miracle seems to have been to arouse the attention of the multitude, to cause them to inquire about the power by which it had been wrought, and so vivid is the description of all the events connected with it that one can almost see this new disciple clinging to Peter and John in loving gratitude. He had chosen their Saviour to be his Saviour and boldly took his stand with them. When the people looked upon him, saw what had happened and heard his shouts of praise, they were filled with amazement. So great was their astonishment that when Peter noted it he began to preach Jesus to them.

“Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? Or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?” Peter continued, “... the God of our fathers hath glorified His Son Jesus; Whom ye delivered up and denied Him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let Him go ... But ye denied the Holy One and the just and killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses, and ... through faith in His name hath made this man strong” (Acts 3:12-16).

(Sermon quoted from Eliza Shirley’s papers held by her granddaughter, Everald Knudsen Crowell.)
There they stood in Solomon's porch together: Peter and John and the man upon whom the miracle had been wrought, and the multitude. Peter's preaching was based on fact. The healthy man at his side was his test, and he led the people in thought away from himself to Jesus Christ. The Lord grant that I may do the same. The Lord grant unto me wisdom and power to lead your thoughts away from the preacher to the preacher's God.

While Peter thus spake there was a great commotion. The captain of the Temple and the chief priests and Sadducees laid hold on them and put them in custody over night. The rest of the next day the rulers, elders, scribes, Annas the high priest and many other distinguished leaders demanded to know by what power they had wrought the miracle.

"If we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man," said Peter, "by what means he is made whole; be it known unto you all . . . that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:9-12).

It was a wonderful speech, a speech which was almost more a miracle than the cure of the lame man. I seem to see the amazement which overspread the faces of Annas and Caiphas and all the other dignitaries as they asked, "Who are these two men? They are Galileans for their speech betrayeth them. They are not educated. They are evidently unpolished men from the workshop, the farm or the fishing boat. How did they obtain this boldness? Where did they get this authority?"

The apostles entertained no thought of personal safety, no desire to compromise. They had flung caution to the winds, and right here we recall Peter's cowardly conduct in the house of the high priest when he swore with an oath that he knew not the Christ. What had happened to Peter? Why this change? What was it that had so transformed the trembling, shrinking coward to make him almost unrecognizable in this heroic preacher? The pentecostal power had fallen upon him; the old cowardly self-seeking Peter was dead. This was a new Peter, full of holy boldness.

The questioners were amazed. They were amazed at Peter's eloquence. They were amazed at his boldness. It is said, "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled" (Acts 4:13). And as they marveled another scene rose up before them. They seemed again to look upon the calm face of the Nazarene. They recalled His unflinching heroic conduct, His perfect composure when taunted and reviled and scourged and mocked. And as
they looked upon these men, they recognized in them the same spirit and came to the conclusion that they had been with Jesus. A thought occurs to me here. It is said that men are known by the company they keep, but I assert that men become like the company they keep.

It is a notable and Christlike thing to turn a sinner from the error of his way, but you will never do that by walking with him in his ways, by sinking to his level. Remember that as soon as you join hands with the world you lose the friendship of Christ. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed, and any person, however fascinating and attractive, who leaves you thinking impure thoughts and belittling the beauty of righteousness, is a dangerous person. The Jewish dignitaries saw in Peter and John the impress of divine friendship. They saw the same spirit. They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

The question may be asked, "What is it like to be with Jesus?" In the days of His earthly ministry He walked and talked with men. He was a man among men. He touched with fingers of bone and blood and flesh the eyes of the blind. He was not there an unseen Lord and Master. The disciples ate and drank with Him. They journeyed with Him, and John, the beloved disciple, reclined on His bosom. Even after His resurrection they were bidden to touch Him, to handle Him and see that He was not a spirit. We can readily understand what it meant to be with Jesus then.

But what is it to be with Jesus now? First, to be with Jesus we must have a Scripture knowledge of Christ. "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true; ... even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life" (I John 5:20). This is the first step to become acquainted with Christ, to know Him not merely as the world's Saviour, the Christ of the ages, but as your personal Saviour in the sense that you are as certain as if you were the only person living in the world for whom He died. When you know Him thus you will be peaceful, purposeful, self-reliant, truly free and joyful. You will know in your heart that you will never be alone again, that you are a conqueror, and that faith in Christ Jesus is the victory that overcomes the world.

How would you like to be recognized as one who has been with Jesus?
How would you like to be free, especially of yourself?
How would you like to become a mighty builder of the Kingdom of God on earth as it is in Heaven?
Chapter VI

VICTORY!

TIME: Sabbath Morning, November, 1879

PLACE: Vacant Lot, Philadelphia

SETTING: Open-air Ring

“No bottle, no rags, no stinking me!” testified Reddy, speaking in the Sabbath open-air meeting. “Some of you don’t even recognize me, do you?”

There was no answer from the rapidly multiplying crowd. They stood openmouthed, staring at Reddy in every variety of pose. Women had rushed from breakfast dishes, tea towels still in hand; children half dressed for Sabbath school, curious tinkers and tailors, weavers and machinists halted from pursuit of a mug of ale. Five-saloon corner had emptied like a kicked can of worms as informants indicated Reddy’s whereabouts and now down the street pumped cordons of iron-visaged customers, whiskey bottles in hand. Reddy helloed and waved, then continued.

“I’m here to say Jesus Christ saved and sobered me last night.”

A derisive roar was his exclamation point.

“Yah! Yah! Come off it, Reddy! Come off it!” Hundreds of guttural voices heckled the protest, dizzied the Shirleys with obscene and blasphemous epithets. But Reddy was not to be halted. They would see that he was as surprised as they, that he could no more understand what had happened than they. But it was real. They would see. They would know.

“It’s the god-awful truth!” he shouted. “I’m a new man, Mates! I don’t know Scripture. I’ve forgotten how to be decent. But I know I’m forgiven, and I know I’m changed.”

The howls crescendoed, but Reddy topped them. “You godda—look Mates, God set me straight and I vow I’ll make it worth His while. This is to give you warning. I’m coming after my old chums.”

There was a pause. A long pause. Then the barrage began, aimed at
Reddy but not strictly selective. First came whiskey and wine bottles, not all empty; then sticks and stones, a sack of flour slit open, corncobs, rotten eggs. Slingshots came into action. By the time Shirley sympathizers could line up behind them, the crowd was so dense they could hardly move off to the Factory, singing:

_Glory! Glory! Jesus saves me;  
Glory! Glory! to the Lamb;  
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me;  
Glory! Glory! to the Lamb!

Battling five-corner habitues were reluctant to enter the Factory in numbers so the meeting was relatively quiet, merely punctuated from outside with hoots and whistles, and interrupted periodically with odious contributions tossed through broken windows. Reddy gave his testimony with fervor and conviction, and by afternoon the news had spread over Philadelphia that Reddy had been forward at The Salvation Army and was going to preach that night. The result was a packed building and a meeting in good order as the drunks seemed to have given their all during the open-air attack. Windows and doors had to be left open to accommodate the overflow. There were seats for 125 persons in the Salvation Factory, and at least 700 additional folk had crowded in, with several hundred more sitting on windowsills and ringing the building. Reddy told his story with power, basing it on Scripture selected by Eliza: “_Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you_” (1 Peter 5:7).

Many eyes were blinded by tears, and many hallelujahs arose from those who were glad to encourage him. Strangely absent were the shouted taunts of his former comrades. For three hours the audience sat. Eliza described the experience as “a real time of heaven on earth” as the Shirleys accompanied Reddy to his cellar room that night.

“Reddy,” Eliza exulted, trotting beside him, “you are a miracle. God will stitch up every tatter of your life into His perfect pattern. He’s used you to turn the tide in Philadelphia.”

“Thank you, Lieutenant,” Reddy grinned. “Time will tell the meaning best.” He bent far over. “We must keep in mind that a shrill teakettle can be heard a long way, and some won’t like that sound.” He winked soberly.

The Shirleys insisted on seeing his quarters and were appalled at what they saw—a dank, dark cell of cement with a dirt floor, bound straw in one corner for a bed, upturned barrel for a table, with a tin tea canister and biscuit box on top.

“Oh,” gasped Eliza.

“Dear Jesus,” said Annie. “My man, you can’t keep sweet in this
hellhole. You’re coming home with us. Morning comes, Mr. Shirley can see about work at the mill and we’ll hunt you up a decent room.”

Once in the Shirley home, with the teakettle bubbling and the marmalade and toast on the table, the four held a board meeting.

“I don’t understand,” said Reddy. “If this is what Christianity is, then I’ve never encountered it before. First, that you bothered with me at all. Second, you didn’t let me fend for myself. Here I am in Mr. Shirley’s suit, sitting big as life in the Shirley kitchen, eating the Shirley food, having a part in the great campaign as if I were a member of the family.”

Eliza laughed, clapping her hands.

“That’s exactly what you are—part of the family of Jesus. We’re actually blood brothers and sisters now, Reddy.”

“With all the proper rights,” said Amos.

“And responsibilities,” added Annie, pouring the tea.

“Now then,” Eliza broke a biscuit in two, handing half to Reddy, “we’ll have our board meeting.” She indicated the biscuit. “That’s our love feast tonight—something like communion, for we don’t practice it like others. It’s a symbol to use, this love feast, to be practiced any time, all the time. Jesus makes the meal, so it’s always communion, and it’s always shared. Sometimes we have it in the hall, with testimonies. The bread can be any tidbit, the liquid, water or any unfermented juice, or no liquid at all. It’s the sharing in the Saviour’s name that commends it to us.”

“Are all the sacraments symbolic to The Salvation Army?” Reddy asked.

“Yes. For instance, we do not baptize; we dedicate any and all to God. You see, Reddy, we believe in conversion through Jesus, so we can’t believe a man is saved or damned by any external rite.”

Reddy was deeply interested and Eliza, elated. Who would have guessed on Saturday night such understanding and intelligence. He must have intuited her ruminations.

“I want to tell you a little of my background,” Reddy now told her, “though in respect to my family’s memory, it’s as well I’m not overly public. My parents belonged to one of Philadelphia’s first families,

1Harold Begbie, The Life of General William Booth, Vol. I, pp. 423-433. “Do you substitute anything,” I asked the General, “for the Sacraments?” “Only so far,” he said, “as to urge our soldiers in every meal they take to remember, as they break the bread, the broken body of our Lord, and as they drink the cup, His shed blood; and every time they wash the body to remember that the soul can only be cleansed by the purifying Blood of Christ (foot washing recalled).” “Your discipline is so very strong, General, that I should like to ask one other question: ‘Would you be willing to sanction your soldiers being baptized and partaking of the Lord’s Supper if they desired?’ To this the General gave an unqualified answer in the affirmative.”
prominent in the Revolutionary War. Some are among town-and-country leaders today. I caroused early, at academy then Harvard. I met a sweet girl and before the year of courtship was over, my parents died of smallpox and she of galloping consumption. I never forgave them or God for cheating me. And I never forgave myself for not forgiving.” Softly he began to cry—not with tension, not with bitterness—just slow relieving drops of heartbreak being wiped away at last.

Annie produced her lace-edged linen Sabbath pocket handkerchief. Eliza touched a kiss on his forehead. Amos lightly patted his shoulder. The board meeting was then conducted, with Reddy’s former mates given priority over needed repairs on the Factory. On Monday night it was again overcrowded.

“I am moved, dear friends,” Eliza told her ogling audience, “to reveal to you the Army’s purpose and plan. We have but one purpose—to relate mankind to God. And the only way we know this can be done is to unite them with Jesus. When He abides—no matter what has troubled them: forsaken, brokenhearted, bereft, overcome by evil, despondent in drink, cantankerous, unforgiving will, hard of heart—all can be washed away. And that means, for you who do not know religious talk, that God can make us whole! Isn’t that wonderful? Happy and peaceful and filled with His joy!”

There was a chorus of hallelujahs and amens.

“The Salvation Army has been raised up to seek the lost, those who have sunk to the depths, for whom no one else cares—the churchless, the cheerless. Jesus can make us soldiers of His Kingdom, and help us to go forth to capture others.”

The audience was stunned by this diminutive girl soldier, this tiny preaching lady. Her pronouncements were sure, her faith precise, her joy infectious. Someone in the audience began to sing, “And when the battle’s over we shall wear a crown...in the new Jerusalem!” For more than an hour there was singing, clapping and praying, Scripture and sharing. Then Eliza outlined the part she expected the Army’s soldiers and friends to play in its American adventure.

“We're an army,” she said, “marching forward—picking up the fallen, helping them to stand, to walk and then to march. We must see that they lay aside every weight that so easily does beset them and leap into the fountain of God’s love. That is what Jesus is all about. But these dear folk must be told. How will they be told if the trumpet give an uncertain sound? If there are too few trumpeters?”

She paused to survey her audience at length, as she marched back and forth across the platform, considering.
"What can we do to help?" you ask. There are three things: one, you can join us; two, you can help us with your muscles and your prayer and thoughts; three, you can give us coppers and folding money. We need to patch up our roof and put in a floor. We need collections to pay expenses. Right now, Mr. Shirley pays for everything. We need you to stand with us in the open-air meetings. Most of all, we need your prayers. The battle will be fierce and long. Yes, Jesus makes the vilest sinner whole, but some of the details are left to His helpers. Man is body, mind and spirit, and this means the fallen must have whatever is needed during recovery—food, housing, clothes. Often we must teach them to be clean, to work, to laugh, to sing, to pray and preach. If this means waiting for their release at the jailhouse door, escorting them to and from the Factory, there must be no hesitation. The battle is the Lord's, the battering is the Devil's, and the blessed work is ours. Will you help us, dear friends?"

They would. The clapping that followed, the foot stomping, the cheers, and the standing ovation made a single battering ram, Eliza told them, "on the monster doors of hell."

Very soon the Salvation Factory was made comfortable and secure, and the chief difficulty in Philadelphia was not to secure a crowd but to accommodate it. Souls were saved at almost every meeting, and the platform was filled with joyful converts. Remarkable conversions became customary, many of them Reddy's old mates. Newsmen camped nearby to be certain of spectacular copy. Reports such as the following from the Philadelphia News were common:

I found an old chair factory at the corner of Sixth and Oxford streets, which had been renamed the Salvation Factory or meetinghouse of the society, consisting of a room $40 \times 80$, whose rough boards and whitewashed beams and rafters that ran along the ceiling overhead would suggest a stable rather than a place of worship.

The leader, a young woman, looked 20 or 22. At their outdoor speaking stand at the close she said to her marchers: 'Break ranks, friends. Fall in, and forward march—to the Factory.' Thereupon the two hallelujah females heading the line with their faces toward it and walking backward led the procession down Germantown Road, singing a rousing hymn and keeping step to the air, while the leaders beat time with their hands.

The station was literally packed when the love feast was opened. Biscuit was passed around, and the congregation was reminded not to crowd the room, but to break the bread quietly with those who stood or sat nearest to them. The scene that ensued begged description. The reporter shared his biscuit with eight different persons, while they in turn divided theirs with him, and the profuse apologies that were offered when the sharer broke off a larger piece than he intended, were
well calculated to demonstrate the spirit of unselfishness and brotherly love which reigned supreme on this occasion...2

This reporter was impressed but shocked when "suddenly a tall and aged woman with spectacles rose up in her seat shrieking, 'Hallelujah!' accompanied with a manner that made one's hair stand on end!" Many others rose to exult and exalt. A man "with a voice like a calliope arose whose impassioned and excited exhortation opened the floodgates of eloquence in every part of the room. Most of the spectators were men, of whom nearly all claimed to have led a life steeped head and ears in crime and debauchery, but who had been rescued by the Army."

During the next two months other reporters noted that the Army was doing an invaluable work, and that the Shirleys were earnest, industrious Christians who used every trick to their advantage. One, interviewing Annie, wrote:

Mrs. Shirley said they were enduring the same persecution as in England. Saloonkeepers assailed them. She mentioned some boys who had joined their march with a transparency inscribed: "THE FEMALE MINSTREL SHOW. PERFORMANCE TONIGHT," and had him put at the front of the march, stating, "We use the Devil's weapons to destroy him."

Another reported:

...when the leader (Eliza) took the floor, in an impassioned address... she spoke for 20 minutes with an eloquence which is rarely heard in these days of degenerate oratory. She was listened to with rapt attention, and the rather rough audience maintained complete silence when she spoke... England has twice tried to conquer America and failed... It is just possible the third attempt made by these two hallelujah lassies, Annie and Eliza Shirley, will be more successful.3

The battle was on. From the Saturday of Reddy's conversion the lines were drawn. Amos secured him a job at the Adams Silk Mill, and every day after work until supper, the two headed for five-saloon corner to persuade men from the bar. They'd made a map, marking every saloon in town with a red dot, and intended to cover the lot. Within a month 70 of the most notorious drunks in Philadelphia had been converted. The platform was filled with red-jerseyed recruits, the singing was lusty and powerful; often now, Salvationists adapted sacred religious words to the jig tunes of the saloon and dance hall. Open-air processions were orderly, drilled and

2Information paraphrased from St. John Ervine, God's Soldier, Vol. 1, pp. 482-484.
trim, and the entire town talked about this foreigner, The Salvation Army. Such success had not won appreciation nor acceptance from most respectable churchgoers and often the religious press reflected their attitude in essays such as this:

The advent of The Salvation Army in this country may perhaps be considered a retaliation for our having sent Moody and Sankey to England a few years ago. The Army is under the general control of one William Booth, and the branch in America is not a very large invading force. Frankly speaking we are not in sympathy with this band of revivalists and do not esteem them worthy of the confidence of Christian people...

We strongly reprobate the fashions of this band and assert that their soldiers though doubtless sincere enough are making religion ridiculous... We have already seen many instances of sneering at religion and religious things provoked by this Army.

We hope that we will not be misunderstood in this matter. We believe in putting forth every possible effort for the conversion of the wicked; but we also believe that those efforts should be put forth with good judgment and commonsense. These latter qualities are lacking in the members of The Salvation Army. Enthusiasm, self-denial and the capacity for work are undoubtedly theirs; but we believe their mission in this country will be a failure because they lack that quality so absolutely necessary to success and which St. Paul had in such a marked degree—adaptability. In fact, The Salvation Army is impracticable, and the crusade on which it has entered will be an impotent one.*

Gentility, religious or otherwise, treated the Army with disregard, disdain or open defiance, and the authorities grew increasingly resistant, often attempting to prohibit free speech; nonetheless, saloonkeepers were the most serious obstacle in the onward march, occasioning painful distress to Eliza and her corps.

During December, meetings were spectacular. More than a thousand regularly attended services. The Shirleys grew to know many newspaper reporters, most of whom were friendly. One young man was on hand not only during working hours but also during much of his free time. Before long, Hal Stevenson was accepted at the Salvation Factory and in the Shirley home as Brother Hal. They agreed they had nothing to hide and who knows, maybe he'd be won to Jesus. His first report read something like this:

Captain Shirley and his army live in the three-story brick house at #2046 Kresler Street, a small thoroughfare, running from Norris to Diamond between Fifth and Sixth Streets. A knock on the door was

*The War Cry, Eastern Territory, September 12, 1925.*
answered by a small, pleasant-faced man with a brow inclining to baldness.

The Shirley ladies were dressed much alike—in black with small white collars about their throats. Their hair was combed down smooth on the forehead and no ornaments. They all had an appearance of goodness which cannot be counterfeited and which is never seen except on the faces of modest women.

Mr. Shirley described their story, mentioning both persecution and police protection. He said it was their intention to extend to the whole of the United States.

As Hal reached for his hat, Annie said, “Now, my brother, how is it with you? Have you given your heart to God?”

Hal answered, “I came here to interview you, not to be interviewed.” “But we must have a word of prayer,” said Annie. “Who knows what God is planning for your soul?”

Hal made a feeble effort to escape but Annie went on. “I’m afraid it won’t do any good,” he said. “But it certainly won’t do any harm.”

Annie got him on his knees, asked Eliza to get the songbooks and Eliza sang a Moody-Sankey song:

Hallelujah! ’tis done! I believe on the Son;  
I’m saved and I’m kept by the crucified One!

Then Amos prayed for the conversion of their visitor. “Amen,” said Amos and added that the devil had overshot himself again. There was another hymn, Eliza prayed and Annie prayed. Then afraid of what they might do to him next, Hal escaped, to report in his news story, “in a heated and flushed condition.” However, his grueling experience did not dissuade him from further visits to the Salvation Factory and the Shirley home.

All went well, and Eliza was busy at Christmastime baking and begging fruitcakes, turkey, hams, and white cotton men’s socks (for homemade dolls) so a few poor souls might have a little cheer. Even though the Salvation Factory was heated with only one large potbellied stove, the crowds did not diminish, nor the number of converts, and it seemed in Eliza’s words that they’d “all died and gone to Heaven.” Then the storm broke.

Reddy had said intuitively a week previously, “The air is stale and still. That’s the way it is just before a hurricane.” “Sergeant,” said Eliza, “that’s because the victories are so many. We’re past the worst.”

But she collared him when alone.
“Reddy, you think we’re in for it?”
“I think there’ll soon be such a tussle as you’d never guess.”
“What can we do?”
He gave her a strong look, as if he knew the answer but couldn’t speak it. “Pray.”
Eliza pondered and prayed. No use turning to the authorities nor the churches. No possible way to halt. Must march on, must march faithfully on, no matter what.
On the following Saturday, saloon visits were much rewarded and Amos and Reddy were delighted they’d been permitted to pray with seekers on saloon sawdust. The evening open-air meeting was one of the best they’d ever had: people at the drumhead, rousing songs and powerful prayer; then, as the benediction was being pronounced, like a tornado, not a hurricane, the battle was on.
“Fall in!” ordered Eliza. “Do not defend yourselves. Mark time, quick step to the Factory!”
The order went unheeded as the enemy attacked. More than one hundred roughs and murderous drunks began an onslaught which to the Shirley’s knowledge had never been equalled in the old country. Pails of boiling water were splashed over them; sacks of flour, pepper-colored ochre and dung were flung at them; there was even a makeshift cannon from which small missiles were shot. At close quarters, fists were employed, with brute beasts snarling and snapping; every device of torture that could be conjured was used. The soldiers began to run in the dark, trying not to scream, attempting to sing. Some fell and were trampled, some were bruised and torn with flying missiles. As Eliza and Annie stooped to raise converts and speed them away, Amos, Reddy and other converts linked hands, forming a chain which roughs now attempted to break.
A howling vagrant lighted a firecracker and tossed it under Eliza’s voluminous frock and cape. It exploded and she fell to the ground.
By the time the police arrived and shoved as many combatants into the paddy wagon as possible, Eliza was carried to the Factory where, recovering her senses, she insisted on leading the meeting. Reddy had not reported, word being that he’d been taken to the station. Upon checking after the service, the Shirleys and Hal discovered that he’d not been taken. They retraced their steps, since Eliza could not be dissuaded from the search. They ended at the open-air lot, where the moon shone cold and condemning on the torn November earth crust. No fallen soldier there. Then Eliza caught sight of a skeleton oak some yards from the corner. “Papa!” she screamed. “Papa!”
There, hanging from a large branch, his wrists tied with ropes, was
Reddy, his face swollen beyond recognition, his great scarlet-sweatered body still.

"Fiends!" Hal ran for a barrel.

"Jesus," Amos’ voice was low. "Oh, Jesus!"

Again a crowd gathered, mute this time. Reddy was cut down. He was too heavy to carry so Hal sped for a rig and delivered the Shirleys and Reddy to Kresler Street. Reddy was unconscious for three hours. The doctor, summoned to treat him and Eliza, was amazed at their fortitude, their eagerness to again be in the battle.

"I’ve heard it said that God takes care of drunks and children," he grinned. "I’m sure He’d permit me to add—and Salvationists. Everyone concerned will be all right.”

The next morning the papers were full of the story, though Hal had the scoop. At the conclusion of his feature he noted:

How long will the city of brotherly love tolerate such criminal behavior? The worst blackguards of our city have been paid with drink and silver by saloon owners and other persons with vested interests to torment The Salvation Army because it is emptying their halls of commerce and making decent men out of former habitues. This time murderous intention has been carried too far. With the attempted hanging of the Army’s first convert on the American continent, the time has come to speak out. Land of the free and home of the brave? Odious lie! Rise up, Philadelphia! Let The Salvation Army march!

Next morning, Eliza began sending clippings from Philadelphia papers to General Booth, begging him to send reinforcements. Hardly a day went by without something in print.

“But Lizzie, darlin’ ” Annie said, “our corps has only been open three months. How can you expect him to agree?”

“Just as he did before,” said Eliza, “because God tells him to.”

Before a reply could come from the General, as Eliza and Annie returned home from visitation for lunch one Tuesday, they found Amos at the kitchen table, head in hands.

“Papa! What’s wrong?”

“Amos, what is it?”

Amos looked up with the first expression of despair Eliza had ever seen on his face.

“I’m through,” he said. “My boss summoned me to his private office and said I must make choice between my position and that ridiculous Salvation Army. He told me they were well pleased with my work and would like to keep me but could not tolerate any man who was in any way identified with that nonsense. He had seen the papers, and he had evidently
been in conversation with the mayor. I suppose my participation makes the company seem undignified, but I made my choice without hesitation, received a month's salary in advance, and here I am without a position!"

"Is that all that's the matter?" said Annie. "Can't you see, Love, it's the Lord pushing us on? As you say, Amos, the devil has truly overshot his mark again. Darlin', we disobeyed the Lord twice. Now, He's giving us another chance. Let's go out and look for a hall and open a #2 corps. What do you think, Lizzie?"

"I think we'd better pray," said Eliza. "Down on your knees, Papa. Whatever will Jesus think of you now?"

After prayer they took a horsecar to West Philadelphia and found at 42nd and Market Street a comfortable roomy hall, seated and heated, ready for possession. They rented it very reasonably with no advance payment, got out scarlet bills and the second week in January, 1880, Eliza left Philadelphia #1 corps to the command of Amos and Annie, and, with a girl convert to assist her, opened the Philadelphia #2 corps.

There had been no reply from the General, but Eliza conducted her open-fire campaign with vigor. From the first, there were crowds and souls, and they soon built up a flourishing corps of blood-and-fire soldiers. Reporters continued to find Eliza and her exploits good copy, especially brother Hal. One night he approached her after evening service.

"Lieutenant Lizzie, you're a corker. Would it be convenient to interview you privately?"

Eliza said, "Of course," and indicated what times she'd be home during the next few days.

"I mean alone."

"Alone? You mean—alone, alone?"

He nodded.

"Would the hotel lobby be a suitable place? Enroute with my papers I can stop in."

They met, to sit conspicuously in the lobby, Hal with notebook in hand. As Eliza greeted him she was not unconscious of his handsome blond patrician features, his earnestness, his interest. Oh, dear Jesus, make everything...make everything...appropriate."

"Lizzie," Hal flushed, lacking his usual composure. "I'll come right to the point—this is not an interview for the paper. In fact, it's not an interview at all. I'm quite struck with you. No infatuation. I want to marry you."

"Marry me?" Eliza jumped up. "Marry me? Hal, do you know what you're saying?"

"I think I do." He put the pad in his vest pocket, followed it with his lead
pencil. “Lizzie, I’m a writer with bright prospects, good health, sound mind, Christian. And I’m asking the loveliest, smartest, finest girl in the world to be my bride.”

Oh, dear God! Oh, oh. She sat down.

“I’m honored, dear Hal. All I know of you is good. You’ve been a noble friend to the Army and to my parents and to me. You’ve defended us in print and with muscle. You’re serious about our great commission. Do—do you know how old I am?”

“About 20?”

“Seventeen on the ninth October.”

“Many girls marry at that age.”

“Do you know I’m committed to officership for my whole life?”

“That’s all right with me.”

“You wouldn’t ever mind my being a woman preacher?”

“No.”

“That I might have little enough time for you—for our children?”

“I quite understand your calling, Eliza.”

“Are you willing to become an officer in the ranks of The Salvation Army?”

“Not at present, but that shouldn’t—”

“It does, Hal. Marriage in the Army demands that both persons be commissioned officers.”

“Oh.” He blinked back tears. “I didn’t know.” And looking away, said, “I’m sorry, Lizzie... sorry to have troubled and embarrassed you.”

Eliza rose on tiptoe and kissed him on the forehead as he bent over her. Then she scurried away. Hal didn’t cease to attend services, nor to turn out spectacular features regarding the Army, and many’s the time Eliza met that inquiring look as she preached or sang—always answering it with a nay.

One night he came to her worriedly.

“Lizzie, how would you like to be arrested? The word is out that publicans have had enough of you and friend Reddy on his side of town.”

“Well, hallelujah!” said Eliza. “I’m not at all particular. Just as the Lord wills.”

That night the hall was filled for some time with eager worshipers. There had been the usual march, accompanied by concertinas, a few brass horns, guitars, timbrels, and a drum. It was very cold; thus a larger catch than usual of toughs and other ribald young men were attracted. Though the meeting was continually interrupted with catcalls and loud speech, it was successful. Ten “jumped into the fountain,” as Eliza put it, and half a dozen raised hands to be remembered in prayer. As “We’re marching to
Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion,” rang out before the final amen, the benches at the rear of the barracks were vacated and roughs then arranged themselves in solid phalanx in the aisles and outer alleyway.

A most respectable lady forced her way to them and remonstrated when they commenced calling her names “too vile for repetition.” A gentleman standing near attempted to defend the lady and was hustled unceremoniously over the chairs by the disorderly element, who boldly announced their intention to clean the Army out.

“Out? Out indeed!” ordered Eliza. “All of you—out! This is God’s house and it is to be honored! Out!”

Armed with lanterns, pokers, and clubs, the renegades commenced striking and kicking Salvationists without regard to age or sex, so that it was with great difficulty that some of the women soldiers and children escaped through the windows. On arrival, the chief of police routinely scattered the disorderly element, asking for Lieutenant Eliza Shirley and helpers. Amos and Annie, who’d arrived to convey Eliza home, stood forth with her and Reddy. The chief of police handed each a summons.

“You will be locked up to be arraigned before Justice Sullivan in the mornin’.”

A lurching, bantering, buffeting mob marched behind the wagon all the way to jail. There, the marshal was reluctant to arrest the women, but Eliza insisted and Annie wouldn’t let the others go without her. There was quite a racket outside, so they sang through the single window in their cell to keep the brave cheerful and the guilty on guard.

As to furnishings, there was one box for Annie, and an upturned coal bucket for Eliza. Amos had managed to conceal his concertina under his overcoat so the four had harmonies most of the night.

The immediate future was considered.

“What may be the worst they could give us?” Eliza asked Amos.

“Several months in the workhouse, I suppose.”

“All of us?”

“If they want.”

“But how could the work go forward? Especially if this menace continues? What shall we do?”

Annie patted Eliza.

“Lizzie, God knows every turn in the road. We’ve trusted Him before and we’ll go on trusting.”

“But they’re so many and so strong. And the General hasn’t even answered. If all this wonderful work should be lost—”

“What is that verse again? About answering? Let’s tell the Master. It’s the telling and the trusting that call forth truth.”
They all knelt to recite the words and thank God for how He would work everything out satisfactorily:

Before they call, I will answer;
And while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

At 10:30 the next morning they appeared before the judge, the charges being disorderly conduct, inciting to riot, and disturbing the peace. Witnesses testified, but only one appeared against them—a saloon owner. He claimed they hurt his business. He said they were scoundrels and tramps, and that they'd come to town with unworthy motives. After the witnesses, Amos put the facts calmly and Annie with force. Then came Eliza.

"Your Honor," she began, "Philadelphia is one of the oldest cities, and certainly the finest in this country, yet today it is rolling like a filthy pig in the slough of sin and deviltry. Its questionable prosperity is likely to be its ruin. This city of brotherly love must be saved! It's the proper bastion in which to defend and extend the Kingdom of God. He has led us here. We must march on!" Then she stunned her hearers by reciting the final stanza of their beloved "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us LIVE (die) to make men free,
While God is marching on.

The judge and crowded courtroom stared. Finally the judge said, "Well, I can't let you go scot free. Five dollars or an indefinite stay in the workhouse."

The Shirleys would not pay.

"Our God marches before us," said Eliza. "We shall go to—"

"Wait."

Hal stepped forward, paid the fine, and home they all went rejoicing.

"Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" sang Eliza, taking a letter from the mailbox. "The General's answered." She opened the thin envelope carefully:

My dear Lieutenant:

It gives me great pleasure to promote you to the rank of Captain.
We give praise and thanksgiving for all that has been accomplished for God. Yes, headquarters in London will take hold of the work and after much prayer and consideration it has been decided to set apart George Scott Railton to be the first Commissioner of The Salvation Army in the United States. He will be sailing mid-February, accompanied by seven Hallelujah lassies.

William Booth
GENERAL
A second letter, from Beck, read in part:

Darling Lizzie
Will God's wonders never cease? I'm sure you've heard that the General is sending reinforcements to America, sailing early in February. Lizzie, read the list carefully. I'll try to get another note off as we farewell, so you'll know more.

Captain Emma Westbrook, North Shields
Rachel Evans, Spennymoor
Clara Price, Hammersmith
Mary Ann Coleman, Salisbury
Elizabeth Pearson, Nottingham
Annie Shaw, Nottingham
Emma Morris, Stoke Newington

Under His banner of love,
Beck

That day Eliza was a child again, dancing around the kitchen table, clapping and singing. She conducted a thanksgiving board meeting before open-air meeting.

"Communiqué from Captain Eliza Shirley to Privates Amos and Annie Shirley—" They began to laugh. "Oh, Papa and Mama, imagine! I just can't believe it. What children we were, darling Beck and I. Meeting the Hallelujahs, Sisters Reynolds and Burrell...Jimmie and Katie Docker...Mr. Bramwell Booth...Captain Cadman, the General and Mrs. Booth. Then soldiership, the call...General Booth...Bishop Auckland and Little #1...pastes and prayer and Turrible Turnip...Rooster and Peg Poll...Papa's letter...General Booth again...the Scriptures...Philadelphia, Reddy...and you! You darlin' yous! Will this land ever know what you've done for it? No matter, God does—and I do. Now we're one battalion of God's soldiers of love marching straight round the world! Mr. Railton's coming means the General considers our work begun! Substantial. God has set His seal on it. Let's pray."

They knelt.

Eliza's first letter to General Booth had appeared in the January 31, 1880, issue of The War Cry, with this notice appended:

WE MUST GO!

This news has come upon us like a voice from Heaven and leaves us no choice. Mr. Railton must for a time postpone his North Wales expedition in order to take command of a force with which he hopes to sail about 13th February for New York, and the United States must, throughout their length and breadth, be overrun by Salvation desperadoes.
The following week the General issued a further statement:

On the one hand, the phenomenal spread of the work in England is absorbing all the force that can be mustered, and on the other, there is the conviction that the grand revolution now so blessedly started in Philadelphia must and should spread with incalculable speed through the States.

Six very young women soldiers were recruited for the invasion, only one of them an officer, Captain Emma Westbrook, who had one time worked in the Booth home. Whatever training they received was given to them by Railton on board ship, as there was no training program for some months to come.

A reporter described the girls as “apparently of maid-servant order uniformly and neatly dressed in long black tunics. Each wore a black straw hat with a red ribbon which bore the imprint “THE SALVATION ARMY.” The hat bands were two and a half inches broad and very crimson.”

At a very large separation meeting on February 12, 1880, the detachment farewelled at Whitechapel Hall, London. Many prominent Salvation Army friends were present and when General Booth presented Railton with 200 pounds to help with expenses of starting the work, a huge coloured man stood up and gave an added contribution. Railton and the lassies testified preceding the message and flag presentation by Catherine Booth, who took a deep interest in the American expedition.

“You look young,” she said, turning to the girls who comprised the party. “To some people you may appear insignificant—but so do we all. So did those women who stood grouped round the cross of Christ to the proud Pharisees who walked, mocking, past. But their names have been handed down to us, while those of the Pharisees have been forgotten.

“I present you with these flags in the name of our great King, who bought all sinners with His blood, and who bids us go forth and sprinkle them with it, first in His name, and then in that of the General of The Salvation Army. I hand them to you, praying that God may give you, young as you are, strength to fight heroically under His banner, and to lead tens of thousands to the cross.”

Elijah Cadman had the great joy of praying for the contingent, in characteristically unique style imploring, “Lord, these lassies are going to America to preach the Gospel. If they are fully given up to Thee, be with ’em and bless ’em and grant ’em success. But if they are not as good as they ought to be, O Lord, drown ’em! Drown ’em! Drown ’em!”

On February 14, the American Expedition set sail on the steamer S.S. Australia, after processioning to the ship with hundreds of comrades. The

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singing soldiers were observed with great interest along Fenchurch Street. Crowds of people in omnibuses, wagons and vehicles of all kinds stopped to watch. Catherine Booth wrote to a friend about the experience:

It was a grand sight, The women's hats looked capital... three of our flags were flying on board, and the enthusiasm of the people seemed to strike with awe even the men who were hauling in the bales. I believe God will give them many a seal to their ministry before they get there. Dear, devoted Railton looked well in his uniform and appeared happy as an angel. Bless him! I love him as a son.

It was, however, a stormy passage. Off Land's End one of the ship's cylinders broke down, the vessel's speed was reduced, provisions had to be begged from other ships, and some of the passengers were transferred to other ships. Railton, hale and expectant, refused to budge, though his lassies were all seasick. While other passengers played cards, drank, sang and whooped it up, the Railton party held an open-air meeting every evening in the landing for they "never had weather fit for deck standing." Fellow passengers patiently endured, and they got one "fish."

The Australia berthed at Battery Point Pier, New York City, on March 10, 1880, and Railton declared their mission to the customs officials immediately. They demanded a sample of their preaching, either not knowing or not caring that New York's city fathers had prepared a prohibitory ordinance against The Salvation Army, having heard that rioting had accompanied the English invasion. The ordinance was to be enforced should there be any attempt to hold street meetings.

The press was on hand in bustling curiosity as Railton began his opening "shots," based on the Scripture, John 3:16:

> For God so loved the world, that He gave
> His only begotten Son, that whosoever
> believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Lead pencils scribbled hastily as reporters prepared their first sensational accounts of General Booth's commissioner to "the various states and countries of North and South America and the Islands adjacent thereto." Hereafter, they trailed him like pet pigeons as he unsuccessfully attempted to gain permission for street meetings and in final desperate faith agreed to be a feature at the infamous Harry Hill's Theater in the Bowery.

Six days after landing, Railton addressed an ultimatum to the mayor and corporation of the City of New York, stating that unless he and his aides were given permission to hold street meetings by the following Thursday, he would remove his headquarters elsewhere. On Saturday, March 18, 1880, George Scott Railton arrived in Philadelphia with four of his lassies,
leaving Captain Westbrook and Lieutenant Coleman in New York to continue beachhead battling.

The Railton brigade was welcomed in Philadelphia’s prestigious “monster” Athletic Hall by the Shirleys and several thousand other eager celebrants in what Railton later said was the best meeting he ever attended. Entrancing his listeners with his energetic style, and nobility of features, Railton, in a grand hallelujah broadside, called the Shirleys to platform center. There, holding out two large flags, he stated:

In the name of William Booth, General of The Salvation Army, I commission you Captains, and present to you, Captain Eliza Shirley, blood-and-fire flags for Philadelphia No. 1 and No. 2, the first corps in the United States of America, North and South America and Islands adjacent!

“Hallelujah!” roared the clapping, whistling, stamping, shouting congregation, standing in an ovation which seemed would never be concluded.

“Glory,” said Amos softly.

“Amen!” said Annie stoutly.

“Thank You, Jesus,” whispered Eliza. “We’ll march straight forward.” And they did.⁶

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⁶Red Penny Songbook, 1880, U.S.A. Twelve months after the first service of the Shirleys, the Army had 12 corps holding 172 services per week; 1,500 persons professed conversion; 265 spoke publicly for Christ on First Anniversary Sunday.
Commissioner George Scott Railton found the Shirleys to be quite remarkable people. "From the moment of our arrival," he wrote later, "the Shirley family showed the most simple and loyal willingness to take their place under the flag and fight wherever they could serve best. I found them living, not like many officers in England even then could live, but like factory people, and they showed the simplest desire to spend their lives 'as poor, yet making many rich.'"

Very soon, the three were separated as Railton commissioned them to open other corps. They had immediate rapport with him. Eliza recalled, "Commissioner Railton was a real pioneer. Poverty, privation, hardship, misrepresentation, persecution—why these were a tonic to him. They were the elixir of life to his brave, elevated spirit. He was a pattern of godliness, and truly gave us an example."

Eliza was sent to open fire in Germantown, Pennsylvania, appointed for a short term to Atlantic City, New Jersey, and a second command of Philadelphia #2.

In the autumn of 1880 she succumbed to a severe physical breakdown, and physicians suggested complete rest and change. The heat possibly had intensified the condition, for it was one of the hottest summers the east coast of the United States had ever known. Railton wrote to Booth, "Even Eliza Shirley, whose illness a few weeks ago I think I mentioned, has had a return of the worst symptoms during the last few days. Others, though not yet laid aside, are I know dragging themselves up to the fight night after night. We raise our cry to God for reinforcements from among the healthy daughters of the land, who can better endure its climate, and should surely be able better to subdue its peoples."

One of the finest tributes to Eliza's lifelong career of love and industry was expressed by an aged minister who had met her within weeks of the opening of Philadelphia. The following is a condensed version of a letter written August 8, 1917, but undiscovered until recently.

Dr. Joseph R. Hood, a Methodist minister, visited Philadelphia during the autumn of 1879, and while in the city attended prayer meetings in the chapel of a popular minister, a Dr. Wood. There he was introduced to a Miss Shirley, who, his host said, "was a missionary from London.
England." He observed a very small, neatly dressed woman. In conversation with Wood later, he asked, "Does that mean London is sending Philadelphia a missionary?"

"Yes."

"Philadelphia is known the world over as the city of churches. It appears strange that a missionary should be found in the person of so small a woman."

Wood replied, "I suppose it appears as strange to me as it does to you, but she is certainly a woman of character. She has exhibited her recommendations to me, and they cannot be questioned. General Booth has commissioned her to introduce missionary work under the auspices of The Salvation Army."

Dr. Hood was stopping at the Haymarket Hotel on the northeast corner of 7th and Oxford Streets, not far from the Shirley's Salvation Factory and their open-air stand. On the following Sunday, he heard singing "that had a devotional ring and placing my window blinds ajar saw a few persons with hymn books in their hands." The sidewalks were thronged with people, most of them halting to watch. "By the time I was ready to go out, quite a number of people were following the singers as they marched east on Oxford Street, toward the vacated chair factory."

The minister said that curiosity caused him to follow the marchers, behind whom the number of followers increased, until they reached the factory door. There he stopped, but on observing that the dirt floor had been covered with sawdust, the room filled with seats and supplied with a rostrum and chancel, he entered. He then observed on the rostrum a gentleman and two ladies. As the smallest lady arose, he recognized Eliza.

"She at once surveyed her audience, which represented quite a variety of classes. Some well dressed and well behaved, showing evident signs of culture and good breeding, some showing Christian devotion; some youthful, others mature; some elderly; a number were evidently from the slums and alleys; others, having just run from whiskey saloons, were intoxicated. It was a mottled conglomerate mass of humanity, attracted and held by curiosity."

Eliza recognized Dr. Hood, called his name and invited him to the platform. There she introduced him to Amos and Annie and added, "Mother will read a Scripture lesson, Father will offer prayer and following the singing of a hymn, we wish you to deliver the introductory remarks."

Rather surprised, he answered, "Give me an outline of my subject."

She replied, "Anything that is on your mind for the Master."

When Hood had finished, Eliza announced her text: "Whiter than snow" (Psalm 51:7).
Dr. Hood was totally unprepared for this development. “The idea of a woman preaching, or conducting preaching services was quite foreign to my mind. I was thoroughly opposed to such procedure. However, I was caught in the trap, and waited results. In less than 15 minutes I said to my inner consciousness, Bless the Lord! If women can preach that way, let them preach!”

He next observed Eliza’s care for the people. “She would approach the rough, the tough, the whiskey sot, the debauche of the male sex, and, looking him in the face, tell him of God’s love for him, of a better life, the preciousness of his soul, the cleansing power of the Saviour’s blood, melt him into contrition, accompany him to the altar, and, returning to the audience, approach one of her own sex.”

Dr. Hood visited the Salvation Factory often during his prolonged visit. “I witnessed hundreds of conversions and reformatory in the lives of many.” He noted Eliza’s “daily visitation of the alleys, slums, the forlorn and neglected places and people of that great city.” He concluded his letter by stating that he was at the time of recording 85 years old and had been preaching for 60 years, had traveled extensively, witnessing most of the religious movements of the country, and he chose to say that “Miss Shirley was the most indefatigable and most successful Christian worker I have ever known. She reached men of the most abandoned, wretched, forlorn and (to others) hopeless cases of fallen and depraved humanity.

“Not only that but after having hunted for and made the acquaintance of the most miserable outcast, would lead him to Christ, begging money with which to buy him clothes, get him a bath, and the services of a barber. She helped him find honorable employment, accompanied him to religious services, and she and the members of her organization would care for him until he was able to help them care for others.

“She appeared to be master of every situation in the work she was doing. I believe she could have commanded an army, administered government or filled any of the high functions of state. Often did I hear people in various religious assemblies, especially love feasts, credit their reformation to the work she did in Philadelphia.”

In autumn of 1880, General Booth arranged for a trip of resuscitation to England for Eliza, under Annie’s care. After a stormy passage of 16 days they arrived in Liverpool, to find themselves publicly announced to “special”2 in a weekend of meetings. Then on to London to be welcomed by General and Mrs. Booth.

Eliza and Annie expected to rest but found a tornadic welcome waiting

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2 “Special”: Preach in, and sometimes conduct, a series of public services.
them. They were asked to speak in many cities and in a Whitechapel riot had their “uniforms torn off our backs and our hats from our heads.” There was a “monster” welcome home in Coventry, then “precious weeks at the Army’s Home of Rest in Matlock.” Not too long after, they were ordered to meet the General and his party in Manchester, where he told Annie, “The lassie will remain in England. She is so much better. Leave her in my care. I will be a father to her and will watch over her. It is best.” Annie sailed for the United States and Eliza received her orders to “proceed to Scarborough at once to open fire Saturday and Sunday.”

Major Elijah Cadman, her new divisional commander, met her and her lieutenant at the station and with a cornetist they were “soon in the marketplace giving out handbills. The city was stirred to rioting,” Eliza recalled later, “but the arm of the Lord was made bare that first weekend in the salvation of 20 souls.”

In 16 weeks, 1,400 persons sought salvation, and when the General visited soon after, marched 400 strong to the station. Eliza was only 18 years old and the city was hers: “The wealthiest and most influential, with the poorest and lowliest fishermen and their wives, and I loved them all, though perhaps I was in danger of getting a little spoiled. At any rate I attended a great congress in Hull, with my S’s on a velvet collar, velvet cuffs on my dress and little touches of lace at my neck. Ridiculous!”

Eliza was called on to speak. The General and Bramwell were seated just behind her.

“And, oh, what I heard them saying. I went to see the General next day for a personal. How kind he was but how stern. He was so pained, so disappointed. ‘What would your mother say?’ What would dear old Railton say?’ He gingerly touched the velvet and lace. ‘What are you anyway but a poor little insignificant lassie. Why, you should never have been known except by a small group of people if it had not been for God and the Army. And now, because the Lord has lifted you up and given you many souls and the love and honor of rich and poor, you allow yourself to be spoiled and get away from your simplicity.’ His voice was full of emotion. ‘I love you, Child, and shall be coming to Scarborough in a few weeks. Let me see my own little lassie again.’”

Eliza was devastated. She had not consciously lifted herself but now she could see there may well have been temptation to pride. After Scarborough, her lifelong prayer was: “O Lord, I am but a child. Be Thou my sufficiency.” After Scarborough she was appointed to Pentri, Leamington, West Hortlepool and Cardiff #1, Wales, where she met a handsome young ex-coal miner, Captain Philip Symmonds, fell in love and married him.
After their marriage they were appointed to Coalbridge, Eales, New Barnett (which they opened), Londonderry and Blackburn #1.

In 1885 (there were now two children) Eliza and Philip were appointed to Taunton, Massachusetts, under the divisional leadership of Staff-Captain Annie Shirley (Amos having been promoted to Glory in September, 1884). After Taunton, they were sent to Philadelphia #1, then, as aide-de-camps, to Des Moines, Iowa, a broad new pioneer district just being opened. Next came staff appointments in the Kansas, Colorado, Maine and New Hampshire, Western Pennsylvania and Minnesota Divisions until 1895, when Philip, whose health had been impaired in the Welsh mines, was promoted to Glory.

Eliza was left with six children, one (Ruby) a baby born just before her father's death, one (Shirley Philip) having a clubfoot, one (Evangeline) accidentally blinded in one eye in early years, and one (Daisy) needing radical surgery as a teenager. Nevertheless, Eliza never forfeited her calling to preach and gave invaluable service in a variety of appointments until her promotion to Glory in 1932. These included the following corps appointments, plus special public speaking responsibilities, her final appointment being territorial evangelist for the Central U.S.A. Territory, with headquarters in Chicago:

- Salt Lake City, UT
- Chicago #22, IL
- Danville, IL
- Kenosha, WI
- Elgin, IL
- Chicago Temple, IL
- Des Moines #1, IA
- Calumet, MI
- Milwaukee, WI
- Mankato, MN
- Minneapolis #1, MN
- Jamestown, ND
- Beloit, WI
- Racine, WI

A fine musician, Eliza could as adeptly lead congregational and group singing as sing solos. She taught herself and her children to play several instruments, and often when she traveled the children accompanied her as a musical brigade, playing guitar, autoharp, concertina and cymbal. Her children were a delight and credit to her; one, Gertrude, served as leader of one of the World War I “doughnut girl” brigades.

There are many stories concerning Eliza’s ministry to desperate men and women. One concerns Jake Bilton, who would get roaring drunk every Saturday night and plunge through the streets in northern Wisconsin, singing “at the top of his lungs.” Under Eliza’s preaching he was marvelously converted and years later his granddaughter, Ethel Mae Bilton, gave herself for Salvation Army missionary service, until very recently operating an institution for mentally retarded children in Hong Kong.

One of Eliza’s most noteworthy appointments was Calumet, Michigan,
referred to by local citizens and others as Red Jacket. Because so many respected and influential Salvationists in their scarlet “jerseys” thronged this copper-mining town, they literally renamed it.

When the mines closed, great numbers of these spirited folk became the nucleus for the famed eastern Michigan corps in Flint, Detroit and other nearby cities which today still thrive. Much credit is due not only to Eliza but also Sergeant-Major William Beacraft of Flint who with several others founded the Buick Company and found good jobs for musical Salvationists. Organized by the Gerrins family of Detroit, an annual “Copper Country” reunion was held for many years, featuring the Cornish pasty, a “Hallelujah Free-and-Easy” meeting and stories of Army pioneers.

A convert of Calumet days, Richard Holman, a former miner from Flint and 87 years of age when interviewed, remembered that Eliza “never spoke less than 45 minutes but her audience was captivated by every utterance. Her meetings were works of art, great majestic tunes leading up to her message. The Holy Spirit was present in convicuting power and the altar was lined in every meeting.”

One young man influenced by Eliza was Walter Jeffries, popularly known throughout the midwest as the Blind Evangelist. Also, it was in Calumet that Daisy (now 18) needed surgery. Holman reports that “the entire copper area raised the money needed, as well as supporting with love and prayers.”

Eliza’s primary interests were four: Christ Jesus, The Salvation Army, her children and the Chicago Cubs baseball team. She was enthusiastic about her team, no matter what their standing. At her promotion to Glory (September 30, 1932), having suffered a stroke, she whispered her love for her Lord, then impishly asked, “And how are my Cubs doing?” On the day of her funeral, the Cubs were contending for the World Series pennant, and before the game they stood silently in a moment of remembrance of “a great lady”—Eliza Shirley.

Eliza was most remarkable for her loving fortitude and power in prayer, learned, she never forgot to mention, from “Little #1” in Bishop Auckland. The final words in one of her favorite songs are a fitting life testimony for “little Shirley”:

This is my story, to God be the glory!
I’m only a sinner saved by grace.

3 “Jeff” had lost his sight in a strange manner closely connected to Red Jacket mining. As his mother nursed him she was told of his father’s death in a mine accident—“Jeff” was blind from that moment forward.

4They won.
Amos Shirley had been instructed in Christian lay leadership while in Derby by William Pearson, exemplary leader in both The Christian Mission and The Salvation Army, first War Cry editor and fine musician. Colonel Pearson wrote impressive songs which are still in the Army song book, including the first one, "Come, Join Our Army," beloved by the Shirleys and set to an American melody. Amos was greatly influenced by Pearson, his ministry, like his teacher's, characterized by industry, tenderness and humility. Four lines in one of Pearson's songs are a fitting memorial for Amos who, after five years of pioneer service in Coventry, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Paterson, New Jersey; and Lawrence, Massachusetts; was drowned off the coast of Asbury Park, New Jersey, on August 11, 1884, just after farewelling from Lawrence and eager to open fire with Annie in Boston:

We're an Army fighting for a glorious King;  
We will make the world with hallelujahs ring;  
With victorious voices we will ever sing;  
There's salvation for the world!

At the time of his death Amos was helping with a series of holiness meetings while Annie checked on the corps in London, Ontario, Canada, in which she had served as first commissioned officer for some months in 1882.

Amos' death brought shock and grief to multitudes of persons he had blessed and introduced to God. An Asbury Park newspaper memorial reported that he was known as "the man with the gentle voice and impressive gesture." He died of a heart attack while swimming, caught in the undertow. He had signalled for help but the rescuer's boat capsized. By the time it had righted, Amos had been carried about 100 yards away and soon was sinking beneath the waves. The newspaper account of the funeral from the Daily Spray of Asbury Park, August 14, 1884 conveys the impact not only of 1884 Army ceremonies but also of Amos' life:

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1William Pearson: Born in 1832 into a Primitive Methodist family, Pearson was converted at the age of 14, and soon after came under the preaching and influence of the American evangelist James Caughey who, when preaching in Nottingham, also strongly impressed young William Booth.

2Ring the Bell, Watchman, composed in 1865 by Henry Clay Work, an American.
DIED at Asbury Park Monday, August 11, Amos Shirley. Funeral Friday, August 15, 2:30 at Funeral Director Sexton's rooms, Main Street. Services at the Salvation Army barracks at 3 p.m. sharp. Interment at Mt. Prospect Cemetery.

The detailed report in the *Daily Spray* read:

The funeral of Captain Shirley, of The Salvation Army, who was drowned in the ocean foot of Seventh Avenue on Monday, took place yesterday and was attended by an immense crowd of friends and curiosity seekers. The body, dressed in full uniform, was enclosed in a neat walnut casket and was looked at by thousands of people as it lay in J. H. Sexton's rooms on Main Street. Major Moore and his staff were present as were delegations of the Army from different sections of the country.

The Army met at the new barracks on Main Street at 2 p.m. Headed by a band it proceeded down Main Street, singing as they marched, in a very impressive manner: *There's Sweet Rest in Heaven*. At Sexton's an open-air prayer and experience meeting was held for half an hour. The procession reformed and the coffin, over which was placed the flag of the Army, was borne to the barracks by six comrades. The services proper were attended by an unusually large crowd and were conducted by Major Moore assisted by Captains Rainey, Howey, and "Happy Bill" Cooper. Salvation Army songs were sung, portions of Scripture were read—experiences related and eulogies on the deceased soldier indulged in.

To those unacquainted with the unusual methods used by the Army the scene was more ludicrous than solemn—but to the unconverted it was uncomfortably impressive. The services over, the Army took up the line of march to Mt. Prospect Cemetery.

Amos' death seemed tragic, but he would have testified, as always, that "The Devil has overshot the mark again," and he was right. In her grief, Annie begged Major Moore, then commander of Salvation Army forces in North America, to allow her to open fire on Boston, feeling she must be active. This was accomplished in September. In October, Moore, distressed because General Booth demanded unquestioning obedience and would not incorporate in America, led a revolt, taking most of the soldiery with him, plus all the paraphernalia he could seize, including songbooks, flags, crest and *The War Cry*. Annie, with three others, remained loyal to Booth, and from temporary headquarters firmly commanded the frightened and faltering remnant until help came from London.
“Captain Annie Shirley was among the most touching exhorters that the people of London (Canada) had ever heard,” wrote Commissioner Railton regarding pioneer work in Canada. “She could direct a prayer meeting with inspired skill. Time after time she would sing alone a simple song of invitation. So charged was her singing with entreaty that quite often there would be a mass movement toward the penitent-form.”

Though the foregoing statement correctly describes Annie’s evangelistic ministry, it does not touch on her administrative skill, demonstrated first when Eliza took command of the Philadelphia #2 corps. It is assumed that Amos and she worked in their customary manner, and it appears quite possible that he may have held a secular position to help finance her religious work.

Until spring of 1881, it appears that the Shirleys remained in command of Philadelphia #1, after which (for a time) Amos became aide-de-camp to the new commander for North America, Major Thomas Moore, and Annie was sent to Baltimore, Maryland on June 19, 1881, with Lieutenant Mary Pilgrim, her first American assistant. Victories were many in Baltimore, reporters often making such comments as this: “The women of The Salvation Army attracted almost as much attention as Barnum’s street parade.”

During the first week of September, 1882, Annie was hurriedly sent as the first commissioned officer to London, Ontario, where a few months earlier two very young men, Jack Addie and Joe Ludgate, converts from England, had begun Army meetings. They were so successful that they soon wrote to General Booth for officers. Booth told them to write Railton, but their letter was returned from the U.S. dead-letter office. Again they wrote, this time contacting Major Moore. Captain Wass, who was journeying to Toronto where work had also been started unofficially, traveled with Annie.

Of this junket, Railton later wrote: “In the hands of these two officers was the measure of success or failure that would attend the first organized efforts of the Army in Canada. No better messengers could have been sent.”

In London, Annie met an ugly situation. Previously, on Monday, July 17, Moore, traveling to London, had been “met with rejoicing on the part of the London contingent.” Moore had appointed Walter Bailey as Captain
and left Lieutenant Courts (whom it appears he had brought with him) to assist. Unhappily, the young men publicly disagreed about duties. After dismissing Courts and moving Bailey to Brooklyn, Moore sent Annie to bind up the wounds and get the new London soldiery back on the battlefield. On September 4, *The London Advertiser* noted Annie’s arrival:

Captain Sherlock [Shirley], the female commander, arrives: On Thursday night last, Captain Sherlock arrived in this city, as previously announced, and assumed command. Captain Addie, who took charge of the Army pro tem, since the departure of “Happy Bailey” for Brooklyn, will still remain in London, being second in command.

A reporter visited the barracks over York Street Bridge last night during service and found the place so full that it was almost impossible to gain admittance and then only by climbing through a window...

Annie’s appointment in London provoked both verbal and physical attacks, the former often seeming the more disruptive. For example, in November, during a “blood-and-fire experience meeting,” a Mr. Holden asked if he would be allowed ten minutes to speak. He was permitted five minutes and “proceeded to take theological exception to the work of the Army,” according to the *Advertiser*. “In the midst of his address the Army broke in with one of their stirring gospel songs and effectually drowned the speaker’s voice.”

When the song was finished he attempted to resume. The Reverend Mr. Savage, in whose church the Salvationists were worshiping, protested Mr. Holden’s indiscretion, after which Mr. Holden said he would speak on and defied the police to touch him. Another hymn was begun during which a policeman advanced to the platform and Mr. Holden “was finally pacified.”

Next, a Mr. Munroe of St. Andrews Church arose, watch in hand, and asked permission to speak for five minutes, begged to preface his remarks by calling attention to I Corinthians 14:34, as follows: “Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law!”

The report noted that “the Rev. Mr. Savage interposed with the strongest possible rebuttal evidence, based on Scriptural authority. Munroe again tried to speak, but singing choked him off and he left.”

A third and more violent interruption occurred as a Mr. Marsh attempted to ascend the platform, gesticulating excitedly. Mr. Savage protested. Great confusion ensued, “with Mr. Marsh withdrawing to the vestry, and the Army vigorously singing, *After the Battle Is Over*.

“Throughout all these vexatious disturbances,” concluded the *Globe*
report, “Captain Shirley and her soldiers maintained the most perfect temper and patience ... the closing appeal of Captain Shirley was full of pathos and fervour.”

One of the most spectacular battles during Annie’s command in London was fought on a summer morning when the Army was requested by the local military post commander to conduct a service for the soldiers of the Crown quartered just outside London. Regular military inspections were held, and town crowds always watched the soldiers drill.

Two drunken men began to argue over the Army’s merits. The crowd chose sides and hundreds were soon embroiled, with the Army in the middle, badly battered. Eventually the Crown’s soldiers effected a rescue, and the meeting was continued, protected by red-coats and shining bayonets. Annie sang “Palms of Victory” and a reporter from the London Free Press, who had come to jest, was converted. Twenty Canadian soldiers knelt in uniform that night at the Army penitent-form.

During the summer of 1883 Annie became ill and returned to England for a rest (there were no regular vacation periods in those days), farewelling from London on July 16, 1883. She didn’t rest long for by December 27, she’d opened fire in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and she and Amos were on their way to open Lawrence, Massachusetts, just before Christmas. Lawrence proved a victorious, if taxing, command, and about the first of August the Shirleys farewelled to enjoy a short rest before opening fire on Boston, Amos to help with holiness meetings in Asbury Park, New Jersey and Annie to check on the London corps. Here, in Annie’s words, is the next tragic development:

“We were ready to open Boston ... When I had rested for two weeks I received a telegram at two o’clock in the morning saying my husband had drowned while bathing ... After his funeral I had to rest again (about two weeks). I then asked Major Moore to let me work or I should die and was made divisional officer for the Massachusetts and Maine Division,† going immediately to open Boston.”

When she arrived, good campaigner that she was, she found her way to the offices of the Boston Globe to announce the invasion, stating that the Army would open fire the next day, Sunday, September 6, 1884.

“We intend to move all Boston at once,” said she. “We shall open the Federhen Hall, North Russell Street, at 11 o’clock a.m., but before we open

†Some people claim that, with this appointment, Annie became the first Salvation Army woman divisional commander on the North American continent, and the second in the world. It is significant to note that it was her first corps officer, Captain Caroline Reynolds, who became the first woman divisional commander in the world, commanding Ireland after her stay in Nottingham.
we will have a parade beginning at 10:30. We will hold another service in the hall at 3 p.m. and probably one at 7:30 in the evening. Next week, we will have a meeting at 7:30 each evening and everybody is invited.

“The Devil broke our bass drum at Salem, but we have plenty of tambourines, cymbals, triangles, etc. to furnish music to bless the Lord. We intend to make a strong campaign in Boston.”

On Monday, in a report entitled “Boston Besieged: The Salvation Army Fires a Volley, the Devil in Disorder, Seven Souls Captured for Glory but the Devil Scores One in a Night Sortie,” the Globe gave a sensational account of the evening meeting, with tongue in cheek. Apparently the crowd had behaved in a most disorderly manner, Annie declaring, “We believe in order here and we intend to have it. Order is Heaven’s first rule. Put out that cigar and throw it out, if you please,” she commanded one gentleman. The report concluded:

The evening engagement opened well for the cause of the Army but just as Captain Shirley was about to fire a Scriptural volley the enemy set up a great noise at the end of the hall . . . a close conflict was had with the foe, Captain Shirley being in the thick of the fight . . .

Two patrolmen guarded the street door, apparently unconscious of the racket in the hall so the Army of salvation and the army of Satan had the fight to themselves. Captain Shaw of Peabody received several blows on the head and others were more or less knocked about and mauled in the general scrimmage. After the skirmish had raised some little attention, the patrolmen arrived on the scene. There was a lull in the conflict, the enemy retreated in a slow motion and the Army began to look after its wounded.

Amos was promoted to Glory in August, Annie opened Boston in September, and in October, Major Thomas Moore led a rebellion in the ranks; only four officer leaders remained faithful, Annie being one of them. She continued to give strong leadership to the disabled and discouraged remnant and speedily opened the following corps in New England:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>City</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boston #1, MA</td>
<td>MA</td>
<td>Westfield, MA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boston #2 MA</td>
<td>MA</td>
<td>Saco, ME</td>
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<td>Fall River, MA</td>
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<td>Biddeford, ME</td>
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<td>Taunton, MA</td>
<td>MA</td>
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<td>Providence, RI</td>
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<td>Brunswick, ME</td>
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<td>New Bedford, MA</td>
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<td>Weymouth, MA</td>
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<td>Dover, NH</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newburyport, MA</td>
<td>MA</td>
<td>Great Falls, NH</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
At one time Annie also led Salvationists in Kentucky, though dates are not available. In 1886, farewelling from the Massachusetts and Maine Division, she married Staff Captain John T. "Happy Jack" Dale, a member of the pioneer Massachusetts brigade. Said Annie, "I knew him to be a real blood-and-fire fellow who was all for the Kingdom." Having for some time served as divisional commander for the Western Pennsylvania Division, Major Dale with Annie commanded Western Pennsylvania until February, 1887, when they were appointed to open fire in the broad and beckoning state of Iowa. Advance scouting had been conducted in Des Moines, the local paper later reporting that "members of established church creeds looked upon them in askance. Toughs felled them with decayed vegetables and clods of dirt and hooted them the first night they paraded and conducted services on the street." On March 3, 1887, the first Des Moines corps was opened, located at 115 Tenth Street, and in January of 1888 a "training garrison" was opened. By the end of 1888 the following corps were in operation in Iowa:

| Des Moines | Keokuk     |
| Clinton    | Maquoketa  |
| Council Bluffs | Marshalltown |

Shortly after that, Annie was promoted to Glory, concluding victoriously a preaching-administrative ministry that began when she couldn’t bear to see her beloved daughter, Eliza, carry, alone, grueling responsibility for Christ’s Kingdom.

Annie’s magnetism, power preaching and sweet singing were used to surprising effect on people who, for the most part, were totally unlike her. To the last she eagerly and cheerfully followed the command of her General: "Tackle them! The people must be sought out in the streets. We must be street-sweepers for Christ!"
Appendix D

Family Tree

AMOS SHIRLEY

**Amos Shirley** — Born: Circa 1839 in or around Coventry, England
Died: August 14, 1884 at Asbury Park, New Jersey. Now buried at
Kensico, New York
Married: **Annie Allen** (who, when widowed, married Staff Captain
John T. Dale)
Born: Foleshill, England
Died: 1893 in Nashville, Tennessee
Only child of Amos and Annie Shirley: **Eliza Annie**
Born: October 9, 1862 in Coventry, England
Died: September 18, 1932 in Racine, Wisconsin
Buried: Chicago, Illinois
Married: Captain Philip Symmonds of Cardiff, Wales
Died: Wisconsin, 1895
Buried: Fish Creek, Wisconsin

**Eliza’s First Child** — **Annie Alma**
Born: September 29, 1883 in Manchester, England
Married: Edward William Knudsen, Government Employee
A. Son — Perc Edward — B.A. Architectural Engineer
   Vice President of Pittsburgh Plate Glass
Married: Evelyn Michels
1. Son — Kenneth Martin — B.S. Industrial Marketing, Ohio
   M.A. Business Administration
   Married: Mary Byrnes — B.A. Journalism
   Former Associate Editor, *Wild Life* Magazine
a. Son — Brian Byrne
2. Son — Thomas Michael — B.A. Economics — Northwestern
   M.A. Business Administration — Columbia
   Married: Laura Bucknell of Bucknell University family — also
   originated in Philadelphia
   B.A. — International Affairs
   a. Daughter — Kara
3. Son — Phillip — B.A. Political Science — Marquette
   M.A. Business Administration — Marquette
   Married: Angela Byrnes — B.A. Marquette University
   Employed — State of Wisconsin
   a. Daughter — Casey Byrne
   b. Daughter — Elizabeth

B. Daughter — Phyllis Anne — Housewife and Accountant
   Born: February 12, 1906
   Married: William Hunter — Insurance Business (deceased)
   1. Daughter — Shirley Anne — Homemaker
      (married Ronald Karrow)
   2. Daughter — Janis Mae — Homemaker — Real Estate
      (married Chester Stroyney)
      a. Child — Stacey
      b. Child — Kelley

C. Daughter — Everald Eliza — S.A. Officer — Accountant
   Born: January 30, 1911
   Married: Captain Russell Crowell — S.A. Officer and Director of
   Planned Giving, Divisional S.A. Headquarters,
   Southern California Division
   1. Son — Gary Bruce — B.S. Eastern Michigan
      S.A. Officer
      Referee of Juvenile Court
      Genessee County, Flint, Michigan
      Born: April 6, 1935
      Married: Rosa L. Zeckert
      a. Son — Greggory Bruce
      b. Daughter — Deborah Gay
      c. Daughter — Kimberly Kay
   2. Son — Dennis Warren — Associate Degree
      Owns Business Form Agency
      Born: February 10, 1939
      Married: Patricia Prentice
      a. Son — Geffory
      b. Daughter — Dawn
      c. Son — Jason

D. Daughter — Glyndon Gertrude
   Born: December 28, 1915
   Married: Frank Larsen — Retail Business
1. Daughter — Ruth Anne — Homemaker and Accountant
   Married: Neal Tanner, Manager, Savings and Loan Association
   a. Son — Timothy
   b. Son — Mark
   c. Son — Patrick

Eliza's Second Child — Shirley Philip (son)
Born: 1884 in Londonderry, Ireland
   S.A. Officer and Minister
Married: Laura Dierking
A. Daughter — Beatrice
   Married: Ray Dimmin — Engraver
   1. Daughter — Shirley Randall, R.N.
B. Son — Phillip (Owned Shoe Store Chain in Tampa, Florida)
   Married: June Hammond
   1. Daughter — Kathleen — Housewife
   2. Son — Phillip Larry — Electrician
C. Daughter — Florence
   Married: Dr. Dudley Sides, Dentist (Retail Business)
D. Daughter — Laura Marie — 2 Years Jr. College — S.A. Officer
   Married: Captain Homer Fuqua
   1. Daughter — Julia Cynthia
   2. Son — Bruce Andrew
   3. Son — Benjamin James

Eliza's Third Child — Gertrude Sarah — S.A. Officer
   Served with Forces in France, World War I

Born: December 23, 1886 in Pennsylvania
Died: 1972
Married: 1919 to Dr. Maxwell McCloud, Ph.D. — Noted Author, Professor, Kansas State University
A. Daughter — Elizabeth Ruby — B.S. Home Economics
   Married: Robert Gruber — Owned Hardware Store
   1. Daughter — Trudy Ann — B.A.
   2. Son — Clifford — Carpenter
   3. Daughter — Janice — Associate Degree
   4. Son — Kenneth
B. Daughter — Laurel Daisy — B.S. Home Economics
   Married: Vita Percial — China Maker
   1. Son — Frank — Ph.D. Professor of Biology, Westmont College, Montecita, California
Appendix D | 155

C. Daughter — Iris Delight — Homemaker
   Married: Vernon Buell — Manager, Retail Business
   1. Child — Dale
   2. Child — Lynn
   3. Daughter — Ruth
   4. Son — William

Eliza’s Child — Ethel (died in infancy)

Eliza’s Fourth Child — Daisy Katherine
   Born: November 6, 1890 in Bangor, Maine
   Died: December 27, 1964
   Married: Leonard Wilkins, S.A. Officer
   A. Son — Leonard Wilkins — S.A. Officer
      Married: Elizabeth Fynn — S.A. Officer
         1. Daughter — Shirley Elizabeth — Bookkeeper
         3. Daughter — Joyce Marie — S.A. Officer
            Married: Lieutenant Robert Lester
   B. Son — Robert Wilkins, S.A. Officer
      Married: Rose Smith

Eliza’s Fifth Child — Evangeline E. — S.A. Officer
   Born: June 10, 1893
   Died: August 1, 1956
   Married: Captain Sandy Nelson
      Opened Echo Grove Camp, Michigan, under Colonel Withers
      Opened Royal Oak Corps, Michigan
   A. Daughter — Janet Shirley — Accountant

Eliza’s Sixth Child — Ruby
   Born: 1895 in Menominee, Wisconsin
   Married: John Broughton, Architect and Musician (Ruby later married Richard Scoble, and both were tragically killed in an explosion while managing a chain of bakeries.)
   A. Daughter — Gertrude
      Married: Thomas North
         1. Daughter — Lynn (Phillips) — Teacher’s Aide
         2. Daughter — Charlene (Scrims) — Public School
Recipe

ELIZA’S CORNISH PASTIES

PASTRY

6 cups sifted flour
1 tbsp. salt
1 1/2 cups finely chopped suet
About 3/4 cup water

Sift flour and salt. Work in suet and add water to make a nice dough. Divide in 8 portions and roll out in circles. Lay on bake sheet and place filling on half of every circle.

Moisten edges and fold to make semi-circle. Press edges, fluting. Make vents on top.

Bake 1 1/2 hours at 375 degrees approximately (coal stove longer). Watch.

PASTRY FILLING

1/4 lb. lean pork
2 1/2 lb. boneless shoulder or round steak
1 1/2 cups chopped leek or onion
6 cups thinly sliced raw potatoes
1 cup sliced rutabaga
1/2 cup finely cut kidney suet
2 tbsp. salt
Pepper to taste.

Trim meat and cut in thin slivers. Put all ingredients together.
SALLIE CHESHAM'S ADAPTATION

PAstry:
Make enough pastry for two double-crust pie shells (suet and lard hard to digest!). Roll out in 8 circles. Lay on baking sheet and place filling on half of every circle. Moisten edges and fold to make semi-circle. Press edges. Make vents on top.

PAstry Filling:
Combine:
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ lb. (more if you can afford it) round steak} \]
\[ 1 \text{ cup onion, chopped very small} \]
\[ 4 \text{ cups potatoes, cubed very small} \]
\[ 1 \text{ tbsp. salt (more if you're salty)} \]
\[ 1 \text{ tsp. butter for each pasty} \]
\[ \text{Not much pepper} \]

Bake 375 degrees for 45 minutes, putting 1 tsp. water in each vent 10 minutes before done. Makes 8 entree portions.

Mmmmmmm, great!
Appendix F

Sermon by Eliza

HOW TO CONQUER DEPRESSION

"Behold, there came a voice unto him and said, What dost thou here, Elijah?" (I Kings 19:13b).

In studying valiants who are brought before us in the Scriptures we cannot fail to observe that the men who left a distinct mark on the age in which they lived and whose influence and power have come down to us have, without exception, been subject to seasons of soul darkness and deep depression, weakness and despair; and it is an undeniable fact that almost invariably they failed where they seemed to be the strongest.

Consider John the Baptist. A multitude heard his doctrine and were baptized by him, and when he saw Jesus coming, it was his voice that cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" When Jesus had prevailed upon John to baptize him, saying, "Suffer it to be so now for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness," John's eyes actually saw the heavens open and the Holy Ghost rest upon Jesus in a dove shape. He heard a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Yet, shortly after, we find John depressed and discouraged, sending his disciples to ask Jesus, who was now engaged in His public ministry, "Art thou He that should come? Or do we look for another?"

Consider impetuous Peter, who declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter, who was so sure of his strength that he said, "Though all men forsake Thee, yet will not I." This same Peter became so fearful when he was charged with being one of Jesus' disciples that he denied with an oath, saying, "I know not the man."

Martin Luther was once so sorely vexed by the wickedness of the world and by the dangers that beset the Church that he became greatly discouraged. One morning he saw his wife dressed in mourning and asked in surprise, "Who is dead?"

"Why, don't you know," she replied, "God in Heaven is dead."

"How can you talk such nonsense," said Luther. "How can God die? He is immortal and will live through all eternity."

"Is that really true?" she asked.

1Sermon from personal papers of Mrs. Everald Crowell, Eliza's granddaughter.
2This is how the verse appears in Eliza's sermon.
"How can you doubt it?" replied Luther. "As surely as there is a God in Heaven so sure it is that He can never die."

“And yet,” said his wife, “this you do not doubt yet you are thus hopeless and discouraged.”

“Then,” Luther later commented, “I observed what a wise woman my wife was and mastered my discouragement.”

Elijah, who is before us in the text, was a noble, courageous, faithful man of God. See him at Mt. Carmel. Things had been going wrong in Israel. King Ahab had married idolatrous Jezebel who had brought with her the rites of Baal, and everywhere the hills were smoking with pagan sacrifices. The people were bewildered. Whom were they to worship as the true God? Three years of famine had worked havoc among them, but there was to be a settlement in the presence of the hungry, half-starved multitude. The true God should defend His claims.

Baal’s altar should have a sacrifice and the Lord’s altar should have a sacrifice, and the prophets of each should call upon their God. The God that answered by fire would be honored. Preparations were made and the prophets of Baal, 450 in number, began to cry, "Oh, Baal hear us!" But though they cried from morning till the sun sank, he answered not. Then the prophet of the Lord stood forth and prayed, "Oh, God of my fathers, hear me this day and let the people know that Thou art God."

There was a moment of breathless silence. Then it came—a blazing flame out of heaven ... nearer ... nearer, until it fell upon the altar, consuming the sacrifice, consuming the stones of the altar and lapping up the water in the trenches. Another moment of silence and then thousands of voices shouted, “The Lord He is the God.”

Now the scene is changed. Elijah is not on Mt. Carmel but on Horeb. The idolatrous priesthood was rooted out, but Jezebel remained and Elijah must escape if he would save his life. He fled first to Beersheba where he left the boy who attended him. Then on through the desert praying he would die. On again until after 40 days’ journey he reached the sacred mountain, the very scene of the great revelations to Moses. There he entered into a cave and gave himself up to the bitterest thoughts. Why did weakness follow strength? Was not everything forfeit for which he had struggled? Was not his ministry closing in shame and defeat while the insolent, idolatrous Jezebel completed the ruin of Israel? Suddenly a voice reached him with the solemn question, “What doest thou here, Elijah?”

He was hidden away from Jezebel, from his own servant, from all the world, but God found him. We cannot hide from God. The psalmist says: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"
God commanded Elijah to stand upon the mount, and as he stood there was a strong wind that rent the mountain, broke the rock in pieces. After the wind, an earthquake and after the earthquake a fire. But the Lord was in none of these. Then a still small voice questioned, "What doest thou here, Elijah? Dost thou flee from Jezebel? Couldn't thou depend upon Almighty power for protection? Dost thou, so great a man, so great a prophet, so famed for resolution and courage, run thus? Is this a place for a prophet of the Lord? Is this a time for such a man to retreat when the Lord has need of thee?"

Elijah complained, "The children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

Discouragement is a curse. When a man is discouraged, the battle is lost. Neither God nor man can use a discouraged person. A discouraged soldier is a defeated soldier. Trials and difficulties are never intended to be discouragements. They are intended to be helps to us. What is it that purifies the silver? The fire. What makes a soldier? Not a bright new uniform. The regiments that marched up to the capitol for the final review in 1865 in their bright new uniforms and with their stainless flags presented a beautiful spectacle, but they were greeted with no cheers. However, when regiments followed whose flags were rent and torn by bullets and flying shell, with uniforms begrimed by the dust and smoke of battle until none of the original hue was visible, the earth shook with the applause of the enthusiastic crowd. You see, these men were heroes. They had fought, endured and conquered. Suppose they had grown discouraged when trial and difficulty met and surrounded them?

Trials and difficulties are not discouragements. If they become so it is that you have been defeated. You have forgotten their ministry to you. Mr. Astor, fording the Susquehanna River on horseback, became so dizzy that he nearly lost his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on the chin from the hunter who was his companion, with the words: "Look up! Look up!" He did so and recovered his balance. There was no danger as long as he looked up. The waters were not dangerous of themselves, but when he looked at nothing else he was in danger of going under.

Elijah was disappointed. His one great burden had been the Lord's glory. "Let the people know that Thou art God!" he'd cried and when the answer came he thought victory was complete. He looked for a great and permanent reformation. He saw in his hopefulness an enthusiastic people sweeping away every vestige of idolatry and his native land prosperous and holy. Now, the vision had faded like a dream. The cup of success was
dashed from his lips just when he was about to drink and instead of a revival there was more fierce persecution.

If he had only looked up! If his outlook had not been so narrow he would have comforted his heart with the assurance of God's continued blessing. This demoralizing, devilish discouragement has found a counterpart in many of our lives. Almost every Christian worker has at some time been with John Bunyan's Christian in the doubting castle of giant despair. Our hopefulness has pictured successes which have not been realized. Our efforts have not brought about the desired results. We have been overwhelmed with a sense of failure and defeat. We have been shamed and humiliated. We have given ourselves up to hopeless discouragement. What a mistake. The only indication of success that is visible may be a small cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand, but it is the promise of a shower. What if the meadows are scorched and the leaves of the forest withered and charred? What though we are compelled to ask, "Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Let us keep our eyes up. Let us doubt not!

God did not say, "Poor Elijah, you've had a hard time. You have just cause for discouragement." Oh no! He said, "GO TO WORK ELIJAH. Go to work. What do you here? Go and anoint Hazael to be king over Syria and anoint Jehu to be king over Israel and anoint Elisha to be prophet in your place. GO TO WORK, ELIJAH!!"

There is our answer.

Go to work, Katie and Jack and Jimmy and Poll. Go to work, knowing your Redeemer lives and loves and will never leave you. Go to work, knowing if you do your very best—thinking, planning, toiling—then and then only will God go sweeping on before you and pushing on behind.

God lives!
God loves!
God cares!

Elijah, stop that self-pity, that boring do-nothingness. Oh, lift up your eyes and—GO TO WORK!
Appendix G

Eliza's Song (words by Eliza and music by Songster-Leader J.H. Broughton)

Just to be with Jesus.

Words by COMMANDANT E. SYMONDS (U.S.A.)

Allegro moderato. M. 112.

Music by SONGSTER-LEADER J. H. BROUGHTON.

(RAVINE. U.S.A.)

1. Long for the mountains my soul went a-stray, gathering flowers of sin—seeking for happiness,
2. Someday I know not how soon it will be, when my race has run—Angel from glory will

striving in vain Earthliness brightening chariot win, to win Till in my folly I heard a sweet voice, saying: I beckon me home, Shouting the vict'ry won, haw haw, Then on the hill where the blood was shed there trod, Up in the

died for thee make Me thy beautiful city of God, Now Jesus leads me and gladly I follow Him. Singing with Jesus will lead me and ever, for evermore I'll sing the

CHORUS.

Moderato. M. 100.

joy as I go, as I go—Just to be with Jesus every day, Just to know He loves me, somehow

may, Just to have His promise close by my side to stay, Oh, just to be with Jesus, all the way.
Eliza's Song (words by Eliza and music by Songster-Leader J.H. Broughton)

Open mine eyes, Lord.

Words by COMMANDANT E. SYMONDS, Racine, U.S.A.)  Music by SONGSTER-LEADER J.H. BROUGHTON, Racine, U.S.A.

Allegro moderato, M. = 120.

1. Sometimes the storm-clouds gather, Darkness overspreads my way, Mighty the foe that

2. Just like the lad of Dothan, We've had our times of feast; No mingled shout of

faces me, Visibly stems for a way, What shall I do, my Master?

visibly stems for a way, No-thing but fail-ure near. Our vis-ible dam and cloud o'er.

I trust alone in Thee; Though Thy self was tempt-ed, Send help from heaven to me!

A-ble, a-ble, His true, Gladly we caught the mes-sage, God free and fights for you. Org.

CHORUS.

Open mine eyes, Lord. Oh, let me see, Heavenly fire and con-densed dews to me.

Filling the mountains, Driving my foes, Leading me on, we to vi-sion I go.
Amos' Song

WHY NOT?

O come to the Saviour, dear sinner,
He's watching and waiting for you;
Then why will you carry your burden,
Do come and be happy and true.

CHORUS:
Sinner, sinner, come to thy Saviour just now,
Sinner, sinner, come to thy Saviour just now.

Then do not be backward in coming,
My Jesus is calling for thee;
He bought your salvation, dear brother,
When nailed upon Calvary's tree.

Your peace may flow calm as a river,
If you will but give up your sin,
And leave all your sinful companions,
The Saviour will take you all in.

He gave up His life to redeem you,
From sin, fear and hell, and the grave,
And now He is waiting to bless you,
O come to Him now for He'll save.

O come now, dear sinner, to Jesus,
He's anxious to save you today,
And with outstretched arms to embrace you
He's calling, "O come, come away!"

Let go this vain world with its pleasures,
Break off from the bondage of hell;
Then you shall enjoy this salvation,
And go with the Master to dwell.

¹Printed in issue of The Salvation News (forerunner in United States of The War Cry), July 10, 1880 by George Scott Railton, Commissioner. Melody: "Why Not Come to Him Now?"
May 20, 1932

PERSONAL

E.O.B.

Mrs. Commandant Symmonds
Care of Colonel Arthur T. Brewer
719 North State Street
Chicago, Ill.

My very dear Mrs. Symmonds:

I have just had the sorrow of learning, through Colonel Brewer, of your serious illness and I am anxious for you to know that my loving thoughts and earnest prayers are with you as you face, perhaps, the great dividing line which separates our troubled earth from the realms of the blest.

Yours has been a life of historic service and sustained victory. No doubt there have been clouds and shadows, but behind them, lighting them up with heavenly splendor, there has always been the Saviour - faithful and true and able to keep those who put their trust in Him. The Army will ever be grateful for your faithful devotion through the poverty and hardships of the early days, and your name will be enrolled in honor among the pioneers of the organization.

May the evening days of your life, whether few or many, be peaceful and happy in reflection upon the past, in the realization of our Saviour’s tender presence sustaining you in physical weakness and suffering, and in a childlike contented trust in Him for the future. Truly all His ways are pleasant ways, and all His paths are peace.

Your affectionate Commander,

[Signature]

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
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168 / PREACHING LADIES

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INDEX

EXPLANATION: The letter "n" in this index means "footnote." If more than one footnote appears on the page, the number of the footnote is given after the "n."

A
Allen, John (Eliza's grandfather), 12 n.10
Allsop, Annie (also called The Gospel Trumpet and Little #1), 79-93; appearance of, 79-80; origin of nickname, 88; prayer philosophy of, 75-77, 88-89
Asbury Park, NJ, 145-146, 149
Athletic Hall, Philadelphia, 138
Atlantic City, NJ, 139
Augusta, ME, 150
Australia, S.S., 136-137

B
Baltimore, MD, 147
Baptism, sacrament of, 9, 123, 123 n
Barking, Eng., 22, 59
Beck. See Pearson, Beck
Beloit, WI, 143
Bible, opinion on value of, 8, 18-19, 32, 74, 89
Biddeford, ME, 150
Bilton, Jake, 143
Bishop Auckland, Eng., as chapter setting, 79-93
Blackburn #1, Eng., 143
Black Prince, The, 71, 71 n.27, 73
Bonnets. See Uniforms
Booth, Bramwell, 21, 21 n, 23, 28, 30-33, 40, 43, 65-66
Booth, Catherine Mumford (wife of William Booth), 11: as author, 20; birth of, 20; children of, 20 (see also names of children); defends women preachers, 57-61; first speaks in public, 58, 58 n; health problems of, 19, 19 n.1; marriage of, 20; meets William Booth, 20; photograph of, 43; as preacher, 44, 52; recommends appointment of first woman to Christian Mission, 22; rides in wheelchair for sake of gospel, 55 n.12; takes interest in USA campaign, 136-137; visits and speaks at Coventry, 15 n.16, 53-66
Booth, Emma, 58
Booth, Evangeline: commends Eliza in letter, 165
Booth, Herbert, 52, 52 n.3
Booth, Samuel and Mary (parents of William Booth), 19, 19 n.2
Booth; William (Founder and first General of Salvation Army): assumes title of General, 51, 51 n.2, 52; believes in charity coupled with salvation, 22-23; birth of, 19; bodyguard of, 71 n.27; children of, 20 (see also names of children); conversion of, 19; decides on Salvation Army as organization name, 40; defends women as officers, 59; description of, 19-23, 31, 54-55; finds "destiny," 21; gives Eliza tentative permission to begin USA work, 93; health problems of, 19; involvement with Methodists, 20; learns open-air methods from James Caughey, 20; marriage of, 20; ministers in London, 21; opinion of, concerning emotional outbursts at Army meetings, 65-66, 66 n.23; parents of, 19; photograph of, 43; poverty and concern for poor influence ministry of, 19-23; as preacher (sketch), 44; puts Carrie Reynolds in charge of Coventry, 12; sends "Order Against Starvation" to officers, 80, 81 n; sends Railton with reinforcements to USA, 134; as superintendent of Christian Mission, 6; view on monetary management, 12 n.11; visits and speaks at Coventry, 53-66; works for pawnbroker, 20
Boston, MA, 146, 149, 150
Bridgeport, CT, 149
Brixton, Eng., 20
Brooklyn, NY, 148
Broughton, J.H. (composer), 162-163
Brunswick, ME, 150
Buick Company, 144
Bummers, defined, 4
Burrell, Sister (Mrs.) Honor, 5, 5 n.4, 12, 22, 33 n

C
Cadm an, Elijah: advertised on Coventry posters, 36-37; appointed to Coventry 68; calls himself "captain" before Salvation Army ranks are established, 39; conducts Eliza's farewell as she leaves for USA, 93; description of 37; as divisional commander, 142; early career in Christian Mission, 39; gives testimony
Cadman, Elijah (continued)
in Coventry about his life before conversion, 37-39; learns to read,
38 n.7; photograph of, 45; prays over reinforcements bound for USA, 136;
proves energy and inventiveness in Coventry, 69; as recruiter, 69-70; refers
to William Booth as “General,” 51 n.2;
reports on Army to Christian Mission magazine, 39; sentenced to prison, 69
Calumet, MI (also called Red Jacket), 143-144
Canada. See London, Ontario
Cardiff #1, Wales, 142
Caughhey, James, 20, 145 n.1
Chicago Cubs baseball team, 144
Chicago, IL, 143
Christian Mission magazine. See Periodicals, Army
Christian Mission, The (later called The Salvation Army): beginnings of, 21;
difficulties in Derby and Leicester of, 12;
evangelists of, 22; food shop in London of, 12; mentioned in song, 5; purpose of,
32; renamed, 40, 51; sends out first woman as supervisor-evangelist, 22;
superintendent of, 6. See also Salvation Army, The
Christmas work. See Lamplighter Brigade; Social welfare
Churches (other than Salvation Army):
Episcopal, 19; Methodist Conference, 20; Methodist New Connection, 20;
miscellaneous church names, 151;
Primitive Methodist, 8; Quakers, 21; view of Army by other churches, 127,
129; Wesleyan, 19
Clinton, IA, 151
Clothing. See Uniforms
Coleman, Mary Ann, 135, 138
Colorado Division, 143
Communion, sacrament of, 109, 123, 123 n
Congress: in Hull, 142; in London,
14 n.15, 33 n, 35 n, 41 n.12, 55 n.13,
57 n, 62 n.21; Freeth St. building of,
described, 55, 55 n.13; named officially
by Army, 53; welcomes Eliza and Annie
back to Coventry, 142. See also Factory, coach
Coventry Fair 53, 53 n.8
Dale, John T. “Happy Jack” (Annie Shirley’s second husband), 151
Dancing in Army gatherings, 33, 66
Danville, IL, 143
Darwell, Meg., 79-80, 86
Davis, Annie, 22, 59
Derby, Eng., 12, 145
Des Moines, IA, 143, 151
Detroit, MI, 144
Docker, Jimmy, 4, 6, 14-15, 14 n.15, 26,
55, 103
Docker, Mrs. Katie (Katharine) (cousin of
Beck), 3, 5, 15
Doughnut girl, 143
Dover, NH, 150
Drumhead. See Penitent-form
Drunkards’ brigades, 22
E
Elgin, IL, 143
F
Factory (first home of Coventry Corps;
former dancing saloon and factory). See Factory, Salvation
Factory, chair (site of first Army work in Philadelphia; also called Salvation
Factory after the Salvation Factory in Coventry; later called Philadelphia #1
Corps): description of, 125, 140; location of,
107-108; opening date of for Army
meetings, 110; painting of, 49; receives
donation for benches, 111; rental price of,
109. See also Philadelphia #1 Corps.
Factory, coach (second home of Coventry
Corps, located on Freeth St.; continued
to be called Salvation Factory, although
official name was #35 Corps): 55,
55 n.13
Factory, Salvation (first home of Christian
Mission in Coventry: NOTE: first Army
hall in Philadelphia also took this name):
location in Coventry of, 11; poster
advertisement of; 3; War Congress report
at, 51-53. See “Factory, chair” for
Salvation Factory in Philadelphia
Fall River, MA, 150
Federhen Hall (Boston, MA), 149
Female Ministry, by Catherine Booth, 61 n.19
Fiddler Josh, 12
Fights at Army gatherings, 7-8, 22, 34, 39, 82-83, 90, 129-130, 133, 149-150
Finances in Army, 12 n.11, 12 n.12, 13, 16, 59, 80, 80 n.1
Five-saloon Corner, Philadelphia, 112-113, 121, 126
Flag, Salvation Army, 61-62, 82, 136, 172
Flame Madsen, 92-93
Flint, MI, 144
Food depots, 12, 22
Food for the Millions program, 6 n, 21 n
Form (bench for seating congregation at meetings), 13, 13 n.13, 16 n. See also Penitent-form (prayer bench, not for sitting)
Free-and-easy meeting, definition of, 11 n
Funeral services in Army, 68 n.25

G
Gaol, Warwick (prison), 38, 69
Germantown, PA (city), 139
Germantown Road (street in Philadelphia), 114, 125
Gipsy Smith, 39, 39 n.9
Glory girls, 70, 79
Gospel Trumpet, The. See Allsop, Annie
Great Falls, NH, 150

H
Hackney, Eng., 39
Hallelujahs. See Women preachers
Hammersmith, Eng., 135
Handkerchief waving, 34, 59
“Happy Eliza.” See Haynes, Eliza
Harrow, Sam, 26-27, 67-68
Harry Hill’s Theater (New York City), 137
Haynes, Eliza (“Happy Eliza”), 46, 70, 70 n.26
Hood, Dr. Joseph R., 139-141
Hull, Eng., 142

I
Instruments. See Musical Instruments.
Iowa (state), 151. See also city names in Iowa
Irons, Brother, 55, 67

J
Jamestown, ND, 143
Jerseys. See Uniforms

K
Kansas Division, 143
Kenosha, WI, 143
Kentucky (state), 151
Keokuk, IA, 151
Knee drills (prayer meetings), 52

L
Lamplighter Brigade, The (Army Christmas carolers), 68
Lawrence, MA, 145, 149
Leamington, Eng., 142
Leeds, Eng., 66
Leicester, Eng., 12, 28, 71
Lewiston, ME, 150
Liverpool, Eng., 141
London, Eng., 12, 51-52, 141: East End in, 21, 52, 108, 142; Mile End Waste in, 6 n; West End in, 11; Whitechapel Hall in, 136
London Corps (London, Ontario, Canada), 145, 147-149
Londonderry, Ireland, 143
Love feast, 26, 26 n.1, 54, 125-126, 141. See also Communion

M
Maine Division, Massachusetts and, 143, 151
Manchester, Eng., 142
Mankato, MN, 143
Maquoketa, IA, 151
Marriage of Army officers. See Orders and Regulations
Marshalltown, IA, 151
Matlock, Eng., 142
Military terminology adopted by Salvation Army, 51-53
Milwaukee, WI, 143
Minneapolis #1, MN, 143
Minnesota Division, 143
Moore, Major (commander of Army forces in North America), 146-150
Morris, Emma, 135
Musical instruments used by Army: brass instruments and bands, 52, 52 n.4, 56, 132, 142; concertinas, 5, 14, 30, 52, 87, 112, 132-133, 143; drums, 5, 14, 132, 150; guitar, 27, 34, 87, 132, 143; miscellaneous other instruments, 5, 52, 87, 112, 143, 150; stringed instruments and bands, 30, 52; tambourines (also called timbrels), 5, 14-15, 34, 52 n.4, 132, 150
Open-air meetings: ban against singing at, 69; converts needed to participate in, 125; dancing in, 33; fire attracts first crowds to, in Philadelphia, 114-115; first site of, in Philadelphia, 112; forbidden by New York City ordinance, 137; held by Railton on shipboard, 137; held in conjunction with indoor meetings, 22; legality of, 35-36; origin of, 21; pictured in sketch of marchers, 121; at Pool Meadow, Coventry, 28, 33; restricted by Philadelphia mayor, 113-114. See also Fights

Orders and Regulations of Salvation Army, 53-54, 132

Passive resistance ("fers") in Army philosophy, 8, 28, 87, 87 n.2

Pasty, Cornish (meat pattie), 85, 92, 110, 144, 156-157

Paterson, NJ, 42, 87, 145

Peabody, MA, 150

Pearson, Beck (Elizabeth, Becky): appointed to USA, 135; conversion of, 25; description of, 4; first sings at meeting, 27; goes to Nottingham as corps helper, 68; has parental permission to become soldier, 54; lists women coming to USA, 135; writes Eliza from Nottingham, 70, 135

Pearson, William, 53 n.10, 145, 145 n.1

Peg Poll, 90-92, 103

Penitent-form: is drumhead in open-air meetings, 5, 27, 129, 132; scenes at, in sketches, 27, 79, 105; uses of, 14 n.14, 28, 65, 73, 82, 85, 93, 116, 147, 149

Pennsylvania Division, Western, 143, 151

Penny Songbooks, 93, 138

Periodicals, Army: Christian Mission Magazine, reports quoted from, 8 n.5, 14 n.15, 33 n.4, 35 n.5, 41 n, 52 n.6, 55 n.13, 57 n, 62 n.21; Salvationist, 82; Salvation News, 164 n; War Cry, 52, 52 n.6, 135, 145-146, 164; White-winged Messenger, 52, 52 n.6

Persecution of Salvationists: See Authorities, civil; Churches, view of Army by; Fights; Open-air meetings; Publicans; Weapons; Women preachers, debate over

Philadelphia, PA (city): is center for silk making, 42, 87, 92; mentioned by General Booth as USA city where Army began, 136; is scene of Shirleys' first evangelistic work in USA, 105-116, 121-138; welcomes Railton's party, 137-138

Philadelphia #1 Corps, PA (former chair factory; first called Salvation Factory after Salvation Factory in Coventry): commanded by Amos and Annie Shirley, 131; has Eliza Shirley Symmonds and her husband as commanding officers, 143; name given to, 131; proclaimed first corps in USA, 138; receives official Army flag, 138. See also "Factory, chair" for earlier activities of #1

Philadelphia #2 Corps, PA: commanded by Eliza, 139; proclaimed one of first corps in USA, 138; receives flag, 138; rental of, 131

Pittsfield, MA, 150

Poster(s). See Poster(s)

Police. See Authorities, civil

Portland, ME, 150

Poster(s) (also called placards, bills) and other printed Army advertisements: advertises Army meetings in Coventry (3, 37, 54, 70), in Nottingham (70), in Philadelphia (50, 110, 131), in Scarborough (142); carried into meeting, 14; contain religious slogans, 5; photographs of, 45, 50; used as military challenge by Elijah Cadman, 45

Prayer: methods and philosophy of, 75-77, 88-89, 106; notable examples of, by Annie Allsop (81, 84-85, 90), by Elijah Cadman (136), by Carrie Reynolds (6), by Shirleys (105-106, 111, 128). See also Knee drills

Preaching ladies. See Women preachers

Press coverage of Army activities: in Asbury Park, NJ, 145-146; in Baltimore, 147; in Boston, 149-150; in Coventry, 58, 65, 69; in Des Moines, IA, 151; in London, Ontario, 148-149; in New York City, 137; in Philadelphia, 125-128, 130-131

Price, Clara, 135

Promoted to Glory (Army term defined), 68 n.25
Providence, RI, 150
Publicans (saloon owners): attend Army meetings, 87; definition of, 26, 26 n.2; opposition to Christian Mission and Salvation Army from, 35, 69, 130, 132, 134

Quincy, MA, 150

Racine, WI, 143
Railton, George Scott: admires Shirley family, 139; appointed to USA, 134-135; with Christian Mission, 40; description of, 137; edits Salvation News, 164; finds opposition in New York City, 137; health of, 137; introduced in Philadelphia, 138; praised by Eliza, 139; speaks at Coventry, 56, 56 n.15; trains reinforcements for USA on shipboard, 136; writes to Booth about Eliza’s ill health, 139
Ranks for Salvation Army officers, as first conceived, 51-53, 51 n.2
Red Jacket. See Calumet, MI
Reddy, 115-135; asks how to be saved, 115; conversion of, 116; gets job at silk mill, 126; hung from tree, 129-130; invited to Shirley home, 123; sketch of, 103; tells of background before conversion, 123-124; testifies concerning his conversion, 116, 121-122
Rest Home, Army, 142
Reynolds, Sister (Mrs.) Carrie (Caroline): claims to be first Army “captain,” 63 n.21; description of, 5; financial status of, 12 n.12; first referred to as “captain,” 51; goes before Coventry court, 35; is in command of Christian Mission at Coventry, 5 n.4, 7, 12; is one of “cloud of women sent flying over England,” 22, 59; is part of “Female Band” of Christian Mission, 5 n.3; ministry in Nottingham of, 70; preaches in Coventry meeting, 16; reports for Christian Mission magazine of, 33 n, 35 n, 41 n; reports to Coventry converts on first War Congress, 51-53; sent to Nottingham, 70
Rooster Beecham, 82, 84, 90
Roughs, defined, 4

Sabbath keeping, 94, 114, 124
Saco, ME, 150

Sacraments. See Baptism; Communion
Salisbury, Eng., 52 n.4, 135
Salt Lake City, UT, 143
Salvation Army. The (earlier known as The Christian Mission): attitudes and actions of civil authorities toward (see Authorities, civil); attracts all types and classes of people, 21, 28, 52, 140; Christmas work of (see Lamplighter Brigade; Social welfare); compares itself to rescuer of drowning, 64-65; finances of (see Finances); flag of (see Flag); length of officer appointments in, 139 n; military terminology required by, 51-53; musical instruments in (see Musical instruments); name mentioned in early poster of, 37; obedience, discipline, and activity required of members of, 63, 73-74; orders and regulations of (see Orders and Regulations); origin of name of, 39-40; periodicals of (see Periodicals); press coverage of (see Press coverage); purpose of, 53, 58, 62, 124; ranks in (see Ranks); and sacraments (see Baptism; Communion); songs of (see Songs); statistics of (see Statistics); uniforms and clothing of (see Uniforms); view of other churches toward (see Churches); weapons used against (see Fights; Weapons); women in (see Women preachers); See also Christian Mission, The
Salvation Factory. See Factory, Salvation Salvation News. See Periodicals, Army Salvationist. See Periodicals, Army Scarborough, Eng., 142
Scripture. See Bible
Seating on Army platforms, 109, 109 n
Shaw, Annie, 135
Shirley, Amos (father of Eliza): appears in Philadelphia court, 134; becomes soldier in Salvation Army, 70; birth of, 152; burial of, in Ashbury Park, NJ (146) and later in Kensico, NY (152); commands Philadelphia #1 Corps, 131; commissioned as captain, 138; description of, 10; drowning of, 145, 149, 150, 152; fired from job, 130; funeral of, 145-146; hired as foreman of Philadelphia silk mill, 92; home address of, in Philadelphia, 127; jailed in Philadelphia, 133; pays court fine of Sister Reynolds, 36; pays for beginning of Philadelphia ministry, 107; photograph of, 96; plays concertina, 112, 133; praised in funeral report, 146; preaching
Shirley, Amos (continued)
of, 9-10; promoted to Glory, 143; serves in Lawrence Corps, 145; serves in Paterson Corps, 145; as silk weaver, 10; song composed by, 164, 164 n; trained in lay Christian leadership, 145; writes Eliza about moving to USA, 87-88; writes Eliza from Philadelphia that Army work needed in USA, 92
Shirley, Mrs. (Amos' mother), 12 n.10
Shirley, Annie Allen (Eliza's mother)(later became Mrs. John Dale): accompanies Eliza to England for restoration of Eliza's health, 141; admits she disregarded call to Christian service, 72; appears in Philadelphia court, 134; appointed divisional commander, 149, 149 n.1; asks Major Moore for assignment after Amos' death, 146, 149; becomes soldier in Salvation Army, 70; birthplace of, 42; commissioned as captain, 138; decides to become full-time Army volunteer, 107; description of, 9-10, 128; as divisional leader, 143; goes to England for rest she needs, 149; jailed in Philadelphia, 133; marries John Dale, 151; opens fire in Bridgeport, CT, 149; opens Boston Corps, 149; photographs of, 50, 97, 98; praised for abilities, 141, 151; promoted to Glory, 151-152; put in charge of Philadelphia #1 Corps, 131; put in charge of Philadelphia #2 Corps, 147; remains loyal to Booth during Moore's secession, 146, 150; returns to USA, 142; serves in London, Ontario, 145, 147-149
Shirley, Eliza (also called “Lizzie”; later became Mrs. Philip Symmonds): appears in Philadelphia court, 134; appointed to many corps in USA, 143-144; becomes soldier in Salvation Army, 70; begins to doubt her relationship with God, 88-89; birth of, 152; burial of, 152; children of, 97 (group photo)—Annie Alma (98-99, 152), Daisy Katherine (98-99, 143-144, 155), Ethel (155), Evangeline E. (98, 143, 155), Shirley (98, 100, 143, 154)—; commissioned as lieutenant and appointed to Bishop Auckland, 74; convicted of sin, 8-9, 16-17, 25; decides for Christ, 18, 71; dedicated in church as infant, 9, 12; defends Katie Docker in open-air, 7; description of, 4, 9, 128; firecracker thrown under skirt of, 129; first sings in meeting, 27; first speaks in open-air, 26; given childhood blessing as future preacher, 12 n.10; has consent of parents to become officer, 73; has hints of her “destiny,” 8, 14, 34; has physical breakdown and goes to England for rest, 139, 141; has variety of corps appointments in England, 142-143; interviewed by General Booth, 73; jailed in Philadelphia, 133; leaves command of Philadelphia #1 to open #2, 131; marries Philip Symmonds, 142, 152; as musician and singer, 26-28, 34, 87, 98, 112, 143; outlines plans for Army in Philadelphia to first converts, 124-125; praised by Methodist minister, 139-141; praised for oratory, 144; promoted to captain, 134, 138; promoted to Glory, 143-144, 152; rebuked by General Booth for her pride, 142; receives letter from Evangeline Booth just before her death, 165; returns to USA with husband, 143; sees first open-air meeting, 5-8; sermon “How to Be a Hero” by, 117-119; sermon “How to Conquer Depression” by, 158-161; songs by, 162-163; struggles with dedicating her will to God, 67, 70-71; summoned by General, 71; is territorial evangelist for Central Territory, USA, 143; turns down marriage proposal, 131-132; writes to General Booth about starting Army work in USA, 92; writes to General Booth for reinforcements, 130, 135
Singing. See Songs and Singing in Salvation Army
“Slain” in the Lord (or slain in the Spirit), 85-86
Social-welfare program of Christian Mission and Salvation Army: 22-23, 68, 125, 128, 141
Songs and singing in Salvation Army: Army’s “official” song, 53, 53 n.10; lining out of words, 15; titles and words of songs sung by Salvationists, 5, 15, 22, 26-27, 34, 51, 51 n.1, 53, 53 n.10, 56-57, 65, 70-71, 86-87, 87 n.3, 93, 111-112, 115, 122, 124, 128, 132-134, 144-146, 149, 162-164; tunes taken from secular music for, 52 n.5, 126; songbooks (see Penny Songbooks); songster brigades, 52
Soup, soap, and salvation. See Social welfare
Spennymoor, Eng., 135
Stevenson, Hal (newspaper reporter): 127-128, 130-132, 134
Stoke Newington, Eng., 135
Sullivan, Justice, 133
Symmonds, Philip (Eliza's husband): vi, 97, 142-143, 152

T
Taunton, MA, 143, 150
Theatre Royal (Coventry, Eng.), 3, 12-13, 28, 37
Timbrels. See Musical instruments:
tambourines
Trophy(ies) of Grace, 54, 54 n, 57 n, 71 n.27
Turrible Turnip Tucker: brings food and furniture to Annie and Eliza, 84; convicted of sin, 83-84, 86; description of, 82; gives first conversion testimony, 86; mentioned on prayer slip of paper, 80; at penitent-form, 85; sketch of, 103; "slain" in the Lord, 85-86

U
Uniforms and clothing of members of Christian Mission and Salvation Army: 3, 3 n, 5, 14, 29, 52, 55-56, 87, 108, 136

W
War Cry. See Periodicals, Army
Warwick, Eng., 38, 69
Weapons used against, and food objects thrown at, early Salvationists by their enemies: 6, 34, 39, 57, 82, 90, 113, 122, 129, 133, 151. See also Fights
Westbrook, Emma, 135-136, 138
Westfield, MA, 150
West Hertfordpool, Eng., 142
Weymouth, MA, 150
Whitby, Eng., 39, 63-64
Whitechapel. See London
White-Winged Messenger. See Periodicals, Army
Whitsun Fair, 53, 53 n.9
Women preachers (also called Hallelujahs, Glory girls): advertised on poster, 3; called "Glory girls," 70, 79; called "Hallelujah Females" and "Hallelujah Lassies" in Philadelphia, 110, 125-126; Christian Mission appoints first woman as, 22; debate over whether women preachers are proper and scriptural (pro: 11, 12, 41, 57-61, 106-107, 132, 141, 148; con: 3, 10, 15-16, 18, 28, 36, 41, 72, 83, 108, 113, 148); Eliza described as epitome of, 124, 126; discussed in Female Ministry, 61 n.19; identified with Christian Mission, 5, 14; known as "Female Band" of Christian Mission, 5; proportion of, as officers in 1879, 61 n.20; referred to as "cloud of women sent flying over England," 22, 59; sent as "Hallelujah Lassies" by General Booth to USA, 134, 136; shown in sketch, 51
"And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear."

—Isaiah 65:24.