

'Again and again upon my knees I have been assured that God accepts the arrangement of my time; yet the moment I arose from my knees the enemy of my peace returned to the attack with renewed diligence, determined to cloud the work of God in my soul, so that I found it difficult to discern the marks of entire sanctification. Still, with the assurances that the blood cleanses from all sin, and that His spirit is working in me the counsel of His will, I cannot doubt, I cannot do other than continue to rest in Jesus, to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Perhaps it was on this occasion when, pacing his room fighting an attack of the enemy, and pressed almost to the point of surrender, from the street below came the lusty shout of a Salvationist to a comrade on the other side of the street, 'Keep believing, Jack!' Howard took the admonition to himself; faith triumphed and the Tempter flew. The journal tells us:

'One point I am determined upon is that I will, by God's help, live the life of Full Salvation at any cost. Since no amount of struggling will save me, again I cast myself upon Jesus, just as I am, and trust Him to cleanse my heart, to subdue my will, and perfect me in all that is lacking. But why does the Lord allow this protracted trial? I believe it is for my good!'

Yes, dear Thomas Henry Howard, it was for your good, and certainly for the good of thousands of whom you never dreamed, when in your then cramped handwriting you wrote these experiences in your humble little room in Ilkeston.

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04 -- TRIED BY FIRE

During the period marked by the lapse in his journal, Howard had started business in partnership with a godly friend, Nicklin. From the beginning God was honored with the first place in their affairs, and so thoroughly did they apply themselves in the interests of their customers that their business steadily grew in favor. On one occasion, Howard came upon his workmen erecting a wall. Detecting a flaw near the base, he pointed it out and received the reply that the stability of the wall was not affected and the plaster would cover up the defect.

'That won't do! Soundness for me. No covering up of bad work,' ordered Howard. And down the wall had to come!

From the time of his entry into the life of Full Salvation, all leisure that could be spared from business claims was spent in preaching and exhorting. But Howard's soul was outgrowing the bounds of the affairs of this life. It was his custom to spend the last hour before retiring at night in prayer and meditation upon God's Word; and generally, with writing-pad at hand, he wrote his thoughts. On arriving home one dinner hour, he noticed a scrap of paper on the parlor floor, evidently a remnant from the meditation of the previous evening. Picking it up, intending to throw it into the fire, he examined it, casually, and found the words, 'To spread scriptural Holiness through these lands.' The phrase came as an inspiration. What a prospect! What a life-work! Then, as a challenge to his heart -- 'Why should this not be mine?' Mrs. Howard, coming to her husband's

side, took the paper from his hand and read the words. His hand closed over that of his wife as he bowed his head and made a covenant with God. In his journal we read:

'A solemn awe came upon me. I then and there pledged myself to God that the spreading of the doctrine of Holiness should be my life work. I felt that God accepted the vow, and, further, I told Him that as He should open the way, and arrange my circumstances, I would leave my business and become an evangelist or anything that He would lead me to.'

The Salvation Army, this Army that lived for nothing but to seek the lost, increasingly attracted Howard. Whenever he could arrange to leave his business and preaching engagements, he would dash off to participate in one of its Campaigns.

Then came a breakdown in health; his throat completely failed. The doctor declared that perfect rest from public work was necessary for restoration, and hinted that Howard's days of platform speaking were at an end. Confined to the house, a spirit of restlessness possessed him. Many times a day he would retire to his bedroom to pour out his soul to God. His practical wife took in the situation. 'Why can't you stay in one place? Don't go all over the house getting into draughts. If you want to pray, why shouldn't you stay in the sitting-room?' But the timid, following soul could only speak freely with God in solitude.

His journal describes something of his experience at this stage:

'What a week this has been to my soul! Though confined to my house by my throat affliction, I have received measures of the Spirit more copious than ever before. How I felt the burden of the work! How I was led to pour out my soul in continual prayer for the Salvation of the unsaved. On Thursday I had a most solemn season while waiting before God. Nearly three months ago, before this affliction was so serious, I told the Lord that if He would open the way, I would make the spreading of Holiness the business of my life. On Thursday I was led solemnly to pledge myself to God that if He will restore my health I will devote myself to this work, not only of preaching Salvation, but of proclaiming Holiness to be the duty and privilege of all.

'I was shown that this choice would mean trial, contempt, self-denial, loneliness -- the last seeming worse than all the rest! But I laid all upon the altar, and although the Devil tried to terrify me I lifted my hands and vowed before angels and devils to live to this by the help of God. The assaults of the enemy drove away feelings of joy, but I knew that I was covenanting with God, trusting in my blessed Saviour; and even if it is not in His will to spare me and strengthen me, yet I gave Him all that was in my power. I can trust Him to do all that His love and wisdom may see best. But I did venture to ask that the honor might be conferred upon me for my Saviour's sake to spend a few years in this blessed work.'

At the time of his first covenant, 'to spread scriptural Holiness in these lands,' Howard told the Lord he would go forward if He would open the way. Now, he felt, God said to him 'Go forward!' His first duty was to tell his gentle, faithful wife of his consecration. Mrs. Howard, a true type of the English home-maker -- her husband, her children, and her home all the kingdom she desired -- was faced with the prospect of leaving the dear nest of her bride days; but then, as in the

years gone, and in all the years that followed, her voice was on the side of entire devotion to Christ and His Kingdom.

Howard confided his intention to his business partner, and that good man placed no hindrance in the way.

Howard had met the Founder of The Army some time previously at an All-Night of Prayer at Nottingham. During the progress of that Meeting, when testimonies had been called for, Howard had spoken of God's work of sanctification in his soul. Later in the evening, when the mercy-seat was crowded with seekers, Howard, kneeling in prayer, felt something touch his neck and, opening his eyes, saw that the Founder had flicked his handkerchief, and was saying, 'Come and help us with these.' At a later date, he and Mrs. Howard had entertained the Founder when he came on a campaign to Ilkeston.

In the Leader of The Army, and also in the Soldiers of the local Corps, Howard recognized the same spirit which God had placed in his own soul. And now he felt, 'These are my people!'

Here was a prospect! A sick man, with a delicate wife and three little children, anticipating offering for the work of a Salvation Army Field Officer! But moved by that mighty force, faith in God, Howard did not hesitate. In a letter dated February 23, 1881, from South Street, Ilkeston, he wrote to 'the Rev. Win. Booth,' telling of his spiritual experience, seeking advice, and asking for an interview. Thus an extract from the letter:

'By God's providence my sphere has been enlarged, and I have been wonderfully blessed, and shall I say, humbly, owned of God in conducting services especially for the promotion of Holiness. Every Meeting has but increased the intensity of my desire and prayer that my way may be opened for full devotion to the work. My love for The Army, and especially for the family at the head of The Army, has grown and developed till it has become a burning thought in my mind. What shall I do?... By night and by day, waking and sleeping, sometimes exultant, and sometimes depressed, I am burdened with the work of God and dissatisfied with my present position. I pray that you may be guided to say some words to me that shall help to turn my feet into the right way.'

Writing a few days later, evidently in reply to some communication from the Founder, Howard continues:

'I have offered myself to God and He has accepted me. I only want to know the whereabouts of my sphere, for then I should not hesitate. If you feel it in your heart to call me in God's Name, then "Here am I," God helping me, I will come. And if I come, let me say I yield myself to take any position for which you may think I am best adapted. My heart is set on soul-saving work, and I should pray that this as a first business should be granted me.'

Going to London in order to meet the Founder and talk over the position, Howard was invited to join him on a Ten Days' Campaign in Cornwall.

From the first, the Founder loved this simple, sincere soul, and saw much both in his spirit and ability that would be useful in the rapidly developing Salvation Warfare. But also, he

recognized how precise and stilted were Howard's mannerisms. Few things irritate an Army congregation so much, and discount the message of a leader as unnatural tones and poses on the platform. With no gentle hand the General set himself to correct these faults. It was a case of kill or cure! He had but little time and scant opportunity to test the capabilities and spirit of the man for the difficult warfare he desired to enter. He decided that if, during this brief contact, Howard showed sufficient mobility to make a Salvationist, well; if not, it were better and kinder for both to face the facts at the onset, and to act accordingly. At every Meeting, Candidate Howard was called upon to speak, and afterward was subjected to a fire of honest criticism. There could scarcely be a more sensitive, self-conscious nature than that of Thomas Henry Howard, and every stroke wounded him sore. But there was no pride to be offended in the man now, and again and again with beautiful meekness he sought his Lord, pleading, 'O Lord, make me or remake me, so long as I can be useful in Thy service.' One morning at their billet the Founder, unsparing trainer of men that he was, chastised so severely, that Howard, sore grieved that he still seemed to fall so far from what was desired, wept. Then the Founder knelt beside him, and tenderly putting his hands upon his head, said, 'Don't take it too much to heart. It's not you, but your manner; I want the best that is in you to come to the top and the useless to fall off.'

'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' is as true among us when the words fell from the lips of the Lord Jesus. Howard had so truly committed himself to God that he took the present painful circumstances as the pruning of a kind Husbandman, and the sharp words of William Booth as from a prophet of God. He could, of course, have saved himself, by refusing this school of discipline and retiring to the shelter of his appreciated and congenial work at home. By so doing, he would have missed God's glorious way for him. Instead of pushing from him the hand that hurt, he chose, seemingly, to lose his life. But he found it again in fullness beyond all he had asked or thought.

The campaign over, the Founder and Howard were about to part. Howard stood on the platform of the Bristol railway station, and through the open window of the London train the Founder talked with him.

'Well, Howard, what is it to be?' 'I think I must come, General!' 'Give me your hand on it!'

The two men gripped hands. Then the Founder continued whimsically:

'There's no money in it, mind you! How much can you manage on?' A brief pause, then:

'I think on twenty-seven shillings a week.'

'I'll tell Bramwell,' [2] called the Founder as the train steamed out.

Howard was soon an accepted Candidate.

In a letter dated March 19, 1881, after Howard's return home, he wrote:

'I am arranging my business so as to be able to place myself at your service on Friday the 25th, and shall be glad to receive your instructions as to where and when I shall present myself. I

am happy to say that after the awful conflicts of the last weeks, and the deep humiliation of spirit which I passed through, the Lord has brought me into "a large place," and I am in possession of a joy and fullness of peace and love hitherto unknown to me. Saved, cleansed, and filled with Glory! -- that is my experience. I am glad, also, to say that my dear wife is perfectly resigned to go anywhere the Lord may send us. 'As to salary, or sphere, or anything else, I feel the Lord will direct you in directing me. I give myself and all I am and have to God and The Army, and am earnestly praying that I may be used for His glory. I am willing to learn or unlearn, or do anything that will extend my Master's kingdom, and I trust you will ever deal faithfully with me, reproving, correcting, or encouraging me as you may see fit. I have felt that in the midst of conflicts long and severe, and depression of spirit and humiliation, I must have cut a sorry figure before you in the Councils. But such as I am, I am waiting your commands.'

Within a few days Howard was in the midst of the Salvation War.

Separation from the friends of almost a lifetime was, with a few exceptions, painful. Ministers and others thought, and freely expressed their opinion, that Howard had been caught in a whirl of emotion and self-gratification, to the neglect of the useful sphere in which God had placed him, and to the jeopardizing of the well-being of his family. All but one far-seeing saint thought he was making a mistake. This latter gave him a revised Testament, and wrote in it: 'Get thee out of thy country. Go forward, the Lord is leading you.' To the day of his death, Howard cherished grateful feelings towards that solitary man of faith who encouraged and comforted him in his hour of need.

The Army was then in its infancy, having only three years previously emerged from the Christian Mission. Uniform was not worn, but Commissioner Railton [3] gloried in the label of 'Salvation,' and across his cap wore a small plate on which were rudely inscribed the words, 'Salvation Army.'

Captain Howard, to assist in a Campaign with the Founder, arrived in Belfast wearing a 'bowler' hat. Railton did not consider this good form, and from his pocket produced a tin label similar to that he himself wore. A hole had been bored in each end of the plate, through which he threaded a piece of string and tied the plate across the front of Howard's hat.

'That,' said Commissioner Howard, many years later, 'was a push into the out-and-out spirit of The Salvation Army, and for which I shall always owe Railton a debt of gratitude.'

To reach a high degree of value and beauty, vessels intended for honorable service are subjected to deep cuttings of the engraver's tool, and pass through many testing fires. Only those who survive the test find their way into Royal use. On the threshold of their entry into the service of The Army, Captain and Mrs. Howard were exposed to a trial so fierce that, had not the Son of God stood with them in the fire, their faith must have failed.

Free to devote every hour to the lifting up of Christ, Howard went from center to center assisting the Founder or Mrs. General Booth [4] in their Campaigns. Life had become a glorious thing, every moment lived to the full.

Mrs. Howard at her home at Ilkeston was pulling up her tent pegs, preparing for the removal of the family to London, when a blow fell. The sweet baby girl of eleven months, after a few days of illness, went to be with Jesus. Captain Howard was summoned home, and husband and wife felt the anguish of laying their own flesh and blood in the grave. While Howard was home for the funeral, their remaining little daughter, a lovely, angel-like child of seven years, when out in company with her nurse, swung on an iron railing and fell, striking her head. She seemed little the worse for her fall, and the maid did not mention the accident to Mrs. Howard. All unconscious of ill, Howard returned to the battlefield, but a few days later was urgently recalled to find that, suddenly, ere one could realize danger, the pure spirit had taken its flight. The parents descended into the depths of bereavement, but they found a place to plant their feet on the Rock of Ages. As, for the second time in a fortnight, they walked to a little grave, Howard said to his wife, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away'; she pressed his arm and added, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

There were not wanting misguided people to regard this mysterious experience as a judgment from God. Some even dared to press this view upon Mrs. Howard. Captain Howard's answer to such criticism was a shining example of the man's childlike trust in his Heavenly Father.

'If this were intended to be a mark of Divine displeasure I should certainly have expected it to have taken another form. He has taken my children to Himself! Oh, no! this is no token of His disapproval. I entered into a covenant with Him in this matter, and "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I shall stand to my covenant and go forward.'

From out of that accepted sorrow sprang a river of consolation which was to carry healing to countless wounded hearts in the years yet to come. To mention one instance: Ten years later in far-away Australia, to a gentleman in sore bereavement, life had become a wilderness in which he wandered, finding no rest, no hope, nor shelter, nor refreshment! He sought help from the Bishop of Sydney, a friend of his youth, and received from him all that a kind and cultured heart could give; but no light broke through the darkness, no balm reached the troubled heart. Hearing of The Salvation Army Holiness Meeting, he turned in thither. Commissioner Howard was speaking; the troubled spirit felt he had found one who could understand his need. Getting into touch by correspondence, in reply the Commissioner wrote, with his own hand, a message that brought healing to a broken heart and Holiness to a thirsting soul. The daughter of this gentleman, then a Sydney High School girl, was thus brought in contact with The Army, and in the life and service of Mrs. Colonel McMillan the healing stream flows on.

Captain Howard set his face again to his field of battle and his brave wife set her face to hers.

The tempter came upon the gentle woman with one fell swoop. 'Your husband, why should he leave you again?' Had she yielded to this wave of resentment which surged against her, she might well have been overwhelmed, but she hid her soul in God and was preserved. The convictions she formed when her husband was called to The Army were as a rock beneath her feet. They were these: 'I believed he was God led; that being so, our Father knows all-knows of this unspeakable anguish.' She would trust Him. Of such a woman the Lord Jesus said: 'The same is My

sister.' In His companionship Mrs. Howard learned the meaning of the word, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.'

Bereft of her sweet babe and her lovely Mary, that quiet home woman arose, and leaving the friends of all her married life, went to take up her appointment as a Salvation Army Officer.

From her experience might have been written the lines:

I'll praise Thee while my days go on,
I'll love Thee while my days go on,
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I'll thank Thee while my days go on.

Such was the life-long helpmeet God gave to Thomas Henry Howard.

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05 -- UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

No more striking evidence that The Salvation Army is a divine agent, raised, inspired, and sent forth by God to seek the lost of all nations, is to be found than in the means by which the Movement spread beyond the borders of the land of its birth.

The life of God was within it, and shed its seeds, and these -- after the unobtrusive methods of nature, as by wing of bird, the flowing stream, the winds of Heaven -- were carried to the uttermost parts of the earth. Finding there congenial soil, they sprang up and produced a harvest true to the parent seed.

Take, for example, the beginnings of The Salvation Army in Australia. In the year 1881, in the city of Adelaide, South Australia, a builder from Bradford, Yorkshire, and a milkman from London, met in a testimony meeting. The milkman told that he had been saved in the Christian Mission in Bethnal Green, London, and the builder, jumping to his feet, responded, 'And glory be to God, I was converted under Captain Jimmy Dowdle, in Bradford.' The men crossed the floor and embraced each other for very joy. Afterwards they discussed ways and means for holding Meetings after the sort that had drawn them to Christ. A building was secured, souls were won and formed into a fighting force, and a letter was dispatched to the Headquarters in London offering a Corps. Officers were sent and, later, Major and Mrs. James Barker were commissioned by the Founder to take charge and develop the infant work.

God worked mightily with them. At the end of eighteen months The Army was established in South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Tasmania. In New Zealand, also, a promising start had been made under another leader. At these centers, so far removed from the Headquarters of the Movement, The Salvation Army was leaping forward. Its message appealed to Australians and New Zealanders; its joyous religion, harmonizing with the abundant sunshine and broad spaces

of the lands, caught the generous, care-free crowd, while its practical methods of handling social problems gained the goodwill and support of the governing authorities.

In 1884, the Founder felt it would be well for this group of young Divisions to be examined through International eyes, and to this end sent out his second son, Mr. Ballington Booth, with Major Howard as his A.D.C. Howard had been an Officer only three years, and in selecting him to assist in this delicate undertaking, the Founder made his choice in favor of spirit. Howard had grasped the secret of highest wisdom and true success. He walked with God in white -- his whole being yielded to the control and inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Moreover, he was a hard worker and he 'finished his jobs.'

On the journey to Australia, he celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday, and made the day an occasion to review the dealings of God with him, especially in relation to The Army.

The following jottings on shipboard reveal Howard's outlook at this early period of his career.

'I confess that, when I came into The Salvation Army, I looked upon it as a sphere in which earnest souls could find large scope amidst crowds of people to whom they could declare the unsearchable riches of Christ. At the same time, I could not sympathize with many of the details of the Organization; details which I did not think necessary to the maintenance of the work. I regarded these as part of the clothing to the body, which would wear out and pass away. But during these years of close study of the Movement, lying at its very heart, I have come to realize that upon the very things that I regarded as contemptible God is pleased to pour out His blessing. God is pouring contempt upon many notions that have been allowed to gather about religion. He is reiterating the lesson Jesus taught, that "Not in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall men worship; God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." He is determined to bring the substance to the front, whatever may become of the shadow, and He is using The Army to this end.

'Last night I heard a conversation between two passengers which somewhat illustrates my experience in relation to The Salvation Army. One was cracking a joke, telling of an Englishman who had journeyed to the tropics where the sun shines directly overhead. The traveler turned this way and that. Some one inquired, "What is it?... Oh," was the answer, "I have lost something; I have lost my shadow."

'For myself I have lost my shadow. I have ceased in my thinkings and feelings to use The Salvation Army to furnish me with a sphere of usefulness. I have become a part of it and its aims, which I see to be of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. I say truly, I am of it, and it is in me. To be unfaithful to its principles is to be unfaithful to my personal conviction. God has so approved of our measures, by unmistakable signs, that we would be traitors to His revelation if we diverged one degree in order to meet the notions and prejudices of outsiders.'

Because of its central position, and the phenomenal success which had attended the work of Major and Mrs. Barker there, Melbourne had become the chief center of Salvation Army activities in Australia. Melbourne, therefore, was the destination of the travelers. A diary, kept

only for a few busy weeks, supplies illumining glimpses of the new experiences into which they were thrust.

At the entrance of Hobson's Bay a newspaper representative, boarding the boat by which they traveled, subjected them to a press interview. It was Howard's first experience of the kind. Half amused, and half scared, he felt himself 'in the hands of the Philistines!' At the first Meeting on Australian soil, they faced a gathering of the elite of Melbourne, who paid a substantial entrance fee. To his sympathetic journal the Major confesses to pure stage fright and fears that he made a very poor impression, 'not only to my own chagrin, but to the disappointment, I fear, of most of the people.' With a mixture of amazement and distress he adds:

'I was out of my element. O Salvation Army! where have you got to? Government Ministers, Members of Parliament, the rich of the land hanging upon our words!'

About the time when Howard was dispatched to Australia, The Salvation Army in England was passing through one of the most strenuous periods of its history; riots and persecutions attended the Corps work, and pulpit and Press combined to criticize and often to denounce the whole Movement. In Australia he found himself in so different an atmosphere that, for a while, he needed to watch, lest he should be discovered gasping for breath.

He realized that he must stretch himself more and more, and lay hold of Divine Power, if he would measure up to the new conditions and the varied claims which came upon him with the rush of a whirlwind. His journal reveals him again pleading with God his early prayer, 'Oh, make me mighty, but keep me humble.' God heard and answered. Howard became conscious of a calm and dignity in his spirit, and the power of God working within.

The young Australian Salvation Army delighted him. He saw in it a true growth from the original seed; also unique developments which the fresh soil had produced. The following brief extracts from his journal give glimpses of the kaleidoscopic interests which filled his days:

'On Sunday, went to Collingwood. A magnificent Corps, equal to any English Corps; the blood-and-fire spirit, uniform-wearing, marching, Open-Air fighting, splendid! Last night the Temperance Hall, Melbourne City. This is altogether a special work. The congregation of about 2,000 -- a strange mixture; wealthy and educated people, harlots, and jail-birds. At the penitent-form, among others, were a poor fallen woman and three ex-convicts. One had been in prison over a hundred times; another had done fifteen years; another nine years. My subject was the Devil throwing down the young man coming to Jesus.'

The work among ex-convicts, which was first started in Melbourne, filled Howard's heart with praise to God. Says the journal:

'Tonight a Meeting of the Prison-Gate Brigade. I do not know how to describe what I saw and heard. Among the number of saved ex-prisoners was a noted bush-ranger who out of sixteen Christmases had spent fifteen in jail. Eleven men gave their testimonies; their united terms of imprisonment amount to two hundred and thirty years. Bobby Judd (a notable trophy) was saved.'

The following entry touches upon the Major's first intimate touch with a member of the Government:

'Yesterday afternoon we were at Brunswick in connection with the laying of a memorial stone of the new Barracks. The Chief Secretary of the Colony laid a stone and gave an address praising the work done by The Salvation Army, and commending it to the support of all who have an interest in the working-classes. I learn he is a man of no religion, and his testimony only came as a public man who recognizes in The Salvation Army a great power for social reform.'

Howard visited various country stations in Victoria, where he found a gracious work of God in progress. At Bendigo, where Captain (now Colonel) Birkenshaw was in charge, he found the fruit of his work of former days, and writes:

'The Captain here is an old Training Home lad. When he was with me in Devonshire House (London) [5] he was a rough, illiterate youth; but he is godly, and I believe is baptized with the Holy Ghost. A great work is going forward, 4,000 souls have been registered at the mercy-seat.'

Crossing to New South Wales, the journal records impressions of Meetings held in the spacious Exhibition Building at Sydney. Howard is almost bewildered with the opportunity everywhere. Out west from Sydney, he visited Bathurst, a country town on the plains. He writes:

'This journey took me through the most wonderful scenery I have ever looked upon. During the ascent and descent by the "Zig Zag," over the Blue Mountains, one looks upon a moving panorama of mountain scenery beyond description. Peak upon peak, deep gorges and valleys all heavily covered with evergreen foliage; vivid lights and shades; a blue haze hangs over all, accounting for the name, Blue Mountains.'

But the sight that charms him most is a penitent-form with sinners seeking Salvation. Specially interested is he in the thirst of souls for God:

'A man and woman came a distance of one hundred and forty miles to get saved, and went home rejoicing.'

He did not find the same measure of success in every place, as the following extract testifies:

'As we pulled into the station our ears were saluted by the strains of "Welcome Home!" played by a cornet, accompanied by an excruciating noise proceeding from sundry brass instruments, blown by men who could not play. Of course, every head was out of the carriage. We stepped out, and a volley was fired by the five Bandsmen, seven women, and two Officers. As we marched along, single file, we certainly felt that the "offence of the cross" had not ceased... Poor useless Officers have utterly failed to arouse this town.'

It is not to be wondered at that in some aspects of the work the Major encountered serious difficulties. Great opportunities had perforce been committed to people of sharply limited experience, who in making success made also mistakes. In some instances, it required the utmost

patience and tact to straighten out tangles and recover loss. After an inspection at one center he confides to his journal:

'A day of deep anxiety. Intricate matters of business tend to make this visit one of great trial... A grand field. It ought to have been the first in importance, but the opportunity has been let slip. May God give us another and make us equal to it! Surely again an army of lions led by asses!'

But living with His face to God, the most pressing trials were made to yield him the gold of experience, and to give him cause for increasing love and gratitude to God.

After an absence from Headquarters he writes:

'The last ten days filled with business. The pressure upon body and mind very great. I fear I allowed the difficult financial aspects so to oppress me as to almost consume the joy of my spirit. Seldom have I passed through such a season of trial. Nothing but the conviction that my presence here is of God kept me from wishing myself at home. But, hallelujah! if trial and stress is part of the price for the advancement of the King's business, let me ever be found willing for it. The burden of these difficulties has followed me here, disturbing my nights as well as my days, but this morning the Lord rebuked me in the midst of anxious thoughts by the reminder that the government is upon His shoulder, that His Word is full of promises that He will undertake for us. If this be true of our little matters, how much more will He look after the honor of His own name and the interests of His own cause? While doing our best for His Kingdom, the word comes, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." I am afraid that lately I have been standing a little outside this blessedness, certainly in reference to the mind if not the heart, but I see it, and by His grace I will learn to cast all my care upon Him, who careth for me.'

More than he knew, Howard was laying the foundations of The Army in the Commonwealth. Happily, he had the wise experience of the Founder and the Chief -- our present General -- to guide him. Still, being far removed from International Headquarters, he himself needed to decide some delicate matters, but he worked with God and so made few mistakes. How wonderfully a soul that is taught by the Holy Spirit grasps essentials the following entry suggests. It might rather have been written by Commissioner Howard on his last tour to Australia rather than by Major Howard -- then a Salvationist of only three years' experience:

'Yesterday I met the Officers. I spoke to them on the essential qualities of a Salvation Army Officer. He must not only be a good man, but in whatever part of the world he may be stationed, he must interpret The Salvation Army spirit; the spirit of Full Salvation, righteousness, liberty, aggression, self-sacrifice. I felt I needed to emphasize sacrifice, for the people here accept The Army with open arms, and our Officers could easily be spoiled. At a second session I spoke of Salvation Army methods, and showed how wherever these had been carried out there had never been failure, but where Officers have gone on other lines, no permanent results have followed. I emphasized the necessity of Salvation Army doctrine.'

Generous was his summing up of his impressions, and he was glad to commend the work of the pioneer Officers:

'I am more and more struck with the greatness of the work done here by The Salvation Army within the past twenty months. As I look into the details, souls won, Soldiers made, friends, money, property, The Salvation Army spirit! Oh, the greatness of the opportunity: I stand amazed! With good management, and Officers maintaining the right spirit, a glorious future is before us.'

And he adds the following human little confidence:

'These people are a delightful set, they throw themselves into the interests of the Movement with great enthusiasm. A leader must move himself to keep ahead of them. They listen intently to addresses, and so frank is their disposition that they make no attempt to hide their emotions. It would not be difficult to settle down among them, but I am in the hands of God and can trust Him to work out His own purposes concerning me.'

Crossing to New Zealand, Major Howard was much moved by the gracious manifestations of the Holy Spirit's work there. Standing in the Christchurch theater, which was packed with joyful Salvationists and friends, he was reminded of the Congress Hall, London, and praised God that the same spirit and methods produced similar results at the farthest point from the center.

As a result of the report to International Headquarters, the Founder decided to form the Divisions into a Territory. Howard was advanced to the rank of Commissioner and directed to assume charge of the entire work in Australia, and Mr. Ballington Booth returned to London.

So well had Commissioner Howard adjusted affairs, that the Territory was now ripe for a settled policy and a general advance, but taxing as had been his first work, it was mild in comparison with the delicate situation which now confronted him. As a visitor, and a representative of the General, he had been extremely welcome and had received every respect at the several Colony centers, but to take precedence of those Officers who had raised the Flag was a different proposition. Happily, the Colony leaders had all been trained under the Commissioner, and they loved and honored him. Right loyally did they accept the Founder's appointment, but the public was not so ready for the arrangement.

In Melbourne, the announcement of the change of command was received with open resentment, seen especially in the Press. Barker was the only commander Victoria wanted! When Commissioner Howard appeared on the platforms he was received with chilling silence, while the crowds greeted their favorite with thunderous applause. But grace triumphed. Barker stood four-square for The Army and his General. He explained that the work had grown beyond the power of one man to direct it; he, Barker, would still serve them. So this faithful pioneer smiled resentment down; while Commissioner Howard remained amiable and calm. The two stood shoulder to shoulder, and because of the unselfish loyalty of the one, and the sweet devotion of the other, the time of friction passed without hurt or hindrance to the work of God.

With grace and wisdom Commissioner Howard set himself to administer his charge. The population of Australia was at that date two and a half millions, but the Colonies (as the States

were then known) held themselves with dignified separateness and entertained a smack of jealousy toward each other. This sentiment was not entirely absent in Army circles. The institution of inter-State Officers' Councils and the establishment of an inter-State Training Garrison, with the interchange of Officers, did much to overcome this clannishness. Only one of the spirit of our Lord could have achieved this without breakage and loss. While the national temperament refuses to be domineered or 'bounced,' let it see true benevolence and sacrifice working for a high ideal, and it will lay its very best upon the same altar.

Up and down his immense Territory the Commissioner traveled, his eyes alert and his heart yearning to bring Salvation to the largest possible number of people. Studying the ways of the Australians, he grappled with the crowds at the great centers. When the hot weather took the people to the open air, he followed them with Field and Tent Campaigns; and his heart being much moved toward the lonely settlers, he introduced 'Cavalry Forts' and 'Rough Riders.' Officers traveling in a van, or on horseback, lived always on the move in 'the back blocks,' taking the message of Salvation to those far from the towns.

Among the Australian Aborigines and the Maoris of New Zealand he placed Officers, who saw many dark souls brought into the light of God.

Forty years ago, traveling in Australia included more variety than it does among. The following diary notes give glimpses of a journey from Adelaide to Melbourne:

'Two nights without undressing, one of which was passed in an old mall coach journeying across a desert of ninety-seven miles and using up twenty-eight horses. Then, following a slow sail across a lake, [6] we landed at a place where we saw a large number of kangaroos. We had hoped to get a wash and some breakfast here, but found the train about to start, and, with the dust upon our faces, and the pangs of hunger asserting themselves, we began a fifty mile run by train. However, we enjoyed our meal after thirteen hours' fast.

'A Meeting at night in a town of eight hundred people. We had a thousand for a congregation. Where did they come from?

'At 5 a.m. up again, for a sixty-mile ride. It was raining in torrents. We entered once more the wretched little coach and jolted over awful roads; then train for two hundred and seventy miles, and we arrived in Melbourne. Altogether it was an enjoyable time. The air was so dry I never felt in better health, or, comparatively, so little weariness.

'Oh, for Officers, capable, humble, and true! The Colony is a vast country of itself, covering more than half a million square miles; fifteen times the size of England.'

On the Australian Field, Howard learned to adapt himself to varied circumstances and people. In a remarkable way he was now shaking himself free from the stiff, conventional ways of his upbringing. He would strip off his frock coat and lead a Meeting in his Guernsey, playing the concertina, or allow himself to be carried shoulder high at the conclusion of a victorious campaign. Presiding at a musical meeting, he would seize the baton and himself conduct, or take a turn at a violin.

Commissioner Pearce, who at that time was a Captain in Australia, writes:

'One Christmas Day he conducted special Meetings in the Town Hall at Norwood; the temperature stood at 120 degrees in the shade. A scorching wind was blowing. The Commissioner was at the front the whole of the day, and led the Meetings in his shirt sleeves.'

At ease with legislators, and entertained in homes of luxury, he kept his heart free for the homes of the lowly, and extracted enjoyment out of unusual situations. On the occasion of a visit to a country town some one thousand five hundred miles from his Headquarters, he, with his Chief Secretary, was entertained by a widow woman of very humble circumstances. Shown into a tiny room with sloping roof, called in Australia a 'lean-to' -- boxes had been placed against the wall to enlarge a single bed -- their hostess said:

'There isn't much to it, but if you belong to the Lord you'll put up with it, and if you belong to the Devil it's too good for you.'

The Commissioner so enjoyed the incident that he related it in a Meeting in Melbourne, and the Editor of 'The War Cry' could not resist giving such a good bit to his readers. Some time later, the Commissioner was announced to conduct a tour in the same distant part. In the raw hours of early morning the train pulled up at a country station; the door of the carriage was opened and the Commissioner's friend, the widow woman, appeared, her expression was somewhat severe as she scolded, 'To think you exposed me on a public platform! But there, I knew you would be hungry by the time you reached here, so here's breakfast.' She pushed in a basket containing refreshment and crockery. 'How shall I return these things?' Howard called as the train moved out. 'Leave them at the next place,' she cried. The Officers' Quarters was reached at 6 a.m. It was a difficult opening, and the Officers were loathe to set the table for the Commissioner with the only odd crocks they possessed. The widow woman's gift supplied the lack.

Howard was becoming a Salvationist through and through, and with the guidance received from International Headquarters he took great pains to make an Army. The Commissioning of Melbourne's first five hundred Local Officers was made a great occasion. The body of the spacious Temperance Hall was filled with the Treasurers, Secretaries, Sergeant-Majors, Sergeants, and Bandsmen, accompanied by their respective Commanding Officers and their Corps Colors. The gallery was filled with Soldiers and as many outsiders as could get inside to "witness the ceremony. The Commissioner gave a charge to the Local Officers on 'What God and The Army expect of you,' a clear setting forth of the principles and purposes of the Organization, and sent the newly commissioned Local Officers back to their neighborhoods more desperately, and with clearer understanding, to attack sin and deliver the captives of Satan.

Howard's influence upon his Officers was one of his most valuable contributions to the Australian Command. Notes from his Officers' Meetings of those early days are still preserved.

At this time he was, all unconsciously, training men and women who, in future days, were to exercise powerful influences upon The Salvation Army in many lands. Among his junior Officers of that date were Peart, Jeffries, Martha Harris (now Mrs. Jeffries), Pearce, Horskins

(now Commissioners); Dean, Hoskin, Birkenshaw, Knight, Harris, Annie Rowell (now Mrs. Harris), Sharp, Bray, and 'Happy Dinah' (now Mrs. Bray), Colonels; and Lizzie Warrington (now Mrs. Brigadier Dennis). By personal contact, and correspondence, he laid a tender yet strong hand upon these men and women.

Parcels of letters, written in his own hand, now faded and worn, have been yielded up from men and women in whom his influence in those early days laid the foundations of stability and effectiveness.

To Mrs. Colonel Harris, then a Field Officer, he wrote:

'You must lay yourself out to nurse and develop the spiritual children whom the Lord has given you. I am sure that if more attention were given to these aspects of our work, viz. the Salvation of souls and caring for those who are saved, we would have less cause to mourn loss and retreat. I want you to lay down the lines so thoroughly that your successors will find it a joyful service to run upon them. Put in your foundations for eternity.'

To Adjutant Jeffries, then a single Officer in charge of a Division covering an area greater than the whole of England, and distant more than a thousand miles from Headquarters, Commissioner Howard's fatherly letters supplied an invaluable touch at this period. He wrote:

February 10, 1887

'My Dear Jeffries,

'I have been expecting to get a personal letter from you, but I suppose you are so busy that time slips away without your being able to write all the letters you could desire. It is so with myself. I am always pleased to receive your letters, not only when the news is bright, and you can report success, but also when trials and temptations and apparent failure are the case. I want to be not only the leader of my Officers, and especially my Staff Officers, but the personal friend of each. I judge from a word in _____'s letter that you have been passing through a season of depression and spiritual disheartenment. Now, my dear J., do let me know: Is there anything I can do?'

Later, evidently in answer to the previous letter:

'I am glad you have got through the tunnel and that you find light at the end. You will always find it so if you trust in God and go forward. You must not allow yourself, when in the darkness of the tunnel, to make things worse by forebodings which in the light could not live. Just go right on and do your duty for God and us. Even if I should think it necessary to criticize, or even to complain of some arrangement or course adopted, you must remember that it in no way affects the matter of personal confidence in you. We are not faultless in our administration of affairs, any of us, but that does not prove our unfitness or unreliability of purpose. We must, even to those whom we love most, sometimes say words of criticism or reproof in order to develop their powers and correct their faults; but this is a sign of our love and trust in them rather than the reverse.

I find many Officers get into mental and spiritual trouble through not understanding this distinction between personal confidence and necessary discipline. Go straight forward trusting in God, and all will be well. I shall see you, I expect, in April. Abundant love and prayers and faith for you,

Your affectionate Commissioner,
'T. H. H.'

How entirely the Commissioner had given his heart to the land of his appointment the following reply to Jeffries' appeal for help to grasp the opportunities of his great Division reveals. Howard appears to have forgotten that neither he nor Jeffries was an Australian-raised Officer.

'I feel intensely your appeal re the scattered districts and the need of Bands, Riders, [7] etc. If only we could get Officers, what a blessed sweep we could make in the name of the Lord. More than ever we must go in for making our own men. But while I feel depressed by the fewness of Candidates in proportion to our needs, I feel much encouraged to realize that out of our six hundred and fifty Officers only some twenty-five have been sent from England.'

What of Commissioner Howard's vow to spend his life in spreading Scriptural Holiness? Early in his career he came to realize that many spiritual natures fall into the snare of sentimentalism, being impractical in the stern duties of life. He, therefore, set himself to translate into Holiness every aspect of service into which the Lord led him, and was by no means cast down because his Territorial appointment included much that might have been regarded as secular work. Nevertheless, his heart ever burned with desire to lead his people into the experience of Full Salvation. In every town he visited in his great Territory he preached it, convening 'Days with God,' and Half-Nights and Whole-Nights of Prayer for the purpose of instructing souls in the doctrine.

The Commissioner also issued a paper, 'Power for Witness' (the title of which was later altered to 'Full Salvation'), in which was set forth clear teaching and testimony to Salvation from all sin. Mrs. Howard was with her husband in spirit, service, and testimony. Hear her declare:

'I am so glad to be in the will of God. It is comfortable to be at rest in Him when great trials come. The Lord has shaken out of me my self-love and self-will, and opened my dumb lips, and snapped my fetters, and given me power to speak in His Name to poor sinners.'

Howard loved Australia. He had once let slip from his lips that it would be easy for him to end his days under the Southern Cross; but when, at the conclusion of five years' service, he received farewell orders, he immediately set his face towards God's next command.

In spite of all the blessing upon his service of those years, so clearly did he realize the great work still left undone, that far from taking vainglory for his achievements, he wept before his Officers for the souls still in darkness.

The Field position when he arrived in Australia was eighty-seven Corps with two hundred and thirty Officers; when he farewelled there were three hundred and ten Corps and nine hundred and twenty-four Officers, and the Social Work had increased from two to thirteen Institutions.

There was something Paul-like in Howard's solicitude for the charge he was relinquishing. The first Commissioner to farewell from this delightful Command, he anticipated something of the very human speculation likely to attend such an occasion, and sought by the following letter, addressed to his Divisional Commanders, to prepare his people to meet the change in the true Army spirit:

'Do not, I beseech you, allow the little suspense and wonderment and discussion of the next few months, to take your mind and heart off God and your duty. Indeed, do not needlessly discuss the coming change and future prospects. Leave the future in the hands of God, who has, during these past years, been our Guide and Helper. Each day will bring its burdens and battles; let each day find you claiming grace which will make you a conqueror.

'There may be among our Soldiers, and even your fellow-Officers, those who, on the occasion of so important a change as this pending, may give way to vain speculations and doubt concerning the future. I want you, for the sake of Christ and The Salvation Army, to encourage, both by word and example, confidence in God and our General relative to the appointment of my successor. There is every reason for confidence and happy expectancy, and I rely upon you to stimulate and increase these qualities.'

Howard's farewell at the various centers of Australia was almost a national event in point of crowds, enthusiasm, and a full tide of good-will. But the man was an ambassador of Christ, and took no glory to himself. His last message to his Command was a fitting note to the life of fighting Holiness he had lived beneath the Southern Cross:

'Desperate for God and souls, be at peace among yourselves, ever waging war against the Devil and sin. Be separate from the world, its pleasures, and its principles, and live in the light of eternity.'

* * * * *

06 -- THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER

In 1892, Commissioner Howard was appointed British Commissioner (to the command of The Army's evangelistic work in the United Kingdom), a position he occupied until 1896.

This appointment carried with it a different responsibility from that attached to Howard's former Command-Australia. There he had been the top and was the only Commissioner, whereas the United Kingdom, being the first battle-field of The Army, remained an important field of operations for the Founder, the Chief of the Staff, and the Commissioners attached to International Headquarters. Also, in Territories outside Great Britain, the respective Territorial Commanders have under their direction the various Departments associated with the Headquarters, such as, for example, the Training and Social Operations, and the Editorial Departments. In the United

Kingdom this is not the case. London being the location of the International Headquarters of the Movement, in due course, as the result of pressing needs, departments were formed which, having International relationships, remained for years under the personal direction of the Founder. But Commissioner Howard had a heart which applied the test of eternity to present-day values; the forty odd millions of people of the British Isles presented to him a field of boundless opportunity, calling, in his estimation, for the best of heart and mind that mortal man could give. He cast himself upon God in childlike dependence for help and guidance, and in the strength of Christ went forth to fight and to conquer.

The British Field has been the experimenting ground, as well as the birthplace, of most Salvation Army methods. First attempts, as is generally the case with human efforts, include much of crudeness and sometimes even error, which the wise hand of experience subsequently modifies or eliminates. As a case in point: With the advance and development of The Army had evolved the necessity for closer oversight than one man could give; hence came into being the Staff Officer. But the Founder had come to realize that in this useful provision the pendulum had, perhaps, swung rather far -- there was danger of the superior Officer becoming too far removed from the Field. Howard's gift for composing differences between persons of varying temperaments and responsibilities was greatly used of God in his contact with the British Field.

Those were days of poverty and hardship for The Army. During his first year of command, Commissioner Howard set himself to know the difficulties, and share the sorrows, of the Field Officer. The closer he came to these brave Field fighters, the more he realized the value of personal contact between a leader and his people; it is like the oil on the bearings of a machine that is running at high speed.

After readjusting the pressure at various points, and drawing his Officers into a closer sense of union with Christ, his second year found him in high fettle for attack and advance.

Howard's Councils with Officers live in the hearts of men and women who are veterans among us today. He helped the Officers more correctly to estimate the value of appointments -- not by their status, nor the rewards they offered, but rather by the opportunities for contact with and winning souls to Christ. The needy thousands outside the Hall, rather than the scores or hundreds inside, gauged the importance of a command. Officers readily accepted appointments made entirely in the interests of the unsaved multitudes and with little regard to their own comfort. In a 'War Cry' report of one of these Councils we read:

'The Officers looked through their tears at him, feeling they had in him a father, a friend -- one who would do his level best to help them in their hardness, to cheer them through their darkneses, and to assist them in every hour of battle. "Crown the Saviour, crown Him in your daily lives," was his cry.'

The Commissioner realized the value of 'The War Cry' to communicate his mind to the people, and used its pages to good effect. The following is a characteristic message:

'Happiness is a thing of the heart. Some of our circumstances are difficult, but if the heart is right with God difficulties cannot of themselves destroy happiness any more than a well-favored

set of circumstances alone can make people happy. Not your abundance, nor your shortness of money, my comrades; not the favor or opposition of men, not the bigness or littleness of Corps, determine your happiness, or otherwise, but the heart sense of the smile and favor of God. The inward assurance of heart purity, the consciousness that by God's help you are doing your duty, and standing to the vows you have registered to be fully separated from the world and devoted to your blessed Lord -- this is the state of heart which makes the state of happiness real and secure.

'The earth gets the sunshine which brightens and fructifies it by turning its face day by day to the sun; so our brightness and fruitfulness and power to do God's will come as we turn our souls to the Divine Sun. Let no secret wrong, no unfaithful conduct, no withdrawal of consecration, come between your soul and God. For I lovingly warn you that such will bring darkness, and darkness will breed doubt, and doubt will cause weakness, and weakness involve you in defeat.

'The happiness we want comes from God. I urge you, my comrades, seek it from Him. God's gifts are not bestowed in response to consecration alone, but in response to faith. Let the faith which claims the power for heart, life, and work, be cultivated and exercised, and victory shall be on your side. Combine to make an Army of victorious believers! Have faith today for The Salvation Army!

'I never knew any one to be happy who neglected his duty. "Be thou happy," is almost a translation of "Be thou faithful." In praying that you may be happy, I, therefore, pray that you may have grace to stand to your faith. Remember me! My responsibilities in reference to you are heavy and complicated, but through your faith and confidence I shall be guided and sustained.'

To the early Self-Denial Efforts the Commissioner applied himself with care and enthusiasm. His spiritual messages to the troops; his practical guidance in the best means of preparation; his inventiveness, organization, and will to win, were among his most powerful aids to victory.

The year 1894 opened with an attack on the great cities of the Provinces. Groups of from thirty to fifty Officers were brought together to concentrate for a Ten Days' or a fortnight's campaign on such cities as Bristol, Hull, and the like. New methods for grappling with godless crowds were invented, and old methods revived. For these campaigns the Commissioner set a high, safe standard:

'There is a danger of our goal being set at the wrong point. The penitent-form is a blessed spot; to get people there in sorrow and penitent faith is a victory, but it is not the goal. We must carry the penitent-form into the Corps, and build up a fighting force for our King.'

Throughout the country the Commissioner went, but not like a meteor, a tornado, or any other arresting but transitory figure; rather, his influence resembled the shining of the sun, steady, genial, searching, life-giving. His none too robust health gave out sometimes under the ceaseless strain, and he would drop out a few appointments; but soon he was up and at it again.

He had under him an able Staff. Many who today are in leading international positions were either the Captains of his chief Corps or in their first Staff positions. With a quiet courage he advanced his helpers to opportunities of increasing importance. Says the General:

'He maintained that splendid confidence in others which was a reflection of his own spirit. How often he has astonished both the Founder and myself by proposals which involved placing men of whom, in the nature of things, he could but know little, in positions of great responsibility or great difficulty. He trusted them.

'And I am bound to say that his confidence was often wonderfully justified. He had a fine capacity for judging men. And while I do not suppose he always came to his conclusions in consequence of gathered facts, I do think a very precious gift of insight was accorded him, which by cultivation and watchfulness and dependence on God became of the very highest value. A spirit of wisdom and understanding rested upon him.'

Recalling those days, Commissioner James Hay writes:

'Commissioner Howard gave me my chance on the Staff in a responsible position, and so treated me as to give play for my individuality. He was successful in leaving men to work out their tasks with due regard to variety of methods. I had much close contact with him from 1892 to 1896, and deeply appreciated the purity of his soul and the serenity of his character.

'He always appeared to act and feel young, though many knew it was not so much a physical success as a cast of mind he secured by his youthful pretensions. He was sure he could climb Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, as quickly and as directly as I, and though he tried early one morning he did not quite succeed. But the spirit of worship, reverence, and godly influence which combined in the fellowship of that early morn has often made me reflect.

'I was Field Secretary under him for a time. His amity, tact, and influence with his Staff impressed me greatly; his care for the F. O. pleased me as much as his penetration into the different characters and problems he dealt with.

'His cautious, prayerful examination of problems gave him dignity, and might well have caused every Officer affected by them to thank him.'

Commissioner William McAlonan, [8] who also served under Commissioner Howard as Field Secretary, says:

'He educated and disciplined us, sparing neither time nor trouble.'

In respect of contact with his Officers and his platform efforts, the Commissioner adds:

'He was very considerate to his people, and while stern in matters of principle, he did not often scold. I should say he laid material for the fire which broke into flame under his successor. He was a teacher rather than an evangelist, but he had the faculty of getting the best out of the

people who served him. His loyalty to The Army was unimpeachable; he had the confidence of us all.'

Another of his helpers says:

'It was an education to see him presiding over a conference, eliciting information, drawing out ideas -- examining, correcting, amplifying, and co-ordinating them. By these means he arrived at conclusions not only well and soundly based, but by such means as ensured the intelligent co-operation of his assistants.

'His success depended not so much on his own ability to accomplish things as on his ability to get the best out of his team, choosing the right men for the right posts.'

Says another armor-bearer:

'He was not an originator but a splendid adapter. His attitude toward his Staff was helpful; while unquestionably the leader, he was natural, generous and humble without desire to domineer. With his chief men about him at conferences on Field affairs he would get the whole lot of ideas on the table and then begin to sift and test them. "This is splendid, but not that. You would go on the rocks there." His criticisms were never freezing; indeed, they were stimulating, and almost invariably resulted in the advancing of other and better ideas than the originals. His ability to separate the useful from the fantastic was remarkable.

'He did not fuss with other people's jobs (says an Officer who had opportunity of observing him closely), but required them to be up to time with their returns, by which he informed himself of the situation. Woe be to the one who was not ready, or who supplied incomplete or incorrect information.'

'He was one of the most truthful of men. If a number was twelve, no amount of stretching it could make it fifteen! One of his oft-repeated sayings was: "It is as sinful to give a wrong impression as to utter a downright falsehood."'

The Army at that stage resembled an orchestra, with instruments in different keys. Howard showed no irritation at the sometimes inevitable discord, and did no rash 'screwing up,' but gently, patiently; continually he worked to secure the harmony of all parts; most happily he succeeded.

A percentage of the Officers did not welcome the introduction of certain regulations; rather they regarded them as something to smile over -- to observe or set aside just as they felt. One Staff Officer, with more frankness than wisdom, declared to the Commissioner, 'I cannot carry out these regulations; and rather than try I will resign.' The Commissioner looked at him kindly, and replied, 'And if you do, your resignation will be accepted on the spot.' The man thought better of his ultimatum.

On another occasion, in an Officers' Meeting it was discovered at the roll call that certain Officers were absent. On being questioned for a reason, the Divisional Commander responsible gave a nonchalant reply with an air of, 'Don't let us fuss over trifles.' In a moment the

Commissioner was on his feet, and with a flash of compelling dignity he retorted: 'Major, you have lightly regarded my orders. Is government to proceed from the bottom or the top?' It was as though an electric button had been touched, and that sense of fitness, that is always present in companies of sincere people, leapt into a flame of sympathetic accord with constitutional method. The incident threw various situations of like character into their true perspective, and did much to interpret the necessity and desirability of law and order.

Says the General of Howard during these difficult, formative years of the Movement:

'I found in him a mind steadfast in its devotion to great principles and yet youthful in its power of projection and elasticity. He could take responsibility and could face difficulty, long-continued processions of difficulties. I do not mean to say that he was never depressed; while they never daunted him, difficulties wearied him. I do not think he was ever fainthearted, but he was now and again very downhearted. He carried on sometimes with much courage and true doggedness; he could, and did, carry his head high even when his heart was heavy. He could encourage others though feeling deeply the need of encouragement himself.'

On the British Field, as during many other appointments, the Commissioner was engaged in the making of men by that gentle heart-ministry which lures men to leave the lower levels of the self-life for the sake of Christ and the Holy War.

On this point a veteran Officer recalls the following incident: With much gratification he had received a certain appointment. He had packed and was ready with his family to proceed next day when he had a wire to meet the British Commissioner. Commissioner Howard said to him: 'I am in a difficulty. I have word from the Foreign Office announcing the arrival from abroad of an Officer whom I am to take over. From every point of view your appointment is suitable for this man. He is in delicate health, and has domestic affairs not easy to arrange. What am I to do?' 'There was only one Christian thing to do,' says the Officer, 'give him my job.' And under the gracious influence of the Commissioner it was done without a grudge.

It was because he wanted nothing for himself that he was able to help others in the practice of 'love seeketh not her own.'

There was a charming admixture of the meekness of Christ and the practicality of the business man in his character.

'He would listen to one never assuming that he knew better (says one of his British Field Staff). And he would admit it and express regret if he discovered that his judgment was in error. On one occasion, he expressed the opinion that a certain Officer could not write a letter without putting a sting in it. Later, he discovered that the offending epistles had been dictated by another, and to the person to whom he had made the observation said, "I am very sorry I misjudged."'

Any falling away from grace among Officers was a great sorrow to him. Finding it necessary to inform his Officers of one such case, he concluded his letter with, 'Thus is Christ wounded in the house of His friends.'

During the Commissioner's command in the United Kingdom he embarked upon several unusual methods of attack which have now become regular features of Army organization and warfare. 1893 saw the inauguration of the Circle Corps -- a system to reach the village populations. This was largely a development of the Cavalry Van idea which he had employed in scattered districts in Australia.

A 'War Cry' report gives a glimpse of the preliminary move in the establishment of the Naval and Military League. To a Press interviewer the Commissioner said:

'At Plymouth some blue-jackets had an interview with me relating to the formation of a Naval Brigade, and I endorsed the formation of a number of Companies in the Mediterranean Squadron of the British Navy. These sailor comrades gave me considerable information as to the constitution of the navy, and the lines upon which our Naval Brigade could operate. We arranged for one of these men to be Sergeant-Major, since his appointment to Devonport allows him to remain ashore for two or three years. He is in touch with five companies of men in the Mediterranean, each of which has a Sergeant, to whom I agreed a Commission should be sent. More than forty men are already reported as being included in these Companies.'

The Commissioner was keenly interested in the Young People's War, and it was during his term as British Commissioner that the Founder decided to create the position of National Young People's Secretary. The Commissioner also gave special attention to Bands and Songster Brigades, and he had a big share in the introduction of the United Band Festivals which have become a much-appreciated feature in Army life.

Commissioner Howard was one of the first leaders to use the Registration Room in connection with great campaigns. Colonel Millner recalls his criticisms of a 'brief' for a Bank Holiday Tent Campaign:

'We must have a soul-saving tent with an Officer on duty all day.' 'Every tent I could lay hands on was in use,' says the Colonel; 'but no excuse would do. I had to get a tent. Finally, I went down to the wharves and found an old man who turned out a tent from a loft.'

In 1896 his term of service in the British Field came to an end. He had prayed and planned, and wrestled to build substantially, and extend the Kingdom of God in his homeland, and had succeeded. In announcing his farewell he wrote:

'Let us each stand in our place in the battle! Let us each stand for the truth as it is in Jesus crucified! Let us each stand for our Lord, no matter who falls! Let us stand in this Army of Salvation for that unity of heart, and unity of hand, which cannot be destroyed by sectional divisions, national boundaries, rolling seas, nor, thank God, by the brief partings of this present time.'

* * * * *

The Movement had reached its sixteenth year before the Founder was able to give attention to the regular training of its Officers. During the earliest years of the Organization, to meet the demand for Evangelists, there was no option but to select from among the Converts of the Mission, and others who were drawn to it, men and women whose hearts burned with desire to bring others to Christ and who possessed some qualities for leadership. Some of these were thrust into positions of extraordinary opportunity and, despite disabilities, many, by the power of God, saw wonders worked.

While the stations were grouped around London, they were under the direct supervision of the Founder and the present General, and thus were saved from many pitfalls. But when necessary to send Officers further afield -- and abroad -- the Founder arranged for the gathering together and training of the young men and women who offered their lives for Salvation Army service.

To Miss Emma Booth, [9] second daughter of the Founders, who in 1880 became the pioneer of Army training work, the first women-Cadets (some thirty) were committed. The benefits resulting from this development were, from the beginning, so obvious, that a few months later a Garrison for men was decided upon, and the first Cadets were received at Devonshire House, Hackney, well known in Army circles as '259.'

The establishment of the Training Homes, or Garrisons, as they have come to be called, was the greatest revealer of their urgent need, and, indeed, indispensability. As the work continued to develop, it became evident that accommodation for a larger number of Cadets was necessary. The Founder secured, in 1882, a large building with two or three acres of land in Clapton which, as the Congress Hall and International Training Garrison, has been an important landmark and The Army's principal center for the training of Officers for more than forty years.

Howard was God's gift to the Founder in this interesting development. In a practical way he was able to oversee the extensive alterations, and upon this house of God he poured out his affection.

It was a high day for Salvationists when the Congress Hall was opened and the Cadets took up residence, the men in the north wing, the women in the south. Major Howard was appointed Vice-Principal of the Garrison, and the first Officer in charge of the Congress Hall. Captain (now Brigadier) William Bennett, well known as the 'Black Prince,' and now on the retired list, was Howard's assistant for Corps work. The Congress Hall provided the men-Cadets with a Training ground for Field work. Many souls were saved, and the historic Corps came into being. The Major was insistent on leading the Converts into the Blessing of Full Salvation. Two long tables covered with red cloth stretched from the platform to the center of the Hall, and it is well remembered how upon these Howard would pace up and down as he delivered his charges. He toiled for souls. In this he was a true example to the Cadets. Throwing aside his coat, and working in his red jersey, he prayed, wrestled, and guided until souls came into the way of liberty. Brother Pennick, the father of the Majors George and Harry Pennick, of England, and Major William Pennick, of China, was a capture of those days.

Often the Meetings were rough. On one occasion, a bully came on the platform to attack Captain Bennett, and a young Scotch stalwart, by the name of Eadie, laid the rough low with one blow. Afterwards the Cadet was shown 'a more excellent way' by the painstaking Vice-Principal.

To the work of training the Cadets, Howard brought a mind instructed in Bible knowledge and sound theology; a disciplined, industrious disposition, and a patient, gentle, clean soul that burned with desire for the glory of God.

Because of this soundness of soul, God used him largely to influence the characters of the leading Staff-to-be of The Salvation Army world. Many of the Commissioners and Chief Secretaries who were trained in London have some grateful memory of Major Howard's influence in their formative days. The hotheads he taught the beauties of restraining grace; the slow he exhorted with constraining grace; the reluctant he pushed forward; the impulsive he held back. Take a group of leading Commissioners. Young 'Dick' Wilson, fresh from the mines, was sent to keep the door of the Hall at Bethnal Green.

It was the day of Skeleton Armies. A bully, giving considerable trouble, was surprised when the Cadet doorkeeper threw off his coat and gave him a sound thrashing. Next day Wilson had an interview with Major Howard, in which 'turning the other cheek' played a part. The young hothead declared he was 'goin' 'ome'; he wasn't going to stay there to be 'thoomped.' Nevertheless, he remained. On another occasion, he was sent from the Garrison to get a sack of potatoes. Returning with his burden on his back, a rough slit the bag, and let the potatoes run into the street. In a moment Cadet Wilson was after him with intentions of vengeance. As a sequel, he landed at the penitent-form in an All-Night of Prayer, where Major Howard, with kindly wisdom, directed his fighting qualities into a consecration to God for the Salvation of souls that has sustained a long campaign.

Cadet Henry Hodder had his turn in another way. The Commissioner of today writes:

'During my Training the Congress Hall was opened, and it was such a time of jubilee that some of the Cadets allowed their enthusiasm to outrun their judgment. The Commissioner afterwards lectured us on the value of ballast. I presume that I myself was a little heavy at the time, having arrived in Training from the blacksmith's anvil. The Commissioner spoke of those who needed weight in their lives, and compared them with others whom he desired should liven up. Said he, "Hodder, to wit." This was a memorable moment in my life. My eyes suddenly opened to what I saw was the conviction of others regarding my disposition. I realized the necessity of "more go." To that "wake up" is due my life service and present position.'

David Rees arrived at the Garrison from a provincial biscuit factory, in answer to a Divine Call. After three months' study of Army methods he felt certain that nothing in his composition or equipment justified him in accepting the position of an Army Officer. He begged Major Howard to order him back to his Corps. Instead, the Major encouraged him to persevere, and presently sent him out to a Corps as a Commanding Officer.

The first thing Major Howard did for James Hay, a pushful Cadet from Scotland, who years later was to succeed him as Training Commissioner, was to refuse him a request; but the

godly life of the Major laid in the lad a respect for downright goodness which throughout his career has acted as a brake to his swift wheel.

Upon the Garrison Staff, as well as upon the Cadets, Howard's influence was extraordinary. A leading Officer of today remembers one of the Staff saying to him, 'If you want an earthly example for your character, choose that' -- pointing to the Major's photograph. But even respect had its comical side. So greatly did one type of Cadet admire their Vice-Principal that they imitated him to the extent of wearing glasses on good eyes. The Major came to realize this, and with gentle irony talked to them on 'Eyes have they but they see not.' Then, noticing that a number of Cadets had taken to wearing a handkerchief protruding a little from the coat-front, as was his custom, he at once stuffed his handkerchief into his pocket and said, 'Boys, if I have any excellent parts follow me there, but for heaven's sake don't copy my weaknesses!'

Howard's influence was not confined to the men's side of the Garrison. Colonel Lawrence -- for nearly forty years a successful Training Officer -- can never forget a united Spiritual Meeting held a few months after her arrival at the Training Garrison. During Major Howard's talk on the need of a Full Salvation, the light of God shone into her soul and she sought a deeper work of grace than she had hitherto known. She says: 'That Meeting made all the difference in my life.'

In the delicate work of personal interview -- taking the men alone and dealing with them on the work of God in their souls -- Howard spent many hours of every week. Says Commissioner Robert Hoggard:

'He was the first Officer who personally dealt with me regarding my own spiritual condition. His words remain with me today. In his second interview his main theme was the word "But." He talked with me something after this wise: "You see, Hoggard, whenever I am questioned concerning you, I wish to be able to speak candidly in your favor, rather than to hesitate and say, "Hoggard is very well in some ways, but... I" I want you to so live and act that it will not be necessary to use the word "but."'

'I also remember his words, "If I were to backslide, and remain a backslider, and eventually go down to Hell, even there I would testify of the possibility of living a holy and spotless life.'"

Howard's addresses to the Cadets of those early days are remembered all over the world. When all that was mortal of the man lay at the Congress Hall, Colonel George King, and Lieut.-Colonels Wotton and Gill met around the coffin and together looked upon the face of their old Training Officer. With one accord they recalled a lecture which he gave on the words, 'Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.' Those words had influenced the whole of their careers.

After three years' Training work came Howard's appointment to Australia, dealt with in Chapter Five. There he continued his work of 'making men,' individually, and also in the mass by founding the Inter-State Training Garrison in Melbourne.

Upon his return to England in 1890, the Founder appointed him Commissioner for Training with the oversight of the work in London.

The Training system was at that time in its experimental stages. Under the guidance of the Founder and the then Chief of the Staff, Howard set himself to a developing policy. Not the least part of the Commissioner's Training work was his development of the Staff. One of his most helpful methods was the calling together of the Garrison Officers [10] to the Central Garrison, in London, for periodical Councils. The curriculum had been revised and enlarged, and the Commissioner instructed the Officers in practical and educational subjects, and got close to their hearts on such intimate matters as a Garrison Officer's relationship to God, to the Cadets, to the Training leaders, to the Corps. The system of small Garrisons was then in vogue.

The Cadets connected with the various Garrisons in the city and country were, however, brought together for a final session at Clapton. Memories of those days, under Commissioner Howard's guidance, are still fragrant. Colonel Beaumont (Dutch East Indies) writes:

'It was my privilege to be one of the first batch of Cadets commissioned by Commissioner Howard at Clapton in 1889. In a small Meeting in the old Staff Room he spoke a sentence that still remains, "By the pathway of duty flows the river of God's grace." How often have these words come with power and strength to my soul.

'When, in the evening Meeting, I received my Commission, another sentence from his lips, from the final charge to the newly-commissioned Officers, has been an anchor when some new test has come: "Remember, that with every new set of circumstances comes a fresh set of temptations."

The Garrison Officers were a capable, spirited team of men and women, full of resource, courage, and energy. They needed guidance and sometimes the 'brake,' but the Commissioner carried their judgment and won their entire devotion. A Captain of those days, now a Staff Officer, says:

'I remember on one occasion having farewelled before my Marching Orders had arrived, and the day before I should have proceeded to my appointment I went to see the Commissioner. He came into the office where I was waiting, and holding out a friendly hand said, "Hullo, what brings you here?" I explained that I had received my Marching Orders but not an appointment. Looking at me steadily he said, "Your appointment is not decided yet; of two Corps it is not settled to which you will go.

'Perhaps with a touch of resentment I replied, "I know, Commissioner -- it will be to the one that has the most devil in it!" I may have looked a little sad, for I generally found some problem to face in a Corps. He looked at me tenderly and replied, "You ought to think it an honor to be sent to face difficulties. Many can create them, but few can settle them without breakage. You must just feel that God and your leaders trust you." I felt humiliated, and went away prepared to face anything. God blessed us at that Corps.

'I never knew him to deviate from regulation, nor knowingly to allow any one else to do so. I did not find it difficult to finance my Garrisons, and when I had a balance it was a pleasure to send to some poorer place, taking care to enter the item in the cash book. The Commissioner discovering this, sent for me and said he was pleased to see I was doing well financially, and that I

was generously disposed to my comrades. "But," said he, "you must conduct business in the right way. Send your balance to Headquarters, explain whom you would like to help, and we will see that the amount is forwarded to the right person." I thought he was too strict, for half my pleasure was in writing the little note with the enclosure, and I told him so. He replied: "You expect your Locals and Soldiers to keep the Regulations; I am sure you do not wish to break them yourself." His kindly and sincere spirit carried my judgment, and I learned my lesson once and for all.'

Another Garrison Officer of that period contributes a useful reminiscence:

'Commissioner Howard was large-hearted and discriminating enough to make wise exceptions in rules. It was my privilege to have charge of several large Garrisons in London under his direction. At one of these we had arranged to hold a Camp Meeting on a certain WhitMonday with a view to influencing the holiday crowds. Keen was my disappointment when instructions came to unite with central gatherings on that day. I wrote the Commissioner, explaining my plans for our local crowds. He replied, "Join us in the morning and afternoon, and return for your 'go' at night." How often have I thanked God for the gentleness that made him great in this matter.

'The first soul who sought God that night was a man who, having quarreled with his wife, had in the morning sharpened a carving knife with which to murder her and their little son. He had primed himself with drink, and was on his way to commit the foul deed when, meeting the procession, he was linked on by two of our own ex-drunkards and marched to the Camp Meeting. He was gloriously saved, and became a faithful Soldier. Probably Commissioner Howard has already been welcomed in the Glory Land by Bill Gowers and thousands more who, unknown to himself, were influenced to God through some Christlike act of his.'

Young Officers found it a great strength to be able to turn to their Training Principal for advice in matters of difficulty beyond their experience. Colonel William Evans, of America, recalls a memory of thirty-five years ago, when, a young Officer, he was sent in charge of a large Corps. He found there a very fine Band, but soon discovered that the Bandsmen were astray with regard to the doctrine of Sanctification. He felt he must take hold of the matter, but was nervous and anxious lest he should make a mistake. He went to Clapton to consult his old Training Home Chief, told him of his difficulty, and of his desire to help his people. Commissioner Howard quoted to him Scripture after Scripture on the doctrine of Holiness, then said, 'Go and empty that upon them.' The young Captain did so, with the result that the Bandsmen's ideas were completely changed.

After a break of twelve years, during which time Commissioner Howard had commanded the British Field and had been Secretary for Foreign Affairs at International Headquarters, he, in 1904, returned to the Training Garrison at Clapton for the third time.

Many years had passed since he first engaged in the work of Training in The Army -- years which had shaken to ruin the theories and beliefs of many. The Cadets were, in some respects, of different caliber from those he had at first received. It is useless to teach young people doctrines about which the lecturer is himself in any uncertainty. How did Commissioner Howard at this date regard those fundamental beliefs upon which The Army foundations were laid, and which were his when he entered the Movement? On the occasion of his leave-taking from the Headquarters' Staff

as he relinquished the position of Chief of the Staff in 1919, the Commissioner threw a clear light upon the attitude of his mind in regard to this:

'During my three years' direction of the Training Work, from 1904 to 1907, I had occasion to make and rearrange lectures and material for Cadets' instruction, which led me to examine every point of our Salvation Army constitution and doctrine. I felt I must go over these and test the ground for the benefit also of my own experience. I have always felt that God gave me that time of comparative quietness in which I might, among other things, cover the whole ground and find out where I stood, and how we all ought to stand. The result was that I did not have to revise, even by the dotting of an "i," the convictions of my first days.'

While the rock-like quality of belief is essential in a Training Principal, he must also have an elasticity of mind by which he can make allowance for the differences in outlook and temperament of so large a company of young men and women as are brought together each year at Clapton.

Though conservative in his own tastes, Commissioner Howard was generous and tolerant in his treatment of others. He had no desire to press all minds into one mold, and took trouble to find a point of contact with varying types of individuals.

The Training Session, so free from responsibility, so full of privileges, is a time of delight to most Cadets, and not a few are seized with apprehension as the day of Commissioning draws near. One who is now a Staff Officer confessed to the Commissioner:

'Suppose when I get on the Field I should give a wrong ruling on the Census Board, I would want to farewell the next Sunday.' The Commissioner replied, 'You are not going out as a barrister, but as a Salvation Army Officer. Your business is to be a Salvationist and make Salvationists. If you make mistakes you must learn by your failures, pulling up your deficiency on the lines of sympathy and hard work.'

Brigadier Matilda Hatcher recalls a memory which reveals Commissioner Howard's wise dealing with the not infrequent difficulty of a Cadet distressed because of lack of sympathy from her own people:

'I had only one "personal" [11] with him, but that influenced all my service. I should not like to say I had a deeper spiritual experience than my parents had -- godly village people -- but I had a wider vision and a keener apprehension of what a consecrated life could be made to yield, and they did not understand the new spirit that had taken possession of me. When I tried to tell Commissioner Howard how I was torn between two feelings, the pain of going in opposition to their wishes, and the joy and prospect of being able to spend all my life in the service of Jesus, he understood so quickly, and showed me where the cross came in. He said, "If you did not love them so much, or, if they did not care much what you did, it would be an easy way for you, but the pain is in the cross. You can leave the justification of your action with God; that is His affair. But you must embrace the cross; that is your affair."

'I think that he was in this way a source of strength to others who, like myself, had beautiful parents with whom they were out of touch, and from whom they could get no help because their parents were behind them in the vital things that the blazing light in The Salvation Army was revealing to our youthful minds. Many other leaders fired our spirits and stirred our zeal, but to me it was Commissioner Howard who directed and supported my faith.'

Treasured in the hearts of the second generation of Cadets, now Officers scattered throughout the world, are words spoken which gave the 'Howard tone' to their subsequent service. Brigadier Elizabeth Mann tells of two lectures, the influence of which became ruling principles in her service. The first was on 'The threefold work of an Officer: 1. Creation; 2. Organization; 3. Inspiration.' The young ex-school teacher went out to the Field determined, where she found none, to create a Corps, to organize it, and to inspire it to fulfill its utmost mission. The other lecture was on "Grip": Have you a grip of God? A grip of yourself? A grip of your work? Simple words, but made alive by the power of the Holy Ghost they were seed which has yielded a valuable harvest to the Kingdom of God.

Commissioner Howard was the first International Training Secretary. His experience on the Foreign Field had made his sympathies worldwide. He extended a warm welcome to Cadets from distant lands, and greatly assisted them in making the most of their opportunity at the International Center.

The Commissioner felt a tender love, and something of a father's concern, for the young Officers appointed abroad, and always chatted with them 'over a cup of tea' before their public farewell. One present on such an occasion remembers the following message:

'You are going to India, a country of many languages. The natives will not understand your language, and for some time you will not understand theirs. But there is a language they will understand early, and by which you will gain admission to their hearts -- the language of love! If you love the natives, and show that you love them by your manner and your actions, you will gain their confidence, and they will be willing to receive you and listen to your message. Love is a language all nations understand.'

To the Staff who assisted Commissioner Howard during his various terms at the Training Garrison, he was as father and leader in one. With one accord they pay grateful tribute to the man who lived the best he preached. To them his memory is an ever-lingering fragrance.

Colonel Lawrence had known him from the beginning of her Training days. From first contact he stood to her as an example of Holiness, and during the many years of their close association her shrewd judgment was fully confirmed. When the Commissioner, after years' absence, returned to the Garrison as Principal, the Colonel had come into a position of responsibility with the Cadets. In this connection she says:

'Commissioner Howard was every time on the side of the Cadet. In submitting to him reports upon a Cadet, you had to be sure before you began that you had complete facts. Woe to you if you came with any "thought so's." You had to be prepared to go through the sieve yourself. He would pull your case to pieces bit by bit. He was slow and painstaking in arriving at a decision,

but when it was given the affair was finished. There was nothing "easy" about the Commissioner. He was exacting about everything that affected the Cadets, and he made each Officer carry the responsibility of his or her position. With his chief Officers he was fatherly; would ask their advice, and draw out their thoughts concerning the whole system. He would inquire, and often we would find the results of those inquiries in operation.'

Says another:

'Sometimes he would drop into the Staff dining-room for a cup of tea, and he would converse freely on a wide range of subjects. The Staff delighted to set him going, loved to hear his words, and he never talked commonplaces.'

Says Colonel Edith Russell, who for many years was the Commissioner's Secretary and later advanced to an administrative position at the Training Garrison at Clapton:

'With infinite care the Commissioner reviewed and brought up to date the whole Training system, perfecting the Organization of an already beautiful structure. He added the printed text-books and series of lectures -- the majority of which were his own. These today are used internationally. He perfected, or arranged, the lessons for Probation Officers and for Candidates, and inaugurated the Field Officers' Advanced Training. For the lectures he introduced the large blackboard and used it to illustrate, with powerful effect.

'One of the most delightful experiences at the Training Garrison is the Monday morning prayers, which the Commissioner instituted. The Cadets (men and women) gather in the lecture hall, accompanied by the full Staff. "The Soldier's Guide" portion for the day is read and, after prayer, testimonies on the events of the previous day are encouraged.

'He sanctified commonplaces for me by making them glow with the beauty of Holiness. He associated duty with beauty. The standards he preached, and required of others, he applied to himself.

'One day will always live with me. A lot of bothering things had come with the morning,, mail. He was rather chafed in his spirit, then he sat back and said, "Well, it comes back to the thing we preach. To bear the burden of the conflict we want more religion." I never have an aggravating, trying day but I say, "I want more religion."'

Colonel Frank Bell writes:

'In many important respects, Commissioner Howard was my ideal. Some of the most important lessons of my life I learned at his hands.'

To Lt.-Colonel Edgar Tucker is left in a sentence to rightly suggest the secret of the unloosening hold Commissioner Howard maintained upon the thousands of Officers whom he trained. Says the Colonel:

'Commissioner Howard's influence was cumulative-made up of years of doing the godly, practical, thorough, right thing.'

* * * * *

08 -- THE MAN

After Commissioner Howard's promotion to Glory, an Officer wrote:

'I was privileged to accompany him on his farewell tour round the world, and to witness the outburst of affection for him in every country visited. Whether in the United States, Canada, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, or India, it was the same. A great tribute to the man; and I often thought a greater tribute to The Army which had made such things possible. Again and again I have seen men and women, young and old, Officers and Soldiers, and often non-Salvationists, crowding around him, looking for a word of blessing from one who had strangely influenced them. Little children were held up, that they might be seen and blessed by the veteran, who, in the strength of his day, had invigorated and enthused their parents on the heavenly way. A chain of blessing- and good memory, which extends well-nigh to every Army land, is a wondrous achievement. How did it come about?'

It is safe to say that apart from that surrender to God which involved giving over his life to the Divine control, Thomas Henry Howard would not have become a world figure. There were no big parts in the original man. In every town of the size of Ilkeston there are many men of his caliber who will never be known beyond the limited sphere of their home, their business, their chapel. When God took possession of the yielded Howard, there began to be fulfilled in him the promises spoken to the blessed man whose delight is in the law of the Lord (and in His law doth he meditate day and night). 'He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season... and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.'

Critical minds, though judging with all kindness, realized that the vessel which held the treasure of the Lord was made of very ordinary clay. To himself, more than to any one else, 'T. H. H.' was a wonder. Full well he realized his limitations, and marveled that he should have arrived at so large a place in the service of the Heavenly Kingdom. More than once in his meditations he wrote: 'Who am I, and what is my Father's house?' He knew that there was little meal in the barrel at any time, and sometimes faith did not altogether triumph; instead of maintaining a trustful calm, leaving results to God, he much wondered and betrayed anxiety as to how the supply was likely to 'pan out.' This robbed him of restfulness, chiefly in regard to his public efforts. There were times in his life when the indwelling Christ was so powerfully realized that Howard forgot himself entirely, and people forgot him and thought only of the Christ of his Message; at other times, his consciousness of personal deficiency filled the larger place, and revealed itself in very human little ways.

He would have liked to have been a larger man physically; to have had an imposing appearance. He once said:

'When I sat in Meetings or talked with Dowdle, I wished myself as big as he was. I used to feel there was some size about Dowdle, a plentitude about him even physically; I almost envied him. He looked large, he moved about in a large, spacious way, and his talk was in keeping.'

A Secretary who remembers the Commissioner with much affection, but was not blind to his weaknesses, tells how at a Territorial Congress over which he was presiding, he was a little perturbed by the fact that his appearance was not so imposing as that of another leading Officer present. 'It is the beard that does it!' he remarked.

Going out to join a group of Officers who were about to be photographed, he said quietly, 'Give me a cushion to lift me a little. And about your frock coat! -- you won't mind just wearing your jacket: it will make the leader of the Congress more easily distinguishable.' Sometimes such temperamental weakness degenerates into pitiful resentment or ruthless self-seeking. But this was never so with Howard.

Commissioner McAlonan, a keen student of character, and a sincere admirer of Howard, gives us an illumining sidelight. He says:

'He was essentially timid. He realized that some of his contemporaries possessed in certain respects greater powers than he; but where righteousness and fairness were concerned, he shone. He never belittled nor cast down others for any fancied personal advantage.'

Childlike, he could easily be pleased by a kind word. Indeed, so self-depreciatory was he by nature, that his every triumph was a sort of marvel, and without encouragement he felt sadly uncertain of himself. A small rebuff sometimes wounded him sorely, and he suffered tortures when he felt he had failed.

One of his Secretaries tells that on the Commissioner's rare half-holidays he would be invited to go round to his modest home at Clapton, and sit, in the sunny weather, in the garden with him. Mrs. Howard, or her sister, would come out with a glass of lemonade and a biscuit, and there, in the love of his home, and with a sympathetic friend, the Commissioner relaxed, meditated, and rejoiced in perfect happiness and content.

Aside from little human weaknesses, the spirit of the man made for true greatness. This was revealed at its best in the standards by which he regulated his decisions in Salvation Army procedure.

Commissioner Higgins, his successor in the position of Chief of the Staff, and who worked with him for many years, cherishes a high regard for his predecessor. Among many precious memories, the one he likes best to recall is of the Commissioner in conference. Again and again, when important matters have been under consideration, Howard's voice has struck the note: 'Well, now, how does this square with the Sermon on the Mount?' It was by this standard that Commissioner Higgins ever knew his elder comrade to act in the high councils of The Army.

Commander Evangeline Booth, who had known and loved the Commissioner from childhood, writes:

'He loved righteousness wherever he found it. He loved it for its own sake. His daily life was such as to carry the conviction that an exceedingly sensitive conscience censored his every

thought and motive before he permitted it to be transformed into action. All the little attitudes and words that make up the bulk of every-day life, in Commissioner Howard had to pass the test of a conscience as delicate and true as any I have known.'

His religion caused his life to fall into simple and true proportions. From the hour when leaving his garden gate in the morning with, as was his custom, the words:

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go
My dally labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do,

till he returned again, to please his Lord, and bless his fellows had been his aim. That spirit had entered into matters as diverse as the direction of important financial interests, helping a child in distress, to a manifestation of patience and forbearance with one who almost deliberately misunderstood his purpose and attitude.

Commissioner Howard had no false standard of greatness. One day, on his way to lecture the Cadets, he came upon a little girl crying bitterly. She was 'out shopping' and had become so heavily laden that her parcels slipped to the ground. Try how she would she could not pick up one without letting others fall. In a moment the Commissioner was at her side, and with a gentle 'Now, just stand still,' he packed the parcels evenly and safely, then with a smile and a pat sent the little one homeward comforted. His heart rejoiced as much in the opportunity of helping the child as in that of guiding the thoughts of the five hundred young men and women to whom he now hastened.

Even so patient and conciliatory a man as Commissioner Howard could not always avoid the friction which seems to be inseparable from warfare; but he was careful to keep his own heart right. When differences arose, he would 'stoop to conquer' where a personal point was involved. Much treasured letters, written with his own hand, committed to my care for the purpose of this memoir, reveal a spirit of meekness which won where another method would have failed. One letter reads:

'This hits me badly; you are totally mistaken in the views you express. I can only judge you to be tired, and tempted by passing circumstances. Don't turn from me, that is, unless your heart has gone from me. If you fail, I shall miss you with a real sense of pain. I must leave it with you. My word to you tonight is, God bless you and encourage you.

'Yours affectionately,
'T. H. H.'

Another letter:

'Although a little surprised at not receiving acknowledgment of my last letter to you, my personal regard for, and interest in you, forbid my refraining from sending you a personal congratulation concerning both your appointment and advancement in title. I now express my warm appreciation and confidence that you will justify the General's action. I cannot let you go out of the

country with any cloud between us. I find little difficulty in believing that you will be glad to have this word from me. Wishing God's blessing upon your appointment.'

The contemplation of the Commissioner's life brings a flood of memories to his comrades, all varied and distinct like a casket of jewels, gleaming with many colors, and lights and shades. Only a few may find a place here. Colonel Henry Millner tells:

'I went once to his office during the lunch-hour on an urgent matter and, his Secretary being absent, I knocked and entered. I saw the Commissioner with his Bible open on his desk and himself bowed in prayer. I closed the door and retired. Later, when I apologized for the intrusion, he replied, "It's all right; I was having my half-hour with God, and had forgotten to lock the door."' "

In considering the collection of stray words of Commissioner Howard, which influenced countless lives, one is reminded of the Word of the Lord concerning Samuel, 'And did suffer none of his words to fall to the ground.'

Throughout his whole career as an Officer in The Army, notwithstanding many attractive opportunities for so doing, Howard resolutely set his face against anything like speculation.

'I felt,' he once remarked, 'I could not afford to distract my heart and mind with considerations of any personal advantage of that kind.'

Another tells that the first impression Commissioner Howard made upon him as a lad was in the words, 'Discharge your obligations.' In all his business relationships this comrade found him to act according to the standard he raised for others.

One of the hall-marks of truly noble souls is, that high position does not detach them from the interests of simple souls. Though raised to the second position in The Army, the Commissioner never lost the common touch with his comrades. He never saw the uniform on the street but he saluted it and, if possible, made an opportunity for a word of greeting.

Countless Salvationists hold dear the Commissioner's memory, for tender handshakes, and kindly inquiries concerning their welfare, though he was a stranger to them except for the bond of holy warfare. And this was more than official courtesy. About many Salvationists there is a certain stamp of purposefulness -- an atmosphere -- that makes them recognizable even out of uniform. A retired Officer tells of seeing the Commissioner and Mrs. Howard when on furlough in Bournemouth, where they loved to spend quiet days. Sitting in a sheltered corner, the Commissioner noticed the Officer and her companion, and after a while left his seat, and coming to the ladies, inquired with a smile, 'Are you Salvationists?' 'Yes!' they beamed. 'Officers?' 'Yes!' Then followed a few minutes' heartening fellowship, which are still treasured as 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

Duty had become second nature to the Commissioner, and his faithfulness in the discharge of his responsibilities in face of peculiar difficulties, left a lasting impression upon members of his staff. Brigadier Evan Smith was particularly impressed with the Commissioner's courage when in 1916 he visited Toronto and Winnipeg to conduct the Annual Congresses. He writes:

'For some days prior to sailing, no ships had been allowed to leave Liverpool because of the submarines that were reported lurking outside the port. Even when the S. S. Baltic was permitted to leave, it was understood that a number of submarines were in the vicinity. Consequently, it was necessary for the ship to sail at night with all lights out; we learned the next morning that we had escaped a very serious collision with another vessel by a few feet. Reports of the escapades of the submarine U53 were received daily; and on this account the Commissioner's ship had to leave her usual course, making a detour of three hundred miles. Through all this the Commissioner maintained a quiet restfulness of spirit. All was well. He was on the Lord's business.'

Commissioner Howard's unspoken influence on large numbers of people outside The Army can never be measured. A lady, whose first introduction to The Army was in a Prayer Meeting in the pioneer days, was horrified at the roaring prayers, the swaying of the bodies among the Converts, and she escaped from the Meeting thankful for her safety! Some time afterwards she was persuaded to attend a Holiness Meeting conducted by Commissioner Howard. That Meeting captured her heart for The Army and for the doctrine of Holiness. Writing from New Zealand after the Commissioner's death, this lady, not a Salvationist, says:

'I never shook Commissioner Howard's hand; never spoke to him; but he has often spoken to me, and speaks still. Removing to New Zealand, I did not see him for over thirty years, then seeing the announcement that he was to visit Christchurch, and to speak in the Citadel there, I went to hear him. I managed to get a seat at the very back of the building, too far off to see him distinctly; but the moment he spoke I recognized the same voice, the same message, the same spirit. I thanked God for the life that was so like the Rock Christ Jesus upon which he built -- steadfast, unmovable. During the years since first I heard him declare Full Salvation through the sacrifice of the Saviour, there has been much swaying this way and that, and a falling away among even the leaders of the people of God; but here, thank God, was an unchanging "Faithful witness."

Commissioner Howard's chivalry to women is well known. There was something truly Christlike in his attitude toward his sisters and daughters in God. Says one of his Secretaries:

'No matter how young, it was always "After you," where members of the opposite sex were concerned. I have never seen him allow a lady to follow him, and, in the days when he was well over seventy, he has risen to his feet when a woman has entered the bus or tram-car in which he was seated, and gallantly offered his seat.'

To his own beloved he was particularly tender and courteous. For Mrs. Howard life had held much of sacrifice for the cause of Christ. With advancing years and increasingly frail health, she felt the miss of her husband's company, but she says, 'I always felt he was led by God who gave me grace to endure. He said I helped him by not hindering him,' and there is a note of proud joy in Mrs. Howard's voice.

Commissioner and Mrs. Howard had the joy of seeing their four sons converted and espouse the cause their parents had chosen; it was a keen disappointment when two of them withdrew from Officership. Railton had grown up into The Army largely as a matter of course, and

had become an Officer on the staff at International Headquarters. Some years later, he wakened to the fact that no spiritual compulsion caused him to remain in his position, and he withdrew.

He secured a good position in business outside The Army, but presently the futility of spending life for the things that perish dawned upon him, and with a sincere motive to devote his life to the Heavenly Kingdom he spoke to his father of returning to Officership in The Army. The Commissioner considered, then replied:

'Don't come back unless you are settled. I don't know what you would come back to. You have had ambitions. If your faith is not going to triumph, you will have the same trials as you had before. What is it going to be?'

Railton set his face towards the way of the Cross and is a valued Officer today.

John compresses his estimate of his father's life at home and abroad into one sentence: 'He measured everything by the standard of Holiness.'

When his sons became Officers he was still their father -- an affectionate, proud father; but also he was a leading Officer in The Army, and in no respect did he admit his children to privileges which their individual responsibility did not embrace. Say they:

'As for discussing inside Army affairs with us, such a thing was not to be considered. We did not know of a promotion or any events of Army interest till public announcement had been made.'

Lieut.-Commissioner William Howard cherishes fragrant memories of his father's counsel. Recalling a trying situation, when an Officer had made unpleasant statements regarding his son's administration, the father wrote:

'Remember the promise: "No weapon that is formed against you shall prosper." All you have to do is to be careful not to provide the material that makes the weapon.'

At another time he wrote:

'Many people are able to deal with things; fewer are able to deal successfully with men. Learn how to deal with the living -- the living,! Herein lies true leadership. Our work is to save souls, and often to save them from themselves.

'When my father was about to meet Officers anywhere,' adds the Commissioner, 'at functions, in their homes, or between Meetings, he sought with great care to be helpful. He pondered: "How can I make this contact profitable?" and prepared in his mind a thought, and always endeavored to lead the conversation in that direction -- the purpose cleverly hid. Officers often speak of these seed-thoughts which he dropped by the way.'

Harry, the Commissioner's youngest son, born in Australia, was the Benjamin of the family. Called to the work of Officership, he entered Training, passed successfully through his Session

and spent a second year at the Garrison as a Sergeant. During a lecture delivered by his father, the young man felt the call of the Saviour to service in India. The Commissioner himself told the story:

'In a morning lecture I had told the Cadets of a picture which thirty years earlier had influenced my life. In the center stood a young bullock, on one side a plow, on the other an altar. The plow stood for service; the altar for sacrifice. Underneath was written "Ready for either." The bullock dedicated by its owner was either for service or for sacrificial offering. Now for the sequel. The lecture was finished, and retiring to my office soon I was followed by one of the Sergeants. To my inquiry as to his business, he replied, "Father, you have tied me up this morning, and I have put the seal upon it. I must offer for India."

'When I pointed out Indian conditions and risks, my boy simply replied, "Plow or altar -- ready for either."

'I sent him to his mother for approval. The offer was made and accepted. The young Officer went to India. We meant it for service: God used it for sacrifice. But one thing was clear throughout his short life in the East, the offering was all there, bound to the altar, and the salt of the covenant of his God was not lacking.'

Commissioner and Mrs. Howard were conducting the Annual Congress in Toronto, Canada, when word reached them of Harry's death in India. The memory of their resignation in face of their great loss still lives in many hearts. The Commissioner said:

'I have entered greatly into the joys of my comrades on Missionary Fields, now I feel I can enter into their sorrows and losses also. I have called for Candidates, I have consecrated and sent out a large number of other people's sons and daughters; it was only fitting that I should send out my own. Since it has pleased the Lord to take my boy, I have tried to practice that submission to the Will of God which I have often urged upon other parents similarly bereaved.'

In India, Lieut.-Commissioner Wm. Stevens, [12] with whom Captain Harry Howard had been stationed, was filled with distress by this sad experience. He writes:

'Commissioner Howard entrusted his son Harry to assist me in a Training Garrison in Madras -- a position for which he was eminently fitted, he lived at our house, and was in all things as a son to us. Then suddenly he was stricken with cholera. Mrs. Stevens nursed him for some hours, then was herself attacked. After lingering for a week, Harry succumbed to the dread disease, and I had the painful duty of cabling the sad news to his father. How would he take it? Would he think I had failed in giving all the care and attention that I might have done? I was terribly distressed, for I loved the young man both for his own and his father's sake. A cablegram speedily came back. Eagerly we opened it. It read: "2 Cor. i. 2, 3, 4 verses." I opened my Bible and read:

'''Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.'''

'Then I knew what a very real thing this man's religion was. The lad had been the light of his parents' eyes. He had ability and devotion that would have taken him far in The Salvation Army, and now he was cut off in the beauty of his manhood.

'Not only did the Commissioner bow to the Divine Will, but in the hour of his own deep sorrow he rose to comfort us. Surely a great man of God.'

* * * * *

09 -- PREACHER OF HOLINESS

When, in the year 1881, in the little parlor of his home in Ilkeston, Thomas Henry Howard covenanted with God to spend his life in spreading Scriptural Holiness, his horizon was limited to the opportunity which the use of a Methodist pulpit might afford a local preacher. Obedience to the heavenly vision led him into a large place and gave him a platform that was in the truest sense worldwide.

When offering for service in The Salvation Army, Howard expected to become a Field Officer -- to move from Corps to Corps, proclaiming the life of Full Salvation. Appointed, however, to train Cadets, he happily yielded his pre-conceived notions, and accepted from God the opportunity to prepare other eager young lives to carry forth the torch.

When moved from this position to the command of a Territory, which involved also many and varied claims that might be regarded as secular, he did not balk and declare that such service was not in his bargain, but maintained his offering before the Lord, allowed Him to have His way, and was led safely on.

During his command in Australia, Howard lifted up the standard of the Holy Way with such insistence and power, by example, by word, and by pen, that to this day his name is honored wherever his influence reached in that country. Not only on the public platform and in the private Council was his dominant note 'the cleansed heart' filled with the power of the Holy Spirit, but he founded a magazine to spread the teaching of Holiness. This was first called 'Power for Witness': the title was later changed to 'Full Salvation.' The pages blazed with clear instruction in, and testimony to, the teaching of Holiness, and reached to many a distant part of the island continent.

An old lady of the back-blocks, reading an article by the Commissioner about the Blood of Jesus cleansing from all sin, was so moved that she was led to seek the Blessing. She not only sought but found. Afterwards, she obtained a photograph of the Commissioner, and every night, before retiring to rest, she laid the photo upon a chair and, kneeling down, asked God to bless the man who wrote the article about the Blood of Jesus. She was possessed of a little property and re-arranged her will, leaving the Commissioner 100 pounds for the work of The Salvation Army.

The following testimony is an example of the experience into which many Officers were led by Howard's teaching. It appeared in 'Full Salvation,' and was contributed by Captain Horace Steven, who fought a victorious fight in Australia, and later, called to India, poured out his soul for

the Salvation of the millions of India. [Staff-Captain Steven was promoted to Glory from a railway train on the return journey after ministering to famine-stricken multitudes in his Division.]

'It is now over two years since the Lord gave me the Blessing of a Clean Heart; and although by His grace I have been enabled to live all that time with a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man, yet the Devil has always been busy setting traps for me; and sometimes, through paying heed to his suggestions, my peace has been marred.

'I was hardly off my knees after obtaining the Blessing, before the common temptation to conceal God's work in my soul was presented, "for," urged the adversary, "if you profess to be holy, and the old sins overcome you again, see what a disgrace you will bring on religion. Far better live your profession, and then people will see for themselves that you are holy."

"This seemed plausible; but God showed me that by confessing what His power had done in a helpless creature like me, He would be glorified.

'I next began to compare my experience with that of others, and to ask myself if I had always the joy and rapture they spoke about. But I came to realize that Holiness did not consist of happy feelings, and that so long as I did not draw back in my consecration, but trusted fully in Jesus, He would both cleanse and keep me.

'Then I began to take notice of the lives of many who professed Holiness, and marked that there were things they said, and did, which I thought doubtful, if not positively wrong. I thought they did not pray very much, or spend much time in searching their Bibles; and yet, to all appearance they were always happy and ready to testify. "Why be so strict as you are?" suggested the Devil.

'Here I remembered that "every one shall give account of himself to God," and that God's Word was to be my guide, not some one else's conscience.

'Seeing he could not get me to copy others, the Devil then tempted me, under pretext of zeal for God and His cause, to introduce hard thoughts of them into my heart.

'This temptation was, perhaps, the fiercest of all, for I really thought I was zealous for God in thinking thus; but feeling I was losing ground in my soul I went to God about it and He showed me where I was wrong. His "Word plainly declared I was to put away all anger; and again I remembered it was written, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

During Commissioner Howard's term in the London Training Province, and also as British Commissioner, he impressed the experience of Holiness increasingly upon his Officers and congregations throughout the United Kingdom.

In his National Campaigns, in addition to devoting night Meetings to the exposition of Full Salvation, he arranged afternoon Holiness Meetings in order to attract the ear of leisured people to his theme.

Not only was Howard fervid on the platform, but like the pushing 'commercial,' whose mind, full of his ware, is ever on the alert to do business, so he, burning to pass on to others the secret of spiritual triumph, continually sought contact with individual souls.

One who traveled with him, tells of an occasion when on the rails the Commissioner got into conversation with a lady on this all-important topic. Before the subject had been thoroughly dealt with, a junction was reached and the travelers separated. The Commissioner, after mounting an overway, had descended to another platform, when suddenly he left his Secretary, ran up the steps, and disappeared. After a while, he rejoined his companion, panting; but his face beamed, as he exclaimed, 'There was a point I feared I had not made quite clear.' He had returned to the lady, and added a few words that he felt necessary to guide her feet safely into the holy way.

Nor did he merely 'push' the experience; he lived it so lovingly that the beauty of Holiness drew where words would have failed. Says an old Field Officer, 'He did not scold; he loved us into Holiness.' While occupying the post of Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters, the Commissioner was an apostle of Holiness on the Continent of Europe, in the United States and Canada, and on his old battlefields -- Australia and New Zealand; likewise on the missionary fields. Wherever the river of his message came souls were refreshed and cleansed and healed.

Before me are masses of addresses in improvised binding; the label on one volume bears the inscription: 'Notes used by the Foreign Secretary in Denmark and Norway, Annual Congress, 1912.'

These notes reveal the same spirit -- crystal pure, honest and faithful -- the spirit of the man who thirty years before started out on this great crusade, now with the added strength and assurance of long-tested experience.

On the title page of the section used for Officers' Meetings, the Commissioner had written in his own hand:

'Throughout this series of addresses, I have made the standard for our service not what God thinks about us, nor what we think about ourselves, but what the world has come to believe The Army is, and I ask you to strive to live up to that reputation and thus fulfill what is expected from us.'

Turning the suggestive pages, I find a section entitled, 'Holiness as a Personal Experience.' The following extract suggests the clear, sincere tone of his teaching to Officers:

'I use the word Experience as distinct from a doctrinal creed. I am not indifferent to doctrine or correctness of belief, but we must have creed and doctrine translated into actual life if it is to influence the world. I, therefore, emphasize the words, "Holiness as a Personal Experience."

'The power of truth is not seen in what a man says he believes, but in what his belief does for him, what the man is under its influence. The issues of his character are more convincing to

those around than a book of arguments. To adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour, counts for more than a profession of belief. A man may hold the most orthodox views and yet have an unsanctified and waspish disposition. He may preach a clean heart but be most trying to everybody about him. Men have contended for the truth in a spirit of bitterness and rivalry which discredits their teaching; sometimes they are self-complacent or negligent of the claims of common honesty or morality, even when contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints. Hence the necessity for a personal experience, the inward assurance of purity and power.

"The Salvation Army has, for forty years and more, boldly asserted that true believers may be sanctified wholly, saved from sin and sinning, and have clean hearts filled with pure love towards God and man. Others have taught that, but our Officers and Soldiers have gone further, and declared to the honor and glory of God, that they enjoy this experience of personal Holiness.

'Now, whether we stand faithful to our doctrine or not, there is no denying the place which Holiness and Testimony have had in Army history.

'This has not always made The Army acceptable in all directions. It is one thing for which The Army has been liked and disliked; for which religious Teachers admired and despised us, and many good people have feared we were teaching false doctrine and making unreliable professions.

'I am prepared to admit that sometimes our Soldiers have spoken in doubtful terms. I have heard them; they may not quite have understood the meaning of some words they used, or even exaggerated a little and got mixed up in describing experiences -- as when one said, "Thank God, I'm saved and sanctified and glorified" -- but The Army's testimony about the all-cleansing power of the Blood of Christ has counted in spreading spiritual religion.

'I want to emphasize this; testimony was intended by Jesus Christ to be one of the means of extending His Kingdom. To His disciples He said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth" (Acts i. 8). These disciples gloried in this testimony: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

'Oh, yes, I believe in the power of testimony, and I lament any decline of it, especially among our Officers. I am satisfied that more souls are influenced by spiritual testimony than by sermons. It is a long time since I first bore my personal testimony to the all-cleansing power of the Blood of Christ, and rejoiced over the experience of a clean heart. During that long stretch of years I have found this: When I allowed myself to do the preaching and restrained the testimony, I found a degree of uncertainty creep into my experience; but when in a clear and simple manner I have stood up and declared the sanctifying work of God in my own soul, I have found the inward facts answering to the testimony. So that from my own long experience I can speak of the effect of witness-bearing, not only upon other persons but its reaction on myself.

'Experience must of course precede the testimony, otherwise it is a mere statement of words.

'Oh, how powerful is the combination of God's Word and the speaker's experience -- the promises of the Word and their realization in the heart and life of the speaker. That is the best and most successful kind of preaching. I hope it is your kind.'

I open another volume bearing the title, 'Lectures to Staff Officers.' These were delivered at the Staff Institute during the Commissioner's term as Chief of the Staff. They are able addresses on educational subjects, but here again the dominant note of Howard's life rings with no uncertain sound:

'The Salvation Army is seeking more and more to make its Officers efficient -- likely to answer the purposes and secure the end for which The Army exists.

'The highest efficiency of all is required in the spiritual realm, and the most valuable force is spiritual power. In all The Army's development in training, there is no disposition on the part of its leaders to substitute intellectual ability for spiritual force. They recognize that where, in connection with the great commission, Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you," He expressed that principle of efficiency which is not only indispensable, but which must ever stand first in our equipment.'

During Commissioner Howard's last term at the International Training Garrison he launched a regular campaign for the teaching of Holiness in the Congress Hall. This -- an echo of the first chief's wonderful Whitechapel gatherings in the eighties--was largely the inspiration of the Thursday Night Holiness Meetings which have become so gracious an institution in Army life in London. At the commencement of the series, the great curtains used for limiting the floor space in the Congress Hall fell halfway across the auditorium; later they were moved back to a third; and gradually, as the Meetings grew in power and influence, the curtains receded, until the great Hall was filled every Thursday night with seekers after God drawn from all parts of greater London, and even beyond.

It was a center of light from the Throne of God. Men and women saw themselves as they were, saw their sins, their hindrances, realized the wiles of Satan and the almighty power of the Saviour to save to the uttermost and keep from sin. The Commissioner was not an orator and lacked the magnetism that sways crowds. He was a true teacher of the things of God. To him the platform was a holy place. For its ministry he prepared with infinite care, and came before the people well equipped to help them. His pleasant voice, and clear, dignified expositions of the great truths, made plain the holy way to the most untaught; also, he was a spiritual surgeon, discovering deep-seated disease of the soul, and, with swift, skillful cuts, laid bare lifelong troubles. He was a father, leading and training his spiritual children to manfully shoulder their responsibilities. He was a priest of God interceding for the people; and also, he stood before the great crowds as a humble disciple of Jesus, not hesitating in his own testimony to tell of the buffetings of Satan, and of the way by which he won victory through the Blood of the Lamb.

Of the hundreds of souls who sought and found spiritual help and victory at these Meetings the following examples illustrate how men and women who walked with God found strength for the fight, and of the unlikely souls who were led into the Blessing of Holiness.

A woman Staff Officer tells how, engaged in work in another part of London, she would hurry across the City to the Clapton Thursday Night Meeting, arriving only in time for the Commissioner's address. On one occasion, sorely buffeted by Satan, she entered the building with a burdened spirit. That night Commissioner Howard gave his testimony. He mentioned a recent personal experience in which some one had trespassed against him -- had indeed injured him; that going to rest the same night he had repeated the Lord's prayer until he came to the words, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' There he pulled up short, inquiring before the Lord if that were indeed the attitude of his spirit. The case engaging his attention was complicated; there was so much to be said against the wrong that had been done him. He continued kneeling before the Lord till two o'clock in the morning, until he knew that the love which springs from pure forgiveness -- the love of Christ that covers a multitude of sins -- filled his whole being. The Officer listened with panting heart and wet eyes, and there, as she sat, committed her present trial to the Lord, and went out into the darkness of the night with light and joy and peace filling her soul.

The necessity of pressing young Converts into the experience of Holiness had, from his beginnings, been a feature in Howard's teaching.

A drinking, gambling prize-fighter of South London had sought the Lord and found in Him a marvelous deliverance from a life of sin. His awakened soul stretched out after God. He wanted to know Him and prove His power in his daily life; to appropriate all the treasures He had for him. Working in Whitechapel, and living at Deptford, the man was not able to go home and change before the Meeting, but in his working clothes went every Thursday night to the Congress Hall to learn from Commissioner Howard the things of God. 'This 'ere 'Oliness' he did not understand; but he wanted it! One night the heavenly vision shone clear for him. He went forward to the mercy-seat, with other seekers, made a full surrender of himself to God, and proved the cleansing of the precious Blood to the uttermost. From that day to this he has walked the Holy Way in triumph.

During the years that the Commissioner continued to conduct these special Holiness Meetings, his addresses attracted so much attention and were so fruitful in blessing, that the General decided to publish a selection from them in book form. 'Standards of Life and Service' and 'Fuel for Sacred Fire' are permanent monuments to the Commissioner's vow to 'spread Scriptural Holiness throughout these lands.'

From the beginning to the end of his Army career, cut into the life of Thomas Henry Howard at any part, one finds 'Holiness unto the Lord' stamped in indelible letters. During the closing week of his life he was engaged upon the proofs of his final work, 'Fuel for Sacred Fire.' When he signed the last proof, he said, 'Finished.' A few hours later, having indeed finished the work entrusted to him on earth, he heard the call of his Lord and passed out of our vision to service beyond.

* * * * *

A recess in the Strong Room at International Headquarters has yielded up a bulky paper sheath containing a collection of articles from the pen of Commissioner Howard. From among them emerged three small folios in Commissioner Railton's well-known handwriting. One smiles to read comments so characteristic of the versatile Literary Secretary of that date:

'Another record! I [Railton] read all these one after the other. Never read so many religious addresses before. 'Found complete variety; no repetition of either thought, word, or style. Hallelujah!

'Make two suggestions only. One, to correct a quotation of Wesley; two, to add more particulars concerning Holiness Meetings. My idea of a suitable title would be something equivalent to "How to agitate all your community for Holiness."'

The articles and addresses thus referred to formed the basis of Commissioner Howard's two books, 'Standards of Life and Service' and 'Fuel for Sacred Fire,' already mentioned. They suggest the style and character of his teaching, but they do not by any means represent the bulk of addresses and subject notes which the Commissioner prepared and delivered during the forty years of his Army service; nor do they include the notes of Lectures to Staff and Field Officers and Cadets. Considering the heavy business responsibilities which occupied the Commissioner's time during the whole of his Officership, it was surely a mark of the wise planning of his time that he was able to prepare so thoroughly for his public work. He had little opportunity for uninterrupted study, except perhaps when traveling. How then did he manage to compile all this thoughtful work? It is a monument to his industry and concentration-to his steady purpose to improve the moment. It is suggestive of the disciplining of the whole man to the main object of his life.

To Howard the platform was a sacred eminence from which he lifted the light of God to souls struggling in darkness; from which he sounded an alarm to souls in danger; the hillside from which he broke the bread of life to hungry multitudes -- from which he taught little children the A B C of the Christ life. Dare he go there lightly, carelessly, unprepared in spirit, unequipped and unfurnished in mind? Never!

The Commissioner was not an original thinker. Speaking in this connection he once said:

'Many of us are more like carpenters than foresters; better able to use timber than plant and grow the forest; better tailors than spinners; better bees than spiders.'

It is half the battle when a wise man realizes his lacks. Says the General:

'I question whether any of our front-rank men when placed in leading positions have been more conscious of their limitations than was Commissioner Howard in his early years. But just because he was conscious of his limitations he sought ceaselessly for the help of God; he labored at himself with the utmost persistence and industry. Following after wisdom, according to the old plan, ask, seek, knock, he did so, "Neither being" deterred by weariness, nor being discouraged by failure.'

The various Officers who, over a long stretch of years, worked at the Commissioner's side, speak of his untiring industry in preparing for the platform. Commissioner McAlonan:

'It was Commissioner Howard's habit before he retired to rest at night, after he had read the Word of God, to spend a time in meditation. As he thought and prayed, he committed his thoughts to paper. These thoughts he playfully called his "nightcaps." Arriving at the office in the morning, he would often say, "Shall I give you my last nightcap?"'

The Commissioner would read aloud from his notes, and if McAlonan liked the thoughts expressed he would have two copies typed, one of which he gave to the Commissioner, the other he kept for himself. A typewritten 'volume' of these uplifting meditations is before me as I write. Says Lieut.-Commissioner Duce:

'I have been deeply impressed by the unfailing trouble he took in writing out his addresses, and by the careful alterations he made in order that the application should be up to date. He might make use of the same title many times, but his rearrangements and additions made the talk almost entirely different.'

Staff-Captain Culshaw, the Commissioner's last Private Secretary, says:

'He did not rest on past achievements. He never gave a lecture or an address or embarked upon a Council without thorough and careful preparation.'

This faithful, continuous regard for his work as an ambassador of Christ was with him to the end. Speaking with the writer on this topic during the last months of his life, he said:

'During all my Officer days my mind has ever been on the stretch for the platform message. I have never met the Officers in Council but afterwards the thought challenged me, "Now for the next time!"'

Colonel Edith Russell tells of the Commissioner's untiring efforts to prepare his public messages:

'In preparation for his Public Meetings and Spiritual Days [13] with the Cadets he took extraordinary trouble. He took infinite care to make his sentences not only capable of being understood, but incapable of being misunderstood, even by the simplest. He would not use a word that did not convey his exact meaning.

'When I was his Secretary he would tell me first thing in the morning of his message for the day. Sometimes nothing special had occurred to him in his prayer hour, but frequently it came as he walked to the office. He said I helped him most in the preparation of his addresses when I listened to him. As he watched, he knew whether his subject appealed to me, and whether it was clear. Sometimes light would seem to break in upon his mind as he talked, and he would say, "I never saw that before; put that down for me." His mind, and heart, and eyes were always open, always searching for material to use in constructing his addresses. He was quick to see an analogy and he could reproduce it charmingly. Once I remember he returned from a railway journey jubilant, for

on the rails he had had conversation with a music teacher, from which he had secured material for a delightful address to young people on the whole gamut of religion.'

While the Commissioner was strongly against building a house for the sake of a beam, in other words making an illustration the most important part of an address, he was keenly alive to the value of incidents. Many of his addresses abounded with them, carefully chosen. He gathered illustrations everywhere -- at home, by the wayside, in travel, in contact with people, and in reading. In the early days of his family life, his children provided him with many. He told of his son Willie drawing an animal and placing it on the mantelpiece of his father's study. Said his mother, 'Will father know what it is?' Willie took the sketch and on it wrote, 'This is a horse.' His father made good use of the incident as an illustration of the fact that often one could not recognize Christians from worldlings. They needed a label.

From the ends of the earth comes a reminiscence of the power with which the Commissioner, over forty years ago, applied a homely illustration:

'Illustrating the couplet:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love,

he told us that when a boy his father took him to a pottery where was given him a mug, upon which the donor traced his name, "T. Henry Howard." The boy wanted to take it home as it was, but the man explained that it must first be put into the furnace. When the process was complete, he received the mug, and found that the name was indelible -- had become part of the article itself. God wants to stamp His name -- the badge of His ownership-on the hearts and lives of all who are fully surrendered to Him.'

Of his many illustrations gathered on his worldwide travels, the following is a pointed example:

'Two months ago my journeyings took me into the Rocky Mountains of Western Canada. As we passed over what is called the "Great Divide," I observed that the courses of the waters were changed, and that whereas a few minutes earlier the streams were flowing eastward, they now were all flowing to the west. My mind traveled farther and saw the streams from the mountain peaks swelling out to make the great waterways of Northern America. In Meetings like these many souls come up to "the great divide," and the course of their life is turned for ever into the opposite direction.'

The following glimpse into the circumstances which provided the seed-thought of an address is an illustration of how he made even the trials of life to yield him weapons for his warfare:

'The thoughts that form the basis of my address came to me in a season of mental and spiritual stress. A day of heavy pressure included consideration and discussion of great issues; a review of certain circumstances. Some "things seemed to have declined that ought to have been flourishing and progressive -- assuredly the outlook was not encouraging.

'I parted from the General with more or less depression of mind and heart. After returning home, other things occupied me until nearly midnight, when I went to bed and after some wakeful anxiety fell asleep, but wakened later to hear a text repeat itself insistently in my brain: "Strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die." I turned on the light, reached for pad and pencil, and jotted down the thoughts we will now consider.'

The Bible was to Commissioner Howard the Book of books, the rock upon which all his platform messages were built, the fountain from which he himself was refreshed and brought the living water for the perishing. He believed in studying the Bible itself rather than men's thoughts on the Bible. He said:

'Sometimes I am asked to advise in regard to a good Commentary on the Bible. I believe a good concordance is by its careful use the best of Bible commentaries.'

Turning the pages of the subject notes of two lectures he prepared on 'The Bible,' and delivered to Officers, one is impressed by his deep love for, and loyalty to, the Word of God. Without any 'ifs' or 'buts' he accepted it as the revelation of God to man. He says:

'Let it once be accepted that the Bible is the Word of God, and nine-tenths of the current quibbles will die of themselves. In that case we have simply to ask, "What does the Bible say about this and that?" and the answer is final.'

In these lectures the Commissioner presents the miracle of harmony, the miracle of preservation, the miracle of human experience in the Bible. He waxes warm on the testimony of Jesus Christ to the Divinity of the Scriptures, and exults in St. Paul's testimony to the Galatians:

'I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

'To me,' he continues, 'this is wonderful indeed. I accept the testimony of Jesus Christ as to the Divinity and Authority of the Scriptures.'

Not only did the grand themes and familiar texts of the Bible thrill the Commissioner's soul, but the more or less obscure passages charmed his spirit and provided him with powerful texts. As an instance of this, at the opening of the Wood Green Citadel the Commissioner spoke from the words, 'A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.' The verse had come to his mind while crossing Hackney churchyard, and he had thought of the great trees against which The Salvation Army had lifted its axe, the trees of intemperance, the giant growth of worldliness in the Church, the deep-rooted prejudice to women's ministry. He spoke of the trees against which the Army Mother had lifted the axe of Truth, and pressed home to the rejoicing Corps a powerful challenge for fresh attack against the barriers in the way of advance for the Kingdom of God.

In a volume of typewritten notes of lectures to Staff Officers the Commissioner preserved invaluable guidance from his own hardly-acquired experience, in the art of fitting the whole man to

be an ambassador of God. The title of the volume is 'The cultivation of thought and its bearing upon the public life of an Officer.' No doubt these lectures will some day be made available for the use of Officers. Here we may make only a few suggestive extracts. Following an introduction, in which the Commissioner emphasizes the necessity for Officers aiming at the highest possible proficiency, he says:

'There are three methods which roughly express the main line or elements of mental exercise: Observation, appropriation, reproduction.'

Under separate headings each of these helps to service is dealt with:

"Observation. This is only another word for going about with your eyes open. An illustration of this observing habit: Two companions get into an omnibus. One says, "We are now full up." He pays his fare, and sits waiting to get out when the desired point is reached. The other says, "Full up! -- Twelve people; four men, two on this side, two on that; five women and three children (two boys and a girl). What do they look like?" He smiles as he notices the elderly man with bag and overcoat and wet umbrella, and the lady next to him who is afraid of getting her dress soiled. He sees the pert young man, the poor charwoman with the bit of food wrapped up in her working apron. Through the window he sees a horse down, notices the color of the vehicle. These and other points strike the observer as he sits there with his eyes open.

'Appropriation. Physically we live and grow by those things which we take into ourselves. These not only enter our bodily organs for the immediate satisfaction of needs, but are assimilated into the system and become part of us. A child does not grow by any other process.

'This is parallel with the mental process by which our knowledge is increased and our intellectual capacities are enlarged. We see with the eye, hear with the ear, fix in our memory outward things, but in the cultivation of thought we take hold of them, matting them our own, part of our own mental constitution and personality.

"Reproduction. This indicates the ability to bring out of yourself, whether of your own creation or that which you have gathered and stored. It is the useful output of your mental possession. In your public speaking two things are of great importance: (1) What you express; (2) How you express it. Some magnify the power of the truths we teach and underestimate the expression of those truths. I attach equal importance to both aspects.

'Reproducing the thing that needs saying means more than a well-thought-out and well-ordered address. As God's ambassadors you should give messages, not speeches: you should utter that which will bless the people, not that which secures admiration for the speaker.

'I am always engaged in preparing myself for the variety of tasks which fall to me, and I recommend you to do the same. I don't mean I am engaged in adding book to book or sermon to sermon, but that in the office, in the train, when walking, often in bed, my mind is engaged turning over my treasures, digging out fresh ideas or fresh puttings of old ideas; what I shall say and how I shall say it: thinking out connections and illustrations so that I may link on with the persons to be dealt with and fill up opportunities, or calls, which may be presented sooner or later.'

The Commissioner concludes with the admonition:

'With all your study, all your cultivation, seek the Holy Ghost's Fire and Power. The needed man is not the intellectual giant, not the warehouseman of knowledge, nor the gifted orator, but the man of unction and Divine enduement whose thoughts and expressions are saturated with the Divine Spirit. Alas! how many clever thinkers and speakers lack that one thing -- the Divine spark. Solomon said, "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." Let me add, with all thy wisdom and understanding get the power of God. Live and study and write and talk in the power of the Holy Ghost.'

* * * * *

11 -- HE RESTED OUR HEARTS

Commitment to Salvation Army Officership demands from the men and women who embrace this career a deep and constant faith in the overruling love and power of the Heavenly Father. Spiritual warfare is as real as earthly conflict, and more testing. Army Officers wrestle not against flesh and blood! they have to reckon with enemies far more subtle and destructive.

A modern war expends itself in a few years, and the leaders return to the pursuits and comforts of peace; but in the Salvation warfare there is no cessation of hostilities -- the strain extends from the first hour of commission until promotion to Glory. In spite of the assurance of ultimate victory, and beyond the experience of Divine fellowship and guidance, the human heart craves for an understanding, human fellowship in the daily march, and especially in the tremendous and sorrowful hours of life. This is no evidence of weakness, for was it not so even with our" Lord Jesus?

In meeting this unspoken need in the hearts of his comrades, Commissioner Howard stood as a beloved elder brother to the Officers of The Army in every land.

The Christlike qualities of his character, his constancy, integrity, disinterestedness, and his unfailing sympathy drew to him the affections and trust of thousands. There was no Territory that did not warmly welcome his presence when favored with a visit; and when detained at the International Center in the capacity of Foreign Secretary or Chief of the Staff, Officers were comforted to realize that their affairs passed under his notice in Council. He was known throughout The Army as, 'Always on the side of the absent man!'

Perhaps no tribute to the regard in which he was held has been more fitly expressed than in the words of Lieut.-Commissioner Edgar Hoe, [14] who, for many years, wrestled with the problems and conflicts of the remote and difficult Indian warfare. Says he of Howard, 'He rested our hearts.' That this was the case in respect to personal affairs, the well-being of The Army, and the things of the Spirit hundreds testify.

It was written of Bonar Law, late British Prime Minister, 'His power lay in the fact that he wanted nothing for himself.' About Commissioner Howard, also, there was an atmosphere of

disinterestedness that engendered wide confidence. In connection with intimate personal affairs, one of his Secretaries, who served at his side for years, says:

'I so believed in his goodness and wisdom that I would have committed my affairs to him, and allowed him to arrange for me even against my own desires.'

And another at a distant outpost of Army Service:

'We had such confidence in his judgment and religion that, separated from Headquarters as we were by many thousands of miles, we were sure that Commissioner Howard would do for us the best that could be done.'

If trouble arose in any part of The Army, a restfulness would settle upon affairs if it were known that the General had dispatched Commissioner Howard to investigate. Officers knew that he would see things with clear, impartial eyes, before which only wrong needed to hide its head.

An Officer, who fought for many years thousands of miles from International Headquarters, says:

'Officers on the Foreign Field felt that the Territory to which they belonged was in some way his special interest. If he went to a country to deal with problems, people felt he got the right view. If their view was not his, he made them understand how the situation appeared to him, and they were in no uncertainty as to the report the General would receive in respect to the situation.'

On his world-visits the Commissioner interpreted the true International spirit to the various Territories. Officers at the ends of the earth, who for years had been absent from the center, took the Commissioner's pulse to gauge the general health of The Army. The Commissioner understood that this spirit of inquiry did not arise from distrust or a slackening of love; rather the reverse.

After his first long absence from the center -- in Australia -- he describes meeting the Founder again after four years. The Founder was conducting Meetings at Basle, Switzerland, and Howard came straight from the boat train to the Hall. He wrote:

'I stood outside the door and listened; then managed to get near a crevice through which I could glance at the Leader I loved so well. Does the General look older? Has his vigor abated? I think not. Are his words less spiritual, less of his Master, more of himself? No I The same man, the same love, the same grand purpose absorbs his entire being as on the first night of my contact with him, when he drew me out of a crowded audience with the words, "Come and help us!" The reading over, the door opens. Down the aisle I went -- on to the platform; and I found the General's arms about me and his lips on my cheek. I could not see for a while, everything seemed to go dim, my eyes were moist and my heart beat fast.'

Howard's name might have been Caleb, for many a time 'he stilled the people' during the periods of stress and storm and crisis, when foes raged without and some hearts quailed within. Many recall his presence -- gentle, unperturbed, as he stood beside the Founder and our present

General; and when occasion for speech offered, his calm, confident words steadied faint hearts, and confirmed the faithful.

The restfulness found in Howard was not confined to the Officers of his mother-tongue. Commissioner Ogrim writes, and we give his words in his own charming English:

'The late Commissioner Howard is kept in my memory as one of the most beautiful and choice spirits among the servants of the Lord. As a young Officer, I was introduced to him during the International Congress of 1894. I felt in a moment I stood face to face with a man of God. At once I will say that the first, beautiful impression I received of the Commissioner was not disturbed during the following more than thirty years' acquaintance.

'When the Commissioner became Foreign Secretary, I was in many matters subjected to his control and direction. On the platform in earnest discourse upon eternal matters' in the office scrutinizing plans and schemes for organizing and advancing The Army work, or upon inspections, perhaps discovering faults, he was always the same sanctified, blessed man, who never by word or gesture intentionally wounded or saddened the heart. Therefore, were his words precious,

'Once I took part in an Investigation Board under the Commissioner's chairmanship. Things were delicate, and it took us several days. The Commissioner and I were billeted together, and when we came into the sitting-room late one evening, he went to the bookshelf and took a Bible with the remark, "Let us see what the Lord says about all this." The book fell open upon an appropriate message from Isaiah.

'We knelt down pouring out our hearts to God in prayer, and arose strengthened in our faith. In such simple intimate contact with God lay the secret of the calm in which his soul had rest.'

During his days of retirement an acute situation developed on a Continental battle-field, accompanied by the loss of some Officers. It had been previously arranged for Commissioner Howard to conduct a campaign in the country, and the visit fell due at the time when many hearts were disturbed. He went, and with such sweetness lifted the standard of the Holy Way that many whose outlook had been blurred, and whose purpose had become unsettled, returned, all unknown to him, to the place of their first consecration. Well might he have been called 'the repairer of the breach; the restorer of paths to dwell in.'

In a certain town among the Blue Mountains of Australia, a glorious bell had for a generation called Matins, Angelus, and Evensong, on the clear air for a radius of many miles. On my first visit home after becoming an Officer, at the usual hour the bell rang out, but Oh! a wretched, harsh clang had displaced the full, clear tone. With genuine dismay I exclaimed, 'The bell! What has happened?' 'Cracked!' was the expressive reply. Officers who had known Commissioner Howard from the earliest days till the end found his tone full, sweet, and unchanging; and the Officers of the second and third generations, meeting him for the first time, were charmed with the sweetness of his call to worship and to work.

In no respect did the Commissioner rest the hearts of his comrades more than by his stalwart stand for the cardinal truths upon which The Salvation Army is built. During the days of

his retirement at the Annual Headquarters Spiritual Day he chose for his address the somewhat whimsical title, 'The same old thing.' The Staff were much refreshed and inspired by his words. The following are extracts:

'I am for standing by the old landmarks and blowing the trumpet with that same certainty of sound with which we have been familiar. I may be an elder, but I am not a fossil, nor do I want a fossilized Salvation Army; nevertheless, I say that the old things are the vital things.

'I read, a day or two ago, a chapter in a book in which the author speaks of things which change being transitory in their nature and uses; and of things which never change. Referring to the natural world, he pointed to the same old sun, and the same old moon, and the same old processes of springtime reproducing nature in the old pattern.

'We see, then, that many of the absolute necessities of life to us are the same old things that our ancestors depended upon.

'Can you improve on the old truths about God, and Grace, and Eternal Verities, even though they are the same old things? Let us glance at several of them.

'Is it any discount of the Saviour's value that He should be spoken of as "the same yesterday, today, and for ever"? When on Sunday night you rejoiced over a bad character finding mercy, did you not sing, "The dying thief rejoiced to see that Fountain in his day"? Was not that the same old thing?

'Oftentimes we need guidance and assurance as to the mind of God towards men and the great Eternal things beyond; where do we turn? Do we not go to the same old Bible, which never fails to meet the case? I do commend to you the same old Bible. For all the essentials of life there's none like it; and for moral and spiritual standards it is the Impregnable Rock, the Word -- the inspired Word of the Living God.

'When we listen for the Marching Orders of the Servants of God as they go forward in their Campaigns to win the world for God, it is the old propaganda order that comes to us: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature." I have never yet found any trumpet-call more inspiring than that cry: "The world for Christ, and Christ for the world." It is the same old thing.

'We find ourselves face to face with the ghastly tragedy of the world's present condition. The facts are too serious for talk about pessimism and optimism. However classified and labeled, the sad facts are there, and the question is, where shall we look for the panacea but in the principles of Christ's Gospel? Only there can it be found. That is the world's only hope, and it is our only Gospel -- the same old thing.

'May I not turn also to the inward experiences of Religion? I know of no newly-invented beliefs or disbeliefs that can produce results comparable to Paul's cluster of virtues that he called "The fruit of the Spirit" -- love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance, and so on. Can these be improved on?

'As a sample, take that word "Peace." Repeat it again and again -- Peace! Peace!! Peace!!! Each time you say it you feel the enlarging preciousness of the gift. But it is the same old Word as was used in the Mosaic Benediction: "The Lord bless thee . . . and be gracious unto Thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Christ said to His disciples: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." St. Paul described it later as "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." Isaiah declared, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed upon Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." It is the peace that flows like a river. And remember, it is the same old thing.

'And so, through the list of Graces -- the "joy of the Lord," "the love that never faileth," the "faith that changes fighting into victory's ringing cheer" -- these gifts are not less enjoyable to us than they were to our fathers and other saints in past generations. When you were convicted of your need of Purity, did you find any prayer focusing your thought, and feeling like that of David: "Create in me a clean heart, O God"? That has been the soul-cry of thousands of anxious souls in succeeding ages, and it is still found upon the lips of seekers of the Blessing of Purity.

'We see, then, that whether for Holiness, or Happiness, or Usefulness, these, the same old things, can only be produced in the same old way.

'The same Almighty Saviour;
'The same conditions of Salvation;
'The same old Pentecostal Blessing;
'The same Indwelling Spirit;
'The same old Bible;
'The same testimony of Saving Grace and Power;
'The same old spirit of Soul-seeking and Soul-saving.

'As one draws near the end of life, a bright hope rejoices the heart of the believer. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. "The same old thing!"

* * * * *

12 -- FOREIGN SECRETARY

The Organization had entered upon its fifteenth year when, by a movement unpremeditated by, and almost independent of, its Founders, it crossed the seas and set itself to win other nations.

Within the next fifteen years upwards of thirty countries and colonies had been attacked, and a fighting force established in each. The responsibilities which this vigorous, expanding life involved, included not only the provision of pioneer Officers and the means wherewith to support the expeditions, but the organizing of a department at International Headquarters for the oversight and care of these interests. Hence came into being what is widely known among us as the Foreign Office. In 1896 Commissioner Howard was appointed Foreign Secretary. With a break at the International Training Garrison, he spent, in all, thirteen years representing the Founder, under the

Chief of the Staff, in the direction of The Army's oversea concerns, the longest of his important appointments.

Unreached by a Divine call, there was everything about the original Howard to suggest that he would have passed through life 'a little Englander,' spending his life-time not far from his own town. But no word is so broadening to the human spirit as the last command of the Lord Jesus, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' Having from the time of his full surrender to Christ followed the heavenly vision, Howard arrived at 'a large place' which men of probably greater ability, but of selfish ambition, missed.

In many respects the Commissioner was suited for this important and delicate position, which in some ways touches the happiness and well-being of thousands of The Army's most able and self-sacrificing Officers. His own early appointment to the Antipodes prepared in his heart a deep and understanding sympathy for Army leaders located at a distance from International Headquarters, and the well-known sterling qualities of his character commended him to Officers of every land.

His first touch with The Army's Missionary Field was on the occasion of his voyage to Australia in 1884. His boat, arriving at Colombo some days ahead of scheduled time, Howard had opportunity to see the work on this new field just as it was, days before Major Tucker [Commissioner Booth-Tucker, now retired, the pioneer of The Army's Missionary operations] had arrived to meet his expected visitor. That first contact established for ever in his heart a love for the native races of countries other than his own. He records his impressions in his boat diary:

'The hail, a shed near to the public market, holds some 700 people. We sang "Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord." Voices in English, Tamil, Hindustani, and Cingalese; drum, tambourine, and cornet accompanying.

'Captain Bullard [now Commissioner, Retired], a fine young Officer, full of blood-and-fire and cheerful determination to come down to the natives, held the reins of the Meeting and called for testimonies. Among the number who spoke none pleased me more than a native coolie, who stood on the platform with simply a loin cloth round his waist. Whoever heard of a preacher in such a costume! As he threw his whole soul into his testimony, we could see the muscles of his body working. These dear people, with their different languages and color but having similar hearts to each other, and mine! I tried to make them understand something of what God has done for me, making Salvation a reality, giving freedom and power to serve and please God. Was I satisfied with this unexpected visit? Most pleasingly surprised! What I saw helped to establish in my own heart the conviction that The Salvation Army, pure and simple, is adaptable to all nations under the sun. God speed the day when its flag shall wave over all the world!'

Says one of his armor-bearers of later years:

'He had a hatred of patronage, and was angry with those who looked down on any part of God's creation. To the command, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common," he heartily responded.'

On one occasion, at a United Meeting of Cadets over which he was presiding, an Officer declared that he was proud to be a Briton. In the Meeting were some overseas Officers. Instantly the Commissioner was on his feet, and with perfect urbanity but firmness, interpolated:

'We are all Salvationists. We belong to the whole wide world and the whole wide world belongs to us.'

Such love for the peoples of every nation overran the narrow bounds of patriotism and custom, and it was the greatest factor in developing the Commissioner into a tactful and able International administrator.

During Howard's visit to International Headquarters from Australia, in 1888, he had his first experience of Continental Salvationism, and his journal touches on a Meeting conducted in Holland:

'The visit was one of the most interesting features of my European journey. I see the possibility of The Salvation Army becoming a mighty force among the Netherlanders.

'The Sunday in Amsterdam will long live in my memory, especially the evening Meeting, when twenty-five souls came forward for Salvation. I did not realize before how helpless one can be in a foreign land; every word had to be translated, even our prayers and the Bible-reading. But I leaned upon God. When I had finished speaking, and gave the invitation, one -- two -- three -- six -- ten stood up, and as we prayed and renewed the invitation, the dozen became twenty, then twenty-five, who came to the penitent-form voluntarily. Hallelujah!'

One of the objects of his visit to London was the selection of a party of rising young Officers to meet the wide opportunities of Australia. The occasion gave Howard a glimpse into the difficulties of a Foreign Secretary. He writes:

'This is an important and pressing matter. The demands of the British Field, which has been drained of much of its best blood in the interests of other countries, make it difficult for any to be spared. The increase of work calls for an increase of Staff throughout the world, and many upon whom I desired to lay hands were on the eve of promotion, so I had to leave them.'

When Commissioner Howard came to the Foreign Office chair The Salvation Army was already at work in twenty-eight countries. By nature, the Commissioner was conservative to a degree -- a difficult disposition, surely, in one required to handle affairs connected with peoples widely differing in temperament, custom, and outlook. But grace and experience are the surest of teachers, and Howard had come to insist on fundamentals only, and was able to delight in any manifestation of the true Army spirit, as it was revealed by the differing types of people among whom it operated. This being so, he was able with equal success to represent to the General Army affairs in continental lands, in the American Republics, the British Dominions, and the Missionary Fields.

As illustrative of the Commissioner's determination to understand and wisely deal with the business of the Territories far removed from International Headquarters, his associations with India provide a suitable example.

The Founder and the Chief of the Staff had for some time felt the need for International Headquarters having a more intimate knowledge of the actual position of affairs in India, and they decided that Commissioner Howard should make a careful investigation on the vast field itself. The work had reached such a position that important readjustments appeared necessary, with modification, or amplification, in certain aspects of policy. Delicate handling was needed.

Veterans, then young Officers wrestling with heartaching problems, tell gratefully how the Commissioner leveled a sympathetic, impartial vision upon the great Territory; how he searched and toiled to understand not only the true condition of our warfare itself and the results obtained, but to become acquainted with and test the spirit dominating the whole.

Says one:

'It was an inexpressible comfort to feel that here was a man, great though he was, who did not come full of conceits that his way was the only way, but one who had an open mind to study quietly the conditions, to discover the right way of doing a delicate and difficult task, in consultation with those, who, by reason of deep consecration to the cause of Christ and long residence in the country, have gained some measure of experience.'

The Commissioner showed a remarkable insight into the Indian mind, and illustrated how our plans, in linking up the people with The Army, should spread out fan-like, broad at the intake, attracting and admitting the many as adherents, but gradually narrowing in its requirements for actual Soldiership in the ranks.

From the Indian Converts, whose previous religions had taught little if anything of purity, truth, and love, but often the reverse, he did not require the standards of an Englishman. He revealed the love of a mother when dealing with these little children of the Kingdom just emerging from the darkness of heathendom. Like Paul, he was 'gentle with them, as a nurse. 'God,' he would insist, 'judges the heart; we must let in the light with loving patience.'

In order to examine Field difficulties he was not content merely to have data brought to him to the various Divisional Headquarters, but insisted, frequently, upon going himself to the villages. He gathered the native Jemadars [15] to him in the Officers' mud-hut Quarters, and calling for the Corps Rolls, went over the names, thus getting first-hand knowledge of the conditions of life, and the character of our Indian Soldiers and Officers.

Colonel George Holmes, who accompanied the Commissioner on one of his Indian tours, tells of the great extremes of heat and cold to which the Foreign Secretary was exposed, and of weary days and nights of travel by many and strange conveyances. Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe remembers the Foreign Secretary setting off after a late Meeting on a ten-hour journey in an ekka, a two-wheeled springless cart in which the passenger sits crossed-legged, or for a change dangles his legs outside. In India things have a way of going astray. On this occasion the food required on

the journey had gone on by another cart. A blazing day had turned to a freezing night. But the Commissioner accepted the discomforts without a suggestion of irritation or complaint.

The comfort of his presence to the then young leading Officers of India, such as Lieut.-Commissioner Nurani (Case), and Colonel Yuddha Bai (Bannister) and Colonel Muthiah, a converted Hindu, was beyond words. Says Commissioner Nurani:

'My budget for the financial year had to be prepared before he left India. It was an intricate affair dealing with many items. Neither I nor my Chief Secretary could manage it. How kindly the Commissioner took the matter in hand and himself shaped the budget for me, instructing me the while.'

It was a great delight to the Commissioner to see the 'Army spirit' develop in the natives of this Missionary country.

Narayana Muthiah, suffering the loss of all things for Christ's sake, became an Officer and rose to an important Staff position. The Colonel writes:

'Commissioner Howard impressed me as a man who worked for eternity rather than for the day. About twenty-five years ago he came on an inspection to Travancore, where I was assisting the now Lieut.-Commissioner Stevens. After carefully going through the affairs of the Command, the Commissioner said, "Judging by your figures, the work is not in a healthy condition." I replied that the work we were doing could not be judged by figures alone, that we were putting in solid foundations, the results of which would be far reaching. The Commissioner looked at me with a serious, searching gaze; a kindly smile lit up his face, and he said, "Muthiah, I am glad to hear you say that. If you can assure me that good work is being done, I can wait." When the Commissioner came on his last visit to India I reminded him of the conversation. With a good deal of satisfaction he reflected that his faith had been well justified.'

The Commissioner's genial, fatherly mien drew the Indians to him, and he labored to see through their eyes, to think their thoughts, to present to them the Word of God in a way they could understand. He would hit upon familiar objects for his texts.

'We were visiting villages,' tells a veteran Indian Officer, 'and on arrival at the place of Meeting, it was discovered that a small temple was at the rear of the platform from which the Commissioner was to speak. In a corner of the temple something was covered with a cloth. "What is under that?" asked the Commissioner. The cloth was removed, revealing a Hindu god. He spoke to the congregation on hidden gods in a way that appealed to the Indian heart and mind, and many souls sought the Saviour.'

Not least among the advantages of Commissioner Howard's visits to the foreign field was his developing influence upon leading Officers. A Territorial Commander who has many grateful memories of him writes:

'The Commissioner knew how to inspire confidence and by appreciation to get the best from Officers. He set high standards, and combined with them close inspection and considerable

criticism. I remember his saying to me, when I had become a Territorial Commander, "Presently we shall be taking up business and inspection, and you know I am very critical. Before we begin, however, I want to say to you how pleased I am with your splendid progress. So, whatever I may have to say hereafter, you will remember that." One could not be with him without realizing his great sincerity.'

To Officers at the ends of the earth, the Foreign Secretary interpreted the spirit of International Headquarters in a way that bound them to the heart of The Army. Says a Territorial Commander, the greatest part of whose service has been spent thousands of miles from International Headquarters:

'We knew and loved our Founder, but to many of us our future General was largely unknown. I, with others, first learned to know and revere our present General through the conversations of our visiting Foreign Secretary. Ever his influence among us was for the best and the holiest. He kept high standards before us all the while.'

Another Officer who had spent many years away from the International center tells:

'A difficulty had arisen in my life over which I had no control, which, nevertheless, affected me and my family as nothing ever had done before. I felt, rightly or wrongly, that I had been misunderstood, and probably misrepresented. On Commissioner Howard visiting the Territory, I consulted him. Would he advise me as to the right course to follow? He reflected, and then said, "Usually, when I am asked to advise in painful circumstances, I make answer, 'A little deeper consecration, and a little firmer faith in God will carry you through,' but I do not say this to you, because I believe your consecration has not failed, nor your trust in God lessened. You must look to God alone for guidance and follow Him all the way. I know you will not fail Him. God bless you!" I knew, by the tears in his eyes and the tremor in his voice, that in Commissioner Howard I had a true friend. The difficulty was overcome, and the memory of his love and sympathy will remain with me till we meet again.'

One of the beauties of the Commissioner's character was that, despite his high position and all the power which had come to him, he never became a nabob; notwithstanding great pressure of business, he never became perfunctory. With the interests and problems of thirty countries on his mind, he kept his heart at leisure from itself, and remembered to give the smile, and the handshake, and to say the kind word that means more than gold to spirits swinging in the balance, or tried in the fires.

Meeting Officers thousands of miles from the center, he delighted them by addressing them by name, and recalling some little incident of their previous service.

Officers at difficult posts, when driven hard by the enemy, turned their hearts to Queen Victoria Street, London, sure that the Foreign Secretary would understand, would advise, would help. And he remembered to show little courtesies which many leave undone, or despise. He would meet homecoming Officers with a warm letter of welcome at half-way ports. While pleased to see the picturesque Oriental clothing of Missionary Officers at Central gatherings, he was insistent that they should be clad warmly beneath their tropical robes!

The Commissioner could do the straightest dealings, making men see their mistakes and face their responsibilities, without any show of anger. One of his Secretaries tells of a Territorial Commander who had been driving ahead with ventures beyond his powers. The Commissioner, in visiting the Territory, dealt with him with great firmness. For days he traveled with him, never giving a hint that he intended to help him out of his difficulty, not, indeed, until he felt a salutary lesson had been well learned; but all the while he preserved a gentle, kindly manner.

In the affairs of his office the Commissioner did not always succeed -- or rather, there were times when he appeared to have failed, and, in such circumstances, the simplicity and honesty of his character shone. A Territorial Commander tells of an occasion when he visited a certain Territory to deal with an acute difficulty. He corrected errors and brought things to Salvation Army lines, but not without some unavoidable breakages. In himself he had 'stooped to conquer,' going out of his way to meet and conciliate unyielding and turbulent spirits:

'Those of us who were with him at that time,' says the Officer, 'were much impressed with his courage, his charity, and his love of truth and righteousness. Gathering together the small Staff before his return to International Headquarters, he said to us, "You have had considerable experience in the affairs of this country. I want you to say what you really think about these matters. There are gray hairs in my head that were not here when I arrived, but you have not to consider me; it is the work that matters. I must tell the General what you believe in your hearts to be the truth, what you think is the wisest and best to do. I have sought to do what I have believed the best. If I have failed, or you think I have failed in understanding the position and needs of the people, then you must speak out plainly and fearlessly.

'I felt then, as I know now, that he had not only sought to do the wisest and best, he had done it. He had exposed insincerity and false standards, dealing kindly, and faithfully, knowing he would be misunderstood and misjudged by some with whom he would have preferred to stand well.'

Out of such furnaces of trial, Howard forged a link of experience which he was to pass on to others: 'Christ failed sometimes -- we must be prepared to fail. Not failure, but low aim is dangerous.'

Officers who served under the Commissioner in the Foreign Office have many gracious memories of his administration. While to the utmost of his ability he shared the sorrows and bore the burdens of the Officers on the battle-field, he was the custodian also of a considerable share of Army Finance, in the disbursement of which he looked always for adequate return. He was not of the extravagant, plunging type; he did not sow recklessly, but wanted to be sure that 'every potato planted would yield.' This tendency had its advantages, and also its disadvantages. When Under-Secretaries came up with proposals for grants here and there, they might count on his refusal unless they could convince him of real necessity. He had never been 'spoon-fed' himself, and he believed that to stand upon one's feet and wrestle and overcome difficulties in faith that God is at one's back, rather than International Headquarters, or any other earthly bank, calls out the best that is in character; but ever in his heart was that fatherly attribute, 'a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it!'

The Under-Secretaries were under no misapprehension of the Commissioner's requirements concerning their duties. Before presenting their business to him, they needed to be sure that the list was complete and concise. If one had prepared half a dozen arguments as to why a scheme should be put into operation, and the first argument carried the Commissioner's judgment, woe to him if he presumed to inflict the remainder of his eloquence on the Field Secretary!

'Get on! Next business: get on!' he would say briskly.

In some directions he was slow in arriving at decisions. But once he had weighed all the circumstances from heart as well as business standpoint, he decided with firmness and finality. The General has written in this connection:

'There is little doubt that the hesitation to decide in Howard's case arose in part from his temperament. It was, from time to time, very out of sorts with his convictions, and occasionally his guidance of affairs showed a kind of compromise between the two. And yet there were gains as well as losses. His high standard of rightness, and his inherent disgust with what was mean, or unfaithful, or untrue, might have made him a very harsh man in high office but for the gentleness and generosity of a sanctified nature.'

Said Commissioner McAlonan:

'He had broad shoulders for the big burdens of the Foreign Office, and he was not a stranger to sorrow; but he never grizzled. He lived with God. He seemed to live in that word "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."'

When dealing with Officers for the Missionary Field, the Commissioner, while using caution, still allowed room for faith in God's overruling. A young Officer who felt called to service in the East, tells of an interview with the Commissioner:

"Your doctor's certificate is not as satisfactory as it might be," he remarked. I told him doctors' certificates before had been doubtful, but my health had been good. He smiled, and replied, "Yes, doctors are useful, but they are not infallible." Then, looking at the paper again, he said, "How do you feel about it? The doctor's remarks are rather grave." "The same as I did before. My conviction is that God wants me to be a Missionary." "Our convictions are mostly right when they point to the way of the Cross," he said. "I hope you won't die; but if you do, you won't be the first, or the last, to go to Heaven from the Missionary Field." And he knelt and prayed with me, and sent me out.'

Twenty-seven years later that Officer is still fighting.

On Fridays the Foreign Secretary shut himself up, and labored to say to those in leading positions abroad what could not be said through a shorthand. From the ends of the earth comes an echo from one such treasured message, sent out from '101' thirty years ago. The letter was following a great demonstration in the Territory which had excited much public interest.

'What a pity it would be, if, after such a glorification, there should be the slightest reaction or tendency to leave the old line of devotion to the spiritual interests of the people. Whatever your position may be, stick to this, for there is no feature of our work so important as the Salvation of the people; and what applies to The Army as a whole applies to your own individual heart. Increased ability to manage business affairs must not take the place of your own earnest effort to keep your soul fresh and tender for God's glory and the souls of men.'

In all the broad interests of his charge, Commissioner Howard had no eyes for selfish interests. With the whole world before him, he had opportunities; but from the beginning of his career to the end, he sought nothing for himself.

On this subject he wrote a Territorial Commander the following far-seeing counsel:

'I fear that some Officers, who possess a little money, are being tempted to remove it from plain and simple investments not likely to cause them mental agitations, to such places where the income-producing power is higher. In such transactions, the money-getting spirit is engendered. In some cases, secrecy is practiced, and all taken together, simple Salvationism is endangered, if not seriously damaged. There is no merit in poverty: and yet it does seem that God's blood-and-fire enterprises in all ages have only done well while the leaders and workers were poor. Once the smell of money gets into their nostrils, and the desire to make more has a place in their hearts, their zeal is weakened, their spiritual life declines. I suppose they lose the "single eye," which formerly caused their whole bodies to be full of light.'

* * * * *

13 -- LIKE AS A FATHER

'We have ten thousand instructors in Christ, but not many fathers,' wrote Paul to the Church at Corinth. Throughout The Army world, Commissioner Howard was regarded as teacher, leader, administrator, according to the impression he made upon individuals who came under his direction. But to multitudes of two generations of Salvationists in many lands, the dearest regard in which he was held, is that of a beloved father. This was not entirely due to gray hairs, for the sentiment began to form in his early years among men who were not many years his junior. It had its source in qualities of the heart and mind -- piety, patience, justice, wisdom, unselfishness -- which lifted him upon a higher plane than that which the mass occupies. At his graveside, his son, Brigadier Railton, said, 'When we were children, he ruled us; as youths, he governed us; as men, he led us -- always by love!'

These words might have been said with equal truthfulness of the many lives the Commissioner influenced. Tucked away among their most precious memories, Officers cherish acts and words, or merely a silent influence, of his which at certain times in their lives encouraged them, held them to duty, restrained them from folly, and taught them in the way of God. The Commissioner had the gentlest way of putting the brake on an impetuous nature and getting from it the best it could yield.

Colonel Miles contributes a reminiscence which illustrates how the Commissioner soothed and held a prancing 'young blood' safely within the traces.

'I remember,' writes the Colonel, 'in connection with the reorganization of the Young People's Work in the United Kingdom and the preparation of "Orders and Regulations" for it, on which I did some work, it became necessary for me to accompany the Commissioner to the Founder's home at Hadley Wood, where many busy hours were spent. Sometimes I was in danger of being over impulsive in pressing a point. The Commissioner would quietly press his hand on my knee under the table, and so restrained my impatience.'

Howard's lack of hasty censure in the face of seeming fault, and his love that believed in a man and called up the best that is in him is cherished in the memories of other men now gray in the service. One recalls an occasion when he, a raw Cadet, was called in question by Major Howard on a matter of seemingly extravagant expenditure. The Cadet made explanation. The circumstances were such that a less wise man than the Major might have accepted the statement with grudging reserve. Howard trusted and accepted the man's word and that day won the utmost devotion and service of a future Divisional Commander.

While young people are, as a rule, susceptible to fair play, their impetuosity sometimes runs to rashness and precipitates them in trouble. It is the wise father who guides the young life through the land shoals, and sets it safely on its longer journey.

A Staff Officer remembers with gratitude an incident connected with his early Officership, which, but for the kindly hand of Commissioner Howard, might have wrecked a useful career. The young Captain had come into collision with a superior Officer, and was told that he would be reported to the Commissioner. The lad, burning with resentment, had presently to see the Commissioner on his own account.

'Sir,' he burst out, 'I have offended Colonel. He is going to report me to you, and since he is a Colonel, and I am a Captain, I suppose I won't get justice.' Says the Staff Officer of today: 'Looking back, I know I was a fool. Hot-headed and unbalanced, I was prepared at that moment to sell my birthright, to sacrifice my Officership than to be wrongly blamed. Commissioner Howard looked at me quietly, and in silence, then said, "So that is the estimate you have formed of my character?" In a moment my heart was moved. "No, sir, it is not. I am sorry. Let me take that back," I said. "Tell me what happened," he asked. I related the incident just as it transpired. "And you were not rude to the Colonel? ... No, sir! ... Well, that will do for now," and he dismissed me.'

A few days later the Colonel sent for the Captain to his office. Looking up from his desk, he said kindly, 'About that little affair: let it pass!' and held out his hand. The Captain left the office ashamed of his headiness to a degree that no arbitrary measure would have affected. The father spirit in the Commissioner had been busy with the work of reconciliation. He had helped the brother of high degree to stoop to the brother of low degree. This keeping intact the bond of perfectness was what Howard himself called 'Army cement.'

A true father is never too occupied with his own thoughts for a word with son or daughter should he meet them unexpectedly, nor was Commissioner Howard too burdened with the heavy

affairs of office to greet the young Salvationists he met by the way. Says a girl-Salvationist of the third generation: 'I met him once only, but the way he looked at me and said, "Bless you!" has always been an inspiration to me.'

And one, now a Major:

'The first contact I had with Commissioner Howard was when a lad of fifteen at an Alexandra Palace Demonstration. I was minding a Cavalry Van, and on his tour of inspection he noticed me and his passing word has never left me. It was: "Keep straight on, and be a true Soldier of The Army.'"

Brigadier Calver, of the Women's Social Work, writes:

'Commissioner Howard was my ideal of a godly, loving father. I never met him without being cheered and blessed and encouraged; just to see his face was an uplift.

'As a young Lieutenant I remember getting into a tram wet and tired and faint after many hours of searching for one of our poor inebriates. The Commissioner got into the same car, and, noticing my uniform, came to me and said, "God bless you, Lieutenant; yours is a wonderful work." I forgot all my tiredness in the vision of being a worker with my Saviour, as the Commissioner's words had suggested to me.

'In later years, to hear him say to the Cadets, "Your best, your very best, your best every time!" spurred me on to attempt better and greater things.'

Fellowship between an approachable, understanding father and his growing family is a fruitful source of helpfulness to young people finding their feet in life. Commissioner Mildred Duff, recalling an incident of her early career, furnishes a charming illustration of how in this way Commissioner Howard helped young Salvationists:

'The first time I saw Major Howard -- as he then was -- I had come from the Continent to an Alexandra Palace day, feeling very much of a "foreign Officer." I discovered I was sitting next to him on the top of the old Waterloo bus, and we talked from Liverpool Street to Headquarters.

'There was no reason for the Major to have spoken to me. He did not know me, and might have just nodded a greeting, and then buried himself in his newspaper; but in that ten minutes he made an indelible impression on my mind.

'How it came about I do not know, but I found myself telling some of my own feelings and wonderments as a young and very inexperienced Officer. The Army was to me in those early days so supernatural and glorious that if every penitent did not blossom out into full-blown Salvationism, and every scheme into success, I felt disappointed -- even aggrieved. Something must be wrong, I thought, if we do not strike twelve every time.

'But the Major showed me that God works on the same principles in grace as in nature, and while we are bidden in the morning to sow our seed, and in the evening not to withhold our hand, yet we do not know which shall prosper or whether -- sometimes -- both may not be alike good.

'He illustrated with an orchard. The apple-trees are crowded with blossoms in the spring, and yet, a little later, we see many of the blooms, and even the tiny apples, lying on the ground. If an undue proportion falls, we inquire whether the fault may not be in the cultivation, or soil, or we can tell, perhaps, the precise moment when some late frost struck the trees. But the owner is not discouraged, or inclined to give up apple-growing because every blossom fails to reach perfection. He counts his apples by what he has gained in October rather than by the blossoms that fell in May.

'I left the Major that morning, realizing what a cheer a passing word from an experienced Officer can bring; also that The Salvation Army was richer and stronger because he was in it. Further -- though we did not meet again for years, his words made two lasting impressions on me. First, I have seldom seen a profusion of apple blossom without remembering his simile, and have been heartened by it again and again; second, and I think for us even more important -- he showed me how much one Salvationist can do for another in a brief, casual meeting.

'Down all the years that have passed, when meeting a comrade here or there, the memory of that bus ride has made me say to the Lord, "Help me to contribute something to this life, just as so long ago T. H. H. gave to me." And I have made an attempt, even if not always successfully.'

One of the chief offices of the father of a large and capable family is to keep the spirit of tolerance and forbearance between the elder members whose interests are in danger of clashing. A much-treasured letter, bearing date July, 1890, is a fragment showing how Commissioner Howard saved a valuable life to the War. An arbitrary young Major had issued unreasonable orders to a capable, high-spirited young Captain, which she, full of resentment, refused, and was prepared to 'break' rather than yield. The Commissioner, learning of the incident, with his own hand wrote:

'My Dear Captain,' I send you these few words from my own house, as I cannot see you for a few days, owing to absence from London.

'I do sincerely hope you will not allow this passing event to injure your soul's peace, or the sense of harmony and unity which have all along been felt between yourself and us at Headquarters. It is quite possible the Major might have done better, but I feel quite sure he acted, as he thought, for the best. His anxiety was to carry out my wishes, and put us in a position to carry on various schemes to help you all in seeking the Salvation of the people. Can I not feel you will take the charitable view of words and actions, and not allow division of feeling and purpose between us? Will you read i Peter ii. 19, 20? Under no circumstance allow feelings of resentment in your heart, but cheerfully rise above all temptations, and prove by your hearty co-operation that you are with us in heart and effort. By doing so, you will gain a double victory in your soul, and, as well, help me.

'God bless you. Let my high estimate of your character be maintained through your deportment in this trying set of circumstances. I shall pray for you, and trust and depend upon you. Yours very sincerely, T. H. H.'

The position of confidential secretary to an Officer in a leading position inevitably exposes a young man to several dangers. His leader is often committed to a fight which extends beyond the clash of seen forces. Upon him descends the varying fortunes of the War. Now, he rejoices in victory to the Lord's arms; then, he meets and suffers keen disappointment. Some on whom he reckoned 'faithfulness till death,' fail him and fall out of the ranks; some even turn and rend the cause they said they loved. To the godly leader, the ability to bear the constant strain of the conflict, as well as the flush of victory, has come gradually; in the furnace his iron had been tempered to steel. But to take to be his armor-bearer a young Officer whose qualifications are those of a confidential assistant, involves inevitable risk to the young.

To him comes the knowledge of weakness and limitation in some who themselves are probably in positions of authority. The superior Officer is, because of his position in confidential matters, largely isolated from men of his own age, and the temptation to be 'chummy' with his secretary is fraught with danger for himself and his young comrade.

To preserve the balance of safety for both, the elder man must conduct himself with a delicate aloofness, otherwise the younger man, because his knowledge of human nature is limited and his judgment unsettled, might incline to become cynical.

In such associations Commissioner Howard excelled. His way of reposing confidence lifted the younger man into the atmosphere of his own high, unselfish principles. He instructed and dictated concerning the business in hand, but never discussed private official affairs with his Secretary.

Major Norton, for many years his Secretary, pays a warm tribute to his memory. He says:

'I had been an Officer only two years when I was appointed Private Secretary to Commissioner Howard. I was afraid of the prospect. At his first interview with me the Commissioner said: "Norton, I want to say three things to you today, which I do not expect to repeat. First, I want your best work. Second, I expect you to be absolutely confidential. Third, you shall have my confidence."

'He trusted me, and the knowledge of that confidence was my greatest uplift.

'Some unexpected breaks and resignations I could see caused him great sorrow, and once or twice he looked tenderly at me, and laying his hand upon the sheaf of papers, relating to these cases, said: "Don't let such a thing as this upset your faith in The Army or in God. You'll find, as you grow older in years and in the service, how strong an enemy opposes us. Norton, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." That was all the comment he made, but the look upon his kind, good face, so serious and earnest and grieved, and his words seem photographed on my heart.'

Says another of his Secretaries, who served him for many years:

'Whatever happened, he always exhibited a controlled and truly Christian spirit. My memory of him is fragrant and full of admiration.'

The Commissioner's fatherliness extended to the Young People of all the lands where The Army Flag flies. He would go out of his way to handle with gentleness young people whose faults were, he believed often, misdirected virtues.

When Foreign Secretary it came to his knowledge that a young Lieutenant on the Continent had deliberately set at naught an order from her Territorial Commander. He took up the case with the young woman, saying:

'You must have known you were breaking regulation.'

'Yes, I did, but I thought I should use my own judgment,' replied the girl.

The Commissioner then took time to show the wisdom and necessity for the Regulations, and the keeping of them, and succeeded in saving a young life to the Holy War.

The Commissioner's fatherliness was a great pleasure to the young Indian Officers. His Secretary, during his last visit to India, tells that:

'During the Councils at Lahore the Commissioner, in the afternoon, arranged to meet the Indian Officers. Indian Officers usually sit on the floor. A chair had been placed in the center of the small gathering for the Commissioner, but he had the chair removed saying, "I will sit on the floor." There he sat for a couple of hours talking and teaching as a father, the young Officers completely at their ease with him. I think they will never forget that Meeting.'

For young Officers on the Foreign Field, separated from home and loved ones, struggling with a difficult language, enduring the trials of climate and strange conditions, and beset probably by conflicts inseparable from a Missionary Officer's life, the Commissioner had a heart full of tender love. He knew he could not save them from hardships in the way of the Cross, but upon whatever field he met these young comrades, he placed his best at their disposal.

Lieut.-Commissioner Nurani, who gave nearly thirty years of service to India, writes:

'He visited India the year I had been appointed Territorial Commander in Ceylon. I was young and very inexperienced, and I can never forget the way he laid himself out to help me. He was naturally a teacher, and as we traveled together over the island, he not only discussed my problems with me, but told me many incidents of his own experience, all most informing and helpful, which sank into my heart and became a sure guide in the future. To all this was added the tender sympathy of a father.

'His tour of inspection took us to some land which had been recently acquired. It was still jungle, on the side Of a hill, but had been partly planted with coco-nut and areca palms, and

plantains. We had to spend the night there; the Foreign Secretary and my Chief Secretary occupied one tiny palm-leafed hut, and I another. In the early morning it was very wet, and as I ran across the rough, muddy ground with my bare feet -- the custom in those days -- I remember his emotion as he came to meet me with his outstretched hands. It was a strong sympathy he felt for his Euro-Indian comrades at every evidence of self-sacrifice or discomfort. He realized, of course, that these things, embraced joyfully for Jesus' sake, had ceased to be felt as hardships and were counted a joy; and knowing all he knew, when the call came, he hesitated not to give his own beloved son to the Indian fight.

'I remember his interest in a young Scottish Officer who, during her first year in the country, had suffered much discouragement. She had been accounted a failure. The Commissioner investigated her case and found in her spirit a priceless offering of devotion and love to the Saviour. She developed to be one of India's most successful Officers in dealing with the ignorant and debased classes, and winning them for Christ. On a later visit to India he found this young Officer married, and dedicated her firstborn to God and The Army. His exhortation was eminently practical, "Do not do 'puja' to baby. (He referred to a Hindu custom of worshipping certain things in the family circle.) Don't let this precious child take God's place. Keep His service first." That Officer was Mrs. Brigadier Bahada (Hunter), who, with her husband, did such valiant service on our first Criminal Settlement at Gorakhpur. They, with their dear children, went to Glory together from The Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River.'

Perhaps no aspect of fatherly love shines with such beauty as that which seeks to hold a willful son in the throes of fierce temptation, and having failed to hold him, loves on in faith and hope. A leading Officer writes thus of a time of defeat in his own career:

'I was very upset and stubborn over an unhappy situation which had arisen in my service. I had decided to go my own way and refused to visit Headquarters. Commissioner Howard wrote me, "My boy, I must see you. If you won't come to me, I must come to you." He arranged to meet me at Paddington (G. W. R.) Station. I found him then as ever, tender as a father. He talked with me in the waiting-room, and though surrounded by the mixed crowd usually to be found in such places, he knelt and prayed with me, and for me, there. I went my own way, and later found my way back through much heart sorrow. Things turned out just as he said they would.'

A delightful instance of the Commissioner's fatherliness occurred almost at the close of his life. On the promotion of Colonel Hurren to the rank of Commissioner, the old Chief went to the young man's office to offer his personal congratulations. Replying to his warm words, Hurren made a remark to the effect that the arrival at the head rank in the Movement was the culmination to an interesting and happy career. Instantly the white-haired Chief leaned forward in his chair, his knees touching those of his younger comrade. He took both his hands in his own and, drawing him to his knees, he poured out his soul to God, praying that the young Commissioner might see that the place he had reached in his service was by no means the end, but, rather, a new beginning; that he might realize that today's achievements are but a stepping stone to new acts of faith and sacrifice and effort for the heavenly Kingdom, and the Holy Spirit afresh descending upon him would make the future more powerful than all the days that had gone before. The prayer concluded, the veteran Commissioner, his cheeks wet with tears, looked tenderly at the younger man, as he had been his son, and placed a kiss on both his cheeks.

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14 -- HOWARD AND THE TWO GENERALS

The whole of Howard's Army career was so closely identified with the Founder, during his lifetime, and with General Bramwell Booth, that there is no page of his history but bears some reference to them, and because of this nearness of association, a separate chapter, throwing light upon their more intimate relationships, seems necessary. Howard's love for the Founder was a beautiful thing -- a mixture of filial affection and the devotion of hero worship. And the esteem was not one-sided, for the old General found heart-ease in his gentle, faithful Officer.

One of the first links in this strong chain of friendship was forged in the fires of affliction at the beginning of Howard's Officership. Before me is a much-handled envelope, bearing the inscription, 'A re-discovered letter from the Founder to me. A precious document. T. H. H.' Inside, on single sheet of paper marked 'Personal,' and dated January, 1923, is the following note:

'The attached letter is precious to me, being connected with the early days of my association with the dear old General, in 1881. I have not seen it for many years until now. Having occasion to pull out the drawers of my desk at home, I found this letter, which had been at some time crowded out and pushed over the back and underneath the drawer itself. What a revival of sad memories of over forty-one years ago! -- when we lost our two daughters in a fortnight. I, in each instance, was away from home on Army duty. The Founder's letter is a reflection of the real man. I am thankful to possess this link with a distant past.'

The letter, written from Cromer, Norfolk, is dated August 21, 1881:

'My Dear Howard,

'I have heard with feelings of deepest sympathy of your second great loss. How mysterious is this visitation! God keep and comfort you in it. I know how cold and formal all the human words of consolation we can speak or write must sound in comparison with the deep sorrow of your heart, but God will comfort. He is the Comforter. But for this knowledge I know that you and your dear wife would be heartbroken, but He is with and in you. In this respect you have, I know, the real presence. They, our dear ones -- dearer than ever now -- are taken from you, but only for a season. You will go to them by and by; meanwhile, they will be growing in maturity amidst the perfect examples, and by the tenderest and wisest nurture of the blood-washed made perfect. They will be there ready waiting for you when the warfare here closes. Thank God for the glorious hope of immortality! I wish I could have seen you. I hear all about your devotion. Yours is one of the most important and responsible positions in the universe. God help you in it! I am grateful for all your co-operation. What a crowd of witnesses encircle us! What opportunities are ours! Give my tenderest sympathy to your dear wife. Believe me, yours in this war to the knife with the Devil and evil. -- William Booth.'

Other letters, dashed off in the Founder's own bold hand, and discovered in the Commissioner's desk after his death, reveal the intimate and affectionate regard in which the

Founder held Howard; how he would even preach himself a sermon for his armor-bearer's strengthening. At one time, when Howard suffered a slight breakdown in health following a period of exceptional pressure of work, and during his absence from Headquarters, the Founder wrote him:

'Hadley Wood,
'December 8, 1910.
'My Dear Commissioner,

'By the time this reaches you, I do hope you will have started on the up-grade to a better condition of health and spirits. I thought you very much under the weather yesterday, and the perplexities we had to consider and decide upon were not calculated to advance the condition of cheerfulness which is so desirable to the shaking off of depressions of whatever character they may be.

'I have been wondering this morning whether it is not possible for me to realize and practice a stronger faith in God for the future, myself? God has been very good to me in this respect in the past. I have, mercifully, been saved very largely from that species of worry about what is going to happen in the after days, and blessed with a sense of the necessity of concentration of thought and power on the present, leaving tomorrow largely to take care of itself. But I want a great accession not only of this trust in the providence of God in the future but for the things of today. I feel I must have it. My position requires it; indeed, the duties and responsibilities associated with that position can only effectively be met by such increase. This is a ramble; you will say so -- but I am in a poor mood physically for philosophy or theology this afternoon; and, moreover, I am waiting arrival of a cup of tea! But in plain English, and plain Bible, I want more faith in the doctrine of divine providence as applied to my own heart and my own affairs for today. God is either with me protecting me and promoting the interests in which I am so deeply concerned, or He is not. I profess to believe the former. I do believe it is so, and I want a stronger and more active confidence in what I regard as an ungainsayable fact.

'My dear Howard, are you not in some measure in the same boat, and suffering somewhat from a similar need? Has not the Lord given us abundant proof of His presence and approval of our doings? Let us recognize the facts. I am prepared to do so. I did so during the sleepless hours of last night. I am doing so today. I am saying to myself all the time, "God is on our side and manifesting His presence to all around us." Don't let us contradict that presence in our own souls, and our own words.

'God bless you! I cannot tell why I should write this epistle, but I have been drawn to it. Don't trouble to answer it. I shall not expect any reply but simply hope and expect that you will soon be yourself and back again at your post with more desperate faith than ever. -- Affectionately yours, W. B.'

The following, a Christmas 'love-letter,' dated Dec. 12, 1911, was perhaps Howard's most treasured possession:

'my Dear Howard,'

'I have written you recently, and I do not want to burden you with personal correspondence, for your hands must be pretty full of business letters which you are bound to attend to, but still this Christmastime I cannot find it in my heart to pass you silently by.

'You are what we might style an old comrade; nay, you have passed to a higher grade -- the grade of friendship.

'I see that it is now thirty years or more since we first met, and my memory carries me back to an interview! had with you at that time in your Ilkeston home. Mrs. Howard was with you in spirit then, and you have something of the highest moment to praise God for in that fact, and that she has been with you in heart and action all through the years that have passed since then. Please give her my love and greetings. Few couples of my acquaintance, during my long lifetime, have had so much of mercy and joy as that which has fallen to your lot. Give my love and blessing to the boys; tell them I am counting on them.

'Then, in looking over our past association, I cannot forget the deep and unfailing sympathy you have shown me in many of the keenest trials I have been called upon to endure during these years -- sympathy relating to the losses in the war; sympathy relating to our most responsible enterprises, our most remarkable victories, and our most trying defeats; and what has been very precious, useful sympathy relating to the personal trials through which I have been called to pass. Most of all, however, there has been the immeasurable assistance you have rendered me in the creation of this great Movement, which is now, by the grace of God, so successfully combating the work of the Devil, and so gloriously delivering men, women, and children from sin and damnation.

'This service, which the promptings of the Holy Spirit and the love of your own heart have urged and enabled you to render, cannot receive its due reward on earth, but that reward will, nevertheless, come in due season at the hands of our Heavenly Father in the ages to come.

'I am sure, my dear Howard, that you will pray for me and continue to regard me as

'Your affectionate General,
William Booth'

Not only was the Founder the hero of Howard's heart, but, apart from his family, he was the love of his life; that his hero and beloved counted him more than Officer, more than Comrade -- his friend -- filled Howard's cup with satisfaction. Over and over again Officers have heard him quote, with shy tenderness lingering on the words, 'He called me his friend.'

The last two letters from the Founder to Howard came from the darkened room in which the brave old General fought with his last enemy, and conquered.

On the day of the operation by which he lost his sight, May 23, 1912, the Founder dictated the following message to Howard:

'In a quarter of an hour I shall be on the operating table in the hands of the surgeon, and it may be I shall not have the opportunity of speaking or writing to you for a long time. I want, therefore, to say that I am grateful to you for your confidence, and thankful for your prayers and faith. Good-bye for the present. The blessing of God be with you, your dear wife and family, and the great Salvation Army. Ever believe me, your affectionate General, W. B.'

The last letter, marked with that expression of tender graciousness to his helpers and faithful submission to God which so remarkably combined with the lion-hearted qualities of the Founder, was dictated after blindness had closed out from him the faces of those he loved. It was a much-treasured communication:

'Hadley Wood,
'June 5, 1912.
'My Dear Howard,

'Thank you very much for your sympathetic letter. It is just what I might have expected. It has written itself into my memory and deepened the confidence I feel in your knowledge of my position and feelings, and assured me still further of your co-operation with me in the varied and important matters in which we are alike interested.

'I am so pleased to hear of the good work going on abroad (here follows reference to certain Army events of that time).

'About myself I can say nothing. God will help me, and God will help us all, and bring this calamity into the inner circle of the all things that work together for our good. I am very poorly.

'I shall be very happy to meet you when it seems to be worth your while making the opportunity of a visit to Hadley Wood. Perhaps Friday may be within my ability and may be suitable for you.

'With love to Mrs. Howard,
'Believe me to be, affectionately yours as ever,
'W. B.'

Among the Commissioner's private papers was found a note dated May, 1920, attached to a charming tribute which he had, almost eight years previously, paid his first General. It reads:

'I cannot remember the book from which I made an extract of which the following is an adaptation. I used it in my address in the Congress Hall, at the Memorial Service to the newly-buried Founder, my first General.

'How truly the tribute applied, any one with personal knowledge may judge. To me, it was only a faint indication of my feelings, but in judgment and sentiment as I read it this morning, I could, after the glamour of intercourse has faded, emphasize every phrase, in memory of him to whom I owe so much and love so well. -- T. H. H.

"I address this to the memory of my first General:

"For you now, all is over for this world. Yours is the great reward of faith and patience, courage, and constancy.

"In the sure keeping of Him who died upon the shameful cross for you and me, and all of us, we left you, and turned sorrowfully, yet in hope, to take up the burden of daily work again.

"How brave and true a heart beat within your breast -- how matchlessly noble was your nature, I more fully comprehend now as I look back down the vista, past your long coffin, into the years that have been.

"Remembering that you were noble to the end, enduring to the end, unselfish to the end, I thank God for you.

"You have left me a whole heartful of love and gratitude towards you, and a reverence too deep to be conveyed in words; and yet in words I strive to give these some expression. Because the smallest gift from one who loved you had in your eye a priceless value, take, then, these halting words from me."

To General Bramwell Booth, Howard brought a wealth of affection and trust, and a complete devotion to their common life purpose. In the correspondence between the General and the Chief, the first and second men in The Army, during the years 1912-1919 -- the spirit which actuates the heart of the Movement is clearly manifest. Whilst more or less concerned with business affairs, the letters serve as glimpses into the pure, steadfast souls of the writers.

In respect to Army affairs in the many lands over which Howard, in his capacity as Chief of the Staff, watched, he pondered, reasoned, and projected himself into the circumstances of others, and with a fine impartiality presented his conclusions to the General. Writing of certain delicate and involved situations, he adds: 'The -- matters have had much thought and, I can truthfully add, much prayer.'

The Chief was no advocate of taking men's heads off, but that he did not hold the reins of office loosely a little whimsical comment at the end of an account of some internal affairs at International Headquarters indicates:

'Certain leading ones are inclined to go on without submitting proposals. I have to give the curb a jerk sometimes.'

The Chief Officers of The Army suffer a heavier strain than that borne by many responsible politicians or the captains of great secular enterprises, for, in addition to the pressure of business, upon these Officers comes the conflict of which Paul wrote, 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.' Sometimes, like Paul, they find themselves 'pressed beyond measure.' A man in such circumstances needs to live very near to God-to the great Fount of strength and peace -- for he is open to vital dangers. He may grow irritable and impulsive, and

communicate his uncertain spirit to his subordinates; his health may collapse. Either failure will unfit him for his position and soon or later terminate his appointment. On the other hand, he may become stoical, and, hardening his heart, defy the care of the churches, or the fortunes of war, to wound his spirit or discourage his policy. Should he survive, it will be as a cold, worldly-minded, and often wounding ambassador of Christ, destroying as he administers.

Commissioner Howard avoided both these snares of the Devil. He walked with God in simplicity and humbleness of mind. He guarded carefully and persevered in his prayer hours of the early morning and the last hour at night, and he seized any lull in the rush of the day to turn his thoughts to communion with God. One of his Secretaries tells that on the way to Headquarters his train, from Stamford Hill to Liverpool Street, would often pull up in a tunnel and be detained for some time. The Chief would close his eyes and spend the time in prayer. One who was much in his company says: 'He was a fine example of "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength... they shall walk and not faint."'

Howard did not blink at the difficulties of the War but looked confidently to God for help, as the following extract suggests:

'May God guide us in this critical time so that His work may be preserved from damage in the midst of complicating interests.'

After one particularly pressing season he wrote the General:

'The events of recent weeks have depressed, almost clouded my heart. Faith in God for the ultimate is unshaken -- we must pray, believe, and go on with what we have in hand and things will "work together" according to His promise. I am still maintaining my faith in the truth, "He rides upon the storm."'

Extracts from letters from the General to Howard let in light not only upon the intimacy of their counsels, but the spirit which governed their outlook upon the affairs and the fighters upon our battlefield:

'... would be none the worse for a little close, frank speaking. You know how highly I place him, but if he is not sound here -- though I think he is -- I should act differently, no matter what might be the view of his ability. This is dangerous, because it is a kind of separation of spirit, because it is opposed to the great thought of our being one. We are not one in the sense of a machine, with different wheels and cylinders working in harmony and unity; we are that, but we are more! We are one in the sense of the steam in an engine or the sap in the tree. It is all one steam, no matter where it is found in the machine; all one sap, no matter in what part of the tree. So that every part of The Army can say, not merely "I am part of The Army, but I am The Army. The Army is where I am."

'When a man works and loves and dies for India, or Paris, or Wagga, he works and lives and dies for the whole Army. Nothing would be more ruinous to us than the spirit which lives by the idea that we must maintain ourselves before all. Our idea is this, we must give ourselves to the point of sacrifice to bless the whole world!'

Writing from the midst of a campaign:

'We must keep up our standards. It is the self-seekers who endanger us everywhere. I'm getting harder and harder on them. Let them go; they cease to be of us. Some of the Staff Officers I have seen on this journey no longer love sinners. They love The Salvation Army and their position in it, and the General, and the dear old Chief, etc., but the wretched, the lost, the God-forgetters! No, I fear not. What help can they be to us?'

To Howard, on one of his journeys of inspection, the General wrote:

'Don't hesitate to give your directions. Speak out on what you don't like. Come down heavy on swagger, dress, and worldliness!

'Give some spiritual advice. God is the goal of the human spirit, and success in our work is only an unprofitable business unless the roots have gone deep down, ensuring righteousness and holy character as well as correct conduct. Notice the younger men and women. The more of the coming people you touch and inflame, the greater the permanent result of your journey.

'With deep and strong confidence, yours always affectionately, W. B. B.'

After his retirement, Commissioner Howard continued in close touch with the General. As Mrs. Booth said in her tribute at his Memorial Service:

'I know how sorely the General will miss Commissioner Howard. He valued his friendship, his companionship, and his work very highly. How often I have heard him say in some trying or perplexing moment "I shall speak to Howard about it: I must send for Howard: Where's Howard?" He says, "My company has gone before and I am left."

When the illness of the Commissioner, which developed during the last year of his life, was known to be of a fatal character, it fell to the General's lot to break the news to this old armor-bearer. Of this the General has written:

'I was sad about it. But I told him the truth. He was silent for a time. He would have liked to have lived, and presently said so. He felt also that I should miss him, and I admitted it. But he gathered himself up, saying, "'Well, my dear General, I have no fears -- and I have only one regret.'" I replied, "Yes -- one regret?" And he answered, "This, that I should have wished for her sake that my precious wife could have gone first." The thought of her left behind alone was his first consideration.

'A few weeks after this he came to Headquarters to say good-bye. I was off for a Campaign in the North of Europe, and he was going for a week or two's stay by the sea. I thought him much changed. I did not say so, but naturally our talk soon turned from some anxious Army matters to the goodness and patience of God towards us. While I cannot say that I had any definite premonition, I did nevertheless realize that I might not see him again. We spoke of our unity of the past forty years as being a prelude and a promise of the unity to come; and I referred to the happiness we had both

experienced amid the fierce and stormy days of battle as being a forerunner of the happiness to which we could now look forward in the days of eternal peace. We clasped hands, and though he tried to speak he could do no more than bow himself in assent over my hand. A few days later I received a letter from him which proved to be the last -- he died on July 1st -- and from which I make the following extract:

"Margate,
"June 17, 1923"

"My Dear General," ... (after a reference to his health), I feel, my dear General, that I must tell you of the very tender memory -- which will ever survive -- of the parting moments of our interview. We had finished discussion... you came towards the door with me, and as we stood with clasped hands you remarked upon the certainty of us meeting again up yonder. Evidently our feelings were unusually moved, and we stood with clasped hands and renewed the bonds of friendship that have held us so many years together in spiritual fellowship as well as in official service. It seemed as if the dear old General's presence, too, was a reality, and I came away with more than words can express... You will pardon this poor attempt to describe a precious season, long to be remembered.

"My dear General, Yours ever affectionately,
"T. HENRY HOWARD."

To this letter the General replied:

'Yes, those moments at the close of our conversation the other day were precious, and, like you, I shall treasure their memory. I was conscious, as I now see you were, of a nearness in heart and mind which is only granted now and again, even to spirits attuned to high and lofty purposes. Praise God for such oneness.. A thing of rare power as well as joy.

'I expect to leave on Wednesday next for Norway and Sweden, and to be in London (D. V.) about July 15th.

'Yours always in esteem and affection,
'W. Bramwell Booth.'

They were not to meet again. The General was in Christiania, Norway, when word reached him that his beloved comrade had been called to his reward. Grieved that he could not be present to lay his faithful armor-bearer to rest, the General sent the following noble tribute to be read at the funeral service:

"Christiania, July 3rd. -- The death of Commissioner Howard removes from our midst one of the Soldier-saints of The Salvation Army.

'Called of God forty-three years ago to take his place at the side of our beloved Founder, "he conferred not with flesh and blood," but from that day, in good report and ill report, in

sunshine and storm, proved himself a faithful and loyal Officer, a wise counselor, and a loving friend.

'His life was one overflowing stream of vitalizing power. It took its rise from the life and love of God. He blessed all the lands wherein he dwelt, and just as the sun paints the whole heavens at dawn, so his life was colored and beautified in every part by love of our dear Army. His feeling toward this great instrument of mercy, which he had helped to make, was more than admiration, or confidence, or gratitude, or satisfaction -- he loved it as his own soul.

'He was a Salvationist, steadfast in faithfulness to God. Who among us ever heard Commissioner Howard express a doubt of, or entertain criticism of the "Power of the Holy Ghost," the "Blood of the Lamb," or the "Word of God"?

'Steadfast in devotion to Army principles! This may have been equaled, but surely never surpassed. Here was one who really pressed every opportunity, every man, every hour to building up The Army as a force for the Salvation of the whole world.

'Steadfast in fidelity to his leaders! This must for ever, in a peculiar way, endear him to my own heart, not only for the personal devotion he has ever shown me, but for the loving singleness of heart he manifested as friend and servant to my beloved father.

'Commissioner Howard was a teacher not only of spiritual truths, which he set out so clearly in lifting up high standards before The Army, but a teacher by example -- by enthusiasm -- by inspiration. His was a torch burning with Eternal fires -- lit from the altar of the Most High. Thousands have caught the flame from him, and are now living lives with a high and holy purpose-living the life of Holiness -- living the life of sacrifice-living the life of soul-winning.

'The Founder loved him. I and Mrs. Booth loved him. We are sore wounded by his death. But he lives! And now his fine influence, his faithful toil (both behind scenes and at every front of the battle) remain for us all an imperishable treasure.

Bramwell Booth.'

* * * * *

15 -- THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

When, on August 13, 1912, General William Booth laid down his sword, The Army was faced with a dual loss. Bereft of the inspiration of its wonderful Founder, with deep gratitude it welcomed General Bramwell Booth as its new leader; nevertheless, the filling of the first lamentable gap automatically caused another. The appointment of a new Chief of the Staff was attended with, perhaps, even more delicate and intricate issues than was that of the Generalship.

The Chief of the Staff takes, under the General's oversight of the entire Army, being responsible for, and representing to the General, its position and needs. He controls, under the

General's direction, International Headquarters and the working of its various departments, and takes the General's place in his absence from the Center.

Mr. Bramwell Booth had been affectionately known as 'the Chief' from 1882. The central force of the internal organization of the Movement, he had grown with it, and it with him. Under his hand the various departments of International Headquarters had been separated from the mass, and organized and directed in their distinctive functions. While the General, his father, had been free to devote his attention to world-wide public interests, the Chief's watchful eye had kept in view the whole Army battlefield, and while encouraging each country in its individual expression of The Army spirit, had insisted upon the maintenance of original standards.

A number of names presented themselves to some Salvationists as possible, and eligible, for the position of Chief of the Staff -- dashing leaders, able administrators -- but when the General's choice was known to have fallen upon Commissioner Howard, there was a general sense of satisfaction throughout The Army world.

At the great inaugural Meeting at which the General introduced his armor-bearer, he said:

'When I came to consider who should be my successor, I felt justified in looking for a man who would manifest something, at least, of the same interest which I have tried to manifest in all the affairs and concerns of the Staff. One who would be recognized as having a warm heart, and a tender spirit toward every rank and class of Officer who would come under his influence. In Commissioner Howard I believe you will have such a man-a man of true brotherliness and really possessed of the milk of human kindness. The position of the Chief of the Staff is a very difficult and onerous one. It demands an instant and constant attention to affairs, and involves a heavy tax upon heart and mind and spirit. It will demand all the Commissioner's power, all his life -- all he has. In Commissioner Howard we have a man whose past work gives high promise that he is in possession of the qualities called for.'

In concluding his charge to the new Chief, the General said:

'In all our affairs, give always truth the throne. Let facts be the guiding line, and without fear or favor stand impartially by that great guide and leader we call Truth.'

Looking back upon the years that Commissioner Howard filled his high office, it can be said of a truth that in life and service he bore himself in keeping with his General's noble charge.

As an indication of the widespread appreciation of the General's selection, letters from every land where The Army Flag flies came pouring in from Officers of all ranks. Almost without exception, those who wrote confessed some debt of gratitude to Commissioner Howard. The Chief had in some way blessed their lives, and their expressions were as from children rejoicing in the elevation of a father, or soldiers in the honor of a much-loved leader.

The new Chief entered upon his new and onerous duties in the same spirit of humility and simplicity, of thoroughness and godly fear, that had characterized the whole of his previous career.

He was no longer a young man, and felt keenly the responsibility of his position as chief adviser to the General.

Concerning the heavy weight which now came upon him, the General says:

'The life of a responsible leader handling large affairs in an organization like The Army is really a kind of slavery. To begin with, he has three earthly masters: The General, the machine or system (which, if he is to accomplish anything he must work with the utmost skill and energy, and by which he must be willing to be worked), and inevitable public claims. Particularly does this apply to the office of Chief of the Staff.

'His very loyalty to the General, his intimate knowledge of his Leader's state of mind from time to time, and his earnest desire to support him and to share the enormous burdens which he sees are resting upon him, make the relationship an arduous and serious care. That care is, of course, increased when, as a loyal helper and armor-bearer, he must, as occasion requires, carry out arrangements or decisions which he does not quite agree to be the best course in this or that. It is not to be expected that in every detail, or, indeed, in every transaction of importance, leaders should always see eye to eye, or should always see as far. To give effect to decisions involving widespread activities, and to do it with an ability and energy and faith in God all the greater because of the difference in judgment, involves for most men a serious strain upon every faculty.

'When we add to this the fact that positions of this kind demand rapid decisions in affairs which involve the most serious consequences, not only to individuals, but to what must ever be first with us all -- the interests of the Kingdom of Christ and the well-being of multitudes, the smoothing out of personal and official difficulties, the management of financial and legal interests, the relentless pursuit of wrongdoers and idlers, and an eagle-like watchfulness of a large part, if not actually the whole field of Army life -- there is, indeed, an enormous strain on every power of body, and mind, and soul.'

Commissioner Howard occupied his exalted position for six years. They were difficult years from many aspects. He was the first Chief of the Staff of a new order; there were political conditions to adjust, the General gradually relinquishing the affairs which had occupied his mind and hands for half a lifetime, and engaging more in the public responsibilities of the General's position. Also, they were years of war, with its wholesale dislocation of normal life and calling into action extraordinary measures in every avenue of Army service.

The war was a never-lessening horror to the Commissioner. The enmity between nations, the slaughter, to say nothing of the waste of the gathered wealth of generations, tried him sorely.

Commissioner Hurren, who for three years was Private Secretary to the Chief, speaks of him with reverence and affection, and supplies valuable sidelights upon his character and service during that time. They were a great contrast -- the past middle-aged, gentle, cautious, patient leader, and the keen, ardent, swift-moving young man, with the quick wit of the Londoner and the calculating brain of a financier. Commissioner Howard was not used to wearing his heart upon his sleeve, but in the intimacies of the fight these two men drew very close to each other, and Hurren was permitted to see far into the soul of his Chief. Evidences of true, simple religion in experience

and service impressed Hurren in early contact with the Commissioner. Nor did he have cause to change this opinion. Says he:

'He was as consistent and as holy a man as ever I have known.'

Howard told Hurren he had never received an appointment in The Army that he did not feel was beyond him; his last most of all. How should he meet its demands? Sometimes he was seized with a terror lest he should fail. Says Commissioner Hurren:

'The chief impression he made on me was his endurance under strain, and his wonderful reaction and rebound in God. He could not easily receive and deal with the multifarious affairs incidental to his office. He lived a life of intense anxiety, but was marvelously supported in it. He had found a refuge in God, and hid in Him, so, however he might be pressed within or without, he carried a beaming face that cheered others. I have known him hard hit during the day, and go home at night exhausted, physically and mentally. But when next morning I called for him to accompany him to the office, there was strength in his step, light in his face, and assurance in his voice. "You are better this morning, Chief," I would say, and he would reply, with great simplicity and perfect naturalness, "Yes, God met me last night, and strengthened me."

'To praise or blame he was one of the most sensitive souls I have ever met. Of nervous, anxious temperament, yet never once did I know him turn his back to the foe, nor admit defeat. He just plodded on.'

A large part of the Chief of the Staff's time at International Headquarters is spent in Council, and many bear witness to Commissioner Howard's Christlike spirit and skill there.

Commissioner Lamb likes to remember the old Chief's quiet voice breaking into a discussion and cutting across material views with the reminder, 'But, you see, there are spiritual considerations in it all.'

In the notes of one of his addresses to Staff Officers I find the same idea:

'In my own experience so many things have been, and are, settled by grace, that I urge the practice of spiritual considerations for your own administrations.'

Being unwilling to take risks, to intrepid men he was sometimes tantalizingly over-cautious, but this was usually more than compensated by his safeness. If the General spurred forward The Army chariot, Commissioner Howard's hand kept it steady. Says a comrade: 'He was a splendid brakeman: nothing wrecked that Howard had a hand on.'

But he was no Jonah when a project succeeded for which he had entertained fears; when victory crowned such an effort he generously rejoiced.

'He was a wonderful man for keeping his ear to the ground,' says one. Again: 'He was most valuable in difficult situations. He had a certain skill for steering through candlesticks without knocking them over. He could find the middle way.'

In the wear and tear of warfare, the spiritual not excepted, there is sometimes friction that results in breakages. The Chief's office was a sanctuary to many a tried leader of our holy war. He had the gift of talking plainly with a man for his good, without forfeiting his goodwill. Says one:

'He was a savior. He saved many a man by not contending with him, not arguing the point. He would receive a whole pack of troubles from a man tossed about in his mind, then would say, "Yes, yes, yes, but mind the step.'" When people were inclined to be headstrong and in a moment of temptation likely to leave their post, he would counsel, "Steady! Keep your finger off the latch." In other words, don't go through a door which in your wiser moments you would wish you had not passed through.' Many a one can say, 'I am here because he listened to me, he saved me from myself.'

In his correspondence, Commissioner Hurren and equally Lieut.-Commissioner Duce (also a Private Secretary), learned how a leader can become a mitigator; how to state an unpleasant fact not by weakening it but by softening the point so that it would not wound. They tell that he took great trouble with his letters, and would say, 'Now, don't put it that way; alter it to so-and-so.' And they saw that though the revision was as strong and clear as the first draft, yet it was softened, and the sting taken out. In dealing with a case where two people were concerned, he would sometimes say, 'Get them both down, for there are faults on both sides.'

The Chief was a man of righteousness and peace; righteousness at any price, but not peace at any price. He faced a difficult problem with a rightful spirit of compromise -- a spirit of give and take where necessary. He disliked violent, brusque ways, but when every way had been tried without avail -- and he lived by the words, 'the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be patient to all men, apt to teach, gentle, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves' -- deep, deep down you would find the man of rock, an unyielding, settled principle.

In dealing with wrong that would not be right, the Commissioner could be very stern, but even in such extremities, as the General says of him-

'He was greatly helped in all the official duties and obligations of his life by the dominating influence of love and faith. His sympathy with the ordinary man, his delight in seeing weakness conquer evil, his love for those who were forgiven much was all truly blessed to behold, and his inward sympathies and affections became a kind of softening light upon those relations with wrongdoers which might otherwise have been thought stern and hard. He who walks with God, who lives in the invisible presence, can face the saddest human wrongs with firmness.'

Lieut.-Commissioner Duce regards the years he spent with the Chief as golden. To him the message of the Commissioner's life was, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.' He says:

'The Commissioner taught me to press a right decision in awkward circumstances without showing impatience. I have watched him deal with the most delicate situations when the least show of anger or impatience would have wrecked a career. He knew how to hold and how to win.'

His care to keep clear the sky of his own soul before God greatly impressed his Secretary. He adds:

'Once I knew him to be really angry with an Officer. He had needed to say some very plain things, and I felt glad he had mixed some pepper with his words for once; but next morning he said to me, "I want to see again. I have prayed about that matter, and I think I might have said what I had to say in a more kindly way. He deserved my reproof, but prayer tells me I might have given it in a better way.'"

It is to be regretted that Commissioner Howard did not keep a regular journal. It would have been a valuable commentary on The Salvation Army for more than forty years, and also have given glimpses of the walk with God of a very pure and faithful soul. After his death, there were discovered in his desk four small sheets of notepaper marked 'Private.' They record an experience which few would have connected with the Chief's career. It is as a searchlight throwing into strong relief the man as he was -- very human, with many limitations, and fully realizing them all, and yet standing firm and faithful in the will of God for his life.

He had been in office as Chief of the Staff only one year, when he was seized with severe temptation to seek release from it. The first folio is inscribed:

'Bound to the altar. A new emphasis,' and proceeds: 'This fragment recalls a phase of experience illustrating the building of the sacrifice.

'From the first day in my present office until now it has been a cross. I should be untruthful if I did not record how grateful I felt for the honor which the General's choice placed upon me. It was indeed, humanly speaking, the crowning honor of my career. All the same, I have been serving on the altar as well as at it, and again and again have I had to discipline my will from seeking release from my appointment. The story about the great refusal has had an almost daily application, and the Lord has kept me in a large measure in peace.

'Of late, however, my health symptoms have been disturbing. A few days ago I felt that all things taken together I must definitely raise the issue with the General, and press for at least a long furlough! but, preferably, a release first, a long furlough following.

'Before retiring to bed, I turned to read my Bible, and, with no choice, opened to verses Luke xii. 42, very familiar to me, "Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make ruler," etc. I read on -- verse 43: "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." The emphasis on the words so doing, was like a living finger lining and underlining the two words. The word was quick and powerful, and in a few minutes I knew its meaning for me. I leaned back, and in distress cried, "O God, does this mean that I must go on doing it, in spite of my longings to be free?"

'It was as if new bonds were laid on me. Can I bear it? Shall I? I am so nearly convinced that I must continue, that I dare not even shape up intentions. "Behold, the servant of the Lord, I wait Thy guiding hand to feel.'"

For two and a half years this plain, godly man continued to bear the heavy burden of office, and on July 16, 1916, he penned another sheet:

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job xiv. 14). The words exactly express a resolution formed re my own official position in The Salvation Army. On many occasions I have been tempted to move for myself in a way likely to terminate the appointment, but the fear of crossing the will of God, and sacrificing for selfish reasons so influential a sphere, has restrained me; and now the settled act of my mind is expressed. When, without any initiative of myself, the change comes, I shall be able to claim from God that peace of mind necessary to the continued enjoyment of life, if God spares me for a period of retirement.-- T. H. H.'

A few days later, an extraordinary test of the resolution expressed in the foregoing note was recorded:

'I have found that every article of my faith and teaching has been the subject of fierce trial to let it go, either actually or tacitly. I naturally knew when I made the note (dated 7/16/16) that the temptation mentioned therein would recur some time, but little thought how soon the attack would be made. Unexpectedly, within twenty-four hours, I found myself in the midst of a mental and spiritual fight. I was almost stunned, until I bethought me of the note. I saw at once that the fight was not so much over the circumstances of the hour, as the principle referred to, and on that I assumed the expressed attitude, and by the shield of faith quenched the fiery darts of the enemy.'

The day of release for which he waited came early in 1919. The General, evidently realizing the failing of the springs of life in his devoted armor-bearer, broached the subject of his health, which opened the way for conversation on the subject. The Chief, having waited God's time, told all his heart to the General and as gratefully accepted release as he had loyally accepted the charge of his high office.

The farewell meeting to the Chief, conducted by the General in the Congress Hall, Clapton, was a crowning tribute of affection and esteem. The General, in an address of great dignity and affection, said of Commissioner Howard:

'We look upon him not only as one of the Founders of The Army, but as having taken no little part in maintaining its life, spirit and purpose throughout the world. I am really parting with one of the powerful influences of Army life. I have ever found him ready for fellowship and faith in the higher spiritual experiences which God gives to Salvationists. Yet, side by side with that, whether in public or in private, he has shown the most simple, everyday, practical regard and pity of the poor, the lost, and the downtrodden. Indeed, I think he offers an example to every one of us, in that he has associated personal union with God, personal triumph in prayer, and continued devotion to the cause of the common people.'

Mrs. Booth gave thanks for the Chief's influence upon her own life, for his example of righteousness, for his loyalty to God and his General and his comrades, for his example, and testimony and teaching of the life of Holiness.

The Chief's final charge to the Staff was in keeping with his life and labors:

'I would say this thoughtfully, that during nearly forty years I have many times had to review The Army's principles, but with the strictest accuracy I can affirm that I have never had to revise my first conviction of the rightness of those principles. Given a sanctified and loyal Staff I see the practicability of maintaining those principles, not only for a few years, but permanently. I have not had to revise the conviction of my first days concerning Salvation Army constitution and doctrine. I declare with the best intelligence I am able to command, and the strictest accuracy, that The Army principles are right, and require no changing. They are as practicable as they are desirable, and given a consecrated body of Officers there is no reason why they should not be maintained.

'If I may claim the right to give a parting charge before vacating the high office in which the General placed me, it would be to urge and encourage my comrades to remain faithful to this world-embracing unity -- the one International Army with one General and one Flag -- its Officers everywhere declaring the same truth, and being animated by the same central purpose of seeking first God's glory and the Salvation of men.'

* * * * *

16 -- WORLD TOUR

During his long career in the capacities of Territorial Commander, Foreign Secretary, and Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Howard had been a world traveler. If the Founder, or the present General, desired the inspection of a Territory -- to probe a difficulty, to further an advance on a distant battlefield -- they knew they could see and decide safely and well through Howard's eyes, and so he had come and gone carrying blessings to the new and old worlds, to the western and eastern races. These absences from International Headquarters, which made him an intimate figure among a very large section of The Army world, had been a great joy, notwithstanding the heavy burden of responsibility attached thereto. He left work behind; he carried work with him and returned again to bear the burden. When, however, upon his retirement, the General arranged for the old Chief to make a world tour of Army battle-fields, he set out upon his journey with lightness of heart and unmixed joy. He was as a father going to visit a large and well-beloved family, and to impart to them spiritual gifts and blessing.

Leaving London early in 1919, he visited several important centers in Canada and the United States of America; touched at Honolulu; on to New Zealand; thence to Australia, and continuing his voyage came to India and Ceylon, from whence he returned to London -- having encircled the world.

Following the records of this tour, one discovers all along the way a series of snapshots very true to the character of the Commissioner. Everywhere he went the purpose of his life shone clear; he was not merely 'having a good time,' he lived to bless, to leave upon souls a mark for eternity. The wave of affection and esteem which caught him up and carried him high at every

point, he used as an opportunity to command a wide hearing for his last messages to the people among whom he traveled.

At New York Commander Evangeline Booth welcomed the Commissioner to the United States, where he ever felt at home in the confidence of the people. Introducing the visitor to a great Meeting, the Commander said:

'The Commissioner provides an attractive example of the crowning of seventy years, not having lost in any measure the spiritual treasures with which God endowed him at the start. He has not, so far as I can learn, known even the temptation to withdraw this sacrifice or to divide his interests. He has had no eyes to see anything but the things of God and the interest of The Salvation Army; no ears for enticing voices, no mind to approach the things that have dragged other men away. His wideness of vision and his tenderness of heart, his broad understanding and his forbearance have endeared him to those who knew him. "We have loved you, Commissioner (the Commander turned to the venerable visitor) we have loved you at forty, at fifty, at sixty, and we love you more than ever at seventy."

The Commissioner's message to the Salvationists of that great city was a call to recognize and accept the baptism of the Holy Spirit as the essential preparation for the work to which The Army has been called. From one of his addresses:

'No man or woman possessing mere human force, however great, can fulfill the requirements of Officership in The Salvation Army. Supernatural men and women are essential, and this element is found in the baptism of fire, the holy fire from above. The obtaining and retaining of this fire is the sacred duty of every Officer. This fire will give us life; life which comes from God. It will be to us light, bringing to us visions of things we had never known before. It will be heat in our hearts, the heat of love, the love of Christ which sends warmth into every phase of service. It will be to us, also, energy. All success lies in the life, the light, the heat bestowed upon us by the fire of the Holy Ghost. The highest form of human ability cannot take the place of this. When the fire is neglected and allowed to die out we lapse spiritually; we fail; we eventually die.'

He concluded pleading for an absolute surrender of life and service to that holy fire. Bending with yearning love to the great crowd before him, the Commissioner said:

'These are not professional words that I am speaking to you, they spring to my lips from the wells of deep personal experience.'

The message that moved a Philadelphian audience was, 'I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision' -- the vision of the clean heart. He spoke also of the vision of power, and pressed home--

'That you have had these visions is not the chief significance; what you have done with them is the thing that counts. How have you treated the heavenly vision? Don't waste time in vain regrets for the past; rise up now and say to your Lord, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"'

At Philadelphia an intelligent, well-to-do man, a Scandinavian, requested an interview with the Commissioner. Thirty-two years previously he had been a sailor, and his ship calling at Melbourne, Australia, he dropped in one Sunday night at the Temperance Hall, where Commissioner Howard was conducting a Meeting. His knowledge of English was limited, but he understood enough of the Commissioner's message to realize his own need of the Saviour, and came to the mercy-seat. This man had traveled many miles, bringing his wife and five children, to see the Commissioner -- to assure him of the reality of his conversion and of the keeping power of Christ.

To the rushing city of Chicago the Commissioner gave warning:

'The time is short. It is impossible to measure time beforehand. Youth is looking for a long life, but there is no guarantee of this. There is no lease of life to the strong and the robust. The natural order of life is often reversed by the mysterious selection of death.

'It is impossible to recover time that has been lost. It is impossible to command any addition to your time; you can shorten or conserve it, but not lengthen it. Great ones, when face to face with the pale horse and his rider, have offered money for extension of time, but in vain. This is the time to secure that which is of supreme importance. Stop crowding life with useless trivialities. Fill your days with things that really matter.

'What are you doing with your time? This is a moment of decision. Time is short, act! Today may be the bridge between a past of failure and a future of victory. God help you to avail yourself of it, for the time is short.'

Passing on to Toronto, Canada, the Commissioner's message to the Officers was, 'The most important thing of all is to get men back to God.' To the Bandsmen:

'Jesus Christ wants men and women to stand by Him in the great war against the evils that are destroying the world. I want you not only to be saints, but Soldiers; not only to believe, but to strive; not only to pray, but to fight for the Salvation of all who are in the clutches of the Devil and sin.' He commanded the Soldiery -- 'Increase your output for God; not only maintain your present gains, get more.'

It was a delight to the Commissioner to meet numbers of old comrades and friends, but in the midst of joyous greetings his words unfailingly sounded clear: 'My mission is to the souls of men.'

When the newspaper men of Toronto asked for a word to the religious world, his message was 'Get back to the people.' Including The Salvation Army with the Churches, he said:

'We are for the people; our objective is to reach the people. We must be willing to scrap any method, no matter how cherished or how long employed, or how successful it may have been in former days; if it misses the mark today, scrap it! Religious organizations, in order to meet the needs of the hour must, whilst resolutely preserving their message, adapt themselves to the changes in thought and outlook of the people.'

Having in mind the inclination in some directions to widen the narrow way of Salvation in order to induce the unconverted to join the Church of God, the Commissioner warned:

'God forbid there should be any sacrifice of principle. Sin is sin, and must be repented of, renounced and forgiven. Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of the world. We are for the domination of Jesus Christ every time, and all the time.'

At Winnipeg the Commissioner had the joy of dedicating and commissioning the Cadets who had just completed their Training. He rejoiced that, despising the lure of the world, young people still responded to the call of the Cross and with joy dedicated their lives to join their Saviour in search for 'that which is lost.'

Embarking on the SS. Niagara for his long ocean journey, the Commissioner set out for New Zealand. The boat touched at Honolulu. Never before had an Army Commissioner visited the island, and the Divisional Commander had arranged to make the most of the brief opportunity. The boat arrived three hours late, but the visitor of honor was hurried to The Army Hall, which was packed to the doors, while as many people had gathered outside as were accommodated within. It was an enthusiastic, cosmopolitan Meeting composed of at least seven nationalities. A great proportion of the audience could not understand the Commissioner's message, but when the invitation to the mercy-seat was given, a number of seekers, representing four nationalities, came forward to seek the Saviour.

After a hurried visit in the brilliant moonlight to inspect The Army's homes for boys and girls on the Island, the SS. Niagara was rejoined and in the morning the voyage resumed. As the vessel neared New Zealand a wireless message reached the Commissioner from the Territorial Commander, Commissioner Hodder: 'We await arrival with great expectation and sincere gratification.'

Back flashed the characteristic reply: 'Psalm xx. 5 -- "We will rejoice in Thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfill all thy petitions."'

The most severe marine strike that Australia and New Zealand had then known was in progress and hindered many arrangements, but Officers and Soldiers representing the five Divisions of New Zealand met for Congress in Wellington. With great joy and profit old comradeships were renewed, and the troops gave themselves afresh to aggression in the Holy War.

To revisit Australia (the place where he had emerged from the chrysalis stage and took to his wings on larger service) Commissioner Howard had looked forward as among the crowning joys of his career.

How well he had built in his first great appointment, might be judged by a tribute written of him by Commissioner Hay on his appointment as Chief of the Staff:

'While we have had the one great Founder, many countries and districts will for ever remember those leaders in The Salvation Army who gave tone, standards, and inspiration to The

Army they were calling into being. While Commissioner Howard was not the actual founder of The Army in Australia, he was the first leader who gave it form and effectiveness. None, I think, had the opportunity to know as I had, in a widespread way, the deep respect, amounting almost to veneration, felt and freely expressed by our older Salvation Army Officers for Commissioner Howard. His tact, 'firmness, quiet resolution and persistence in establishing the great ideals of The Salvation Army, did much to secure that foundation upon which has grown one of the most vigorous expressions of Salvationism to be found in any part of the world. He planted good seed, he felt for deep soil in a man's soul, and got in that which made a man different, making his attachment to The Army wonderful, and almost invariably safe.'

It was nearly seventeen years since the Commissioner's last visit, and a new generation of Officers had sprung up during that time; young people who labor under the disability of seeing fewer Army International Leaders than almost any other Territory. Commissioner Hay, who regarded his old Chief as, next to the General, 'the finest living exponent of the spirit and principles of The Salvation Army,' had determined that the young generation, as well as the veterans, should have every opportunity of receiving blessing at the hands of the Commissioner. He had planned a visit that would extend over thirteen weeks, secured the largest public halls in the Commonwealth, arranged Congresses in each of the States. But, alas! the maritime strike paralyzed transport; a veritable scourge of influenza converted spacious public buildings into hospitals, and quarantine restrictions completed the process of 'hold up' at every turn. The program was rearranged again and again, but, notwithstanding these phenomenal difficulties, Commissioner Howard had 'the time of his life' on the Island Continent, with public receptions, Salvation and Holiness Campaigns, and Officers' Councils in four of the six State centers.

During these busy days the honored visitor reached his seventieth birthday. His Australian comrades celebrated the event with a warmth akin to their sunshine.

Among other charming arrangements made in connection with the Congresses, were the informal receptions held in great public Halls at the various centers, which enabled the Commissioner not only to move freely among, and greet his old comrades and friends, but to be introduced personally to Officers and Salvationists of the younger generation. A particularly pleasing feature of the gatherings was the number of young Officers, whom, as babes, the Commissioner had dedicated to God and the War. At every turn he met the sons and daughters of his early warfare, now in the leading positions of the Territory. At Melbourne, Lieut.-Colonel Harry Sharp, one of the rough-and-ready pioneer Officers, gave affectionate and characteristic greeting to the Commissioner:

'When I look at our good old Commissioner, who laid the foundations of The Salvation Army in our country solid and true, like Gibraltar; when I look at my good old Chief, I say it affectionately, as a son to a father, I can see myself, a trembling lad, entering a little room in the old Bendigo Hall to interview Commissioner Howard. I was introduced as Harry Sharp -- a young fellow without education, but with a purpose to serve God only. The Commissioner took me by the hand and spoke a kindly word. That morning it was settled that I should give myself up as a Salvation Army Officer, to live and fight, and, if needs be, to die for God. In the Meeting, which followed, the Commissioner gave an illustration about a bullock standing between an altar and a

plow with an inscription under it, "Ready for sacrifice or service." I have been a "working bullock" ever since.'

Tender human incidents lit up the occasions, and the atmosphere was that of a huge, loving family with an honored father in the midst. One is reminded of Paul among the children of his early labors.

Said a Divisional Officer:

'Before I came to the Congress I visited an old lady who is nearing the River. She said, "You are going to see Commissioner Howard; I should like to be there. Will you take him a little greeting from me? When he visited our part thirty-five years ago, he was walking down the aisles of the Hall seeking souls -- men and women who would offer themselves for work in The Salvation Army -- and coming to where my daughter sat, he put his hand on her shoulder and said, 'Don't you think God wants you to become an Army Officer?' She felt the call from God, and gave her life to The Army. I want you to tell the Commissioner that my daughter fought a brave fight, died as an Officer, and went to Glory. Tell the Commissioner I will watch for him on the other side.'"

Replying in happy mood to his welcome in one of the gatherings, and giving God the glory for all the way He had led him, the Commissioner related an incident that was delightful to his comrades. He said:

'I saw at my billet today a paper weight in the form of an old shoe. It was of silver, but down at the heel, turned up at the toe, worn thin at the side, and might have represented the soldier's shoe that had been worn out on the battle-field. It called to my mind the story of an old shoe which started in Philadelphia, and received its last touch in Melbourne!

'How it really began I can hardly recall. I fancy I had told the people that I have said to the General that, like an old shoe, I should be on hand if wanted for comfort. You know it is said there is no shoe so comfortable as an old one. Commissioner Peart later in the day said, "Well, now, about this old shoe. So far as I can see the sole is all right." That was not too bad. I later made some reference to the old shoe in Toronto, whereupon Commissioner Richards kept up the happy idea by remarking that "if the sole is all right, the upper is not so bad." Further along my journey I visited Chicago, and again the old shoe story was related. This time Commissioner Estill ventured to say "the tongue appears to be in pretty good form.'"

'Some time after this I visited Victoria, Vancouver, and the old shoe story once more came out, and a member of the Government, proposing a vote of thanks, said, "I have been thinking about this old shoe, and I think it may be quite generally accepted that the old shoe has many a time kept The Army from getting cold feet.'"

'On my 70th birthday, I was again beguiled into referring to the old shoe. A few nights afterwards an Officer in a testimony Meeting gave a technical description on the make-up of a shoe, and the necessity of a properly modeled shoe being true to its last. He declared that "the old shoe was true to the last.'"

The days filled with useful service flew by. Every department of Army activity in the Commonwealth was inspected. With great joy the Commissioner visited the magnificent Social Institutions dealing with almost every aspect of human need from the cradle to the grave, several phases of which now in world-wide operation had their inception in Australia. With all his official and public claims he did not overlook such wayside ministries as the visitation of sick comrades; everywhere he moved he left a trail of joy and blessing.

Concluding his visits to the eastern and southern states, he crossed the great Australian desert on the trans-continental railway. En route a pleasing incident occurred. At one of the stopping-places a railwayman, with radiant face, coming to the open window by which sat Commissioner Howard, said: 'Commissioner, seventeen years ago I got the blessing of a clean heart in a Meeting you conducted at Clarendon.'

'What about it now?' inquired the Chief. In ringing tones the man replied, 'I have it now.' A hearty handclasp between the two men, and the train sped on its way.

At the conclusion of the West Australian Congress the Commissioner spoke some words to the Officers which might well have been his farewell message to the Officers of The Army the world over:

'I do not know whether I shall ever come to see you again, but I am quite sure that you will think of me and pray that my sun will drop below the horizon without cloud. I would like a long eventide. During my space of increased leisure, I will try and think out a way of putting things together so as to leave something behind that will bless you. How much there is in my heart towards you, you can never know! I love you and pray for you. God be with you till we meet again; whether on earth or in Heaven matters little, meet again we must. I leave you with the joy of hope in my heart; the joy of reunion will crown all other joys -- the joy of reunion when all the saints get Home! Let us live for that great day. Let us live our present days in the light of that greater day to come by and by. God bless you!'

From the deck of the boat that bore him away, as he left Australia for the last time, he wrote:

'Thirty-five years ago I, with you, adopted for the use of the Australian forces the slogan, "Advance Australia!" With those heartening words The Salvation Army has, under God's good hand, made a fine record; and now, from the deck of the R. M. S. Ormonde, bound for Colombo, with the Blue Peter -- the signal for sailing-flying from the masthead, I send you a parting message. It is "Carry on, Australia! And under the Blood-and-Fire Flag advance to new and glorious achievements in our War against sin."

'Finally, farewell! and may the grace of our Lord Jesus be with you as you forward march with your faces to the sun. I also add the apostolic word, "My love be with you all in Christ Jesus." -- T. H. Howard.'

Says one who watched the liner put out to sea: 'She went straight toward the setting sun, and was lost in a blaze of glory.' A significant sign concerning the last voyage on which he was soon to set forth.

The R. M. S. Ormonde carried the Commissioner to Ceylon, where he faced his last, and, in some respects, the most important responsibilities of his tour.

At that time the General was considering the reorganization of the Indian Command into several Territories, and wished for Commissioner Howard's report on the situation before making final decisions.

The inspection of the Indian Territory was the Commissioner's last great service to The Army. He traveled to Madras, and from thence to Nagercoil, Bombay, Anand, Lahore, and Simla. At each center visited he minutely inspected the work, conducted Officers' Councils, and one or more public gathering.

At Travancore he had the joy of demolishing the idols which had been long worshipped by the villagers and of dedicating the heathen temple to be an Army Hall.

At Madras he visited the grave of his 'Benjamin' -- Captain Harry Howard. Hidden away in his soul, this was the place of desire to which his eyes had looked forward from the time he left London. To tread the roads, to look upon the places familiar to his dear boy, and to stand a moment beside the spot where his fair young life, in all the beauty and vigor of manhood, had fallen, cut off, as his Master's seemed to have been. But faith looks beyond and is content to await the unfolding of the glorious secrets of eternity.

The father made his salute and pressed forward to duty.

* * * * *

17 -- LAST DAYS

One of the fiercest tests to the spiritual experience of an Army Officer awaits him in the days of his retirement. [16] For thirty or forty years he has lived a life of ceaseless activity; the hours of the day, and often the hours of the night, have been filled with claims upon heart and mind and body. Moreover, according to his rank, the Officer has had his own particular niche in the center or fringe of Salvation Army affairs. Suddenly to find himself removed from the place of authority or duty, with its attendant circumstances and associations, and with the whole of his time at his own disposal, he is apt to feel like a piece of elastic suddenly released from the stretch. Unless the life and peace of God are strong within him, enabling him to accept the changed aspect of life with clear, calm vision, to gently adjust his affairs, and still make opportunity for loving service to God and man, he is liable to fall into a snare of the enemy and to suffer defeat.

'When Commissioner Howard retired,' says a near friend and comrade of his, 'we had a talk about the position. I remember saying to him, "I am very glad of this, your last appointment, Commissioner, because you have been a pioneer to The Army in many things, and now you will

teach us how to retire. I believe that of all the service you have done for The Army, this is as great as any."

Much as the Commissioner had desired his eventide, he did not find it altogether easy to adapt himself to leisure. He had meant to do much with his pen, but once he called a halt, he found the power to do slipping from him. Nevertheless, in many respects his spirit sweetened and ripened during the westering days.

During the last two years of his life, bereft of the authority and circumstance which had been his for over forty years, the Commissioner moved in and out among his comrades a godly, simple-hearted, loving soul. As one expressed:

'He had reached that place that the sight of his face among us was an uplift and a benediction.

'His spirit shed such fragrance about him that one comrade has said, "Memories of him are like the lifting of fine, white linen from a box wherein it has lain among lavender."

Living near the Training Garrison, the Commissioner often looked in upon the Officers with words of encouragement. It was a pleasure for him to take a meal once a week with the Staff, and then lively and profitable conversation made the hour ring with goodwill.

He was a Soldier of the Clapton Congress Hall, the Corps of which he was the first Commander. The leader of the Songster Brigade provides some sidelights on his association with the Corps, when his strength permitted his presence as a worshipper only:

'I was greatly impressed by the Commissioner's knowledge of the Corps happenings. Frequently, during his retirement, I met the veteran leader in the Upper Clapton district, sometimes on his way to exchange books at the Public Library. At such times, he might merely have acknowledged my salute; but that was not the old Chief's way. He always "pulled me up," or called me across the road, and was full of kindly inquiries concerning my own experience and my responsibility for the Brigade. I was surprised, and not a little gratified to learn of his deep interest in our affairs. He knew many of the Songsters by name, and gave me charming little messages of greeting and affection for them; especially did this apply to those whose parents were Missionary Officers. He took note of the songs we sang, when he attended the Sunday's Meetings -- and he was a familiar figure during the last three years, seated on the top row beneath the clock where the red curtain hangs to keep away the draught -- and inquired who wrote the songs, and in what "Musicals" they might be found. His comments on our efforts were not always complimentary, but they were helpful.'

He paid a weekly visit to '101' -- the familiar scene of almost a life-time -- dropping into various offices for greetings with his comrades. Those privileged with these slight touches treasure memories of words on the things of God which he let fall on such occasions.

His last call would be upon the Chief of the Staff, with whom he took tea. The older comrade enjoyed the good fellowship of the younger, and the younger man valued the counsel of his 'old Chief.'

Commissioner Howard's fatherly presence on the platform at all great gatherings gave a sense of homeliness to any occasion, and never were the charges given by him more appreciated than those given in the days of his retirement. So much was he a part of The Army, that many felt as one (who herself has since joined the redeemed) said, 'It begins to feel lonely without him.'

With gentle unobtrusiveness his presence graced functions of joy and sorrow. His prayer, full of graciousness and illumination, at the sunny June wedding of a Staff Officer's son, is remembered by many, and also his presence as a mourner at the funeral on a bleak February day of a young Lieutenant.

Early in his retirement the Commissioner had some responsibility in relation to the Staff Institute in London, and to within the last few months of his life he met and lectured young Officers about to depart for Missionary Fields. Writes Commissioner Hoggard:

'The last time I saw Commissioner Howard was in June, 192a. Being at International Headquarters on business from South Africa, I joined him at the Staff Institute, where he was conducting a Meeting with Missionary Officers newly arrived from the Continent. The Commissioner welcomed them in the name of the General, after which, as a father in God, he poured out his soul upon them. When we parted the Commissioner held my hand and breathed a prayer for me and mine, probably realizing that he would not meet us again in the flesh.'

Lieut.-Colonel Etherington, one of Commissioner Howard's earliest Cadets (himself since promoted to Glory), contributes a furloughing sidelight:

'It was my privilege during the last years of the Commissioner's life to meet him several times at Folkestone, during furlough season. He had greatly mellowed. It seemed to me that, notwithstanding the memories of his notable career, he had retired to the calm, contemplative period as the father.

'To me, as one of his "old boys," as he playfully called us, he was ever ready for spiritual conversation, or for reminiscence. He would speak lovingly of the dear old Founder, and would laugh almost with boyish glee when reminded of some rough-and-tumble experience of the old days in which Railton, or some other celebrity, figured. Very precious to us all were his prayers with us at the Home of Rest. As the sun was setting he would say, "Take my arm and let us go for a little walk and have a talk before we retire."'

In his home, with the darling of his heart, the western days were full of peace and gentle joy. One of his chief pleasures was for Mrs. Howard to read aloud to him, and for them to pray together.

The Anniversary of their golden wedding was celebrated with great warmth, the Chief of the Staff inviting the leading Staff of International Headquarters to meet Commissioner and Mrs.

Howard -- to rejoice with them over God's goodness to them during their fifty golden years of married life.

In the old Australian days, Mrs. Howard had been a sweet singer; one of her favorite songs was:

When my feet shall come to the Golden Gate,
How glad my heart will be,
When the King shall say, as I stand and wait,
'Come in, there is room for thee.'

And in their eventide the Commissioner sometimes would sit at the piano and again they would sing their favorite songs. Whenever their son William (Lieut.-Commissioner Howard) visited them, they had a feast of music. The last-remembered song in the family circle was: We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll; Fastened to the Rock that cannot move, Grounded firm and sure in the Saviour's love.

While he sang the Commissioner lifted his hand in testimony to the experience.

His last powerful effort to bless souls was an address delivered to the Cadets on the Founder's birthday -- a few weeks before his Home-call. His subject was 'Fidelity.' In many lands he had stirred the souls of Officers with this moving appeal, and in his last charge all the passion of his love and desire for the coming Officers of The Army was concentrated.

The following are notes of that appeal:

* * *

'FIDELITY'

Introduction

The Founder's birthday -- born April 10, 1829. William Booth is among the world's heroes. One of his maxims is, 'Salvation for every man, everywhere, and from every sin. To accomplish this end 'Fidelity' is necessary. It is a Bible word which focuses the idea of 'faithfulness' in all its aspects. In Paul's enumeration of the 'fruits of the Spirit' the word 'faith' should be rendered 'fidelity.'

1. In estimating human character no quality commands greater admiration and respect.

Genius arouses interest; beauty excites admiration; strength arrests attention, but the quality of 'fidelity' elevates even the commonplace. We see the value of 'fidelity' in human associations.

(a) In Family Life. The whole structure of a happy home is built upon this principle; a faithful wife, husband, son, daughter.

(b) In the Social World. It is the man whose word is his bond that commands the respect and admiration of the circle in which he moves.

(c) In Public Life. In the government of nations, and even municipal and local management, faithfulness is regarded as one of the noblest qualities.

(d) In the Religious World. Men are valued not so much for their eloquence, etc., as for consistency between conduct and teaching.

(e) The Faithfulness of God. The rock on which we build. 'He is the faithful that promised.' The greatest and strongest temptations that assail us are directed to the breaking down of our fidelity. Bible exhortations and illustrations on this line are abundant. 'Be thou faithful unto death.' 'Ye did run well; who did hinder?'

Lamenting the desertion of a valuable helper, the Apostle says: 'Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.'

Christ's Parable of the Talents specially sets this forth. Officers differ as regards talents, circumstances, etc., but all can be equal in 'fidelity.'

2. Consider, in this connection, the Responsibility resting upon us. The vows of the Lord are upon you. Be faithful to them. The vows which Cadets and Officers make have reference to God, to their comrades, and the people to whom they are sent. Their own happiness depends upon fidelity to those vows. The credit of The Salvation Army is bound up with their fidelity, the honor and glory of our God is affected by the measure of their faithful adherence to their vows.

(a) Look at your vows in relation to God. You are His; purchased, saved, sealed for His service by solemn covenant. No ordination after the fashion of men by laying on the hands may be yours, but a more solemn consecration has marked your careers. The Divine Touch; the heavenly anointing; the unction of the Holy One. You know something of this, both in theory and experience. In all fidelity seek to fulfill your VOWS.

(b) Look at your vows in relation to your comrades. In The Salvation Army we are not isolated individuals but members of a beautiful brotherhood. You are linked up with your comrades -- bound to each other.

i. Stand by your fellow Officers. Protect their names, honor, and influence. Be faithful in reproving each other and stirring each other up to good works.

ii. Stand by The Army as a whole. Officers can make or mar The Salvation Army. They are the trustees of its interests, the executors of its plans, and the guardians of its honor and reputation. Keep up the force and character of The Army by your own faithfulness to its high teaching.

(c) Look at your vows in relation to the people to whom you are sent. Let there be on your part consecration to the highest interests of the people. Seek first, and only, the Salvation of the people. You have vowed to live and suffer and die in seeking the world's Salvation.

3. The Great Inspiring Motive Power to this Fidelity. This is not to be found in a stern sense of duty, ambition to succeed, or in a strong, invincible, indomitable will, though these qualities are important. The motive power is Love -- for God, for the right, for perishing souls, and for one another. The constraining love of Christ is the grand motive power of the true Soldier of Jesus Christ. The grandest form of consecration lies not only in the great and glorious exhibitions of devotion, but in the patient, plodding attention to duties of which nothing may be known in the great world. Love must inspire your duty.

4. What can I say to stir up your souls to enduring fidelity?

(a) The Salvation Army contains regiments of faithful veterans. Be each yourself a living example.

(b) Spiritual calamities, and other difficulties overtake the unfaithful Officer -- e.g. King Saul. 'I have played the fool.' Hold fast in time of strain. Beware of the first false step. Do not give up because of failure, weakness, or discouragement. Take heart, and go on!

Conclusion

God has promised you the abiding baptism of the Holy Ghost. Live in the power of that and you shall prosper. If you are faithful in all things, God's comforting presence will be with you. He shall know your work. He will crown your labor with blessing, your fightings with victories, and your lives with true and abiding prosperity.

Against many of the saints of God who have walked the earth and kept their garments white, who have resisted the Devil and released his captives, the Evil One has summoned his forces to attack them on the long, last mile of their journey. Thomas Henry Howard did not escape this onslaught. A few weeks before his Home-going, the Commissioner talked with me of spiritual experiences. Presently he grew quiet, as though meditating, and I waited. Then he told me that a few months previously he had engaged in the fiercest spiritual conflict of his lifetime. The power of evil had contended so strongly against his soul that he had felt physically, as well as spiritually, shaken, but taking refuge under the wings of the Almighty, he escaped from his enemy. No record of this last conflict with Satan was preserved, but in an envelope marked 'Private' the following note, written in his own hand, giving a glimpse of another fight and victory, was found in his desk.

* * *

'May 23, 1920

'On this beautiful Whit-Sunday morning, the Holy Ghost has graciously manifested Himself to my soul after many weeks of temptation. The effect is impressed in the one word, "Reassurance." Other signs are not wanting, but to be certain of the inward presence of the Holy Spirit, as I am, and have been, that Christ died for me, is the special form of this morning's blessing. He is not only with me but in me according to the Lord's promise.

'The special significance of this renewal of confidence is in the fact that the last two or three months the clouds have been very heavy on my spirit, and for weeks past, the temptation to feel shorn of spiritual strength has been distressing, and my walk has been by naked faith. Particularly has this related to the Holy Spirit as a personal presence with me and within me. It seemed as if I had to believe all over again, and to fight the fight of faith as to His inward testimony and sanctifying power. As I write this note, I am praising God for the renewal of the consciousness of the Holy Ghost.

'I have not forgotten that the ground of my dullness or renewed sensibility is, and has been, perhaps, mental and circumstantive, and this lack of grip upon Christ as my personal Saviour has marked the phase of experience; that being so, there may be recurrences of cloudiness; but this Whit-Sunday morning's experience will provide me a helpful memory. Anyhow, whether it is a lifting or a rifting in the cloud, I am now dead sure that the Spirit answers to the blood. Oh, that the outward signs may follow when I come to minister in holy things. Praise God! Amen! -- T. H. H.'

As the eventide days glided by, the Commissioner became conscious of loss of weight, and other disturbing symptoms arising in his health he sought medical advice. The verdict of a specialist brought him face to face with death, it might be distant a year or two, or it might be a matter of months; but it was certain. He faced it calmly; death had no terrors for him. Discussing the subject as it might have been a journey to some other land, he said to an Officer whom he loved as a son:

'Well, I have had an interesting life, and I think I can say, a useful life, We have got to die, and we may as well die one way as another. The doctor says an operation would prolong my life, but I do not think I shall have it.' Says the Officer: 'The Commissioner made the impression upon me that he regarded death merely as an incident in the life of the child of God.'

The feet of the veteran now entered upon the last stage of the journey. At the General's request, he had in hand the preparation for press of some of his writings and addresses -- since published -- 'Fuel for Sacred Fire.'

Present at the Alexandra Palace Field Day in May, many comrades noticed an increased pallor in their old friend's face, but none dreamed that his departure was imminent. The General left London for a Campaign in Scandinavia, and the Commissioner, thinking a little change at the seaside would help him, went with Mrs. Howard to The Salvation Army Home of Rest at Margate. Days of gentle restfulness followed, with little walks and readings with his beloved. He revised the last of the proofs of 'Fuel for Sacred Fire,' and laying down the pen exclaimed, contentedly, 'It is finished!'

Mentioning in a letter to the Chief of the Staff that he was not feeling very well, and intended returning home, the Chief hastened to Margate and was disturbed at an evident loss of vitality in his old comrade. He arranged for the Commissioner's son, Brigadier Railton, to accompany his parents home. That was Friday; they were to return to the home nest on Monday.

On the Sunday morning the Commissioner felt restless and had some pain, but would not allow himself to be helped, or thought to be worse. As usual, Mrs. Howard read aloud their

morning chapter, choosing John xiv. She proceeded until she had read, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.' Then her beloved interjected, 'Stay there, my dear; that is a nice place to rest.'

The Commissioner lapsed into deep meditation, and when again he looked at his wife she said gently, 'Do you think this means our separation?' 'Oh, no, my dear,' he replied with decision. Towards evening Mrs. Howard smoothed his hair in her gentle fashion, and as Brigadier Railton and Mrs. Major Blundell, the Matron of the Home, were leaving the room for tea, he said, smiling, 'Mother's fussing with me.' Presently, an alarming change caused Mrs. Howard to summon her son. The Commissioner rallied, and looking at the anxious-faces around him, said, 'Why are you looking at me like that?' Then the truth seemed to dawn upon him. Motioning to a book upon the dressing-table, it was brought to him. It was 'A bunch of Everlastings' which he had intended as a keepsake for their friend, Mrs. Blundell.

Tracing the word 'everlasting,' he added 'love.' His son, Railton, bending over him, said, 'You mean love to all?' He nodded, and gazed with great tenderness at his love and wife of fifty years. Mrs. Howard, divining that the moment of parting had arrived, committed her beloved to God in prayer. A moment later, the Commissioner opened his eyes wonderingly, as though seeing the invisible, closed them again, and his spirit was with God.

In the General's absence, the Chief of the Staff conducted the Funeral Services. It was on our Foundation Day, July 5, 1923, that he was laid beside his beloved Founder in Abney Park Cemetery. The day before, his body had been carried into the Clapton Congress Hall, and there, as he 'lay in state' under the old glass roof which had often resounded with the lucid words of his teachings, many came for a last glance at his battle-worn countenance, peaceful as that of a child in sleep.

At the Funeral Service in the Congress Hall, the aged widow with her sons, sorrowing, nevertheless calm and rejoicing, magnified the grace of God which had made their beloved a conqueror in life and in death.

Mrs. Booth, who had known the Commissioner for forty years, paying tribute to his life and service, said:

'It is difficult to think of The Salvation Army without the gentle kindness and friendliness of Commissioner Howard. I have known him practically all my Army life. He was, I feel, just the kind of man that Paul must have had in mind when he said, "The things thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also" (2 Timothy ii. 2). It has been a great gain to The Army -- indeed, a part of God's good care for us--that the Founder and the General have been able to commit the setting forth of the doctrines of The Army to such faithful men as the Commissioner. The teaching of holy things is in as great need of protection today as in the early days of the Christian Church. And the faithful men who are able to teach others, need, just as did Timothy, to endure hardness as "good Soldiers of Jesus Christ," in the present-day struggle against indifference and unbelief as in those days of long ago.

'Commissioner Howard's place on earth as a teacher, a writer, an expounder, and one who was ever ready to witness to the experience of Full Salvation, is vacant. I pray that a double portion of his spirit may fall upon our younger Officers who shall stand in the breach and uphold the Flag against the definite assault which the Devil is making upon the teaching and practice of Holiness.

'The last time I saw the Commissioner, he spoke as though he realized that he would not much longer be "present in the body -- absent from the Lord." "I am praying," he said most definitely, "that I may be spared a long illness. I should like to go quickly." When the news, so unexpected, reached me, the pang was lessened by the thought that by the tender mercy of God it had been to him just as he had desired.'

At the graveside, the Chief of the Staff gathered up the many calls of the solemn occasion, and indeed of the Commissioner's life, and pressed the question upon the great concourse of people: 'Is your consecration to God and His service as complete as that of dear Thomas Henry Howard?'

No better words could complete this sketch than some written by the General to the memory of his faithful Chief of the Staff:

'And so, dear comrade and friend, to),'our rest and reward. We have lost you but we have found you; lost your kindly presence, your cheering counsel, your 'never-failing word of hope and love, but we have found your secret -- the unchanging and unfailing springs from which you have drawn -- the over-flowing streams, rivers of God, filled with living water, which supplied your needs. Good-bye! You have taught us that though we may not reach the Sun, we may walk in the Sunshine. For the present, you are gone before', and of a surety we feel that,

In His vast world above --
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for His son.'

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ENDNOTES

1 Then a Captain, later Commissioner and A. D. C. to the Founder of The Army and to General Bramwell Booth.

2 Bramwell Booth then acting as Secretary to the Founder, and afterwards Chief of Staff.

3 Commissioner George Scott Railton, first Commissioner of The Army and one of the Founder's earliest and most valued helpers.

4 Catherine Booth, the Mother of The Salvation Army.

5 The first Training Home for Men.

6 It was on this lake he first saw the Aborigines and longed to do something for their souls.

7 Young Officers set apart for visiting -- on horseback -- the scattered settlements.

8 Commissioner MeMonan went to his reward in 1925, having served as Territorial Commander in Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, and Holland; also in important positions at International Headquarters.

9 As Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker rendered brilliant service in India, at International Headquarters, and in the United States of America until in 1903 she met a tragic death in a railway disaster.

10 Officers stationed at various centers where a modified system of Training was in operation.

11 Regular personal interviews with the Officers are an important feature in the training of Cadets.

12 A pioneer Officer in India, now in retirement with Mrs. Stevens. He served nearly 40 years on the Missionary Field.

13 A day each month of the training devoted to special spiritual instruction.

14 With Mrs. Hoe a pioneer Officer in India.

15 Sergeants-Majors, who in many cases were responsible for the work in their villages.

16 In 1915 a scheme was introduced by which Salvation Army Officers are, at specified ages, retired from Active Service. Commissioner Howard took a leading part in the consultations upon the proposals and was firmly convinced of the rightness of the arrangements, though he inclined to a lower scale of allowances than that finally settled.

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THE END