

The

Wargale Booth

Collection

## Chapter Eight

### Personal Glimpses — Autobiographical

#### The One Source (Tufts University)

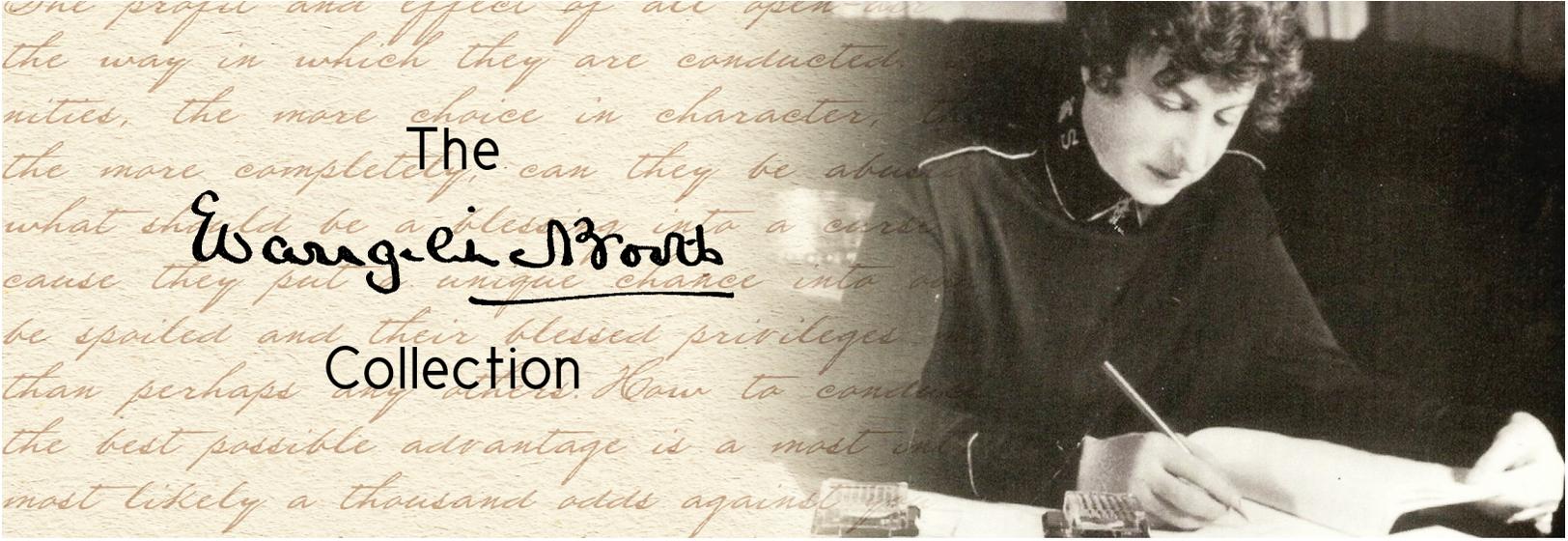
The honor which has today been conferred upon me by this distinguished institution touches my heart deeply, the more so because in its bestowal there is recognition of some personal effort that I have made in behalf of the world's good.

The appreciation of our fellows of anything we are or have accomplished is a gift beyond all others. It is a gain that cannot be taken or torn from us. It kindles in the heart and memory a light that can alone be extinguished with the life of the individual.

I understand that the original purpose in conferring this degree was to give the recipient the duty and the privilege of proclaiming publicly that system of knowledge embraced in the Faculty of Arts — a privilege and a duty which I have exercised from my youth up — and it is a great happiness for me to receive, even at this late date, from such an authoritative source the justification of this assumed prerogative.

This particular degree has reference to science and to philosophy rather than to theology, medicine, or law. The objective of science and philosophy is, or ought to be, the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number. The achievements of science and philosophy are knowledge and wisdom. From my earliest years I have been taught that all knowledge and all wisdom are found in their fullest expression in the person of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and from my earliest years I have believed that in directing men to Him I was directing them to the Fountainhead of all wisdom.

Because of this I was led to consecrate my every power — physical, mental, and spiritual — to this service, without any thought as to honor, or in the smallest degree soliciting the praise of men.

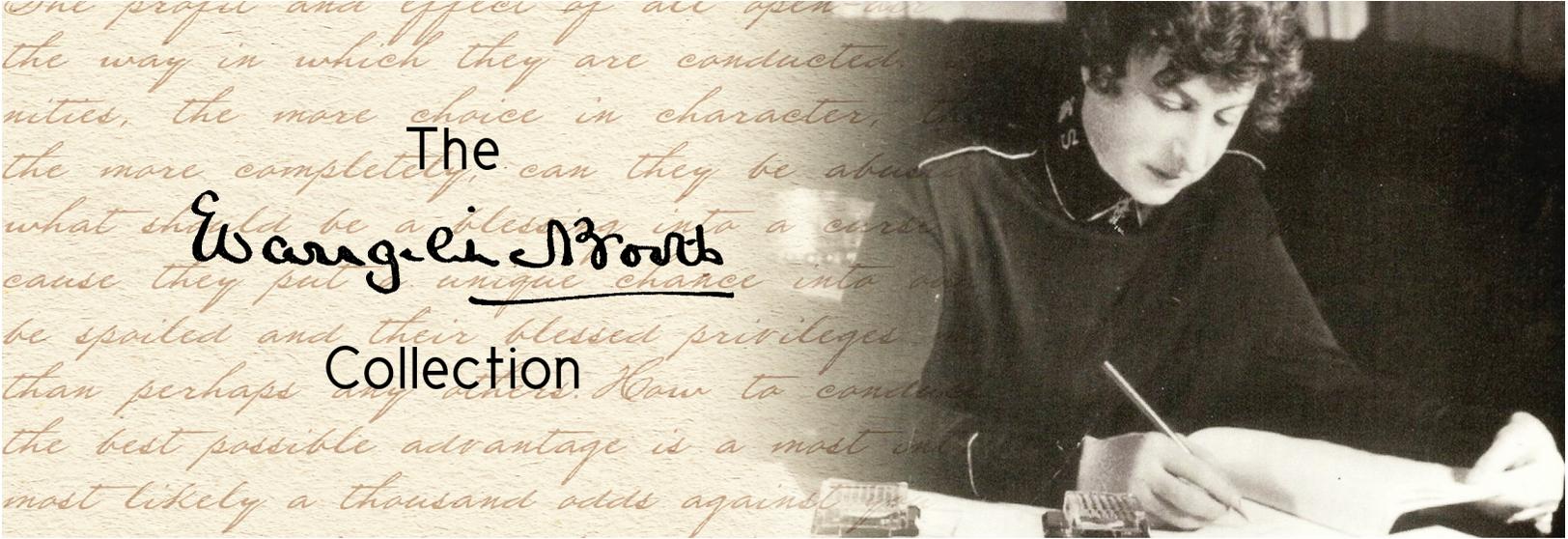


Yet I have not been without ambition. My father, at the conclusion of an interview with the late King Edward, said, "Your Majesty, some men's passion is gold, but my passion is man!" And I am ever seeking to place my feet in the footprints he has trailed across the sands of time. My greatest ambition, my highest thought, my tenderest prayer, the very zenith of my aspirations, journeying with me through the years have been that I, by the merits of God's grace and the Cross of Calvary, might be accounted worthy to stand with my father and mother, arrayed as they shall be arrayed, before His throne upon the gladdest Morning the world will have ever seen.

Whether it was that my birth was on Christmas Day, or that that Christmas Day happened to be on the Sabbath, or that the home in which I was born was next to a church, where the chime of the bells called the people to worship; whether these events cast their shadows before them, marking the way I was to pass, I cannot say.

I would rather think it was the ineffaceable impression made upon my awakening soul one deeply solemn night when my mother taking me by the hand, led me out under the great canopy of the skies, and pointing up to the stars, those gems that brighten night's sable throne, told me the story that has come down through the ages of the Star and the Scepter blazing a path to that holy place where intermingled the great and the small, the learned and the simple, wise men's robes and shepherds' smocks, that awakened within my soul a thirst to illumine, in some measure, as one of those stars, the darkness of this world.

The spirit of my prayer was that the light within me might be but the reflection of a glory that was not my own, shining with penetrating rays — the rays of truth, of justice, of goodness, of worthiness of soul; that God, through me, should reveal men's souls unto themselves, that they, seeing sin in all its hideous reality, might turn from it and live; that I, like that Star over Bethlehem, might mark the way to the hallowed spot where the weary may find rest; to the rugged cross where the sin-laden wanderer can lay down his burden; to the Source of all life where the desolate of heart, the broken in hope, the fallen by the way shall find their everlasting peace. Then the purpose of God in my having come into the world would be achieved.



I felt then, and I feel now, that whatever charms, or riches, or earthly possession, or the admiration or love of mankind, might come to me as a result of a kindly interest in my fellows, these would be but as accumulated ashes, the fires of their value burnt out, apart from my life through grace having proved to be a star shining through the vast expanse of men's souls and lighting them to God.

This ambition, in my early days, led me to put aside my customary dress and clothe myself in rags that I might reach the lowest and darkest places, those where the bodies and souls of men struggle against unutterable conditions and unmasterable miseries and go down.

And as I have come along the journey I have been required to make sacrifices of things infinitely precious to the human heart. But, oh, the vast reward! I have seen violence conquered by smiles, obstinacy by tolerance, ignorance by truth, anger by gentleness.

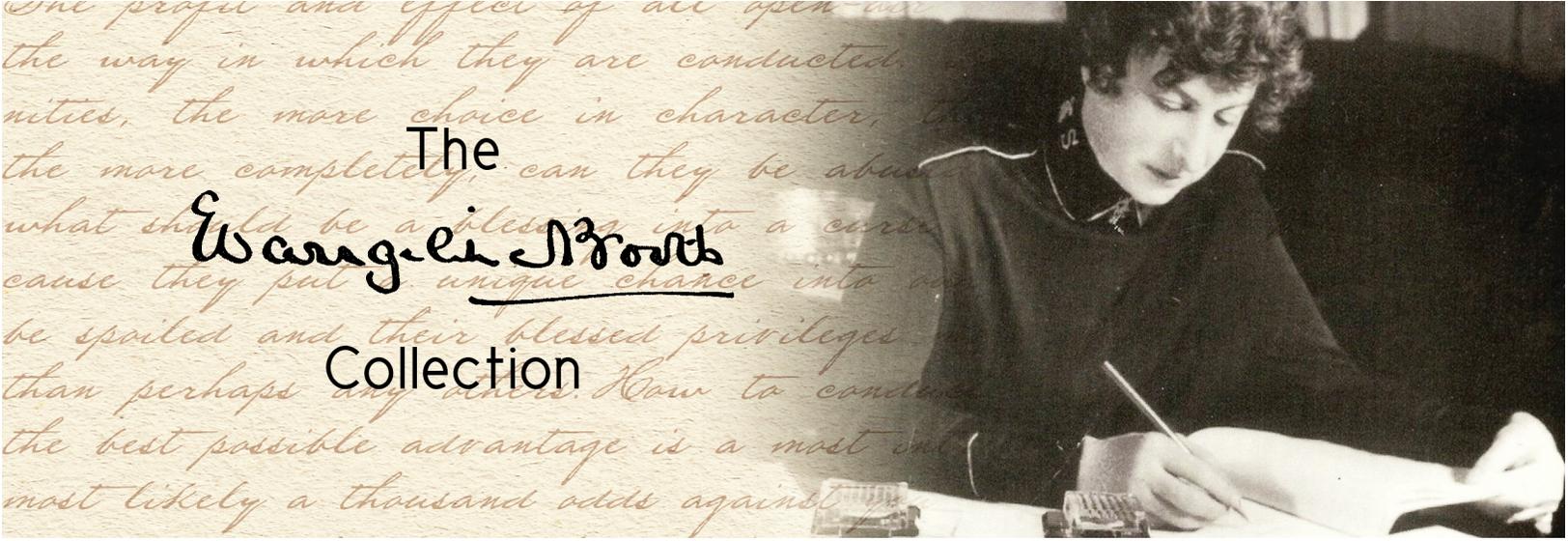
I have seen the black holes of superstition and ignorance illumined by the down-flashing of revelation. I have seen the satanic powers of hideous cruelty, barbarous injustice and wanton oppression surrender to the ministry of kindness. I have seen exacting extortion fall before pity for "him that hath none to help him."

I have seen intellects, armed with the assured impregnable defenses of infidel argument, that have ventured to question the immovable, unalterable fact that God is, stripped of their strength by the simple faith of a little child.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is only one law for all government, one panacea for all ill, one redress for all wrong, and that is love of God.

The man that lives in the practice of virtue, in the worship of God, in the pursuit of righteousness, contributes riches of inestimable worth to the uplift of the world.

But let me say (Dr. Cousens, I hope it will not be out of place) I feel I cannot close this address without an appeal to all to turn their eyes to the one Source from which flows that which alone can ennoble any calling or any vocation. We cannot live without Him. What, without His guiding



hand, is life? What, without His enrichment, can be true treasure? What, without His blessing, can abide permanently? More and more is the language of my heart:

*A boat at midnight sent alone  
To drift upon a moonless sea,  
A flute whose leading chord is gone,  
A wounded bird, that hath but one  
Imperfect wing to soar upon,  
Are like what I am, without Thee!*

Believing in your sympathy with me in the work to which I have set my hand, I can only ask that you pray for me that I may be kept strong in courage, unfaltering in constancy, untrammelled in belief in God, with a faith radiant in the sunrise of an eternal dawn.

### **My Covenant**

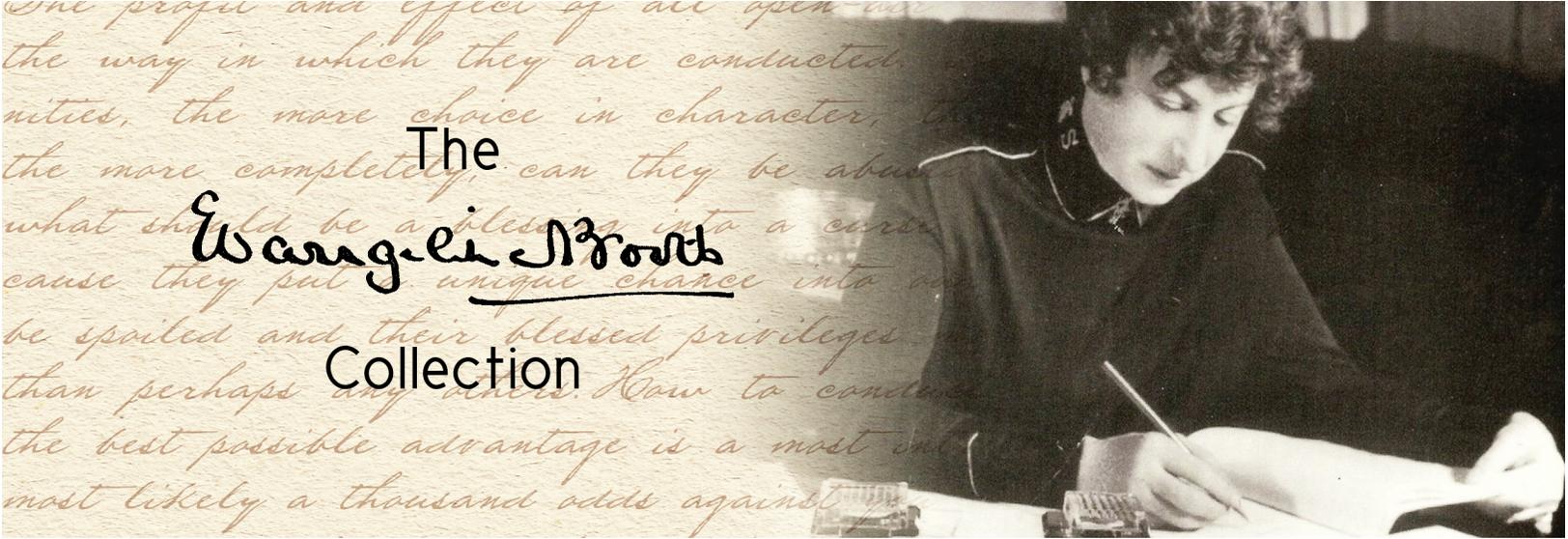
*An address of Acceptance by Evangeline Booth, delivered in London on the occasion of her election by the High Council as the General of the Salvation Army, September 4, 1934.*

*From The Officers' Review (International Headquarters, London) , January-February 1935.*

I stand before you trembling, not with the honor conferred upon me — although I think I sense this to the full — but trembling with the wakening realization of the tremendous obligations you have called me to meet in electing me your General of the world-wide Salvation Army.

As you know, I began my service to God at a very early age, and as you also know, I have lived a long life, not one hour of which has been spent out of the Army.

As it is with most of those who have desired to accomplish great things, I have struggled with a painful sense of the limitations of my natural gifts.



But I think I can say here this morning, to the glory of Christ whose love "constraineth us," that is any one has witnessed effort multiplied a hundred-fold, if anyone has seen adversity bring forth blessing, if any one has beheld a small thing assume influences and powers that were mighty, surely it is !!

God has been good to me. In times when I could not see His face, He has been good to me. He has kept my soul a steadfastness of faith that has brought down through the years that compelling force which predominates, influences and permeates all beside — that force, the master passion of the cross!

While I take this election to indicate that I am chosen of God and of you to be your General, I discern in this elevation the injunction of our Lord Himself:

"Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

These words constrain me here this morning to make a covenant with you, that you may know something of what is my thought as to my service to you.

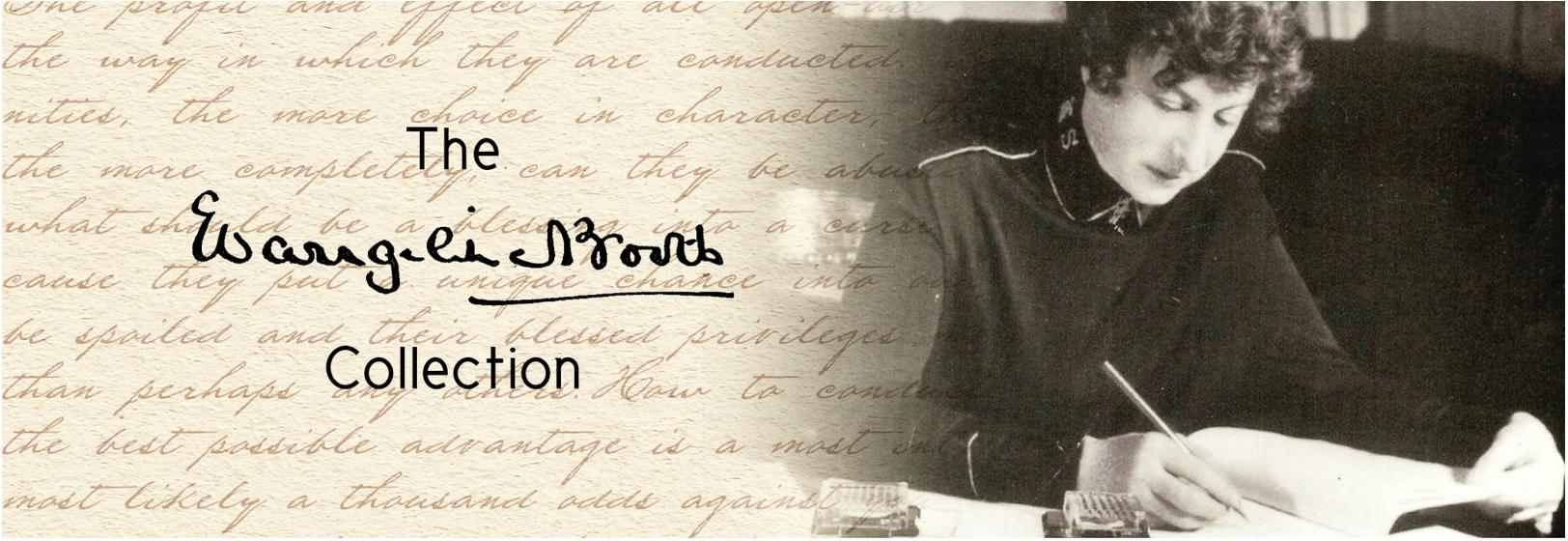
By the constraint of His love, I will serve you in a ministry of holiness, joyful and earnest, and all-compelling in moral power.

I will seek to proclaim the old truths with new energy and with new vitality.

I will seek to preach among you the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Not with faltering tongue, or unsound or questionable teaching, but I will preach it as the Apostles of old preached it: the one controlling principle of the soul: the one motive power; the mighty in life, the source of all morals, the inspiration of all charity, the sanctification of every relationship and the sweetness of every toil.

I will preach it with a heart of constancy that will change not.

I will preach it in the spirit of prayer, that I may minister unto you Divine aid.



Every impulse of my being shall be to this end. Every talent I possess, every physical, mental and spiritual gift with which God has endowed me, I consecrate to this one purpose.

I will ask no privileges, I will seek no honors, I will accept no benefits, I will look for no friends but such as will help me to minister to you — the leaders of the Army at the different points of our world-embracing battlefield — a ministry that will help you bring the Kingdom of God on earth in the hearts and lives of men.

I will give no time, I will expend no energies, I will not even pray prayers that will not help me to help you bring the Kingdom of God on earth in the hearts and lives of men.

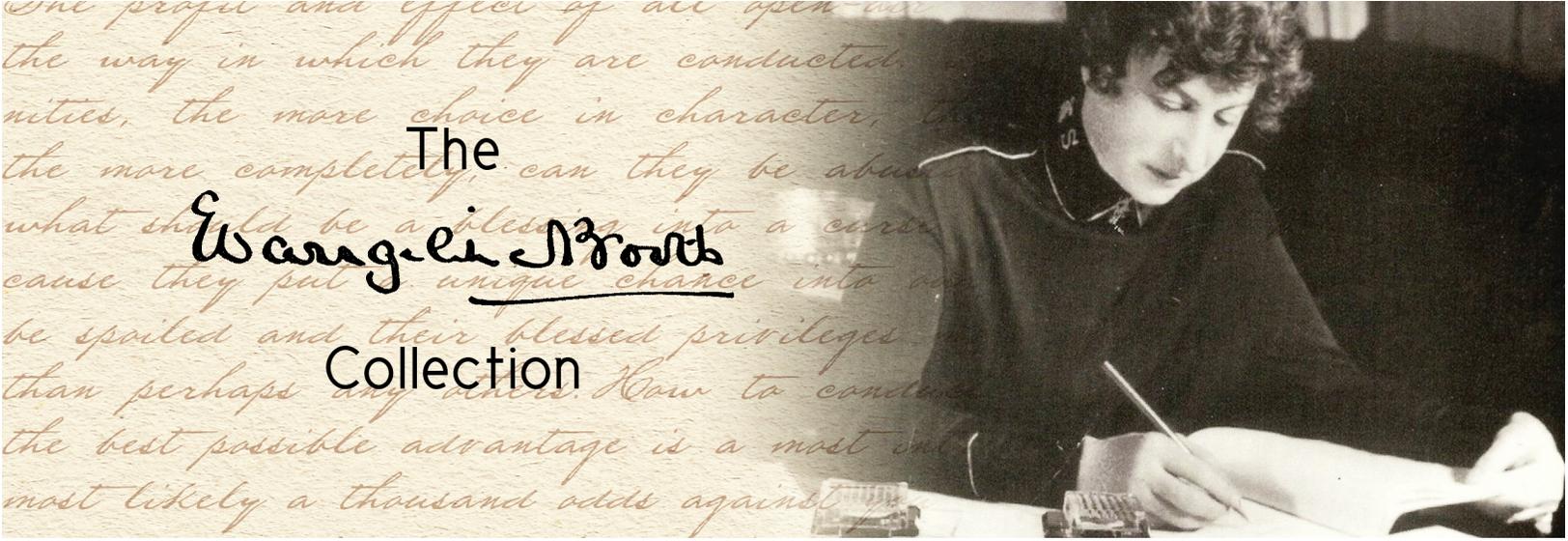
I will be among you also "as one that serveth." You shall not find me lacking in rendering you separately, or as a body, together with those dear to you, and service of which I am capable that is in harmony with your high calling and with my office.

But, standing upon my knowledge of the all-sufficient grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I do not hesitate also to promise that in every sense I will be to you a leader in the great trust which your choice has imposed upon me.

You will ever find me in the front. You will find me in the foremost line of our warfare's most heated conflict, whatever for that conflict may take.

Whether it is seeking to unravel the knotty entanglements of the sorest problems of my executive office; whether it be along the firing-line of attack upon the enemies of Christ on public fields; or whether it be in the position of butting off the shell and shot of harm to our organization, or to our humblest soldiery, I am determined that none shall be before me. None shall surpass me in toil. None shall surpass me in sacrifice. None shall surpass me in abandonment of self.

Here this morning, with prayerful deliberation, in the presence of this important assembly, and in the presence of God, I dedicate every power I possess, for life or for death, to the stupendous obligation of filling the office to which I am called, with fidelity, with purity, and with wisdom, so that the blessed life-giving streams of our organization shall reach farther points; shall be more



widely spread, and that our Army, in this day of strife and struggle, political upheaval, economic distresses and human sorrows, shall sound forth to the world with a more clarion note than ever before the trumpets of "peace on earth" and "Glory to God in the highest." Now I have made my own Covenant, what about you?

What is it I ask of you?

I repeat the words of Jehu: "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, then give me thine hand." (2 Kings 10:15).

I want you all with me. Not one omitted.

I want you all closely with me. Nothing between.

Undividedly with me. No reservations. Wholesouledly with me. Nothing withheld.

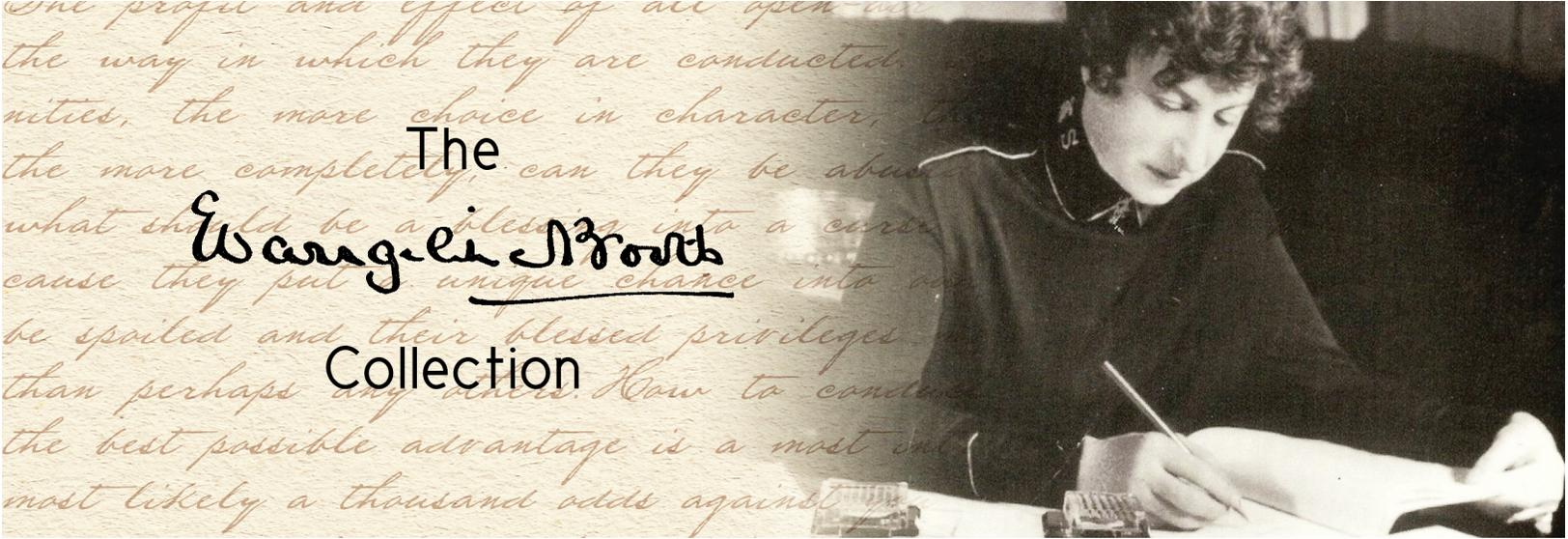
If all are friends in this room but one, then I have one friend too few. Let not a single heart be set against me.

This General arrangement is the nearest to the marriage altar I have ever come. You have taken me for "better or for worse." Now try me, and see how much "better" you will find me, and how little "worse." If more worse than you expect it won't last long.

But do not let any one set his heart against me before I get started!

All our hearts must be set one with the other, against every evil thing that would hurt the Army. We know that by union the smallest things become great; and by discord the greatest things are destroyed.

I can never find time for sight-seeing. Perhaps I am stupid in this way, or, I should say, perhaps this is one of the ways in which I am stupid.



I have been thirty years in the United States, but not any of the physical features of renown of that great country have I visited — not even Niagara Falls, or that marvelous, unparalleled grandeur of nature, The Grand Canyon, or the other sights which visitors come from all parts of the world to look up. I simply could not take time away from my work.

But I did have the pleasure of spending three days in Switzerland a few years ago, and for the first time looked upon the glory and majesty of the Alps.

As I lifted my eyes to their snow-crowned summits, I observed the greatest impression made upon me was not that of the isolated mountain peak of Jungfrau lusting her lovely head clear into the sky. It was that made by the colossal dimensions of the whole range of mountains.

I trembled with emotion as I gazed upon their mighty shoulders, erect in each other's strength, shining in the light reflected from each other's sunbathed faces, and in their billowing structure appearing to lean upon each other's support.

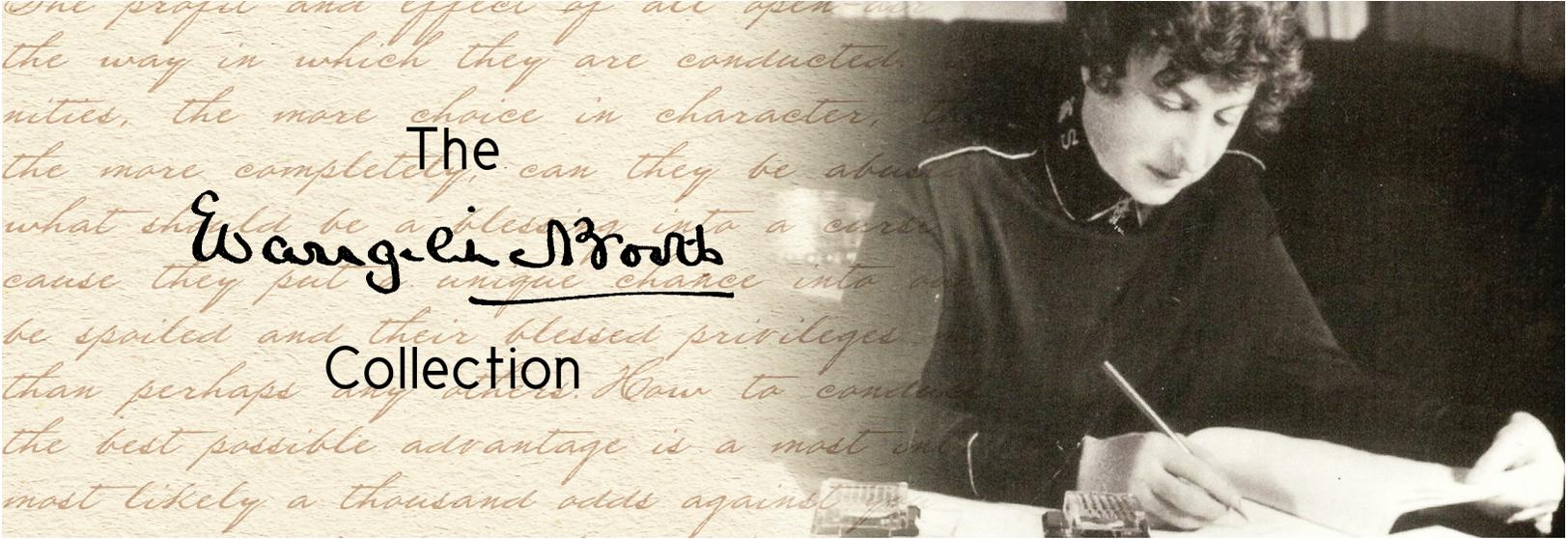
It can never pass from my vision, the sight of them.

So it is with us in this room. We are as a range of mountains. We must all tower together. If one mountain-peak is a little higher than the rest, it is only for the glory of the whole

We must stand together shoulder to shoulder, and present to the world one vast mountain-range of righteousness and truth, robed with the snow-white mantle of "Holiness unto the Lord."

### **Evangeline's Four Adopted Children**

*A most diligent search of the voluminous archives revealed no existing letters to her four adopted children: Dorothy, Jai, Pear and Willie. However, the Railton Centre in Toronto produced several photos, some of which we have included. There are scattered references to the children in various publications.*



*The War Cry* (Toronto, July 31, 1897) describes their involvement in a Good Friday meeting, as follows:

"As each section of the cross was added, Dot sang a well-chosen chorus which emphasized the point which the Commissioner had brought out, as well as introduced a diversion to avoid a strain upon the audience's beautiful attention."

"Willie and Pearl sang several choruses to the great delight of the audience, which liberally applauded them. Everybody fell in love with them at first sight. Are they not a forcible object-lesson of what training may do with pliable lives of children? Many kindly remarks were made by the people about the children; certainly, the sincerest form of praise and recognition of the Commissioner's care, patience, and love so freely given to the development and multiplying of the best emotions and abilities."

*The Toronto World*(n.d.) describes a meeting in Massey Hall:

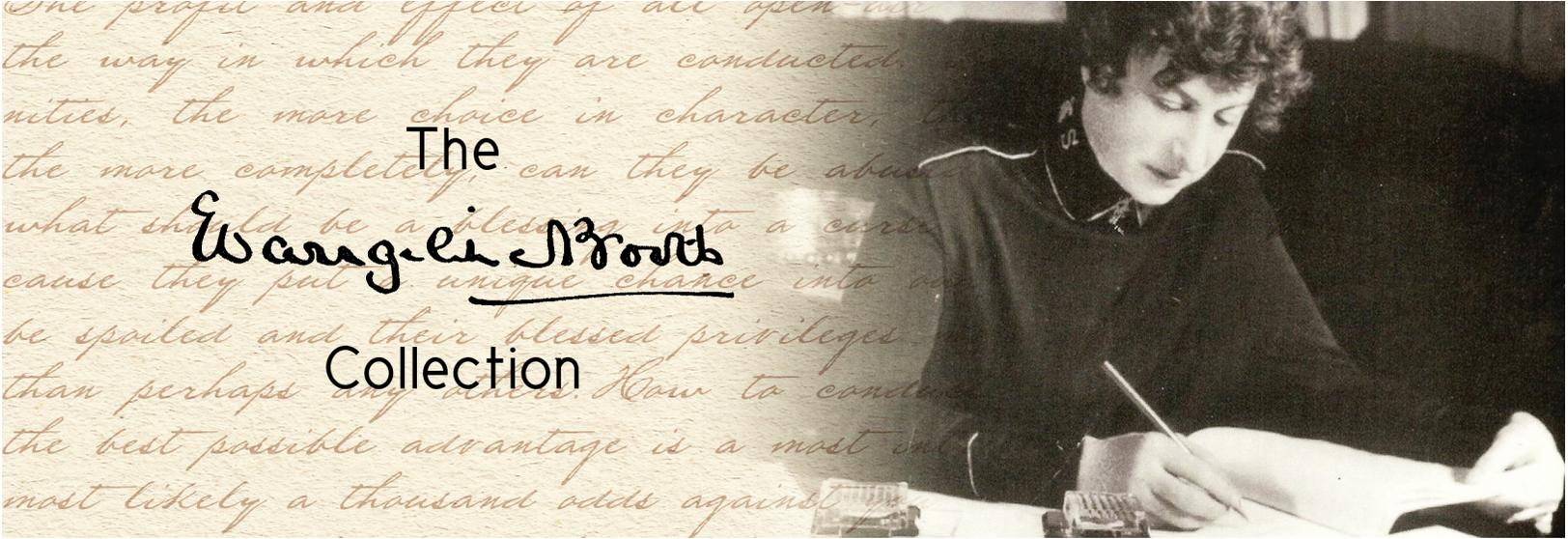
"The Commissioner's little adopted children, Willie and Pearl, began the service by one of them singing in a sweet childish voice to the accompaniment of the auto-harp, played by the other... 'I think when I read that sweet story of old.'"

Earlier references to two of the children are found in Booth-Tucker's "Life of Catherine Booth." At the Army Mother's bedside during her last illness, mention is made of "Dot and Jai, in whom Mrs. Booth had been deeply interested for several years."

To a group of children, she said, "The next time you see me, I shall be in glorified body with white and shining robes. I shall look out for you and Dot and Jai in heaven."

The story continues:

"Dot was speechless with grief. During the earlier stages of Mrs. Booth's illness, she had been allowed to wait on her, arranging her medicines, or running messages, and interesting her with



childish prattle. But now that she had come to say her last goodbye, her little heart, usually so buoyant, seemed too full for language. But the tears that filled her eyes spoke for her.”

Jai responded quite differently:

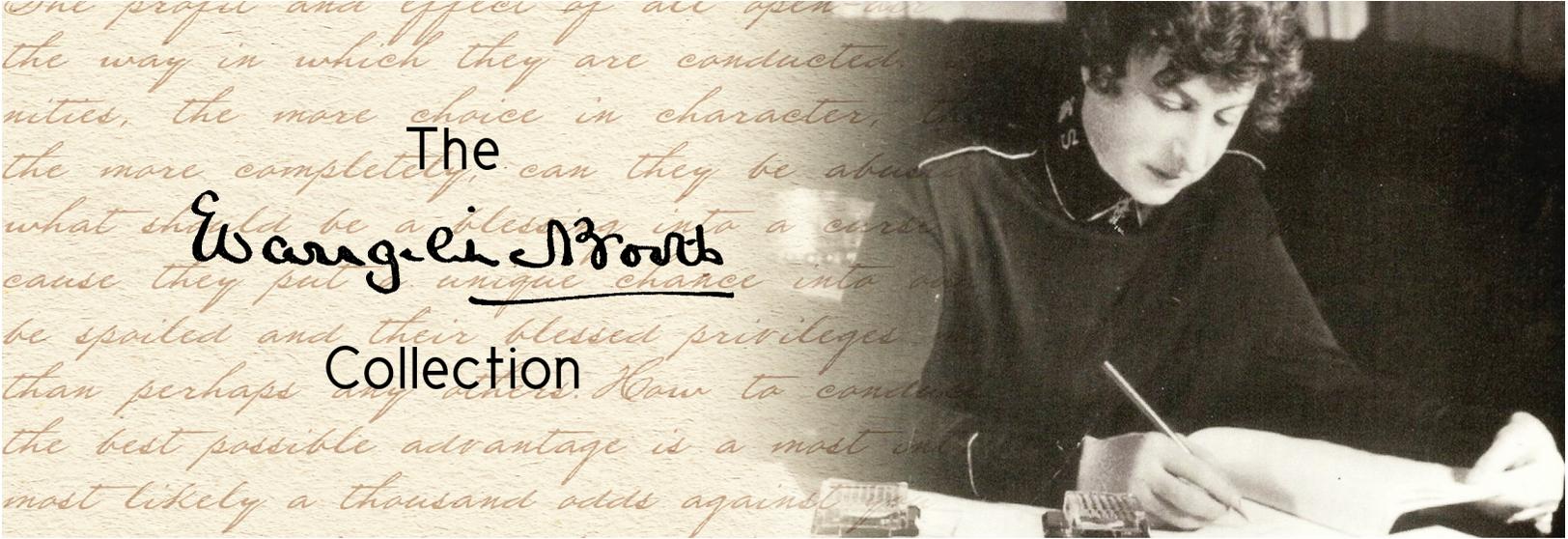
“With practical forethought, little Jai, who was about four years old, had armed himself with a toy musical box, thinking it would help to cheer and soothe the sufferer, and producing it from under his pinafore, while his large dark eyes peered inquiringly into Mrs. Booth’s face, he said, ‘I would play a little music to you, Mrs. Booth, I would, only I’m afraid it would make you worse! But I have been praying for you, and when you are gone to heaven. I am going to take care of my mother, I am.’ (Miss Eva Booth had been his special guardian, and he had been accustomed to call her ‘Mother.’) ‘And when I get old, I shall be a major, and I’ll get lots of souls saved,’ trying with childish instinct to comfort her with what he knew would please her most. And who can tell to what extent the ambition thus implanted in childhood shall hereafter bear fruit in lives of fullest consecration and wholehearted service!”

*Another interesting allusion to Jai was discovered in the London War Cry (December 6, 1890):*

“Commissioner Miss Booth at a recent meeting in England said she had a bad throat and every word uttered gave her pain. That was the reason she could not address them at length that evening, but she had an able Lieutenant in little Jai, a Swiss boy, age 4 years, whom she had adopted when he was only six months old.”

“Little Jai then mounted a chair and sang several favorite hymns. He accompanied his singing with swinging his arms in the true Salvation Army fashion. When the end of the verse was finished, he called ‘altogether!’ in such a commanding tone that many who would not otherwise have sung joined in the chorus with all their hearts under such a youthful leader.”

What happened to these four children in later years? Pearl was promoted to Glory in Buffalo as Mrs. Lt. Colonel Arthur Woodruff, after tending to her mother during Evangeline’s last illness. In an interview later, Lt. Colonel Woodruff suggested that Willie was killed during World War I. No information has been discovered on Dot or Jai. However, there is no doubt about the importance of these four children in the life of their adopted mother, Evangeline Booth.



### Letter to American Comrades and Friends

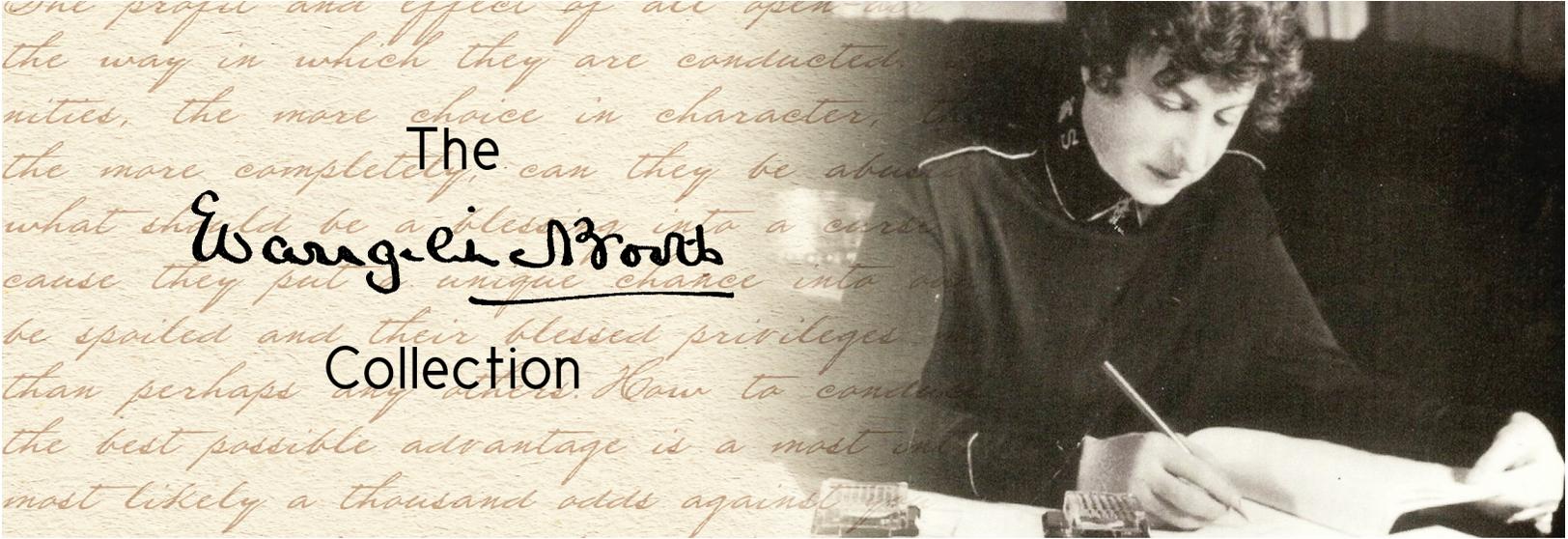
*Upon her appointment to the American command.  
From The War Cry (New York), December 17, 1904.*

My Dear Comrades and Friends:

At our honored General's command, I am to fill the important position of your leader and comrade in the glorious Salvation contest in which you are enlisted. In stepping to the appointment, perhaps I need not say how greatly I am impressed by the magnitude of the undertaking, the immensity of its proportions, the vastness of its opportunities, the weight of its responsibility and the grace, strength and ingenuity required for its successful prosecution.

Then I cannot help but say I am keenly conscious of the poverty of my own abilities for the fulfillment of the great task, which sense is enhanced by the knowledge I possess of the unique gifts of your late beloved Commander-in-Chief. To follow one so laborious, so self-sacrificing, endowed with such inventive genius, demonstrated in multifarious schemes and methods for the salvation of the people, the amelioration of sorrow and the relief of want, is in itself a difficult task. But I am reckoning upon the inspiration of his example remaining with you, and that the spirit he has instilled into your hearts will ensure the heartiest cooperation with my own ambitions and desires, so that we shall not only maintain every new enterprise already on foot, but stretch out still further in the same field of Salvation philanthropy, and so gratify the Commander's heart by realizing to a greater degree the hopes he had entertained.

Then there is one who poured out her life in your midst: my glorified sister, your glorified leader. Her choice attributes of intellect and soul, her gifts of tongue, and pen and heart; her brave soldiery, her wonderful womanhood, have all made great lights which can never be dimmed, up and down the stretches of your vast country. Tens of thousands have been enriched for earth and heaven by the beauty of her influence; our own souls have again and again been quickened and inspired by her blest teachings, and although now lifted from the scene of active struggle, from the field of desperate fighting, her devotion and self-sacrifice, how own words of love and



wisdom, are still with us, strengthening up our hearts in the hard, long pull to make the Blest Shore.

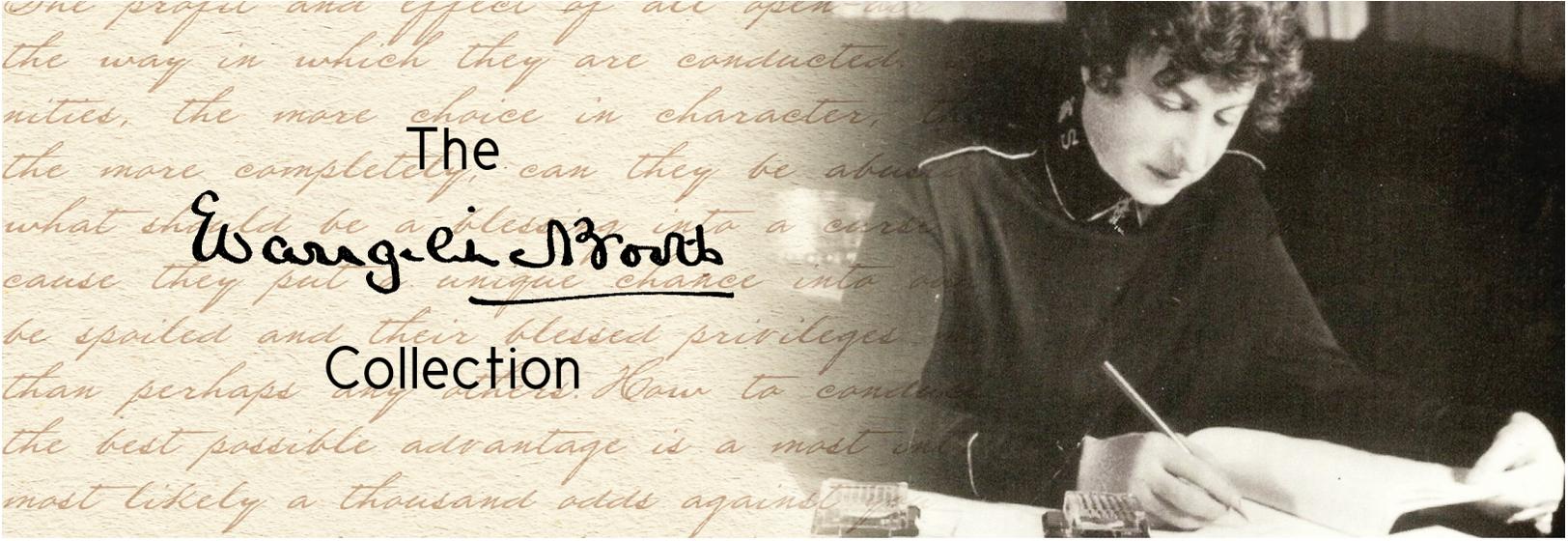
You and I were peculiarly one in the great sorrow of her leaving us. She belonged to the American field by ten thousand fond and special ties; she was mine by the sacred bonds of flesh and blood, and a sister's quenchless love. We have both lost her — yet, in a much surer and safer place than earth, we both have her.

While I cannot lay claim to all the gifts possessed by my predecessors, yet I can, by faith in our Lord and Savior, assure you that in toil, in sacrifice, in prayers, in being instant in season and out of season, in ceaseless endeavor to promote the further happiness and usefulness of my people, in effort to uplift the poor and save the lost, in love strong and changeless, you shall not find me wanting.

I come to you in full recognition and appreciation of the victories you have already recorded. You have battled bravely for the establishment and maintenance of the Army; you have borne many burdens; you have been loyal under strong temptations; you have held on in the face of a thousand foes, and today you stand an invincible band for God and right.

I come to you in the fullness of sympathy for future warfare. Every shot you fire will have the backing of my prayers; every struggle you are engaged in will be interlaced with my ambitions for your triumph; every sorrow that comes to you will wake pain in my own heart; every joy that lightens your spirit will cast sunshine across my own way. Your difficulties, your disappointments, your hard battles and your victories and your happiness will always have me in them, because my sympathy will be with you.

I come to you, not only with passionate love for sinners, and a tender pity for them, but with strong faith, which can unflinchingly, and without exception, believe for their salvation. I believe that those who are the lowest down can be lifted by the Omnipotent Arm of God; those who are the furthest out on the roughest road can come home by the way of the all-forgiving love of God; that those lost in the black darkness of doubt and unbelief can find their way out by the Lamp, the shining Gospel lamp, the light of God.



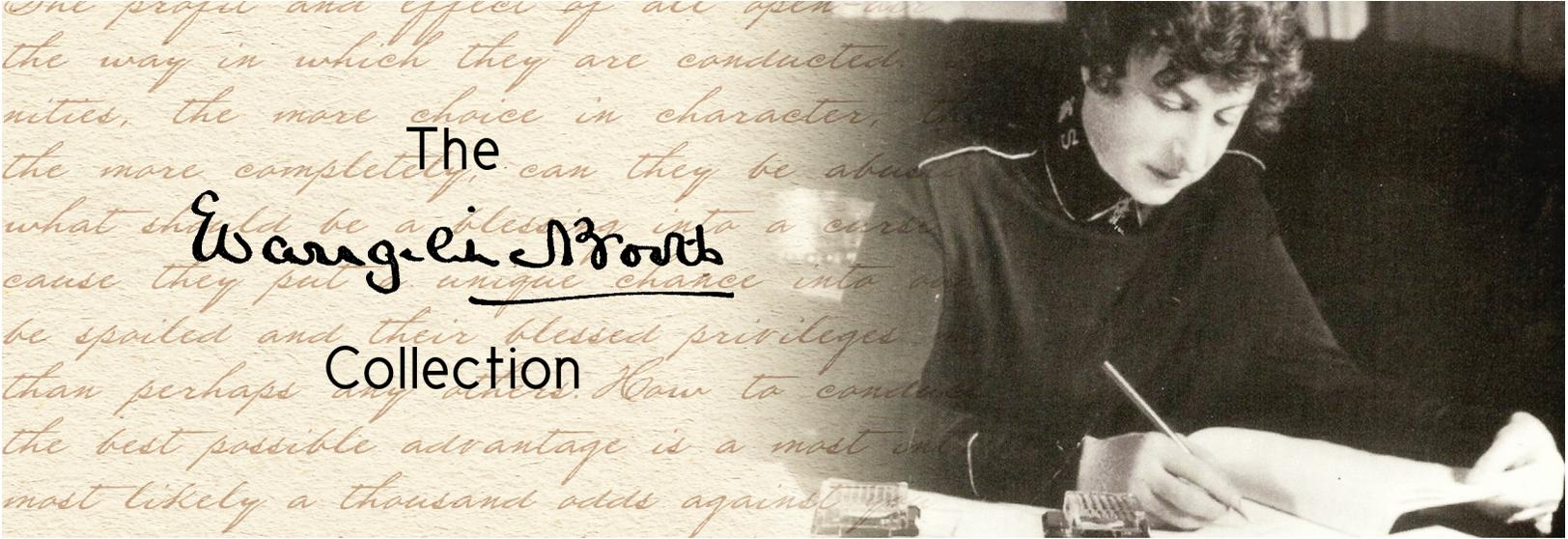
I come to you determined to put forth every effort to save the precious children. They crowd our path, they fill our homes, they are the everlasting song or endless dirge of parent hearts. They hold infinite possibilities for good or evil. Apart from what we can do for them. Tens of thousands are hopeless, helpless, defenseless. We must find them, we must protect them, we must save them.

I come to you with heated ambitions to assist you with your numerous schemes for the alleviation of the poor. The misery, the hunger, the pains of the destitute have pressed my soul from a small child. I shall glory in the opportunity the American command will offer to marshal relief columns into the darkness of your great cities and rescue the victims of poverty and despair.

I come in the name of the Lord God Almighty to lead you on, to establish what is already begun, to strengthen what is weak, to encourage what is timid, to persuade to the front of the feet that lag behind, and by power divine, grace limitless, love boundless, and strength omnipotent triumph in triumphs greater than anything seen or dreamed about in your land. Here and now for the purpose I place all that is within me upon God's altar. Every faculty in my mind I marshal for this assault; every energy of my being I enlist in this cause; every passion of my soul I consecrate to this theme. I shall live for this, I shall work for this, I shall believe for this; that He may make me a great blessing to you.

But I must ask your cooperation, your love, and your confidence. I shall crave for this, I cannot help doing so. My dear and faithful people in my late command have given it to me with a generosity that has surpassed expectations. It has been my stronghold in times of stress and suffering. I cannot help but hope it may be the same with you. In fact, when I look toward the great battle that is before me, I ask it of you, that you will rally around me, that you will follow after me, that you will stand close beside me, and that you will trust me. Day by day, does God spare me, I shall seek to serve you so as to merit it.

In closing I would say that I think you know that I already love you. We first met in battle, in the rattle of shot and burst of shell, and nothing can so quickly weave the web which fastens hearts together as the whirling loom of hardship, loss and trial, and so our hearts became linked up; let



it suffice to say that the thundering, hammering, grinding experience of nearly nine years' war have not severed the threads.

Leaning upon the Arm of Omnipotence and sheltered 'neath the Wing of the Almighty, I pray that we may prove ourselves valiant in battle, fulfil the will of God and gratify the desires of the world-wide heart of our honored General.

Yours for this end.

Evangeline Booth

#### Letters to Her Divisional Commanders

*As Commander-in-Chief in the United States, Evangeline wrote frequently to her Divisional Commanders on a variety of personal and official concerns.*

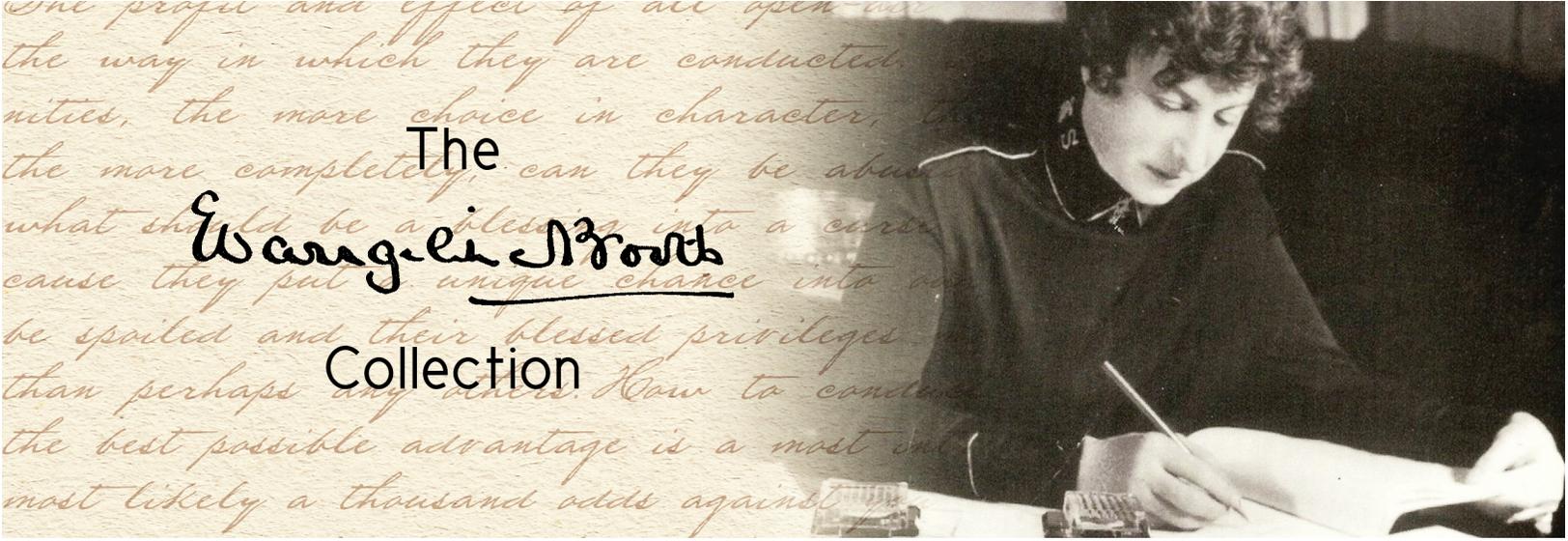
*Here are a few examples.*

National Headquarters  
120 West 14 Street  
New York

August 14, 1926

Personal  
E.C.B

Major and Mrs. Waldron  
204 Federal Street  
Portland, Maine



My dear Major and Mrs. Waldron,

Now that I have sufficiently recovered to do a little dictating, my first and strongest impulse is to send some expression from my heart to my leading officers, the Divisional Commanders. I shall, of course be making an attempt to voice my thanks through The War Cry for the many expressions of thought and sympathy which have reached my sick room during my long and severe illness, but to you I must send a personal word as well.

I have never been so low; I have never suffered so much: I have never been so far removed from all interest in the things of this world. There were many times when it seemed to me that the only chain that held me back was my love for my people and the love of my people for me, and the thought that you might miss me and need me if I left you just yet.

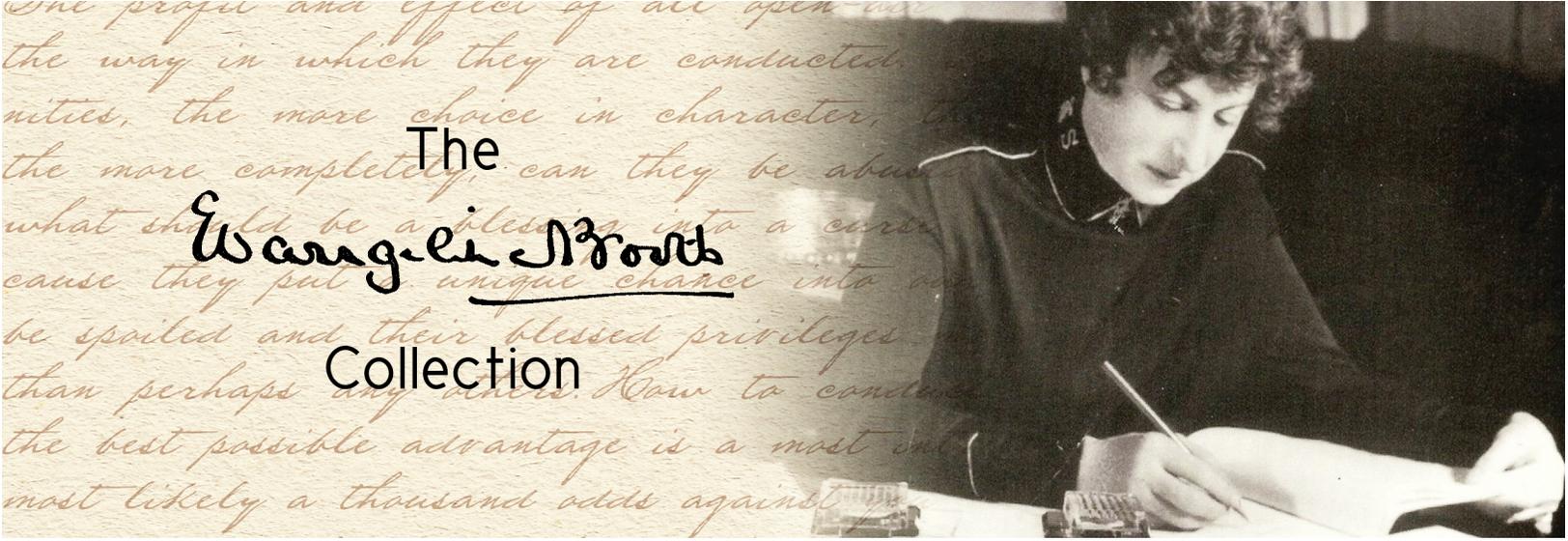
Therefore the expressions of your sincere sympathy and heart feeling for me which reached me during my illness and were read to me by Colonel Griffith when I was able to hear them, without doubt brought to bear upon me the strongest influences to hold me here.

To say I thank you and that I shall never be able to forget your quick and tender sympathy poorly expresses how greatly strengthened is the bond of comradeship and friendship between us, or how heavily my heart is weighted with desire and ambition to be with you again that I may serve you with a truer devotion and a greater abandonment to the interests of our blessed warfare.

While still considerable below my normal condition of health yet I am every day making progress in my climb upward. I know you will continue to pray for me. I want strength and health and nerve energy that I may be able to work hard and long and continuously to lighten the burdens of you all.

I send you both my love. You may depend upon me more than ever for higher leadership and a truer comradeship.

Your Commander to serve you,



Evangeline Booth  
COMMANDER  
National Headquarters  
120 West 14 Street  
New York

December 1, 1928

Personal  
E.C.B

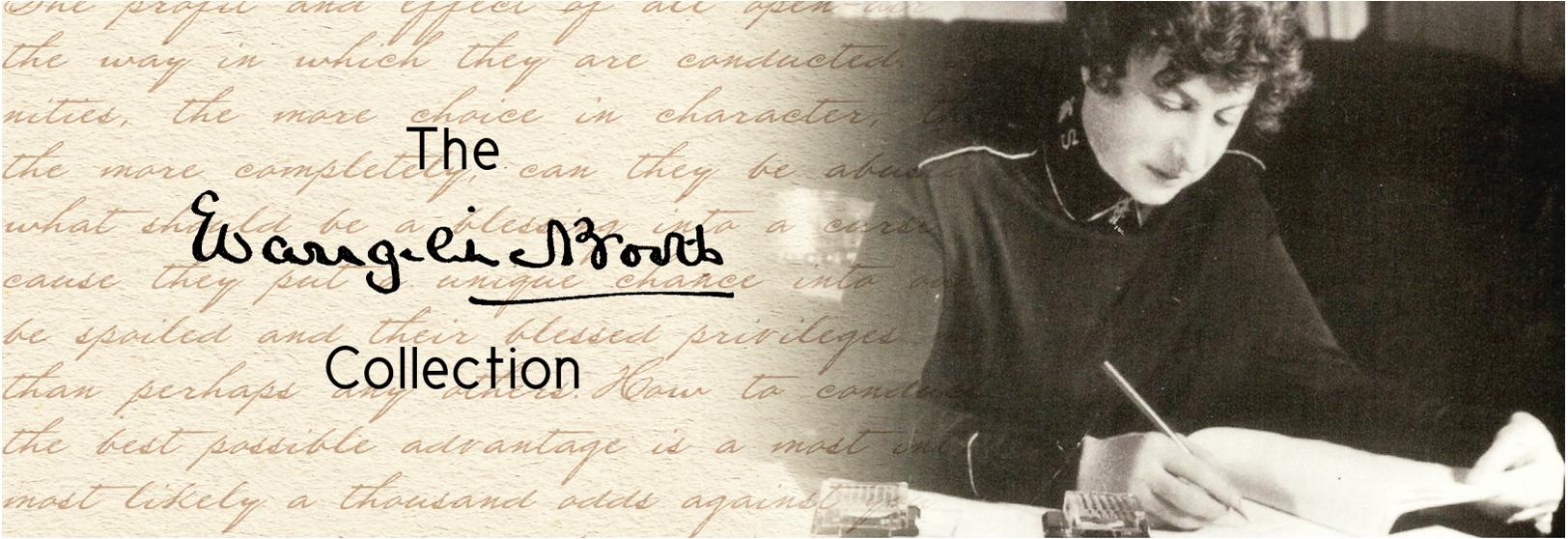
Major John. Waldron  
Scranton, PA

My Dear Major,

I want to write you a few personal lines upon the calling of the High Council.

The receipt of your message, revealing your deep interest and unwavering confidence truly brought me exceptional encouragement, the more so because the sentiments you express with regard to the subject exercising the minds of all officers at the present time are characteristic of those held by the Staff from sea to sea of this great country. Perhaps there has never been a moment in my entire career when I have so warmly appreciated the love and trust of my foremost officers as today, for there has never been a time in my career that I have needed this assurance so sorely.

You evidently apprehend my personal anxiety owing to the continued and serious sickness of the General. For the improvement experienced we must all thank God while we continue to pray that, if it be the divine Will, his critical condition may soon pass, giving us ground for a more hopeful outlook that will ultimately result in complete recovery.



I fear the summoning of the High Council is not quite understood by some. This action — you should know and tell any of your officers and soldiers who might question it — is in perfect harmony with the provisions of the Constitution. The possibility of just such an emergency as that which now arises through the General's prolonged ill-health has been amply provided for in our Deed Poll by the Founder, and the High Council — viz. all the active commissioners and Territorial Commanders — is charged with the responsibility of adjudicating upon any disability that questions the General's fitness to fulfill the duties of his great office.

Should the judgement of the Council confirm the medical testimony and the common observation of the past months, then it will be then it will become obligatory upon the Council to make some provision for the effective occupancy of the High Command, that the work of the Army universal be not only not hindered but advanced with all the necessary urgency.

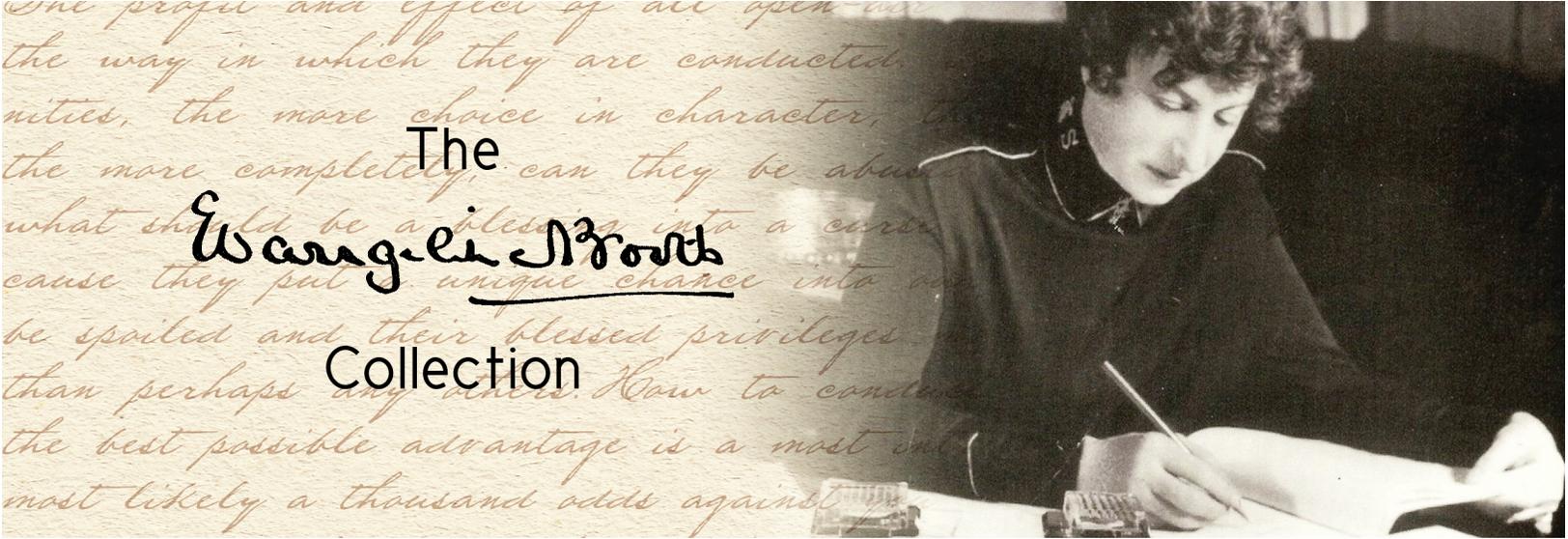
Vital questions have been before the General for many months, all attention to which has been precluded by this unfortunate and deplored sickness. It is very strongly felt in the highest circles of the Army that some solution to these problems must be found in order that the glorious oneness of the Movement shall be preserved and its mighty progress assured. Hence the calling of the High Council.

I was particularly glad to have your message — indeed it was necessary to me — because I go not alone to speak my own conscience upon this and the vital important question of a change in the method of making safe the successorship of our present and future Generals, but I go as the Ambassador for the Army in the United States to represent you and speak for yours. Therefore, you will realize the impetus it has brought to me to know that I am well supported, as every Staff Officer within the precincts of my command has assured me.

I know you will pray for the General, pray for the Council and pray for me. Pray that grace and wisdom and strength divine may be given to us as individuals and all as a body.

Again, thinking you for your ever appreciated confidence, I am as always

Yours depending upon you,



Evangeline Booth  
COMMANDER

P.S. Do not be persuaded that there is any dissension or strife within the ranks. Everything is calm and trustful. In fact, unmistakable evidence has come to me from all quarters that our officers are with all energy going on with their work.

E.C.B.

National Headquarters  
120 West 14 Street  
New York

December 1, 1928

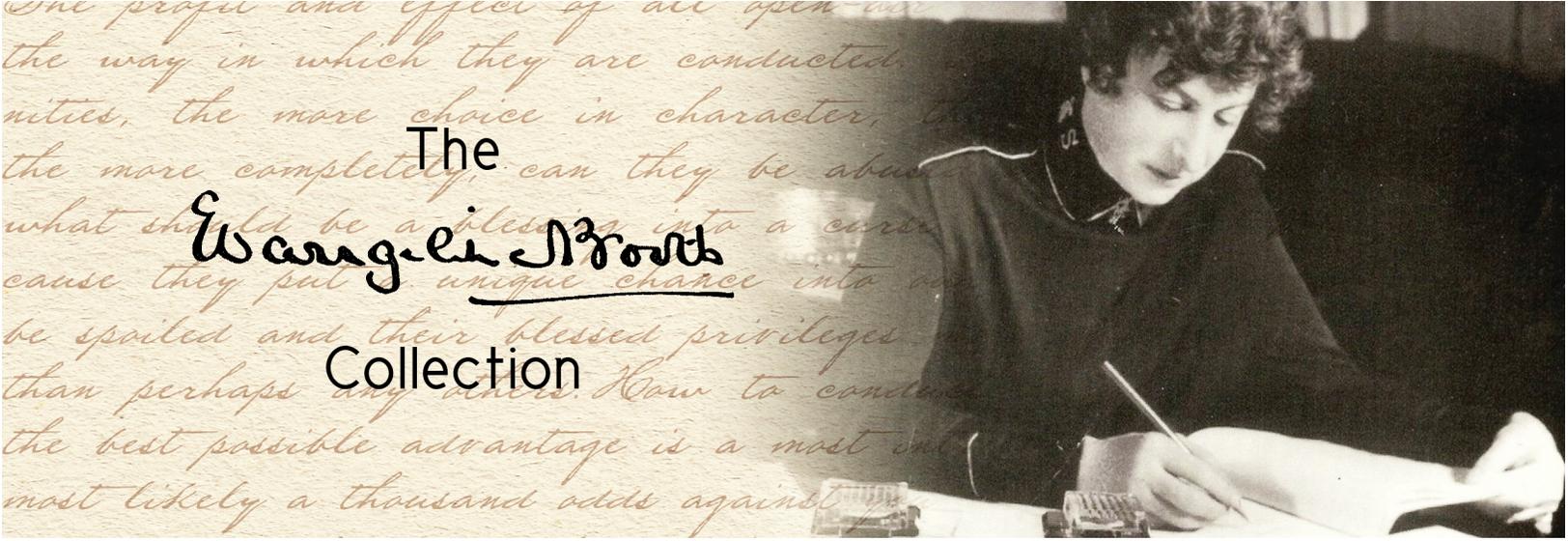
Personal  
E.C.B

Brigadier John. Waldron  
128-130 Penn Avenue  
Scranton, PA

My Dear Brigadier,

As you will imagine, I arrived back in New York pretty well tired out. The welcome was simple marvelous. I do not think there has ever been anything like it in the Army's history.

The love of the people was demonstrated in every possible form, and the conservatism which usually prevails in this city was for once utterly forgotten in the laughter and cheers and tears of



thousands upon thousands who thronged the entire block on Fourteenth Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

Since then there has come upon me the pent-up tide of business and correspondence accumulated during my absence.

But why bother you with what you will know? I write only to express the biggest thanks of which I am capable for the splendid thing you gave me in your division. You have thrown on the pages of my experience some of the most remarkable scenes — crowds, blessed evidences of the presence of God — in the open street that I have ever known.

You must have worked, and worked hard, and kept on working to inspire the officers concerned to the degree necessary to bring all this about.

Please accept the deep and lasting appreciation of your Commander's heart. These things you have accomplished will never pass from my memory, and will never be bereft of the thankfulness that will continue to well up within me.

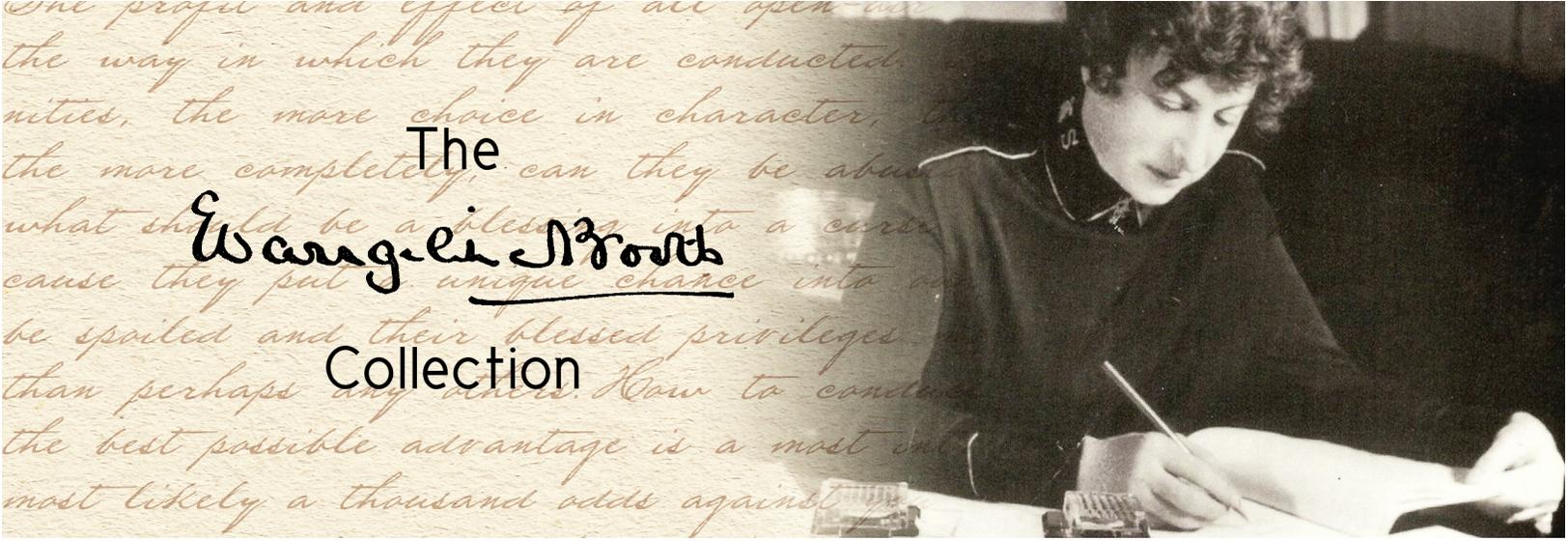
Please give my love to dear Mrs. Waldron.

Yours more than ever depending upon you,

Evangeline Booth  
COMMANDER

National Headquarters  
120 West 14 Street  
New York

July 30, 1934



Personal

E.C.B

Brigadier John Waldron  
128 Penn Avenue  
Scranton, PA

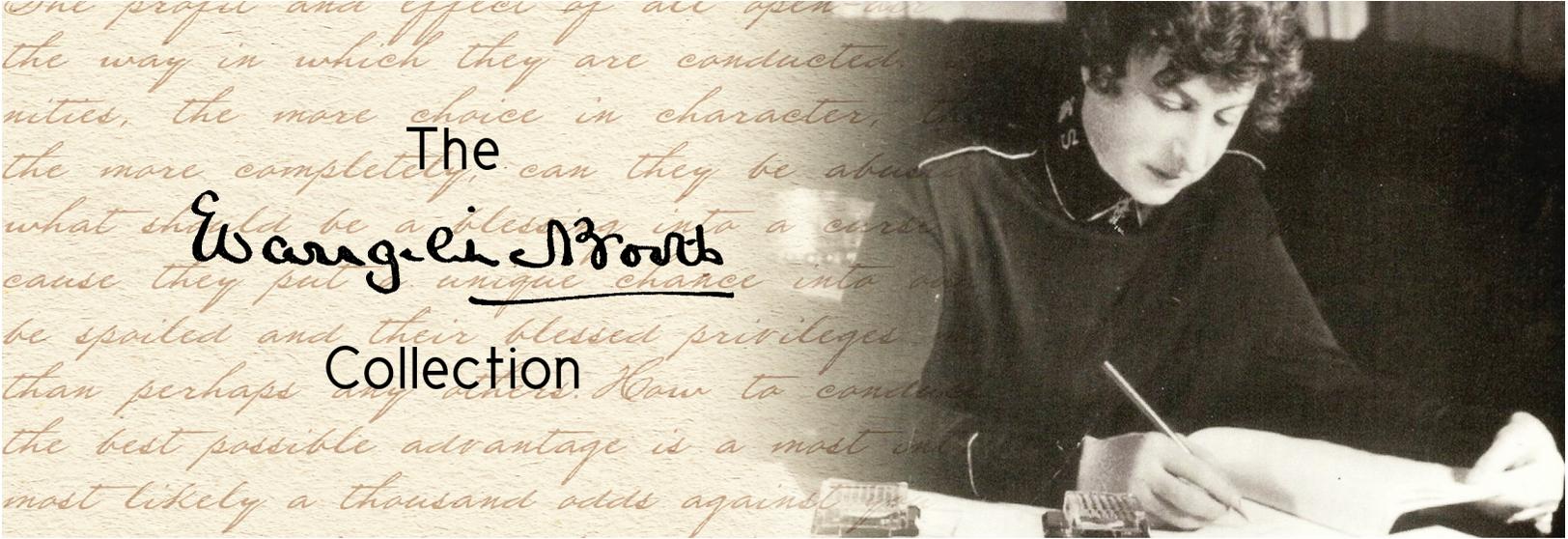
My Dear Brigadier,

Now that I am approaching the time for my departure for London, with the important mission of attending the High Council, I want to send my Divisional Commanders a special few words direct from myself, first asking your prayers, and secondly, to tell you that although I shall have much to think about and much of anxious nature, I shall remember you in thought and in prayer.

During the absence of your Commissioner and my own absence it will be more necessary for you to exercise even greater alertness in watching the affairs relative to your Command, and put forth even a more determined effort to keep everything on the move forward, so that there shall be no part of our operations that will suffer because each Territory's leader and myself will be away from our respective positions. In this I am sure you will agree with me, and I know you well enough to feel confident that there will be no slackening of your energies or withholding of the best you have to give.

The years you have been with me have well convinced me of your whole-souled consecration to the Kingdom of God under our Flag, and too, your service has assured me beyond doubt, of not only your loyal devotion to me personally but your fervent desire to meet my wishes and fulfil my hopes concerning you and your work. Therefore, I leave you for a season with every confidence that your part of the work shall not suffer, but that if anything it shall profit because of your more strenuous endeavors to force the march forward in every respect.

I ask your prayers. I ask that they may be strong and believing on my behalf, for my judgement will be sought and depend upon regarding the most intricate questions concerning our Army, and I shall hourly need the guidance and the light of the wisdom of God.



Before I start I look for the coming home to my Command in this land, that has showered upon me such love and unsurpassed following. God bless you much. If His will should compel me to take a higher place, I shall need your prayers the more and shall depend upon your love the more.

Yours as always under the Flag,

Evangeline Booth  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

P.S. It will please me to get an acknowledgement to this letter before I sail on the Leviathan on August 11<sup>th</sup>.

### **We are Soldiers of The Love that Overcomes Hatred**

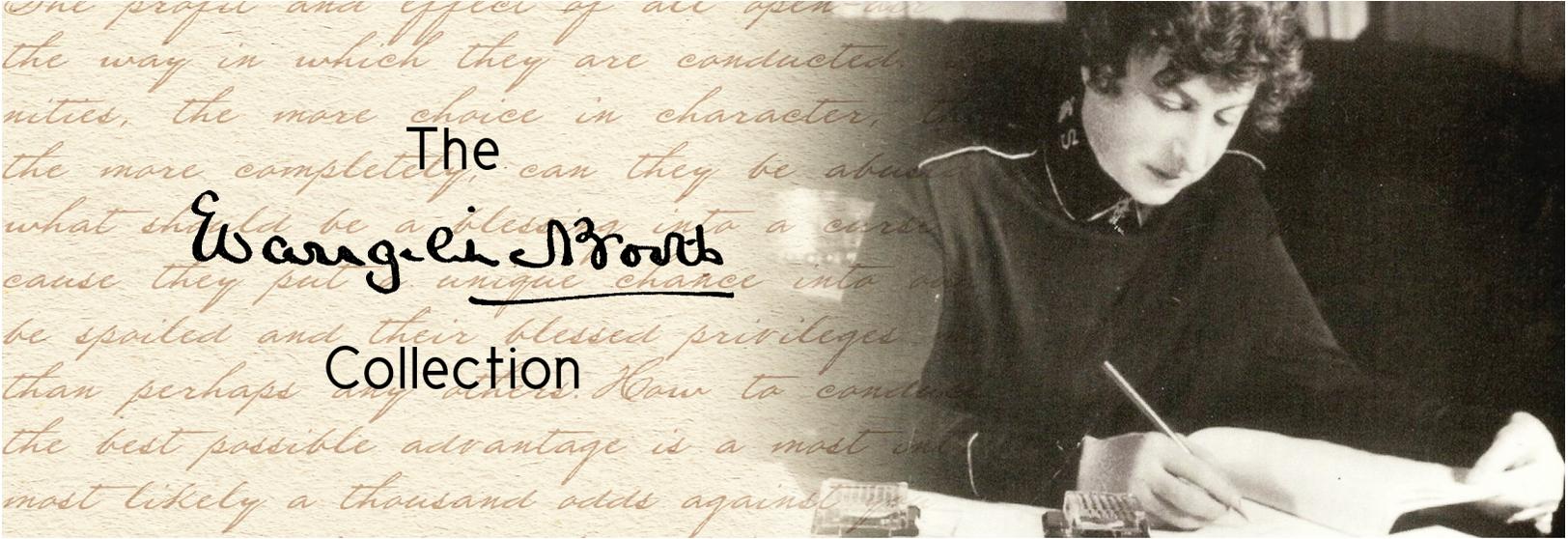
*General Evangeline Booth's farewell message to all Salvationists, upon her retirement from active service.*

*From The War Cry (New York), October 28, 1939.*

My dear Officers, Soldiers and Friends of The Salvation Army throughout the world:

It is all but impossible for me to find words that will adequately express the overwhelming emotions of my heart now that the time has come to bid you farewell as your General.

I need assure you that you are inexpressibly dear to me. You have given me support. Your love for me has been generous. We have had many happy years of association. Your near-flattering loyalty, your unwavering confidence, the sympathy you have showered upon me in season of particular trial and heavy sorrow; these are the treasures I take with me into retirement. They are



your gift. They are more to me than any money could buy, and with a never-dying gratitude I praise the God of all Grace whose Holy Spirit has been so abundantly shed abroad in your hearts.

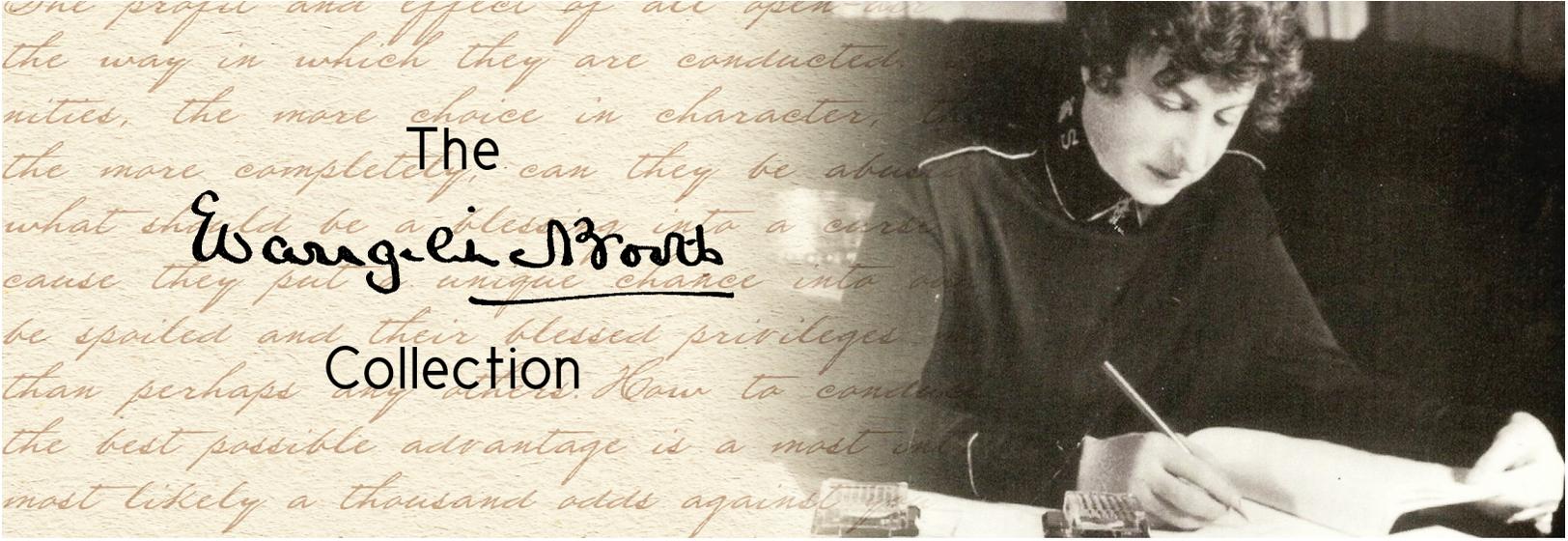
Always I have been conscious of falling short of my own standards and ideals, which sense of insufficiency has frequently been a cause of deep disquiet within me. It is the Lord Himself, and only the Lord, who has enabled me to be of service to you. And this service has been rendered in the fulness of an undying love. The best that is in me — that has been my willing and eager response to Him who claims nothing less than our best.

What an indisputable declaration is my life of the truth of God's promise to magnify the sacrifice, no matter how small and poor, that is laid upon His altar. With tears in my eyes, I look again in memory into the faces of those in different parts of the world who were brought into The Army under my leadership. There are not a few who were trained under me at Clapton. I glory in the remembrance that some of you who will read these words were led to the Savior through my ministrations of the Gospel. With happiness in my heart, I claim you as "my children in the Gospel." Your witness, your labors, your faith are my exceeding great reward, and deep is the joy I find in your never-forgotten names.

During the past four and a half years all of you, without distinction, under the Flag of the Army, have been in a very special sense my trust. I have felt it to be my most sacred obligation to care for your well-being, spiritual and temporal, with watchful tenderness and oversight. I have not permitted the great responsibilities of this vast organization to prevent my entering into your joys with a true jubilation, and sharing your sorrows with a deep and understanding sympathy.

How often I have had the choice privilege of blessing your little children! How often the passing of our dearly beloved has found us close together in our tears! How often in the disappointments and troubles of hearth and home we have come to a dearer understanding! Together we have marched forth, shoulder to shoulder, and fought the good fight of faith on ten thousand fields of battle.

By the will of God and the choice of The Army, I was called to be unto you a shepherd. Let me remind you that I was appointed to a position of leadership only after I had learned obedience



The  
Wangeli Booth  
Collection

as a true Soldier of The Salvation Army, wholly abandoned to the call of our warfare, as ready to die as to live, a willing sacrifice on the altar of our great Army's sacred purposes and traditions. Accepting without reservation the unalterable principles of The Army, I have sought by God's help never to permit weariness, or discouragement, or the condemnation of others to hinder myself using to the best of my ability the divine opportunities which arise for every one of us under the folds of the Blood and Fire flag. Hour by hour, day by day, year by year, I have prayed for that spiritual strength that would enable me to be in truth a leader, first in toil, first in sacrifice, with the spirit of willingness, bearing fruit in deeds of holy daring in things temporal and eternal.

Therefore I leave with you, with the hope that it may help you, my conception of the most holy calling by which we are called to our commission of Officers and to our duty as Soldiers of The Salvation Army.

What are the "hidden treasures of grace" that may be ours if we meditate on the higher purposes of God's will revealed by His Spirit to all who humbly seek His wisdom as the guide to the life and health of the soul? By what weapons do we go forth undaunted to meet our foe, bitter, implacable and terrible in his constantly resurgent rage?

GOD IS LOVE, and we who serve God are known by the love we bear to others. We can never have too much of love in our lives, for Love is the superabundance of Life. As Salvationists we are soldiers of the love that overcomes hatreds, that overflows into the emptiness of the loveless and the unlovable, that heals all wounds, that comforts all sorrows, that wins back the wanderer to the Father's home.

GOD IS TRUTH, the breastwork that is a bulwark around the heart of love, impregnable against the evasions, deception, subterfuges, allurements, flatteries and temptations that assail a soldier of the cross as he confronts the influences of an enviroing world. He who goes forth daily wearing the breastplate of Truth, burnished with a glowing sincerity, is secure whatever be the artillery of evil that may scatter death-dealing munitions as he advances.

GOD IS RIGHTEOUS. He saves the sinner. He does not condone the sin. It is His righteousness, not our own, that is buckled on to our arm as a shield of faith, and worn on our brow as a helmet



of salvation. We stand erect because we stand for all right, whatever it may be, against all wrong. Not by a hair's-breadth do we swerve from the eternal and absolute justice of God as the only alternative to cruel injustices in the world around us. On the cross Jesus vindicated that justice; and justice, the Magna Carta of the weak amid the strong, and the rule of personal character, is the foundation of His Kingdom.

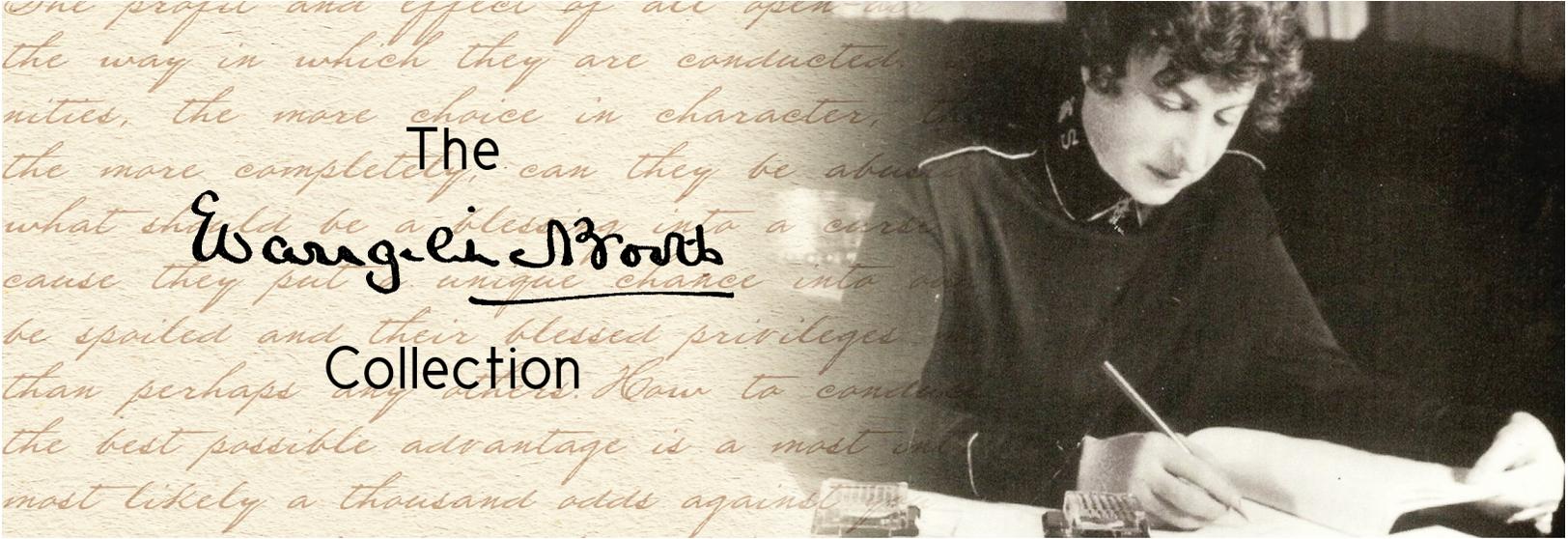
In the unending conflict against sin, and the shame and sorrow that are the shadows of sin, we fight with spiritual weapons. The only sword that is sharp enough to pierce deep and straight into the vitals of iniquity is the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. There is no right save where the hearts of men are right.

The Spirit within us awakens every sanctified human power. We fight on our knees. We fight in the trenches. We fight in the hospitals. We fight in the prisons. We fight gambling. We fight intoxicating liquor. We fight vice. We fight whatever it be that wastes lives for which Christ died. We fight for the rescue and redemption of whatever in life has been lost. And there is no discharge in this war. I have spent my life fighting, and I know of no other way to spend my life. I must fight to the end or perish.

My dear Officers and Comrades, I once more call you to your Bible. Upon its pages I have found infinite wisdom and infinite love. Between its covers are the mind and hearth of God. For over sixty years the Bible has been the food of my soul, my discipline, my encouragement, my education and my message. If you neglect your Bible you perpetrate a great wrong to your spiritual life.

We hold nothing back. In this hour of farewell, my dear Comrades and Friends of every land, I think that in all humility I may use the words of the Apostle Paul when he said: "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God."

If there be any truth about God, or Jesus Christ and His atoning sacrifice on the cross, about death and judgement, that I have not made known to all who have listened to me, I pray that I may be forgiven. But I beg you to tell me what it is.



And let me add that the responsibility of each of you, according to the knowledge that God has given you and your powers of expression, is no different from that which I have tried to fulfill. Shun not, I plead with you, to declare the whole counsel of God, for nothing less than this is adequate to the desperate need of man for whose salvation we received our commission to testify to the power of the cross.

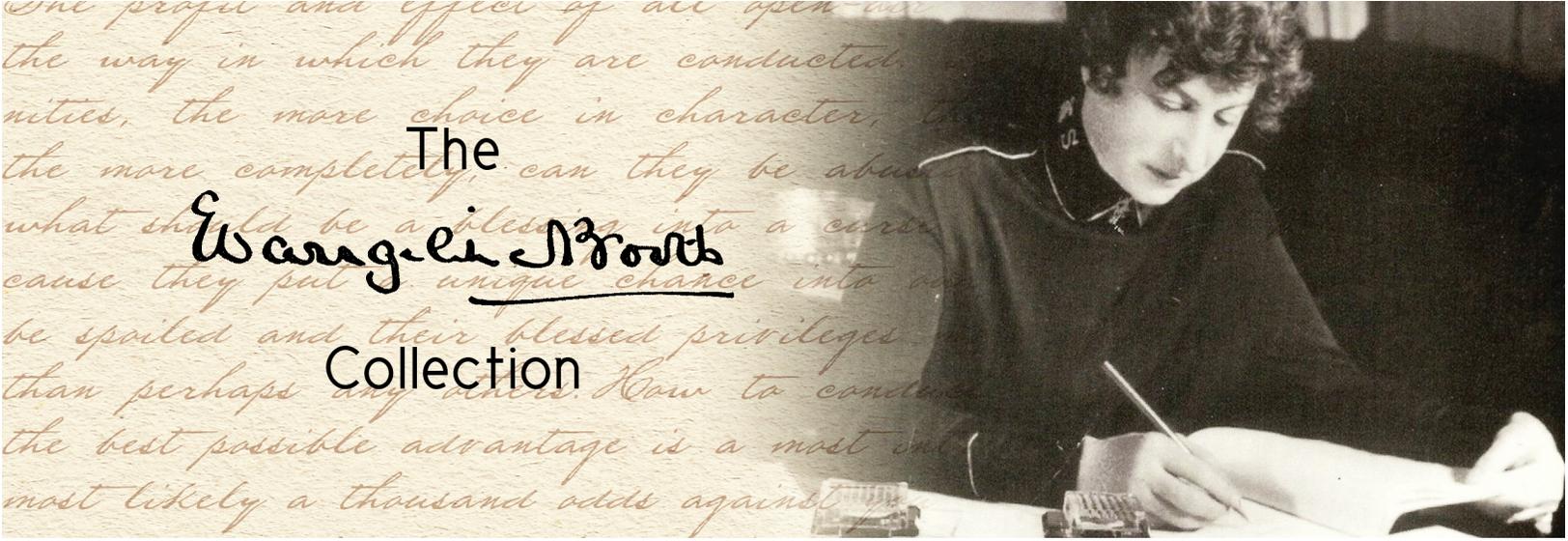
When I was appointed International General my first charge to you was, Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ! My last word as your General is again, Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ! Let no man make you afraid. Clear your soul of the blood of all men. Preach Christ not merely as souls of the blood of all men, Preach Christ not merely as a gracious ornament of civilization, to be admired and accepted or not, at will, but as the Supreme Gift to a world lost without Him. The Risen Christ, triumphant over the tomb, and all the sin that brought Him to the tomb. Preach salvation in Christ as that which we must have or perish.

Oh, my Comrades and Friends, my heart is enlarged towards you as I commend you to the leadership of the new International General. I have known him for many years. I am wholly confident that his entire being is abandoned utterly to your welfare, spiritual and temporal; that he has no higher thought than your good and through you the good of the world. As you proceed to new and greater conquests through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, I pray for you unceasingly.

Officers, Locals, Bandmasters, Bandsmen, Soldiers — all — quit you like men! The storm may break upon you. Do not turn aside from its fury. Head straight into the tempest with a holy determination that nothing shall release your hand from its grip. Hold fast to that which has taken hold of you, the strong hand of an all-conquering Savior.

Farewell! I leave you with an inevitable sense of separation. I know this day what Paul meant when he wrote the imperishable words that I now leave with you:

I thank you God upon every remembrance of you: always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy, for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now; even as it is meet to think this of you all, because I have you in my heart; inasmuch as in



the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, ye are partakers with me of grace. For God is my record how greatly I long after you all with the affection of Christ Himself.