

at Cambridge, and, perhaps, his picture of Ann Tyson setting out — quite unaccompanied — to church.

Through all these years, Dorothy (born December 25, 1771) was far away. In a letter quoted above she tells Lady Beaumont that she left her father's house for good at Christmas, 1777, three months before her mother's death. The pages devoted to her in her father's memoranda state that Dolly, as she was invariably called in her childhood, 'left Penrith for Halifax in a chaise with Mr. and Miss Threlkeld on Saturday, June 13, 1778. Mr. Cookson gave Miss Threlkeld 5 ^{as} toward her conveyance, etc.' The annual payment to Miss Threlkeld was ten guineas, the same as for the boys. No light is thrown on the kind of education Dolly received, though there is a suggestion of what may have been six months' schooling at Hipperholm, two miles from Halifax; nor is there any mention of her ever leaving Yorkshire between 1778 and 1787, or of her father visiting her there.

Three weeks after her father's death, Richard Wordsworth charged the estate for 'a long letter to Mr. Buckle of York, with Commission for taking election of Guardian,' and a week later he received a reply from Mr. Buckle that 'he intended to send a Commission to Halifax for Miss Dolly Wordsworth to elect Guardians upon, and Miss Threlkeld was notified accordingly.' Mr. Buckle's fee was £18 19s. 6d.

Whoever did the electing, posterity may be grateful that 'Cousin Betsy Threlkeld' became the guardian of the exiled orphan. She was a first cousin of Dorothy's mother, and a woman universally beloved and respected. In middle life she married Mr. John Rawson of Mill House, Halifax, and to the last her ward always spoke of her as 'my Aunt,' and regarded her as her

second mother. For nine years she was solely responsible for Dorothy's education and upbringing, and great is her claim to our admiration and gratitude. Early in her sixteenth year that education seems to have been regarded as complete, and Dorothy returned to Penrith to take up her abode with her grandparents in the spring of 1787, the year in which the two brothers who were nearest to her age, and dearest to her heart, left school.

[*The Bookman*]

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE BOOTH BIOGRAPHY.*

BY JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

ENGLISH Christianity during the Victorian era threw up two vivid religious movements, Tractarianism and the Salvation Army. Our wise century has been tempted to underrate the Victorians, as the nineteenth century occasionally underrated the eighteenth; but the Oxford Movement and the Salvation Army upset any neat theories about Victorian religion being a merely conventional attitude. Mr. Begbie has not attempted to write a history of the Army. Yet the Army was so conspicuously the work of a personality that these volumes throw light upon the organization as well as upon its leader. Even the career of Mr. Booth, before he founded his Army, is an important clue to the meaning of his later work and of the form into which his masterful genius cast it.

He was the son of a lace manufacturer in Nottingham. 'My father,' he once said, 'was a Grab-and-Get. He had been born in poverty. He determined to grow rich; and he did. He grew very rich, because he lived with-

* *William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army.*
By Harold Begbie. Macmillan. Two volumes.
42s. net.

out God and simply worked for money; and when he lost it all, his heart broke with it, and he died miserably.' Young Booth's childhood fell in the last stage of his unfortunate father's career. Apparently he was a wild, high-spirited boy, but his home life was unhappy, and it irritated him to become a pawnbroker's assistant. The family downfall hurt his pride; the sordid side of his occupation embittered him; he was lonely and hardworked, trying to support his mother and sisters. The Chartist movement appealed to his discontented soul. But he was to pass beyond social propaganda, and his genuine sympathy with the poor soon flowed into a definitely religious channel. His first religious impressions were due to some Wesleyans. They drew him away from his conventional attendance at the Church of England. His conversion led to an eager participation in open-air preaching of the revivalist type in the slums of Nottingham. And this proved too unconventional for the respectable Methodists. Even when he moved to London, to carry on his business, combining it with open-air preaching, and even when he was persuaded to study for the ministry of the Methodist New Connection, he could not settle inside Methodism. His fiery revival methods were too violent. The Primitive Methodists accepted his resignation in 1862. It is needless to recall the unfortunate series of misunderstandings. The Salvation Army was not started till 1878, but this was the outcome of a series of independent revivalist campaigns conducted in London and the provinces, whose watchwords were 'Holiness' and 'Conversion.' Mr. Begbie points out that during this interval 'William Booth was strongly inclining toward Holiness, was thinking rather about the making of saints than the conversion of sinners.' The emphasis on holi-

ness never left him, but the intense desire to waken torpid England to a sense of sin swept him into the organization of a 'Salvation Army,' alive with religious passion and cheerfulness, indifferent to decorum and reserve, bent upon storming the citadels of vice and squalor in England, and bound together by an equivalent for the mediæval monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

The success of the Army was accompanied by fierce criticism of its methods, from the religious as well as from the secular public. The General himself had to meet attacks upon his honesty, as well as upon the wisdom of his efforts. These were sometimes damaging, although the General himself could not be charged with self-seeking. He had the true note of a great reformer, an absence of any love for money. But the criticisms of men like Huxley and Tyndall had their effect.

In 1888 the social phase began. The Army had been in the forefront of the battle for social purity and temperance; but now Booth published *In Darkest England*, and started a campaign for social reform. Not that he ever abandoned the rôle of evangelist. The revivalist aims and methods of the Army continued as before. Only, its scope was broadened. The scheme did not produce as much fruit as the General hoped, however; it was more valuable as an impetus to quicken the conscience than as a guide to social reform.

All this vast organization, with its ramified interests, was under his personal supervision till he died in 1912. The biography leaves an impression of extraordinary personal force in the General, a combination of narrow theology and broad human interests, a power of managing people, a capacity for not only rousing but directing en-

thusiasm, and a faculty of decision. 'He had upon his hands,' says his biographer, 'a work of gigantic magnitude, and after a long and grievous experience of committees, he determined in middle age — encouraged by the most able and devoted of his followers — to make himself an autocrat.' However necessary this was for the success of his work, it had its defects and drawbacks, which appeared both in the Army and in the General himself. But there does not seem to be any evidence to show that his autocracy led him to favor his own family, or to violate the rules and regulations which he had laid down for the Army as a whole.

But the autocrat was human. The love letters which he and his wife wrote are a human document of singular interest. Mrs. Booth's services to the Salvation Army have been recognized ever since her biography was written, but this life of her husband suggests that in almost everything except the name she was the real founder of the Salvation Army. Women have rarely initiated great religious movements, and only a humorist would bracket Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Booth. But Catherine Mumford's influence counted for more with William Booth than most outsiders suspected. She was never strong in physique, but her mind was keener than her husband's and her judgment was excellent. Her belief in him and his devotion to her are shining traits of their story. Each influenced the other, and their heroic struggles to bring up their family on a scanty income and to carry on at the same time an exhausting revival mission are more fascinating even than the domestic story of Luther and his Kate.

The General was not a bookman, not even as Wesley was. Literature appears to have been for him a recreation rather than a source of inspiration.

But it is surprising that he had no liking for Dickens, with his interest in the poor. He found Dickens 'intolerable,' Mr. Begbie remarks. But 'he had well-nigh unbounded admiration for *Les Misérables* and *Jane Eyre*. . . . And in early youth he found a new world opening before his vision in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, to which he returned in middle life. . . . He was never tired of reading Froude's *Cæsar*.'

Apart from the sustained interest of the man's career, these volumes give many instances of his intercourse with men, whom he read more eagerly than books. He once told Mr. Winston Churchill that he was convicted, not converted; and, when the politician 'added something about my seeing what was in him . . . I replied, "What I am most concerned about is not what is in you at the present, but (what) I can see of the possibilities of the future." ' He was impressed by King Edward. 'I had come to expect a selfish, sensuous personage. . . . And all at once the embodiment of a simple, genial English gentleman was sprung upon me. No attempt to pose as an intellectual philanthropist, much less religious; indeed, no attempt to pose at all: anything more natural could not be imagined.' When King Edward asked him in the course of the interview, 'Tell me, General, how do you get on now with the Churches? What is their attitude to you?' he made the King laugh by answering, 'Sir, they imitate me.' But the essence of his Salvation Army methods is contained in these sentences from his speech when he received the Freedom of London in 1905. He was speaking of a besieged town's experiences during the Boer War. 'Money, food, and other things were got together, but difficulty was experienced in distributing them satisfactorily. At last the Episcopalian

clergyman got up and said, "All who belong to my communion, follow me." The Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist said, "All who come to my chapel follow me." And I have no doubt the minister of the Society of Friends, if there was one, said the same. Then the Salvation Army Captain's turn came. He said, "All you chaps who belong to nobody, follow me."

Mr. Begbie's volumes are long and large. There is some repetition in them, and the difficult art of using letters has not been mastered. On the other hand, the evident sympathy is tempered with candor. There is occasionally a tendency to point the moral, but for the most part the General is left to tell his own story; his journals are freely drawn upon, and the contemporary background is not over-elaborated, except in the opening chapter. The biography reveals one of the most arresting and independent religious personalities of last century. It is diffuse, but the arrangement is clear, and the successive phases are distinctly marked.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

AT A PICKWICKIAN BARBER'S

It may be either that my elders, grown reminiscent, have drawn the picture, or that I do actually but dimly recall myself as a befrocked child standing at the gateway of my earliest adventure — a ride in a railway train. Certainly it is my elders who have said that up to that particular day I always cried in terror at the mere mention of a contemplated journey, but that unaccountably on a certain day when I was asked if I would go on a journey with an aunt I had bravely said yes, and that, moreover, I would not cry when I saw the engine. All that may be pleasant

tradition. What to me is an actuality, though seen vaguely through the mist of years which have passed, is myself hatted, coated, with my bare knees and legs in bold relief between my short frock and short socks, standing on a platform looking intently at a huge green-painted engine. Everything else is sketchy.

The train itself has no part in my recollection. I do not see any other passengers. I recall nothing of a journey, of a farewell, of being accompanied by anyone or of being met by anyone. Beyond that solitary little figure everything is a blank, and the great adventure, though it had a beginning, had no end. Yet it had begun for me a childhood crowded with recollections which in these maturer days I tenderly cradle in my breast and linger over as a book of memory which for charm, simplicity, grandeur, and yet withal quaintness has never had its equal in the written page. It may not be that others will find in this book all that my close association with its central figure has enabled me to find, and to those the old man who for many years carried on the occupation of barber and hairdresser in the Cheshire market town will appear only as a relic of the past, like Wellington boots and churchwarden pipes.

And with both he will ever be associated. How they captured the fancy, those long, brilliantly-polished, creaking boots! With what heaving and pulling were they drawn on in the mornings! With what heroic heavings by the old man's daughter and the tense holding by the old man himself of the sides of his chair were those boots pulled off at night, disclosing the white stockinged legs swathed with knitted garters below the knees! Had he ever another pair of boots? Always over that short period of years of which I write those Wellington boots appeared