

YOU!

A CALL FOR CANDIDATES.

My Dear Comrades:

We need Officers!

If you have heard the call, you may feel pretty well-assured that we need you!

I will go still further and say that if your soul has really heard the call of God to drop the tools of your daily application and offer yourself for service at the battle's front, it will be at your soul's eternal peril that you hold back!

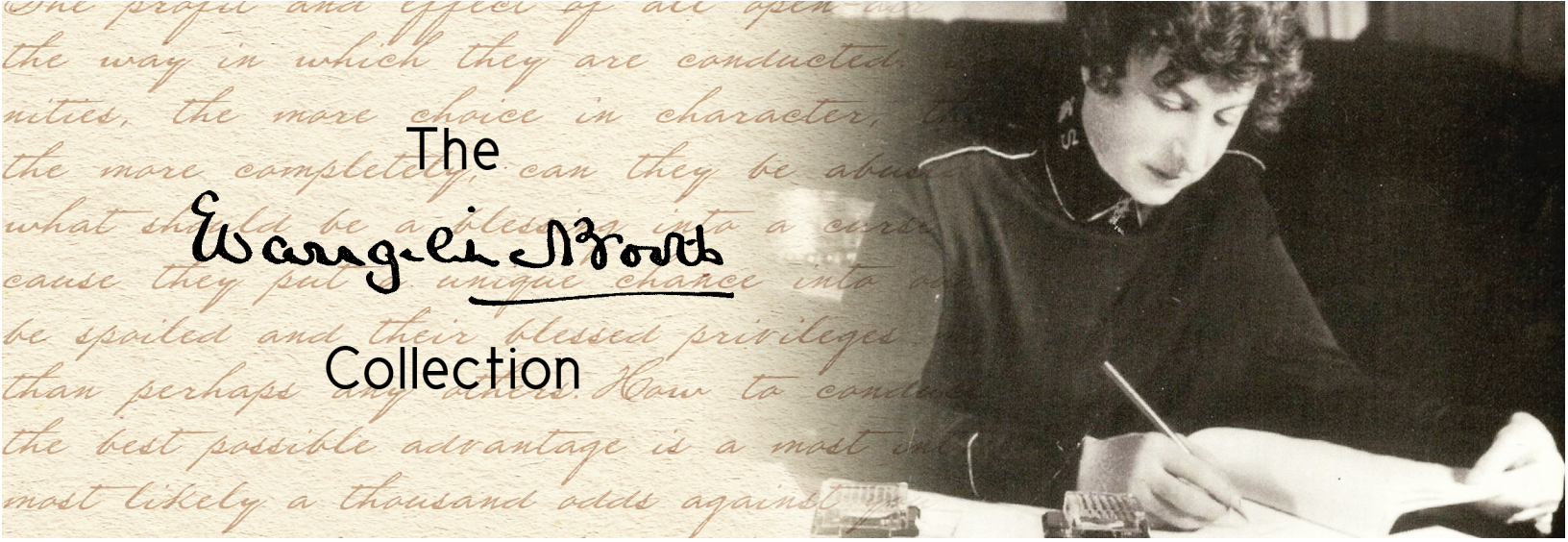
How can you do it?

How can a single soul whose lips have been touched with the live coal and whose heart has been softened by Calvary's appeal and whose spirit has been illuminated by "the Light that never shone on land or sea," think of holding back the life that is God's and the poor dying world's, by every right under heaven?

Holding back!!!

Suppose Jesus had held back in the face of Gethsemane's bitter cup and Golgotha's cruel Cross? Think of the fate that would have been in store for the world, for you, and me, and all of us!

Suppose for a moment, the Apostles have clung to their Nets and their tax gathering, etc., when called by the Master, how God's plans would have been defeated! Suppose, if you can do so, that the old spiritual firebrands that blazed the trail for the Christian religion all over the world, gladly sacrificing their lives in doing so, had been so timorous of spirit and fearsome of mind as to hang back and disobey the call! The world's evangelization might have been set back hundreds of years!



Let me come closer home. Suppose my dear father, our beloved General, had kept in the background and been content with a place in the rear rank, like some of you are doing, where would have been the mighty, uplifting force, honored of God and man, with its globe-wide arms of mercy wrapped around the sorrowful and sinning of every clime, known as The Salvation Army?

How's the devil ever caused a doubt to enter your mind that God does not call men and women today as in the days that are past?

What a fallacy!

The call comes clearer and louder today than ever.

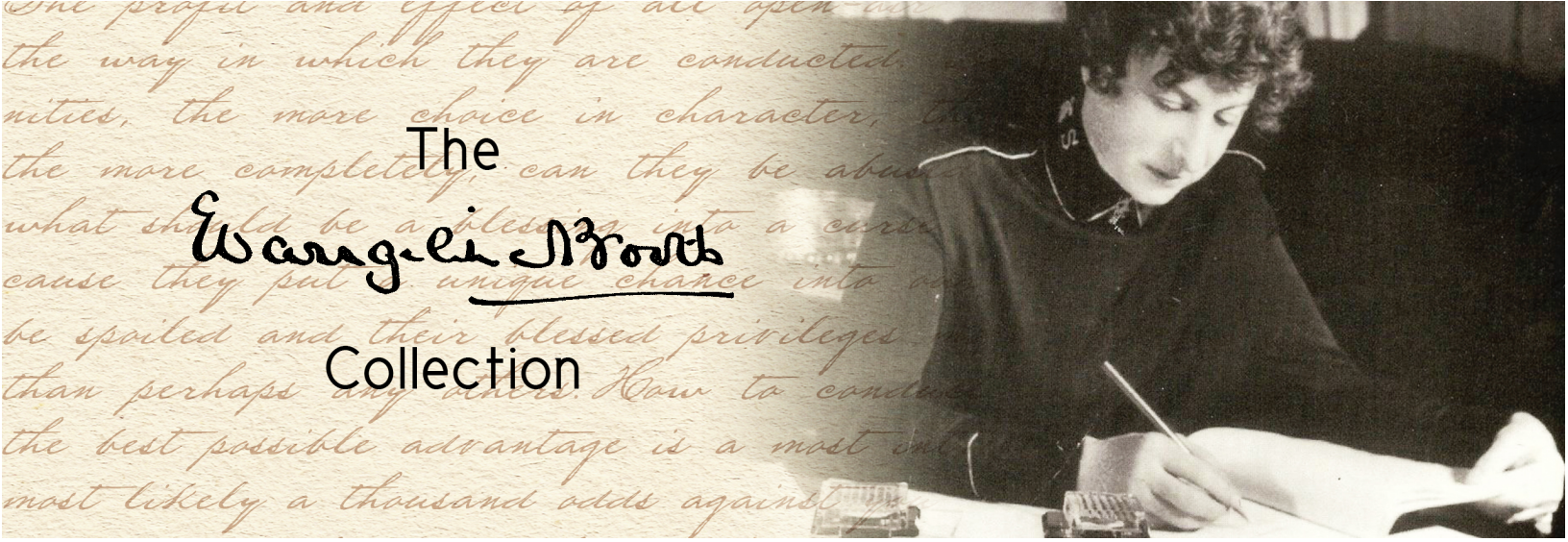
You yourself have heard it! Be honest with your own heart and conscience, and admit that you have.

You heard the call when the inebriated man ambled his way as best he could to your side and asked you to pray for him. You heard it when that poor girl member of the "sisterhood of sorrow" wept bitter tears at the open air when at the Captain's invitation you sang something about home and mother. You heard the call, you felt it's imperativeness, you saw the need, perhaps as never before, at the just-passed Christmastide with its mighty revelation of want and woe and The Salvation Army's brave attempt to meet it.

You felt, "What a blessed work! I really ought to give myself up entirely to it." That was the call of God!

No, my comrades, you really cannot hold back without deadening your conscience and imperiling your very soul!

If you were standing a hundred yards above Niagara Falls, with a strong rope at your side, and saw a helpless fellow creature drifting along to certain death, if there was a spark of manliness



or womanliness about you, every impulse of your nature would prompt the rescue of your imperiled fellow being.

Would there be a time for hanging back?

Were you to halt and hesitate and let the opportunity slip, the fearful memory of what would almost amount to murder would haunt you for a lifetime!

Does the safety of the myriads of souls around us who are in imminent danger of going over the rapids of eternal perdition demand less promptness of action? Less desperation of spirit? Less concentration of energy and consecration of will?

How can you entertain such an idea? I am sure you cannot and will not!

I have not time to write more, my dear Comrades. I am sending this to you through the pages of the War Cry with the burden of the great four weeks siege upon my shoulders, and the burden of ten thousand sinful hearts and blighted lives bowing down my spirit. The one thought in my mind at the moment is; "How much more could be done towards saving the world if more of our bright, capable, up to date young men and women would apply for officership!"

Will you help me bear this burden? I feel sure some of you will!

I have not time to come around and search you out and point my finger at you and say outright, "It is you I mean, and you, and you." But I will say, in closing, that if you have in any sense heard the call to consecrate your life to officership, only prompt obedience will preserve the harmony between your will and God's and bring you into the sphere where your life will be able to produce its best and holiest fruitage.

Make your application at once to your P.O., or to the Candidates Department, 120 West 14th St., New York City, or, in the case of Western comrades, to Commissioner Kilbey, 395-399 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Yours believingly, Evangeline Booth.