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NOTABLE OFFICERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY
By Mrs. Colonel Carpenter

Author of:
Miriam Booth
Commissioner Lawley
The Angel Adjutant; etc.
With Introductory Sketch of
Commissioner T. H. Howard
By The General

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FOREWORD

The Sketches in this volume, prepared originally for publication in a private Review, have been brought together in this form in response to many inquiries, They are sent forth with the hope that they may stimulate faith and courage in all who read them--to a like devotion in the love and service of the Saviour of the world.

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01 -- COMMISSIONER T. HENRY HOWARD, O.F. (1881--1923)

A builder at Ilkeston, Derbyshire, Eng., Thomas Howard was led, in 1881, through an All-Night of Prayer to enter the ranks of The Army. Following a brief term at Whitechapel Corps, he was appointed to the work of Training, for which he was in many ways peculiarly fitted. Transferred in 1884 to Australia, he led with considerable success the rapidly expanding Work there--his charge including New Zealand also. Later appointments were those of British Commissioner, International Training Commissioner, Foreign Secretary at I.H.Q., London. In 1912 the General, on his own appointment as General, made the Commissioner his Chief of the Staff, in which honored post he continued until retirement from active service in 1919. The Commissioner was promoted to Glory from Margate, England, 1923.

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COMMISSIONER T. HENRY HOWARD, O.F., 1881-1923

A Character Study And Tribute Of Affection
By General Bramwell Booth

I regard Commissioner Howard's life during the forty or more years he spent in The Salvation Army as illustrating in a very striking way some of the most valuable principles of our Movement. When I say that, I am not thinking of the work he accomplished or of the position he attained so much as of the man he actually was or came to be. No doubt he did accomplish a remarkable work. He was a soul-winner. He traveled up and down the world directing men's thoughts to God and Salvation with very impressive success. He was also a powerful exponent of Full Salvation--of the doctrine of Perfect Love--and a very successful helper of a multitude of souls in seeking and finding and living that experience.

He came also to be a man of considerable parts in matters related to Army affairs, including finance and the handling of property and other secular aspects of our system and organization. He achieved a considerable measure of success in these things in the different appointments with which he was entrusted by the Founder, and by me after the Founder's death. All this, or much of it, is writ large in the annals of The Army, and is indeed common knowledge among us. It was, in fact, wrought in the sight of all The Army world. It may be possible later on

to have the story written, though to my great regret I find that the Commissioner did not keep anything like an adequate Journal. [1]

I. CHARACTER

When I say then that I am not concerned here with what he did, it is not because I fail to recognize that he did a great deal, but just now it is the other side of his life which attracts me and which I think it may be useful to consider, however briefly. He has, for many years, been a prominent figure and has exercised a widespread influence among us. He has been one of our standard bearers. He has stood for certain things which we value very highly. And now we see that this has been the fruit of a sincere and earnest character drawing power from deep spiritual roots.

Very early in his career as an Officer, the Commissioner was entrusted by the Founder with a great opportunity. He was sent, after a brief period with us in London, to take up a task ten thousand miles away from us. His knowledge of The Army was very limited--indeed The Army was itself at that time only just emerging from its infancy and was largely still to be made what it presently became. But Howard both saw the light and caught the flame. And he was able to accomplish a great work, a work which continues unto this day and which still bears the original impress of his spirit. No doubt he was much helped by guidance and instruction from the Center, but when the advantage of all that is fully measured and allowed for, we see something more in his success. We see that his achievement really arose from the inner impulse of character. He was so often right in the thing that he did, even though sometimes mistaken in the way he did it, just because in the core of him there was light and uttermost sincerity and high purpose and that good confidence in himself which high and unselfish purpose brings.

I do not think that any of us who knew the Commissioner really well would claim for him that he had any very striking gifts. He was in no sense a genius. His addresses, though earnest and often deeply impressive, with fine thoughts, were not in any sense brilliant. His mind, though it came to be more and more stored with precious things as life went on, did not rank with many minds among us in the power to produce what is convincing or masterful. He was by nature of a diffident if not shrinking type, and never entirely overcame the singular shyness which is often seen in men of deep spiritual experience. In short, he was by nature little, if at all, above the average man either in gifts or powers. And yet because of a true and noble inner life, because of his fidelity and sincerity and humility and the flame of a Christ-like sympathy, he came to be what we knew him to be and to make his life the life we saw and admired. Indeed and of a truth, we can say, looking at Commissioner Howard, that that life is fairest which, apart entirely from the wealth or poverty of its endowments, is governed by the highest purpose.

It was really from this that the impulse sprang which brought him to us. While he took care to look at the Work with some deliberation, as the Founder earnestly desired, nay, insisted he should, and while he took due time for reflection upon what he saw, his coming was no nicely calculated 'less or more' business. It was really the resort of his own enthusiasm and sympathy and faith for a cause which he had quickly seen to be anything but pleasant or profitable so far as this world goes. His decision and consecration were just an expression of the man himself -- of what by God's grace he already was or was beginning to be. So that the Call, when it came,

found not only the attentive ear, but the feet already shod with the preparation and the will ready to be offered up.

An extract from the first letter Howard wrote to the Founder throws light on this position. It is dated February 23, 1881, from South Street, Ilkeston, and is a letter seeking advice and virtually offering himself for the Work. After referring to his sympathetic association with The Army during the previous year, he says:

'By God's providence my sphere has been enlarged and I have been wonderfully blessed and -- shall I humbly say--owned of God in conducting services and especially for the promotion of Holiness. But 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 to The Army and especially (I speak simply and sincerely) 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 dissatisfaction with my present position.'

And again writing a few days afterwards and evidently in reply to some communication from the Founder:

'I have offered myself to Him and He has accepted me, and 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, only saying that my heart is set on soul-saving work and I should pray that this as a first business would be granted to me.'

In a further letter, dated March 19th, after the matter had been settled, he says:

'I am happy to say that after the awful conflicts of the last weeks and the deep humiliation of spirit which I have passed through, the Lord has brought me into a "large place," and I am in possession of a fullness of joy and peace and love hitherto unknown to me. Saved, cleansed, filled with glory, this is my experience. I am glad also to say that my dear wife is perfectly resigned to go anywhere the Lord may send.

'As to salary, or sphere, or anything else, I feel that 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 as you may see fit. I have felt that in the midst of conflicts long and severe, and depression of spirits and humiliation, I must have cut a sorry figure before you in the Councils, but such as I am I am waiting your commands.'

Speaking many years later of this time and of these experiences, he said:

'I came into The Army in response to a call as distinct as that which summoned Abraham to leave his own country and go into a land which he knew not. "What do I mean by a call?" So

distinct an impression that this course was the will of God for me, that I could not act otherwise. I did not see then that I should have a wider sphere of usefulness in The Salvation Army. I only knew God meant me to work there. I expected to be a Field Officer, going from town to town, or from village to village. I said to my wife:

"My dear, this means a lot. It means living on twenty-seven shillings a week." But we settled it -- on the twenty-seven shillings a week basis.

'I wasn't strong, and I didn't know exactly how we were going to live on the twenty-seven shillings; but that was not my concern. And, after all, God did not then put me to the wandering life I had foreseen. Still, there were tests.'

II. TESTS

Yes, there were tests. And it was while passing through those tests that another delightful aspect of the Commissioner was again and again revealed to those who were sufficiently acquainted with him and could see what was going on. From the beginning to the end he had a believing and vivid perception of God's dealings with him. His religion was first and foremost an intimate and personal affair between himself and the Heavenly Father. He was not distracted by the notion that he could be overlooked or passed by in God's scheme of things. Just as Thomas Henry Howard was undoubtedly something of serious consequence in his own consciousness, so he believed and acted as if Thomas Henry Howard was a concern of deep interest and moment to his God. Is it possible that he erred slightly in this--that the pendulum swung too far to the side of individual dependence and towards the assumption of an importance before God which did not really exist? I do not think so. But even if it were so, how much better that it should be so than that his life should have manifested the indefinite, indecisive, unsettled conditions which we so often see in those who seem never to 'LAY HOLD' of eternal life and eternal things? He knew God, the living God. He knew Him as the God of Thomas Henry Howard. He knew Him as the Saviour and Sanctifier and Guide and Wisdom and Keeper, not only of all those who put their trust in Him but especially of Thomas Henry Howard. He knew Him as The Army's God, as the Founder's God, and he knew Him as Howard's God.

I long after more of this direct and vigorous heart-to-heart intercourse and confidence between our Staff and their God.

While Howard was considering whether he should come to us 'on the twenty-seven shillings a week basis,' and when on the very verge of his decision, one of the 'tests' overtook him. His youngest child died suddenly. He hurried home to Ilkeston and on the day of his return, the next child, a beautiful girl of seven, met with an accident on the doorstep of The Army Hall, and within a few days was laid in the grave beside her sister. Both Howard and his wife suffered intensely in this mysterious visitation and there were not wanting 'comforters' who reproached them with the reproaches of unbelief. Like Bildad, they said, 'if thou wert pure and upright, surely now He would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous.' 'This is a judgment,' they told Mrs. Howard, 'on your deluded husband.'

He tells us about this, and his answer was characteristic of the man:

'If this were intended to be a mark of the 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 Him." I shall stand to my covenant and go forward.'

Am I wrong in thinking that such an experience as this was part of the discipline for him which helped the building of that character to which I have just been referring? Is not this -- the building of character in complete harmony with God's will -- the supreme, perhaps for many of us the only purpose of the discipline of life? Do we not see how it was effected in Howard's case?

Eight years later -- on his return from Australia at a reception given to him in his native town, he said:

'There are plenty of my friends here who thought I was wrong eight years ago. Not one of you think so tonight. My friend, the chairman of this Meeting, who thought I was wrong then remonstrated with me. Not one of you looking at my position and life and work is prepared to say tonight that I was wrong! I knew then. You know now.'

III. DEVELOPMENT

As a Territorial Commander, [2] Commissioner Howard manifested many of those qualities which are often underestimated until they are seen, as they came to be seen in him, at the point of highest cultivation. Here again he affords an immense encouragement to the average man. Perhaps he shone more in that position as an enlarged teacher than as a dashing Leader of the Forces, but the lack which this involved was, in a large measure if not entirely, made up by his deep spiritual experience and insight. I question whether any of our front rank men when placed in leading positions have been more conscious of their own limitations than was Commissioner Howard in his first eight or ten years. But just because he was conscious of those 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, neither being deterred by weariness nor discouraged by failure. He was ever ready for guidance and correction from his Leaders, and so little by little -- year by year -- he came to be prepared for a new birth -- a birth which was the beginning of a wider life of responsibility and leadership. The time came when it was perfectly apparent to us all that he was no longer -- even if he had ever been -- merely a little man made into a big man, a successful shepherd grown up into a more successful Shepherd, guarding the increasing flocks and slaying the bears and other beasts of Hell -- the time came when he was something more than this and when he was called to leave the sheepfolds and take a place in the government of the Kingdom.

As a Territorial Commissioner he proved himself again and again to be a sagacious and just man, always ready and anxious to learn, conscious that in some matters of great moment he was ill-equipped, never ashamed to ask of any one who was likely to help or guide him, willing to take infinite pains in the presence both of difficulty and opportunity to gather all the facts and to inform himself thoroughly.

All this increased when he became Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters in 1907, and when of course the sphere of his influence as well as of his authority was greatly enlarged. A certain amount of self-consciousness as well as self-criticism, proved a weakness in the following years, but in a way -- with a strength which varied no doubt from time to time -- he liked power and held on to it when once entrusted with it. Even when from natural timidity, or the fear that consequences might possibly place him in a difficult position with one or other of his leaders, he hesitated and delayed in particular cases where he ought to have decided and acted, he still enjoyed the sense of power, and the reflection that he could decide, that he was not compelled to delay, was very agreeable to him.

Here no doubt is one of the dangers of some of our leaders. While they do not exactly hesitate in the presence of difficult or unpopular action, they wait--they refer again for instructions -- they 'paddle' -- they call for further particulars -- soothing the while their inner and higher man who is demanding decision and prompt action, by saying to themselves, 'Oh, well -- I am going to make a move -- I really am -- I only delay, I do not decline -- I merely pause.'

But it is, of course, the great duty of leaders to lead. We all know the old saying, 'he who makes no mistakes will never make anything,' and the whole history of The Army shows that the balance in favor of success lies most certainly on the side of decisiveness, of boldness, of action.

There is little doubt that in Howard's case the hesitation to which I have referred arose in part from his temperament. It was from time to time very out of sorts, so to speak, with his convictions, and occasionally his guidance of affairs showed a kind of compromise between the two. And in this 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.

IV. DIFFICULTIES

My knowledge of Howard, especially after 1890 when he took charge of the British Field, more and more increased my confidence in him and heightened the value I set upon his work. It was not only that he understood The Army -- that he was really seized with the great ideas for which The Army stands, nor was it only that I found in him a mind steadfast in its devotion to great principles and yet youthful in its power of projection and elasticity, but it was that he could take responsibility and could face difficulty -- by which I mean here, long continued processions of difficulties. I do not mean to say that he was never depressed. While they never daunted him, difficulties did undoubtedly weary him. I do not think he was ever faint-hearted, but he was now and again very down-hearted. He carried on sometimes with much courage and true doggedness, but obviously without any great zest. He could and did carry his head high even when his heart was heavy. Applause and commendation helped him, and some of us felt surprised that it should be so. He was one of the men who could encourage others, though feeling deeply the need of encouragement himself. Criticism -- especially in some matters -- had unexpected weight with him. But nothing, good or bad, was big enough to draw him away from the great purpose to which he had given himself from the beginning, and he maintained to the last that splendid confidence in others which was, of course, 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 know but little, in positions of great difficulty or great responsibility! 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 that he always came to his conclusions in consequence of actual knowledge or gathered facts, I do think that 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 from the Lord rested upon him.

But 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 masters-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 the public claims which will inevitably come upon him. Peculiarly does this apply to such an office as that of Foreign Secretary, or, as we now call it, International Secretary, and to the office of the Chief of the Staff, and in some degree also to that of Territorial Commander. 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 in this matter or in that. It is not to be expected that in every detail or in every transaction of importance leaders should always see eye to eye, or should always see as far. To give effect to decisions involving delicate and widespread activities, and to do it with an ability and energy and faith in God all the greater just because of a difference in judgment, involves for most men a serious and ceaseless 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 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 even if not actually the whole field of Army life -- there is indeed an enormous strain on every power of body and mind and soul.

V. LOVE AND FAITH AND LOYALTY

Commissioner Howard was greatly helped in all the official duties and obligations of his life by the dominating influences of 'love and faith.' We see that in him these were actually, as the Apostle said, 'the fruits of the Spirit.' His sympathy with the ordinary man -- his delight in seeing weakness conquer evil in spite of its weakness -- his love for those who were forgiven much--was all truly blessed to behold. And his inward sympathies and affection 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 of human wrongs with firmness and yet with tenderness.

And he loved his own and, like his Master, 'loved them to the end.' The devotion of his four sons to The Army was a kind of reservoir of happiness for both him and his wife. In Mrs. Howard he had a model of affection, and they grew up together in all things. When a few months before his death the physicians who had his case in hand decided that it was hopeless, it fell to my lot to tell him that while he might live perhaps eighteen months it was more probable that he would be taken from us in six. I was sad about it, especially in two ways. I was sad that he must go, and I was also sad because I felt, and indeed still feel, that if I had not (in response to his express desire) prolonged his period of service beyond the age fixed for retirement, he might have been spared to us a while longer. But I told him the truth. He was silent for a time. He would have liked to have lived, and presently he 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 thought.

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 in 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. '...(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 our meeting again up yonder. Evidently our feelings were unusually moved and we stood with clasped hands and renewed the tender 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.'
General Booth.

One other word. Commissioner Howard's consecration involved a lifelong obedience. Many demands were made upon him, not only by the Founder, but by myself, both before the

Founder's death and after, which really called for what is sometimes spoken of as a 'blind obedience.' It may not always have been quite 'blind,' for I dare say that in some instances he saw, if not quite as far, very nearly as far as his Leaders -- the 'back of the cards' was visible to him. But it made no difference when he could not see at all. In all my memory of him he gave an unquestioning and willing obedience, and perhaps in this he did as much, or more than, in any other single thing for the cultivation of that heart greatness which was one source of his power over those whom he had the responsibility to command, and which sustained and increased in us, his Leaders, the confidence which led to the continual enlargement of his opportunity.

I have spoken of his consecration to The Army. It proved to be a continuing offering as well as a lifelong transaction, and as he said himself, it carried him through tests and trials which would have daunted many men. In his loyalty equally there was nothing wanting. More than once in times of stress and storm, especially during the period when he was my own Chief of Staff, I have adapted for him the old words, 'had there come but three to rally with the king under a bush of the forest,' Howard would have been one of them! No, there was nothing wanting in his loyalty -- nothing in life or in death -- nothing in his spirit or in his work. He knew how to efface himself. He was consciously exalted rather than abased by his deep sense of trusteeship for his Leaders in matters both great and small. He lived a life of unchanging faithfulness to his General, whether the Founder or myself, and of devotion to God and The Army. And in the very hour and article of death, he avowed, consciously or unconsciously, the unwavering purpose which had governed him, when with literally his last breath, he exclaimed to his wife and son who stood by his side, 'My love to all.'

And so, dear Comrade and friend, to your rest and your 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 overflowing 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.

* * * * *

02 -- CONSUL EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER (1880--1903)

Fourth of the family of The Army Founders, Emma Moss Booth entered the service of The Army in 1880, with charge of the first Training Work for women in London, in which she markedly influenced the lives of hundreds of The Army's most successful women Officers. She established in London the work (already instituted in the North) which later developed into The Army Slum operations. In 1888 she was married to Commissioner Booth-Tucker and proceeded to India. Later, with her husband, she was Joint Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters.

From 1896 till her promotion to Glory, in October, 1903, the Consul was in the forefront of The Army's warfare in the United States of America.

* * *

CONSUL EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER

In making the ministry of women one of the chief planks of Salvation Army service, the Founder was unconsciously providing an outlet for the spiritual energies of that product of the twentieth century, The New Woman -- that radiant, hopeful, confident being, who delights in a front or center place in the battle for right wherever it is waged.

Thomas aKempis has well written, 'None doth safely appear abroad but he who can gladly abide at home out of sight. None speak securely but he that holds his peace willingly.' She who turned the handle of the door which opened an unlimited sphere of public service for her sex, would gladly have evaded publicity. Not before the Spirit of God had convicted Catherine Booth of cowardliness and insincerity in remaining hidden and silent when He had given her a message to deliver in the open, did she take to the public platform. [3]

One in spirit with her, arose a company who desired no kingdom beyond that of home; no praise other than that of kindred, to whom the limelight, the heat and hurry of public life held no attractions, but many terrors; but who, responding to the call of God and the needs of the unsaved, laid themselves living sacrifices upon the altar of service, and their lives -- ablaze yet unconsumed -- glowed with the white flame of love. I cannot think of such souls without the words of The Revelation ringing in my heart, 'To the Conqueror will I give to eat from the Tree of Life.' 'To the Conqueror will I give of the hidden Manna.' 'The Conqueror will I make a pillar in the Sanctuary of my God, and he shall never be put out of it. I will write upon him the name of my God.' One of the foremost in this noble company was Emma Moss Booth-Tucker, known during the latter years of her life, throughout our Army world, as The Consul.

These are days of subtle temptation to the Soldiers of the Cross in many countries. The strength and triumph of evil vaunts itself on every hand, and to many there comes a suggestion to take the line of least resistance with the world -- that enemy of Christ -- or to find some basis of agreement with it. It is our wisdom to pause and consider the lives of those upon whom the world had no pull; in whom the principle of self was lost in a passion of love to God and man, and who triumphed over the world, the flesh, and the Devil to the very end. Such an example is the subject of this sketch.

To her great natural possessions of heart and mind few among us may attain, but in regard to the spiritual graces which made her the overcomer she was -- the meek acceptance of discipline and suffering, the boundless love which burned and burned until nothing of dross was left in her spirit; the passion for souls which urged her onward and forward in her quest for them until God gathered her in His arms and bore her away -- these are for us each who will pay the price for such treasures.

Emma Moss Booth was born when her parents were thirty years of age. Her father had already gained distinction as a pastor in his church, and her mother was suffering the painful throes of propulsion toward that glorious ministry for which God had destined her. When the babe was a month old, Mrs. Booth entered her husband's pulpit and made her first public confession. A year later, William Booth resigned from his pastorate in order to give his life to work for 'those without.' Emma was five years of age when her parents turned their faces still more resolutely toward the lost sheep of England and, committed to their great adventure, cut free from every human support, and presently settled in London. [4]

Cast in every bar and band and woven into the warp and woof of Emma's being, were the principles of love and obedience to God. At the age of seven, the child realized the sense of sin and sought Salvation, and at nine, she gave her first testimony, inviting a company of poor children to Jesus. Shortly after the latter incident, an accident occurred which clouded the fair prospect of her life. The crushing of her hand in a closing door so shocked her nervous system, that life-long suffering and disability seemed inevitable. But injured in health as she was, Emma's faith in God remained undimmed. It would seem that the passionate love of her father's nature, the fine devotion to truth of her mother, and the indomitable will of both parents contributed something to the character of the child whose precious inheritance carried her forward in spite of unusual difficulty.

As her elder brothers and sister joined their parents in their campaigns Emma, unable for public work, was gradually entrusted with the rather difficult household cares. Those were days of stress and trial in the Founder's family. Upon the new Movement descended the scorn of the bulk of people, and the hostility of a large section. Yet the work steadily advanced, claiming every hour and power from the General and The Army Mother. Mrs. Booth's correspondence abounds with glimpses of the personal trials which beset them.

There are various allusions to ill health and low funds. A more than usual share of illness followed the wear and tear of this overworked family. In one year Bramwell, our present General, was brought to death's door by an affection of the heart and throat. His mother had barely got him 'out of the wood' and away to recuperate, when the Mission was threatened with the loss of its Leader. Mrs. Booth's nursing, by God's help, saved her husband's life, then she herself collapsed. She had only sufficiently recovered to accompany her husband for a little rest, when smallpox broke out in the home. Commissioner Railton would visit the hospitals, and he also contracted the disease. Bramwell and Emma were dispatched with the younger members of the household to the country, and Mrs. Booth returned home again to wrestle with death. With such domestic strain added to the cares of the Mission, is it any wonder we find the following assertion:

'If I dared give up public work I should do so a hundred times, but I dare not.'

Again she wrote to Emma:

'The whole work of saving men is a work of suffering from the beginning to the end, but saviors must never draw back.'

Most gifts of sixteen would have regarded the life of an invalid, together with a full share of burden-bearing which were now Emma's lot, as 'the limit,' and it is refreshing -- inasmuch as it reveals her human side -- to find that she was not exempt from an occasional fit of the dumps or that she could write her best beloved brother and comrade, Bramwell:

'I wish I could always be good, and do good, and say good, but I can't; so it's no use wishing.'

It is almost impossible to study the life of Emma Booth at this time apart from her mother, so peculiarly were they one in sympathy and purpose. When the clipped wings of her big soul fluttered in captivity and she was conscious of:

'Great soul depths, restless, vast, and broad, unfathomed as the sea.
Some infinite craving for an infinite stilling.'

we find her mother writing:

'Yes, I know all about it, more than you think I do; but this is only the infancy of our being, and it is better to possess these capacities for loving, even if they are never filled in this world, because there is a grand realization for them in the next.'

The family feared that Emma would never be equal to the nervous strain of public speaking, but once when away at the seaside, the call of duty drew her out and she made her first public effort. The Army Mother describes it thus:

'You will be surprised to hear that Emma spoke in the Hall here last Sabbath. I could not believe it, but it was so. We have a good little woman Evangelist here, who is struggling with a lot of rough, poor people, and she had so enlisted Emma's sympathy and won her heart, as to get her to promise to help. On Sunday night, Emma went on to the platform, took a hymn book, and began as though she had been at it for twelve months. She preached from Isaiah x. 3, and they all say she did wonderfully. Not a hesitancy or apparent qualm, though she tells me she felt unutterable things. Five souls sought Salvation. A real triumph for this place.'

Many souls chosen of God for special service have been trained in a hard school. Before the commencement of His public ministry, the Lord Jesus was 'driven by the Spirit into the wilderness.' St. John was 'in the wilderness until the showing of the Son of Man.' Paul was prepared for his great career in the wilderness of Arabia. Saints of recent date have found 'the burning bush' in the desert. During her suffering youth Emma began to gather the priceless treasures of patience, sympathy, tact, faith, and the love that never fails. Moreover, the foundations of The Army were laid during this desert period of her life, but so fully though unconsciously did she apprehend and assimilate the spirit of her parents' life and service, that in later years she was found to understand the inner meaning of the high principles of our constitution, and to show remarkable power in applying them to the practical, everyday life of Salvation warfare.

On the threshold of her womanhood, when the home-nursery was empty, the life work of this great woman that was to be, remained in obscurity. Her mother writes:

'Emma was nineteen yesterday. We had a nice time together. If "spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues" I often wonder what God intends to do with her. He must have some grand destiny for her here or yonder.'

A year later, the Divine plan began to unfold. The Founder entrusted 'Miss Emma' with the first Women Cadets to train for Officership. With joy she took the charge to her heart. Opening her whole being to Christ in very truth He dwelt within her, controlling, guiding, impelling her spirit with His own grace and power. By example and boundless love and effort, Emma Booth not only put into her Cadets the principles her mother had instilled in her character, but also the love, faith, and knowledge of God which were her own strength. Having overcome in her own life, she gained extraordinary power to overcome in other lives. Of her triumphant faith Commissioner Duff says:

'She saw possibilities of beauty and usefulness in The Army in every Cadet. The most unlikely and unlovely specimens, those who could never be a personal pleasure to her, she enthused with her own faith and vision until we saw them rise up to be what she -- though nobody else -- thought possible. Even for her failures she believed and triumphed. Girls who, perhaps, through lack of early training, were strangely lacking in moral principles, she needed to send home, but she sent them with tender love and a word of faith. "Now, go and prove at home that you are what I believe you will be, then, come back to be one of my real successes," she would say. She kept in touch with such girls, and after as long as three years, welcomed them back again. Many made good and are in the fight today.

'The way she inspired the Cadets with unquestioning confidence had its comical side. They were ready to attempt anything she might wish. One girl, now a veteran Officer, was told she was to go "on the Mother's door," which of course meant she was to answer the bell. She surveyed the door, imagining that for some unknown reason she was to perch on the top, and replied: "I don't know how I shall get up, but -- all right!"'

Lest it be thought that this woman, who so successfully fitted others to wage war against the Devil's kingdom, sailed on an unruffled, sunny sea in her own spiritual experience, some family letters written at that period, lift a veil and reveal many a dark outlook, stormy buffetings, and hard-won conflicts over the enemy of souls. One extract reads:

'I have seemed to live a life during the last week. I have had such revelations of myself -- the weakness of my own heart, the immense strength of all that is human in me. My heart seems torn, and all around is tumult and darkness, though inside I know He reads " Thy will be done." I cannot say much more. I cannot always find out how I feel, but I know I always mean that.

'Oh, I have suffered, so, so much. I am like a weary traveler, who is tired and has found no rest and now I will seek no more, but to His dear alms I'll fly -- there only. I believe it may be the lesson He is trying to teach me. I want to learn.'

Again:

'Perhaps God wants you and me to stand, and work, and lead -- even running -- where hundreds or thousands shall follow us, and He may see that there is no other way to prepare us, except by bringing us through heart sorrow and heart difficulty. If so we must not be afraid nor repine.'

Thus triumphing in secret, she was prepared for battles and victories in the open, and this soul, once so timid that she dreaded to speak to a stranger, rose up to obey duty whatsoever its command.

Speaking of her faithfulness, Colonel Forward says:

'When she dealt with a difficulty she went at it with both hands. Says Colonel Lawrance: "When she had a wound to make she never used a saw, but a knife. She was no hand at taking heads off and leaving stumps of people. She went at the root of a trouble, clear, sharp, quick, but she never left a scar.'"

Colonel Forward continues:

'She did not talk about people behind their back, but when there was need she went straight to them. If she had cause to believe that some one was acting in a wrong spirit, even if they were outside her own department, she would spend some time in prayer, then, in the early hours of the morning, she would write a letter, and send me off before breakfast to deliver it. She put this same spirit into her Staff. Suppose some one had complained that the bread was not good, she would say, "It is no use grumbling about the bread; have you seen the baker? Go and speak to him!"

'In those days the bread and butter bill was a real difficulty. There were times when Miss Emma had to go out herself and get money to keep things going. She would tell the girls, and ask them to pray for her. Off she would go, and by and by came back radiant, waving a check and saying, "See what your faith has helped to bring." Then she would send us out to do difficult things. No one thought of saying "No."

'Her sympathy, her love, her humility, were beyond anything that could be put into words. Once she gave me a sharp rebuke for a fault that was not mine. Next day she discovered her mistake, sent for me, and so sweetly told me she was sorry.

'We felt she came to us every day from God's presence, and she linked us on to Him.'

The last sentence discovers the secret of Emma Booth's power with her Cadets,

An extract from a letter to her mother, written when once worn out she had been sent away to rest, tells of the deep sense of responsibility she had for the well-being of her own soul.

'I wish you were here! Oh, the mountain-side with all around one that God alone can make. I see more and more clearly what my life has to be -- what it must be -- and how only God

can help me. I confess I have not been so good as I was once, not so strong in God, not so hidden in Him. London is so fearful a rush. And yet this shall not be any excuse. With the battle to wage without, there is all the more reason and need for calm within. I cannot perhaps alter the circumstances, but I can be altered, and I am going down as a little child to seek till I find, to be made His only and completely as He wills -- saved from care. And then I must help my soul by better management of my body, my time, my opportunity.

'The Lord must help me. I cry to Him. I see how the days and nights have flown, how they are flying; how my whole life will soon be done; how those are passing from me whom it is allowed me to strengthen, and comfort, and help, and how much more of the human there has been in me when there should have been Divine. Not that I deem it wrong to feel my humanness, but it ought to have been more God in woman, when it has only been woman in such deeply-felt weakness looking to God -- saying, "Will He help?" rather than being "filled with all the fullness of God."'

Colonel Lawrance, who was for many years in a leading position at Clapton, sums up the triumph of her service among the Cadets thus:

'Because of what she was she raised in her lasses standards of righteousness, and faith, and sacrifice, that neither time nor the battle have lowered.'

MORE THAN CONQUEROR

The Training Home Mother had given several of her best women to our first Missionary Field, when, by her marriage with Commissioner Booth-Tucker, she herself became an International Officer in very deed.

She turned her face eastward with abandon and delight. India, that wonderful, limitless, fascinating battlefield! she was to prove it a field of personal combat, suffering, and conquest, rather than of the advance of her arms as she had fondly hoped. Without reserve she entered into the rough, pioneering war of those days. One room often sufficed for her Quarters and her tender feet trod the rough roads. She visited the villages and spoke in the Halls of great cities, and all the while her soul yearned after the people with a yearning that irresistibly attracted them to her. Officers came for a touch of sympathy and understanding counsel; the educated natives for enlightenment; women and children for that welling mother-love that overflowed to all. With the Commissioner she was full of plans for coping with them and for advance, when International interests recalled her to London.

After Mrs. Booth's death, in 1890, the Consul gathered together 'The Memorial Fifty' and returned to India. Now she was free to devote all her love and thought to her adopted country! From center to center she accompanied her husband, and everywhere a tide of joyful anticipation and faith rose for greater advances and victory. Then a sudden and dangerous physical collapse brought her activities to a full stop.

For a time she tarried, hoping against hope that rest would restore the spring of life, but those who watched, saw this precious life in danger of flickering out, and only in time to avert her death on Indian soil, was she carried aboard a homeward-bound boat.

When something of health returned, the Consul had to fight the sore battle of a wife whose health threatened to divert her husband from his life-work. Commissioner Booth-Tucker to leave India because of her! It could not be! But step by step she descended into that valley of humiliation -- more difficult to tread than almost any other road of sacrifice -- and in its depths she accepted God's plan for her life though it cut across so many hopes and expectations she had cherished. She was a Soldier. She composed her heart to receive whatever post her Lord would appoint.

A term at International Headquarters, as joint Foreign Secretary with the Commissioner, she was in close association with the Founder and the Chief of the Staff, and more intimately in touch with the world-wide interests of The Army than ever before. This enlarged her vision of Army possibilities, strengthened her devotion to its principles, and greatly developed her executive and public powers.

For years, her spirit in the hands of the Potter had been tried and beautified in many fires, now as a vessel of honor she brought great gifts to The Army. Of the Consul at this period the General says:

'She had an orderly mind, and possessed a rare intuition, reaching at one bound conclusions which others would arrive at only by stages of hesitation, with occasional retracing of steps. This gift extended beyond the world of affairs to the world of spirit. She came upon solutions of spiritual problems in the same quick, illumining way. She had a capacity for quickly absorbing information. The reflection which came from her often seemed better than the original. In the mirror of her mind the image took on a new brightness. By some strange, mental alchemy she gave back something that was better, brighter, more clear, often more deep also, than the thing she had received. Allied to this original and powerful mind she had great power of will. In the last letter she wrote to me she said, "Do we realize the real value of our own determination. Nothing without God of course, but with Him, what a mighty force for good and blessing a sanctified will is."

But it seems to me that the gift that made her most powerful in The Army was one that is open to us all if we will esteem it highly enough to seek it with our whole heart. Of this the General says:

I can think of no other person in the range of Salvation Army life, at any rate of that period, who so wonderfully illustrated the truth that love shall conquer. She brought to problems of The Army, of the most highly complex and difficult nature, a large benevolence, a sympathy, a charitableness which broke down hard, unyielding tissues, often before her reason or conscience were called upon to determine a course of action. This wonderful generosity of spirit, this inherent charitableness of disposition, came to be highly valued in the high Councils of The Army. Her very presence was reckoned by her contemporaries to be a great asset in many of the more important matters affecting the Organization.

'To the principles of The Army she was splendidly devoted. To begin with, she understood them. It was no shamefaced, apologetic confidence she had in them; she loved them and ordered her own life in harmony with them even when to do so involved suffering. The Army and the Kingdom ever came first with her. If her own interests and purposes clashed, or seemed to clash, with the interests and purposes of the higher Thing, she knew how to yield.'

How great a joy she was to her father, the Founder, may be gathered from his journals quoted in Begbie's 'Life.' After her death he wrote:

'While the Chief [our present General] was my "right hand "in this great enterprise, she was my "left," and I had fondly reckoned on her being his right hand when I had passed away. While all these years he has helped me so manfully and skillfully in brain, she has cheered and sustained me in heart, and yet both have excelled in the possession of each other's qualities, for she has had the skill of the highest character, and he has had the tenderest quality of the soul.'

It seemed natural and right that the Consul should remain at International Headquarters an ever-increasing, sweetening, uniting force, making for the highest standards of Salvationism, but the lamentable break in America decided it otherwise. To stand in the breach and heal the rent, the Founder sent from him the darling of his heart. The Consul's tiny babe lay hovering between life and death. From his birth his mother had been compelled to resign the joy of nourishing her little son from her own life. Her presence could not save his life, and a hurt to the Kingdom of Christ called her to the front. Only two sorts of mothers could have so left their babe; the heartless woman, who loved public life for its own sake, and she who having fathomed the anguish bound in the words, 'He that for My sake forsaketh children,' went forth to the Holy War hushing the cry of her torn heart. The Son of God accompanied her and her husband, for Commissioner Booth-Tucker quickly followed, in such grace and power that panic was stayed, hearts steadied, the standard of the Blood and Fire was raised higher and the work of God went forward.

Their years of work in America witnessed a period of continued development and overcoming, and a series of triumphs in Salvation warfare. The Consul held fast to her standards of pure and undefiled religion; her offering of health, strength, and time was placed in the hands of Christ and He blessed it and multiplied the blessing to thousands.

The Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Higgins, who was in the United States as Chief Secretary during the whole of the Consul's term there, speaks of her work:

'She was good whichever way you took her; in every and any circumstance, the loveliness of Christ shone in her life. A beautiful woman. Tender, gentle, gracious, tactful; loving her home with a passion, yet despite her frail health, ever leaving it to seek souls and to raise the standard of the Heavenly Kingdom. Every inch a Leader. Courageous, despite great natural timidity which she cleverly hid. Quick to grasp a situation and to decide well. A stateswoman, a marvel at seeing the kernel of a difficulty and the points of a problem or a truth; wise to confer; always projecting her mind into possibilities of advance. A charming, persuasive speaker, able to capture and hold the keenest minds of America, and to enlist them in her cause.

'It was she who made a life-long friend of Senator Mark Hanna, also of Ambassador Herrick, and scores of other such men. They realized that there was nothing under the sun that she desired for herself; neither riches, nor comfort, nor ease, nor applause, nor favor, but that she wanted their souls for God, and all they would give her of money and influence for the work of The Army, She was wonderful in every branch of service, but she particularly excelled in dealing with Officers. There was nothing too small for the interest of her mother-love, there was no problem too great or difficult for her to grapple with. She loved the Officers and held them in their work, and bent them to her way of thinking and living.'

Speaking of her power with those in soul difficulties, the General says:

'Here again it was her charitableness that triumphed. When souls who had become discouraged or cold, self-seeking or cantankerous, came into her presence -- that wonderful breathing of sympathy and loving kindness -- they began presently to confess their failures, their desires of the past, and wishes for the future. In a few moments they had voluntarily laid on the table the very material that enabled her to get at the heart of their difficulty, and so put them into right relationship with God and their work.

'And she had a marvelous power of diverting the attention of discouraged souls from their failures to the good and the promising that was in them and their circumstances.

'So intense was her desire to bring souls to prize and rise to their highest privileges and responsibilities in Christ, that she often reminded me of Paul when he said, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, the glory, and the covenant." To rouse, to deliver people who had great privileges and possibilities and who yet failed, yes, she would almost have given her own soul.'

'But,' as the General continues, 'even in her sympathy she was not unbalanced.' The following extract from a letter is an example of the robust appeal she would make from her own unselfish experience to an Officer tempted by alluring prospects to leave his post:

'I declare to you that if we were going to live here for ever, and earth was our everlasting home, I should not want a life consecrated to the winning of money. I've seen enough of its wretched, narrowing, withering, damning effect! I would still want to live for others' happiness and others' good! But, my beloved comrade, we are dying, and each day brings us nearer the coffin, and the silent grave! Can we, of all people, with our light, and our experience, and our encouragement, and the beautiful comrades who surround us in every land, can we turn aside and seek self?'

Again, to a promising Officer who had hastily resigned, she sent the following wise-hearted protest:

'Because in some instances we meet with disappointment and difficulty, and break down, as did our Master, does this show The Salvation Army to be a failure, or constitute a reason for men and women to resign from it?

'If you will read your New Testament and study even a Little of church history from the days of Christ until now, you will discover that the same struggle always existed, and that the same obstacles have always presented themselves where the standard of Jesus Christ has been uplifted and maintained. And looking over the length and breadth of The Salvation Army with unprejudiced eyes and the sort of heart you once possessed in regard to it, you will be led to acknowledge that while its triumphs in presenting the unadulterated religion of Jesus have been great, and the standard it has succeeded in building in the world has been wonderful, that after all its greatest achievement has been the making of a people whose lives are right and pure and good, whose boast is in the Cross of Christ, and whose aim and object is to win the souls of men. God bless you.'

In the following vivid words the General describes a quality that is present in a great or less degree in characters of high sensitiveness and transparent purity:

'Allied to her boundless love and patience was a vivid realization of responsibility in the face of wrong. She had an instinct against wrong; it was not exactly indignation, nor wrath, but a kind of heat. Her whole being flamed against sin. The realization of it changed her very appearance. To see this being of love on the platform suddenly glow in every feature with condemnation of evil was indeed a moving thing.'

So Emma Booth-Tucker loved and worked before the public, and still more behind the scenes. So she made men and women adore the grace of God and love to follow her lead along the Way of the Cross, until one day God needed her for some special service in a higher sphere, and in a moment she was away.

Who so fitting as he to whom she was wife and comrade for fifteen years to pay a tribute to her most intimate life. Said Commissioner Booth-Tucker, at her funeral:

'She was not mine, she belonged to God. She was a beautiful specimen of the Salvation of Jesus. Next to God she belonged to the people. Her heart was with them all the time. She sympathized with their sorrows, alleviated their sufferings, and sought, with all her heart, their Salvation. And she belonged to The Army. No matter what might be the stress or storm through which The Army was passing, she never wavered. The advice she gave to her Cadets, to "swear to their own hurt and change not," she acted out herself. She was not only born in The Army, but The Army seemed born in her.

'We saw eye to eye; we walked hand in hand; we fought side by side: we had no divided interests. At home and on the battlefield we were one, absolutely one in spirit, in plan, in purpose. God helped me not to hold her glorious spirit back.

'She was a wonderful piece of God's own handiwork.

'We here need no Bible to assure us of the existence of God, or of His goodness, or the beauty of Holiness, or of the grandeur of the Salvation of Jesus. In this casket lie the remains of

one who lived it all out before our eyes as daughter, sister, mother, wife, and Soldier of the Cross. Here you have the evidence of the character of Jesus, of His skill, and of His love.

'The Divine Sculptor who molded her life, her work, and her character, can do the same for you. True it cannot be without the use of the same chisel and mallet which helped to make her what she was. True, the keen edge of the chisel will enter into your soul, as it did into hers. She felt it all herself to agony, but through her tears she looked up and said, "Abba Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."'

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03 -- COMMISSIONER DAVID REES (1882--1914)

Foreman in a biscuit factory, David Rees was converted at Reading in 1882. As a Field Officer, though unlettered, his love for the souls of the people caused him to be known as a 'prince among soul-savers.' He, in later years, commanded The Army's Work in Canada, South Africa, and Sweden; was also Principal of International Training Garrison, London. The Commissioner, with Mrs. Rees and 141 other Saivationists, answered the Heavenly call from the ill-fated 'Empress of Ireland,' in 1914.

* * *

COMMISSIONER DAVID REES

In the momentary lulls which occur between the babel of international argument and the tumult of economic disputes of the present day, the voice which most easily arrests the tired public ear, with promise of present good and future perfection, is that of higher education. Its call has penetrated within our own lines, and the Staff Officer is not exempt from the danger of forming an incorrect estimate of the value of what the Word of God calls 'the wisdom of the world.' That Word will stand when knowledge has 'vanished away'; it is our wisdom to refer this question to such an unfailing authority, and to the tested experience of our own school. That it is necessary for some men and women of every nation to devote their lives to the study of the arts and sciences, none will deny, but this call does not come to us, except as it embraces subjects included in our vocation -- the highest of all -- the saving of immortal souls.

Upon the subject of material knowledge such a scholar and soul-saver as Paul wrote:

'After the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believed. We preach Christ crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God. Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and the base things of the world, and the things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence.'

The Army Officer is a remarkable fulfillment of that word. Within our ranks are perhaps a couple of dozen Officers holding a University degree, and, excluding our Medical Officers, whose diplomas are essential for their particular work, perhaps not one is performing his or her duty the better for the study of subjects not included within the scope of Salvation Army service. Take our Commissioners; not one of them may write M.A., or B.A., or the equivalent of these degrees in other lands, after his or her name, and yet, comparing their careers from the standard of soul-winning and misery-dispersing, with those of an equal number of men and women of degree from the preachers and High Schools of any land -- with notable exceptions, where soul culture has superseded mind culture -- the result is overwhelmingly on the side of The Army Officer. AKempis says:

'An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. But because many endeavor to get knowledge rather than to live well, therefore they are often deceived, and reap either none or very slender profit of their labors.'

Mental equipment for Staff service need not be cumbersome nor elaborate, but it should be sound. Is it not better to face such a career with a thorough elementary education, and with brain room to add subjects of specific use to a Staff Officer, than to have a smattering of a whole regiment of subjects half of which will be dropped in the first years of Officership? True education of the mind and heart should continue to the end of the Officer's career. Is it not because Officers, who, when raised to Staff rank, quit learning, content merely to 'do their job,' rather than to pursue their high calling, which never remains stationary, that along the way are found those disappointments of early promise? Only as we pour contempt upon the pride of the world and keep before us and press after tested standards of success, can we hope for ourselves, and particularly for the generation Of Staff Officers yet to come, to repeat and to surpass our early triumphs.

Perhaps no Officer of The Army more beautifully demonstrated the power of God to make much of little that is entirely yielded to Him, than did David Rees, who rose from the obscurity of a provincial factory to bear our highest rank and share the most weighty responsibilities of our Movement. Tracing God's hand upon his life, one is awed by the realization of the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst, shaping and disposing the lives of our leaders as definitely as He did those of the prophets and Apostles.

David's father died when the boy was four years of age, leaving his mother with eight young children to provide for. The hard years of poverty, which followed, wrought in the lad fine qualities; initiative, unselfishness, and a chivalrous regard for women. When twelve years of age, his mother's health failed under her heavy burdens and David shouldered the responsibility of breadwinner.

In the business house to which he was admitted, David learned the value of time, order, punctuality, in short, of organization, and from his employer -- a commercial general, courteous to his men, of keen eye and firm hand upon every department of his business, exacting to a degree and withal, the soul of integrity -- he formed exalted ideals for the management of men. So intelligently did he grasp the principles of the business and of control, that at the age of twenty-four some hundreds of men, his seniors in age and experience, were under his direction.

Such was this hard-working, mother-loving lad, earning twenty-five shillings a week, his horizon limited to his home, his garden, his cricket team and factory, at the time of The Army's advent to Reading.

Attracted to the Meetings by the cruelty of the roughs to the women Officers, within a fortnight he was thoroughly convinced of the reality of Salvation and his need of it, and one night he volunteered to the penitent-form. It took David Rees over three hours to find God. The Officers did not hurry him; at 12:30 he rose from his knees, knowing without a doubt that he had passed from death unto life. In the morning he testified of his conversion to his manager, and pointed a workmate to God.

At the end of a year's soldiering, during which time he was so bashful and slow of speech that he rarely testified or prayed in public, a young Lieutenant told Rees that he should become an Officer. He dismissed the matter as foolish, but it returned to him with the persistency of an obsession. After several months of mental controversy he referred the question to God, telling Him that while he was convinced that he was utterly unfit for the work of an Officer, he would like Him to settle the matter.

Before me lie his letter of application and Candidates' Forms. The writing laborious, spelling incorrect, expression monosyllabic or crude, as, for instance, in reply to the question, 'Can you read out hymns at first sight?' we find 'Most all.'

To his genuine dismay, within ten days Rees received his acceptance. Now he was indeed plunged into trouble. Added to his vivid sense of inability was a serious domestic difficulty: he was the sole supporter of his bedridden mother and invalid sister. Yet, so real was the life of the Spirit within him, that he stumbled forward to obey what he now believed to be the will of God. He gave notice to his firm; it was refused, and David persisting, his employers threw upon him the onus of dishonor for ill-repaying their past interest. His crowning misery was that of being misjudged for leaving his mother and sister with no prospects before them but the workhouse.

Not every martyr has been burnt at the stake, but never one went forth to the fiery ordeal in greater distress of mind than did David Rees enter his Farewell Meeting. It is now a world-wide Army story of the triumph of faith, that from an agony of prayer David was roused to see his prodigal brother at the penitent-form crying to God for mercy, and presently to hear him say, 'I have known all along that you should go, David; I will take your place at home and care for mother.' And he did.

Rees arrived at the Training Garrison certain of a Divine call to Officership. After three months' study of Army methods and standards, he was equally certain that there was nothing in his composition or equipment which qualified him for such work and begged to be ordered back to his Corps. Instead, he was encouraged to persevere and presently was sent out in charge of a Corps.

In the divine workshop now began in earnest the making of this chosen instrument. He was thrown into furnaces white-hot with trial; he was drawn out and placed in silent cooling

chambers; he was wrought upon the anvil with heavy blows. Before each process Rees bowed, not in stoicism or fatalism, but with loving faith, to the will of God. In spirit he became thoroughly tempered, able to withstand without fret or break the heat or cold of circumstance; to bear great burdens without showing strain, while in matters requiring spiritual perception his mind cut through to the heart of things with the directness of a two-edged sword.

Of himself when he arrived at his first Corps he wrote in later years:

'I was shy to a ridiculous, babyish degree. To have to talk alone with a stranger was torture to me, and up to this time I had seldom managed to either pray or speak in public without bursting into tears. I could not talk on the Bible for five consecutive minutes.'

Not daring to look back, in sheer desperation he cast himself upon God for the Salvation of the people. 'If I can't preach, I can work,' he resolved, and began house-to-house visitation. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and his hands trembled as he knocked at the doors, but in every street he found people who needed comfort, and help, and Salvation. In such service he forgot himself; found material with which to illustrate texts in his Meetings, and proved that natural gifts for public work are not essential to success, providing that compensating qualities are brought into play. Before he left that Corps hundreds of souls had been saved, he had two Lieutenants and was running two Halls every night.

From the perils which attend great public triumphs he escaped via a dark experience. Appointed to a large conservative Corps, for six weeks he saw no soul seeking after God. He became desperate. Down he went before God. After diligent search he discovered that he had come to rely upon his methods to win souls, and had ceased to give childlike trust and glory to God. Into the depths of his repentance and abnegation we may not trespass. David Rees came to an end of himself, and never again during his Field experience did he lack the conscious presence of God working with him for the Salvation of souls.

So it was, at every appointment the Holy Spirit wrought some specific experience in his own heart and mind. At one Corps he was met by a howling mob, so resentful because of the removal of the previous Officer that they were prepared to kill the incoming one. Rees stepped from the train into the storm. What should he fear since God was with him? A few minutes later he was struck on the head by a stone and fell to the ground. Scrambling to his feet he faced the mob, shouting 'Give me a chance, let me serve you for six months, then do with me what you will.' His triumph at that place was one of his greatest.

At the Hull Icehouse, one of the larger Corps in Northern England, he had a cool reception. Had he not been stationed at an Outpost of that great Corps? How should it receive him as commander? A third of the Soldiers deserted him, but he was to prove that faith in God, a cheerful spirit, and hard work would win through every obstacle. Greatly beloved, he left the Corps with, at that time, the largest Soldiers' Roll in the world.

Such experiences fitted his mobile, persevering spirit for such emergencies as, in later years, to take charge at very short notice of Canada at a time of crisis, and to the command of

Sweden on the eve of a serious split, when the hearts of some of the most loyal were quaking. Says Commissioner Larsson:

'He arrived not knowing a word of the language, but his great love, his triumphant faith, his fearless grip of affairs, and his beaming countenance that declared to all that victory was on his side, since God was with him, came upon us as summer upon a winter prospect. We passed the crisis with surprisingly little loss within the ranks, though we suffered a temporary public set-back and had to face real poverty. But the Commissioner bore it with us, reducing his own salary, scattering from his own Quarters comforts necessary for others. After six months our position in Sweden was stronger than ever before.'

While still on the Field, Rees settled once and for all the important question of God's over-ruling in his appointments.

From an immense success, with congregations of thousands and hundreds of converts, a change of appointment placed Captain Rees at a tiny village Corps, without explanation from his superiors. He encompassed the village in ten minutes, found a church, two chapels, and the tiny room which was his Hall, to serve the spiritual needs of the few hundred inhabitants. Rees went to his knees and there formed several bedrock convictions.

1. God having called him to the work of an Officer, on no account must he leave it.
2. Having accepted the government of The Army as God's order for his life, he could never be sent to the wrong place.
3. That he would do his best with the opportunities of the moment. (a) For the War. (b) For personal development.

The village market-gardeners were about their work before sunrise. Rees resolved he would be at his work as early as they. Accordingly he rose about 4 a.m. and spent the early morning hours in prayer and study. At this desert Corps he laid the foundations of his intimate knowledge of the Bible.

Promoted to the Staff, Rees became known throughout the British Isles and in three Continents as a friend of God, a lover of souls, and leader of men.

As a Divisional Commander he rose at 4 a.m., took a cold bath, and disposed of half the day's work before most men were at their desks. His mail out of the way, he gave himself entirely to the Field Officer, inspecting and instructing on every point of business, dealing with the personal and spiritual affairs of the Officers and with visitation, filling in any surplus hours until Meeting time. He lived on the Field with his Officers.

The General speaks with warm affection and appreciation of this 'promoted' Commissioner:

'I regard Rees as one of the most remarkable men I have known in fifty years' study of varying types. He was deficient in some qualities which we usually associate with the successful man, but these were largely compensated for by other splendidly developed gifts of heart and mind. For one thing, he was the second most industrious being I ever met. First the Old General, second Rees. Not only was he diligent over the work he liked, but so also with taxing and disagreeable duties. His industry was seen in the wise planning of his time. He allowed himself no margin for indolence; he worked early in the morning; he sat at his desk till midnight. He worked while he traveled, worked as he waited. His exalted conception of his calling and of his own importance as a leader in God's Kingdom was ever with him, urging him to improve his every power to its highest capacity. This earnestness was free from priggishness and did not rob him of a delightful simplicity, a splendid aloofness, and a large, disinterested manliness.

'He was spiritually clever, possessing a faculty for reasoning and perceiving along the fines of the Spirit. It was not second sight but it was surely spiritual sight. I have seen men amazed and startled because they realized that Rees really understood what was in them. This penetrating knowledge of the human heart was a gift of God to him as a reward of his industry, his Bible study, and prayer.'

Rees neither sought nor gained the huzzas of unthinking crowds, but few Officers have been so loved by multitudes of individuals as he, for the simple reason that he loved the people; he was not merely interested in them. The General pays the highest possible tribute to the spirit of kindness which swayed his life, when he says:

'When I have been thinking of the kindness of Jesus, His gentleness, His consideration for others, His thoughtfulness, and His beautiful, tender deference for women, the memory of David Rees has sometimes crossed my mind.'

In the workers of all lands he saw the companions of his youth. He understood them; their point of view, and their joys and sorrows. With happy courtesy he saluted them, and in his words of greeting he never forgot their souls. The sight of poverty and distress ever moved his heart and in its presence he could never withhold his own money. In every toiling woman he saw his own mother, and scarcely could he pass one carrying a burden without stooping to lift it, speaking words of kindness and directing her to the never-failing Friend. Speaking of his love for souls the General says:

'He was a prince among us as a soul-winner. It was no effort for him to bring his attention to the unsaved. Every individual was precious in his sight -- an immortal soul to be sought and won for God. For the vilest and the worst, his faith took hold and triumphed. Like his old General there was nothing on earth that to him compared with soul-winning.'

David Rees was no revolutionary. He believed that God had ordered society, and he took pleasure in honoring rulers and paying custom to whom custom was due. He was at trouble to understand the views of men in exalted positions, and to make them understand the purpose and spirit of The Army.

A Swedish Officer tells how for six months he beamed upon an enemy of The Army, raising his hat, opening a gate for the scornful man to pass through, never seeing the hostility of the other, until it was fairly sunned out of him and a friend was gained.

'One of nature's gentlemen, a very able man, and a great manager of men,' was the summing up of a high Colonial Administrator, one of the many great public men to whom Rees was at the same time something of a wonder and a delight.

Perhaps it was because David Rees never ceased to train himself that he exercised so powerful an influence upon young Officers, numbers of whom are now among the leading Staff of the world. They felt he lived and moved in the presence of God. His habit of prayer was a great strength of his life and Officers of all ranks speak of his praying with them -- standing a moment in a corridor with bowed head, their hands clasped in his, or in his Quarters, pulling down a flood of inspiration upon them, or in his office, or in the Board Rooms of a Territorial Headquarters. Says Colonel Edith Russell, of the International Training Garrison:

'Whatever value my service to The Army is today it must be put down to Commissioner Rees. When he took hold of me I had no confidence in myself and no ambition; was just willing to fill a gap. He routed me out and made me feel "woe is me" if I did not rise up to the full stature of God's intention for me. He took me out of an office and threw me into spiritual work. When I had found my feet in that and began to glory in it, he brought me back to the work for which he felt I was most suited, and made me believe that my religion was to do that. He was the most exacting man I ever worked for, but also the most humble and unselfish and wonderful. His sense of the fitness of things was musing but it was right. He would overtake one of the cleaners on the stairs and carry her bucket of coal for her, talking tenderly the whole while about her soul; but as his Secretary I had to keep his hearth free from the suggestion of ashes. Although he was the most tremendous of workers and he stopped at nothing -- he once got on the roof and cleared the gutters and down-pipes which had become choked during a thunderstorm -- he was the essence of personal nicety. I never knew any one wash his hands so often as he!'

Says another Staff Officer:

'He had the faculty of making a splendid Staff. He created a good atmosphere and was appreciative and fair even to peculiar people; he was wonderful at discovering invaluable failures. One such he took to be his Private Secretary, and later placed her in a position for which she was eminently suitable. She is a valued Staff Officer today.'

'He had eyes for everybody,' says another. 'Once when he met me my eyes were red. I had expected to find perfection in The Army and was disappointed. He took me into his office where he was having a cup of tea and poured half of it into the saucer. While we drank it together he comforted me; dropped some words of gold into my heart and afterwards the world seemed quite a good place again.'

As the General says:

'He was a gracious man. One could not imagine Rees performing the sometimes necessary duty of "taking one down" in a disagreeable or awkward manner.'

He could administer a reproof without imparting a sting. One of the keenest of Training Officers tells that when a young Captain the Commissioner talked with him about his impatience with Cadets of low ideals.

"My boy," he said, "I like your standards. Keep them high, high for yourself. But you are very exacting upon others." He was silent a moment, then turning his kind, brown eyes upon me, he laid a firm hand on my shoulder and continued, "Soon, please God, your own first little child will be in your arms, then you will understand, then you will pity like as a father. The tenderness will come, my boy, it will come."

Perhaps the Commissioner's greatest success was as Principal of the International Training Garrisons. To this appointment he brought a host of abilities. The Training system was at that time in its formative stage. The building was about to be reconstructed. Upon the whole situation Rees leveled the efficient eye of his early employer, and placed the ready hand of the foreman. His electric soul sent live wires radiating heat and life and energy throughout every part of the old buildings. From the roof to the dustbins, from the Chief Side Officer's room to the kitchen; from the Council Chamber to the carpenter's shop his presence was a speeding, searching, joyful influence. Not only did he know what needed doing, but he could show the way that everything must be done. He was the nerve center of the whole undertaking -- its organization, administration, instruction, and particularly its inspiration.

This is no more than a character sketch. It must be left to another day and place to fill in lights and shades, and to tell the story of his travailing in spirit until Christ was formed in the hearts of the hundreds of men and women Cadets who were entrusted to his training. By the Staff he is spoken of as 'the seventy-times-seven Commissioner.' For the stupid Cadet, for even the weak and wayward -- often the victims of fear, ignorance, or lack he forgave and believed, even to the despair of the Side Council, and his faith was justified.

David Rees never became a super-man; to the end of his career he suffered sharp limitations consequent upon the low horizon of his youthful outlook. There were many evidences of 'the earthen vessel' in which the treasure of Christ was held, that the 'excellency of the power' which controlled his life might be recognized as divine rather than human. He labored details until minds which safely reached conclusions at a bound squirmed under the hammering of his line upon line, precept upon precept. He never quite overcame flagrant grammatical errors in speech, and while until the end of his career he labored earnestly at preparation for the platform, and certainly was a genius at leading a Meeting, he never became an expositor nor did he get past incidental talking. Like a tree, that in its sapling days has been bent, Rees, having rarely looked within the covers of a book until he was twenty-five, leaned wholly to the practical in life. He could not easily assimilate general knowledge; the things that he remembered with a sense of reality were the things that he saw, and felt, and did, so that his teaching was almost entirely illustrated from the book of his own experience which, while undoubtedly good, was sometimes narrow and limited. While to the General the Commissioner's memory is very fragrant, he was not blind to his weaknesses and recalls some of them for our profit.

'He allowed natural preferences to make favorites, though chiefly, no doubt, of those whom he felt supplied the qualities he lacked. Also, there was a sensitiveness in his spirit that caused him to withdraw from people who differed from him in opinion or who did not care for him personally. A great leader must learn to trust and use those who do not always admire him or go with him readily all the way.

'There was another defect which made against the Commissioner with small people. He liked to be in the limelight. So sure was he of his call of God to his exalted position that to appear in the running seemed to him the most natural and proper thing in the world. And to get his own way, which seemed to him the very best way for the business of the moment, he did not think it was necessary to turn his mind inside out for the other side.

'While his forbearance with weak Soldiers or wobbling, raw Cadets was proverbial and very beautiful, he had no patience with insincerity in Officers. So surely had he found his own feet in God that he could not imagine any one having reached the position of an Officer " acting off the square," so to speak. When admonished to be patient with such, he declared he would be no party to wrong. I had to come between some of his decisions on this score, and to show him how slowly light comes to some souls, but that it does come. My knock-out blow for him on such occasions was, "Rees, where would you or I be if we had our deserts?" Ah, but he was a splendid soul! I wish we had more like him.'

All the things that matter most -- those qualities of love and faith, devotion, diligence, and courage -- which made him a power with God and man in his Captain days, he continued throughout his career to place at the disposal of his Lord, until his offering, at first so slender, accumulated with compound interest to a treasure of inestimable worth.

In the prime of life, when his ripened powers offered great advantage to The Army, Commissioner Rees was smitten with a fatal disease. There is something pathetic in the picture of this dying man, struggling to hide his wounds and to keep his feet, while he continued to direct the battle. A less noble soul than he would have sheathed the sword and retired to the base. The illness of his body, coupled with a consciousness of the immense opportunities opening on every hand, and his inability to grapple with them, produced in his last days an impatience of spirit that puzzled those who were strangers to the man's true greatness.

In the death of David Rees I am reminded of the translation of the glorious Elijah. In the prophet's zeal for God, he suffered the exhaustion of his physical powers and lay sore wounded under the juniper tree. But God gathered him to Glory in a chariot of fire, and surely David Rees, who went into the presence of his beloved Lord via the billows of the St. Lawrence River, has joined the company of the chief elect of the skies.

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Influenced by the Army Mother, Catherine Bannister, a lady of culture, became a Salvationist in 1887. In the following year she entered The Army's Missionary Field in India, where, for twenty-two years, she continued a brave and triumphant fight. She pioneered and developed Army operations in the Marathi country, and later had an important charge in the Punjab. The Colonel entered intimately into the life and habits of the people, and was possessed of quite a remarkable facility in acquiring languages. She 'died at her post' while engaged on the translation of Army songs for her beloved Marathis.

* * *

COLONEL YUDDHA BAI (CATHERINE BANNISTER)

The Salvation Army during the first ten or even twenty years of its life was simply a campaigning force. Out of the depths of the will of God, it sprang into being, and, looking out upon the millions of souls held captive by the Devil, it attacked the strongholds of sin and released the captives. It attacked again and conquered, and, turning its prisoners of war into Soldiers, still pressed forward.

The essential qualities of the Staff Officer of that period were those of the Crusader -- entire self-sacrifice, courage, decision, action, mobility, and the determination to win through or die. Men and women of such spirit responded to the Founder's call to arms, and rallied to his standard, prepared for poverty, weariness, and early death if they might but share in setting up the kingdom of righteousness.

Victories continued to crown the arms of this Army of Salvation and a different order arose. The acquired Territory needed organizing, administering; the welfare of the conquered called for consideration; the family, the children, the aged, the poor, the untrained, needed care and guidance. Departments to deal with these new responsibilities came into being, and Officers of parts differing from those of the pioneer -- the organizer, the administrator, the manager, the teacher, the musician, the doctor, the nurse, and besides, the man for the records and the writings, were required.

As the quality of the conquest in the front lines depended upon the character of the attacker, so the quality of the kingdom forming behind the lines depended upon the character of the builders to whom this important work was entrusted. If the attackers settled down to the comforts and usages of peace time, their successes were feeble, and if the administrators who are removed from the smoke of the battle and the muck of the trenches, lost vision, lived softly, or became perfunctory in their spirit and work, the fiber of their kingdom-building deteriorated.

Paul, in his day, realized the inevitability of various conditions of life and service, and spoke concerning them to the Corinthians, 'Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit, and there are differences of administrations but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all and in all.' Lest one section of his Officers should misunderstand another, Paul used the illustration of the body composed of its various members, adding, 'God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him.'

For a character typical of the Founder's ideal as a leader of attack, it would be difficult to choose a better example than Catherine Bannister. From the first consecration of her life to Army service her abnegation was complete; her passion for souls, white-hot; her devotion to duty, absolute; her courage, without bounds; her faithfulness, to the end; her success, abundant. A sketch of her career is here presented, not so much as representing an all-round Officer -- though there is every indication that she would have been successful in any branch of work to which she might have been appointed -- but as an illustration of the spirit which should possess the Staff Officer whatever his work. Called to Missionary Service, she grasped the torch of Salvation and waved it, and waved it, and still chose to wave it, dispersing heathen darkness, until still clasping it she lay down to die.

Catherine Bannister, a daughter of the Church of England, was reared in an atmosphere unworldly and loyal in its love to the Lord Jesus. Her father, by profession a solicitor, provided her with the comforts of a refined home and gave her a sound education. Her invalid mother sowed in her daughter's heart the seeds of righteousness, and by example and precept pointed the way of entire consecration to the service of God.

At the age of sixteen Catherine was converted. It was the custom of the family to have one of Spurgeon's sermons read aloud at Sunday morning's breakfast, and it was during one of these readings that the Heavenly vision shone clearly for Catherine, and with great certainty and joy she stepped out of nature's darkness into the light of Grace.

For years hers was a hidden life, which moved in a narrow groove on account of her mother's illness, for Catherine was her devoted nurse.

After her mother's death Catherine and her sister organized a mission in their village, employing lay-preachers for the public service while they busied themselves with the visitation of the sick, and such other ministrations as were, in those days, considered suitable for young ladies.

A winter in London introduced the sisters to The Salvation Army. This event changed the whole course of their lives. Accepting an invitation to attend a select gathering at which Mrs. Booth, The Army Mother, was to speak, the sisters found themselves listening to a solemn charge concerning the responsibility of believers for the Salvation of the unsaved. Life, after that Meeting, could never be the same to Catherine Bannister. Determined to see more of the Salvationists, she found out the Great Western Hall, and arrived in the vicinity one evening as the march was coming down Edgware Road. It was composed of poor people, and a hostile crowd jostled them as they marched singing songs of Salvation. Miss Bannister, walking on the footpath, was shaken by deep emotion as she realized that these people were bearing the shame and cross of Jesus in a way she was not prepared to accept.

The following Sunday morning found her at the Hall in time for the Holiness Meeting. When the march came in there were many bruised heads among the Soldiers, and much torn clothing, but radiant faces and an atmosphere of triumph. The call of the Meeting was for the presentation of bodies as well as souls to Christ, and Catherine Bannister's mind was fully made

up when, in the final dedication, she rose and yielded herself entirely to God. Before returning to their village home the sisters made another opportunity for hearing Mrs. Booth. On this occasion her message made plain the difference between workers and Soldiers. Catherine Bannister had been an earnest worker, but now she saw sin entrenched against righteousness; she realized she must fight it and deliver the captives of the Devil. In the 'Call to Arms' at the conclusion of the Meeting she rose and covenanted with God to take, henceforward, open, active sides with Him in the Holy War. Obtaining an interview with Mrs. Booth, she asked what she should do. The Army Mother, divining that the Holy Spirit would be the best Counselor for this inquirer, simply replied: 'Go right forward.'

Returning home, the sisters 'opened fire' in the village street. The next Saturday night the Hall was full of roistering roughs of whose very existence the sisters had hitherto been ignorant. Souls were saved, and it is not surprising to chronicle that a few months later Miss Bannister asked Headquarters to take over her uniformed little Corps which, incidentally, had been modeled after the dictates of the Regulations, and she and her sister entered Training for Officership.

At the time the Consul, then shortly to be married to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, was making up 'The Wedding Fifty' for India, Captain Bannister was appointed to open Tring as a Garrison Corps. She arrived at the house, where was to be the Depot, while the workmen were still renovating; neither furniture nor supplies had arrived. But she carried in her baggage a small saucepan and a little tea, and gathering some shavings she boiled water and a pinch of tea, which -- having no cup -- she allowed to cool, and drank out of the saucepan; then, rolling herself in her traveling rug, she lay on the boards and went to sleep. The Captain described these pioneering experiences in a letter to a friend who was the Consul's Secretary. The Consul knew Bannister -- her consecration and ability, but here was a new characteristic. Surely a woman able to make fun out of unexpected hardships had qualities invaluable in a Missionary Officer. Catherine Bannister was included in 'The Wedding Fifty' and received the Indian name Yuddha Bai -- 'Warrior Sister.'

Yuddha Bai's first appointment in India was in charge of her comrade Officers during their training in native customs and the language study. She was also in charge of a Corps in Bombay.

These were trying days for the party of young Englishwomen. The heat, the mosquitoes (for there were few curtained beds in those days), the coarse native food, the difficult language, and the almost overpowering sense of the greatness of the work to which they had come, combined to test them -- body, soul, and spirit. Yuddha Bai was a tower of strength to her comrades. She, who had enjoyed more comforts than others, put almost every comfort from her, and led the way along every new and difficult path. In study, she took three lessons a day to the others' one -- often sitting up far into the night with her feet in a pail of disinfectant to keep off the mosquitoes. Soon she was leading her Meetings in the vernacular, and buying the food from the bazaars for her large family. She led in adapting herself to the customs and manners of the people. She gloried in the native uniform, and the simple naturalness of Indian life. One large room sufficed for sleeping, dining, and study, with no furniture to keep in order, seeing the floor met the need of bed, table, and chairs, and left the time saved from housework for soul work.

She led on the march, her tender feet first treading the sharp stones and burning sands. She led in the face of a hostile native crowd, speaking until men listened to her message, and, when a flung stone cut open her face, she stanchd the blood with the end of her sail and continued to deliver the message.

With such an example before them, it needed few words from Yuddha Bai to hold her sister comrades to a high consecration; but if one showed signs of flagging she would eye her quietly and say, 'It was for this we came; if you can't stand it you had better go home.' Little wonder that many of those women are still fighters on the Indian Field.

When 'The Wedding Fifty' had acquired sufficient of the language to take appointments, they scattered to the four points of the compass. Staff-Captain Yuddha Bai was commissioned as Divisional Officer for Marathi villages, but she had to form her own Division. Her Headquarters, built in native style, was at DhMari. A large room was used for general purposes, dining, interviews, and the lesser Meetings, and a smaller, eight feet by ten, was her own little sanctuary. It contained no furniture at all, just a raised mud platform which did duty for bed, chair, and desk, but it was the one corner to which she could retire from public gaze and for prayer, though for her greater prayer battles she was known to go further afield to meet with God alone.

We catch glimpses of those early days in letters written to her sister in England.

The following describes the opening of her Headquarters:

'I am now settled in my new home. I think I told you that I have been put in charge of a village district, and some huts have been erected in a Central Village for the Divisional Staff. We did not move in as soon as we expected as the rains came before the roofs were on, washed the walls down again, soaked the floors and hindered and troubled us much. However, at last we got them fairly finished, made a push, and went in. The floors were very wet, and the roof not finished, but the Lord kept the rains off and we got very little harm.

'We are completely off the high road; there are no real roads to any of the villages, only wild mountain or jungle paths, or, at the best, rough cart tracks. But our district is growing. We have now six Corps.'

Describing a 'Boom March,' the method by which new villages were captured in those early days, she wrote:

'It was a most romantic time, and I have come home better in every way. There were forty-five of us. Eight lasses with myself. We were out nineteen days, visited twenty-three villages, opened nine Corps and two Districts, appointed eighteen Field and two District Officers, and saw 550 souls on their knees seeking Salvation. We marched altogether 150 miles.

'A party of pioneers went before us to prepare the villages for our coming. We would arrive in the evening, pitch our tent, and go straight into the Meeting, where we would find all the people assembled to hear us. The next morning we held another Meeting and sometimes left

a party to do another night, then, if it seemed promising, we made it into a Corps and left two Officers to work it. We were on entirely new heathen ground, untouched by any previous effort, so our reception and success were very encouraging.

'We lasses slept in a tent, the men slept mostly under the trees. We had two small carts for our luggage bedding, cooking utensils, tent, drum, food, and clothes. Not much room for luggage for forty-five people, but we learn to do without here. Each was allowed two blankets, one change of clothing, Bible and Hymn Book; nothing else; but that was all we needed. Of course our food was of the coarsest, but what did that matter? We had two cooked meals in the day. One at 11 a.m., consisting of rice, split peas, and onions. The other about 3 p.m., of tea and chappaties, a sort of pancake. Our worst enemy was cold; our hands and arms were cracked and bleeding at night, yet during the daytime it was scorching hot.'

God blessed this loving sacrifice, and as we have read, many souls were saved, and foundations laid which have proved to have been well-laid. The most hopeful young men who felt called to Officership were brought into a Training Home, and Yuddha Bai travailed in spirit to see Christ formed in them. Concerning the commissioning of her first batch of Cadets, she wrote:

'You can imagine what this means to me of joy and anxiety. I was anxious to improve the occasion as much as possible, so had a farewell tea with them, and afterwards a solemn consecration Meeting which lasted five hours. We had a grand time, the power of the Holy Ghost seemed to fall upon us. I prepared a Covenant which each newly-appointed Officer repeated aloud. It is something like this in Marathi. "I, _____, before God and my comrades, offer myself to God to be faithful in the work and responsibilities to which He has called me. Forsaking my own will I will daily do His will alone. For His sake I will gladly go into dark, sinful places to seek the lost and sin-defiled, and give them the message of Salvation. For their Salvation I will spend my life as a separated man. I will live apart from all worldly things, and will keep my thoughts, desires, power, time, affections, and members sacred, under the control of Jesus Christ. Though weak, yet in His strength, with my mind fixed on Him, and holding His hand, I believably make this promise."

'Seven of our present Cadets are Hindus; that means being completely cut off from parents, home, and friends. It is hard for them. They need more than leaders, they need affection in their temptations and sorrows, and if they fall one who does not too hastily condemn.'

The great yearning love which had taken possession of her heart for the Indian, shines through much of her writing, as for instance, to her sister:

'Were you here you would take up their cause as vehemently as we used to take up the "roughs" in England, only more deservedly, for these Indians are superior in wit, devotion, eloquence, and every other good gift. If I could see the Flag of Calvary really established in the Marathi country, I think I would say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

She lived to see that day sooner than she expected, but when it arrived, she was not glad to depart. Her Division increased to a Territory within ten years. It was her intention never to

leave India even for a furlough, but at last she received farewell orders, and by command of her General, turned her face homeward to rest.

After the refreshment of a stay among her own people, Yuddha Bai was appointed to the charge of the Punjab Territory and returned to (North) India. This move necessitated the learning of a new language, and Yuddha was then in middle life. But she gave herself to the task and not only succeeded in mastering Hindustani, but also the corrupted dialect of the villages. She was greatly pleased when she overheard some of her Soldiers discussing a difficulty, and adding, 'We will go to the Colonel, she understands our tongue.'

In the beginning of her career Yuddha Bai's sister comrades of less morale than she, stood in awe of her Spartan spirit, but constant contact with her Saviour in ministry for the poor, the weak, and the dull, worked in her a wondrous tenderness and tolerance toward all, and while never to the last relaxing her personal rigorous self-denials, she became generous toward others. At one time her chief Divisional Commander -- an English woman comrade -- had to confess that she had fallen in love and wished to link her life with that of 'a continual comrade.' Yuddha Bai had carried her out of the battle to a little rest hut in the hills, and she chose the moment of confession, when one afternoon they were lying on the floor resting. Yuddha Bai sat bolt upright. 'Never! Impossible!' she exclaimed at the thought of losing so valuable a helper, and also, perhaps, that one who led in the van with God, could consider a proposal to surrender her perfect freedom. 'But it is true,' replied the Officer in as even a voice as she could command, albeit with quaking heart. Yuddha became very quiet. When her comrade stole a glance at her, tears were rolling down her face and presently she said, 'I am glad for your sake. I have been anxious about your health, and besides ... it is the right thing.' That little hut became a sanctuary and this woman, who rarely mentioned herself, whose life was so set apart for God as to seem beyond the pale of human desires, told of the laying aside of an early love for duty's sake, and of longings, sometimes during the years of battle, for a love all her own. But that had not been God's will for her. Very sweet and pleasant she made her comrade's courtship, and later conducted her wedding.

The mother-spirit of her nature grew with the years. Her people were the children of her soul, and with wondrous love she reared and trained them; but even this ministry did not altogether satisfy the maternal craving -- she must have little children about her, and her comrades recall how when engaged in writing or translating there was generally a little brown baby cuddling in her lap or rolling on the floor beside her, while two or three toddlers careered about her, coming at will for a word or touch of love.

Of the diseases of the East, Yuddha Bai had no fear. In epidemics of cholera and plague, when her people were dying in every direction, she moved among them, doctoring, comforting, and directing. Her presence inspired confidence, secured attention to hygienic precautions, and restored hope.

After commanding the Punjab Territory for seven years, Colonel Bannister was again ordered home on furlough. While enjoying rest and communion in her own home, one day she supped on the stairs; later she found a lump had arisen where, in the fall, she struck herself. A specialist ordered an immediate operation. This was performed with seeming success and at the

earliest opportunity she returned to her beloved India. It was indeed going home, for she was reappointed to the charge of the Marathi Territory. For two years she labored with great happiness and increasing freedom and usefulness among her own converts. Then the growth reappeared and was found to be malignant. The doctor having ordered her to return to England if she wished for an operation, Yuddha Bai decided to remain in India so that she might die with the beloved people of her adoption. She was glad that nothing she had suffered in India had caused her death blow.

For ten months she continued at her post working until a few weeks before the end, her last labor of love being the revision of the Marathi Songs which had been her first work of translation. Still sitting in her chair, Yuddha Bai was Promoted to Glory.

She was laid to rest in the presence of her beloved sister, who some years previously had joined her in her work on the Indian battlefield, and of the people whom she loved more dearly than even those of her own land.

And their love for her? Their reverence can never be told in a strange tongue. An Indian Staff Officer says of her, 'She was my mother. I still do the things she would wish.' He smiles and adds, 'She comes to me in my dreams.'

What would Catherine Bannister say if now she could speak to us of her Indian warfare? We find some answer to this question in words she wrote a little while before her death.

'It is strange for me to realize that I was born in another land. I came out here with the Lord and because He brought me. How little I then knew what a world of joy He was preparing for me, nor what treasures of darkness, and hidden riches in secret places he was going to unfold bit by bit before my fascinated gaze in this new land, and to give into my hands as part of the hundredfold of His wonderful promise.

'Truly I came because the Lord enticed me here, yet had I known what He was bringing me to -- the new and deeper love for souls -- because they were so hopeless, and so helpless, and so despised -- the joy of a sacred consecration to a land chosen for me not by accident of birth, but by Divine choice and commission -- I would have leapt to come out years before.

'I have had my days of loneliness and sickness; days when the object I sought seemed far beyond my reach; days when the barrier between me and the souls I longed to reach seemed to rise mountains high, and mock every effort of my faith to remove it, but never have I regretted that I came. No, thank God, never! I have always been able to see by faith an Army of dear Blood-washed Indian warriors singing and fighting their way through persecutions and difficulties to save their fellow-countrymen and women.'

Some words of the General (then the Chief of the Staff) written of Colonel Yuddha Bai at the time of her death suggest a fitting conclusion to our consideration of this consecrated, triumphant life:

'It is no exaggeration to say that crowds of heathen people have been won to Christ through her instrumentality. She was equally at home on the platform, in the administrative work of Headquarters, pleading in the police courts for her beloved people, rescuing the downtrodden of the moneylenders and oppressors, and in speaking of the deeper things of God to little companies of those who had been already won for Christ.

'Compare such a life with its travel, its thrilling adventure, its wonderful intercourse with many ranges of human thought, its fine ambitions and its abiding fruit, with that of the easygoing woman of ease and education who spends her time in the trifles she calls pleasure, or in the narrow cares which she calls duty!

'There was no break in this devoted woman's service. She held fast to the simple principles of Salvation Army teaching, and set a high example of obedience, when that obedience-as was sometimes the case -- seemed very irksome; of poverty in the face of very attractive opportunities of entering very different circumstances; of prayer, for her life was a life of prayer in the truest sense. This is a comrade of whom we may well say, her life speaks to us. Her achievements speak to us. Her testimony in death speaks to us. The message is, "Be true to the end and give glory to God."

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05 -- LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JACOB JUNKER (1889--1898)

A wealthy young German, Jacob Junker was attracted to The Salvation Army through reading a copy of 'The War Cry.' From 1889, after a term at the International Training Garrison, he was appointed to his fatherland, where he filled various positions of importance, including Divisional Commands and the Editorship of 'Der Kriegsruf.' For two years he was Chief Secretary at Berlin. In 1898 his 'call' came while conducting the funeral service of a comrade Officer.

* * *

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JACOB JUNKER

'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' So said the Saviour in the days of His flesh, and present-day showing of the ways of men goes to prove that the human heart has not changed in the passing of two thousand years. Those who have 'great possessions' turn, with rare exceptions, either sorrowfully or contemptuously, from the way of the Cross. They are reluctant, or altogether refuse to devote tangible possessions to a cause which has chiefly to do with the Life Beyond.

Many who, when they sought God, possessed nothing but their sins, after finding the Saviour, followed Him in seeking the lost with gladness and singleness of heart, until God, rewarding their labors, granted them some of the good things of life. Then, alas! their purpose

became divided. Grasping the immediate gains, the spirit of the Crusader died within them, and their souls lost the gladness and the power which was theirs in the days of poverty.

Perhaps it is because of this innate disposition in human nature to have and to hold for selfish gratification, that God entrusts few of His people with earthly riches. Nevertheless in every age, there are found a few 'wise and noble' souls, who, having possessions, give unto God like princes, sacrifice like martyrs, fight like crusaders, and are faithful unto death.

Doubtless there were thousands of prosperous and professedly religious business men in Germany during the eighties of last century, but of them air only one, Jacob Junker, a commercial magnate of the Rhineland, took sides with his Saviour in attaching himself to the then despised Salvation Army. The son of well-to-do parents, Jacob was educated after the strenuous, thorough-going methods of his Fatherland. Soon after he had left behind the petticoat age he was caught up by an inexorable system which undertook to turn him out, trained in mind and body, to occupy a place in life befitting his station. Barely released from the academy, he passed automatically to the military authorities, to be made an efficient soldier of the national army.

The cleaving of a canyon, by some fierce convulsion of nature, across an even, sun-swept plain, has sometimes made the path for a river to carry sustenance and refreshment to thousands. So in the spiritual life, fierce blows of sorrow have opened the way for Salvation in many souls. The death of a younger son in the Junker home smote the mother with such a sense of desolation that out of those depths she cried to God for comfort, for Himself. He answered her by sending to the village a preacher who proclaimed Salvation to all who, repenting of their sins, would accept it by faith in the Son of God. At least one soul entered into assurance and joy in God through his message. Thus Jacob Junker, a gay, pleasure-loving young man, came into touch with vital religion. He saw it lived in his mother's life, and seeing, believed, though not himself prepared to follow Christ.

The great war of that period presently swept this unit of the Fatherland into the horrors of a battlefield. As a sub-officer of artillery, he endured the hardships and privations of the campaign without flinching, but, face to face with death -- that awful, unrelenting last enemy which daily laid low hundreds of his comrades, that took from his side his best beloved friend -- Junker sought God, as his mother had sought God, and found Him. He wrote home, 'My soul is now in order with God.' From that day until his death he followed Christ.

During the years that followed the war he showed that he possessed qualities that go to the making of high commercial success. He could organize, command, inspire; he was a master of detail, as able and thorough in practice as in theory. The pioneer spirit burned within him. Not content to found a firm and direct it, he would, after he had established a concern, soundly and successfully, commit it to other hands, that he might turn his energies to other fields. His enterprises included a fruit business, the development and directorship of a coal mine, and the directorship of great cement works. In connection with this last venture he invented a brick-press, royalties from which alone made him a wealthy man.

While directing the coal mine, Junker made a close study of his work-people. His heart was deeply moved by the privations which many suffered, and he devised means of helping them materially. But this was not enough. The love of Christ in his heart led him down to the wretched quarters of the town, and there, to the marvel of the townspeople, the director taught the poor children of Jesus.

At the cement works he continued his study of the conditions of the masses. His factory became an 'Elevator,' where any tramp in search of work was given a chance to recover himself. After diligent observation, Junker came to the conclusion that alcoholic drink was the greatest enemy of society. Himself setting the example of total abstinence, he forthwith banished beer and spirits from his canteen and in its place provided coffee free of charge.

A German-Swiss 'War Cry,' reaching Junker from some unknown source, introduced him to The Salvation Army. He read the paper with kindling spirit. Here were Soldiers of the Cross indeed. He must go and see them for himself. He found the Salvationists in the city of Basle, holding a Meeting in a loft. Two women Officers whose joyous, calm faces emphasized their message of Full Salvation, were conducting a difficult fight in which the roughs and the authorities joined forces with the powers of darkness. Junker felt no shock at the hubbub which accompanied every attack. He realized that real warfare without disturbing peaceful conditions was impossible. All he saw of contempt and insolence toward the little handful of Salvationists only served to convince him of the unalterably hostile attitude of the world, the flesh, and the Devil to Christ and His Kingdom. He returned to his Fatherland a Salvationist in spirit.

As soon as he learned that The Army had raised its Flag in Germany, Junker sought out the Officers and gave them greeting. When Commissioner Railton had satisfied himself of the sincerity of this would-be friend, he asked him to audit the books. This plan brought Junker into such intimacy with the Salvationists that their true spirit and purpose were fully discovered to him.

Junker now reached a crisis in his life. At forty years of age he was a rich man. A brilliant marriage with a wealthy lady was possible, and commercial opportunities that promised greater wealth and honor and influence clamored for the grip of his hand. But the Saviour had been speaking to his soul of other things. Suddenly he broke away from friends and country, and went to London. He was determined, alone before God, to sort out his soul in relation to the future. After an absence of eight days he wrote to his chief friend that he had decided to withdraw from business in order to devote his life entirely to the service of God.

'Here in London one has a great choice of spiritual privileges. Spurgeon's Tabernacle is near my lodging; half an hour's walk away, in St. James's Hall, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes (Wesleyan) holds beautiful meetings; on another side is Dr. Parker, of the Congregationalists, and there are a lot of other able preachers among whom are many evangelists. Now, you will wonder that among such a select variety my choice has fallen upon The Salvation Army, which here, though numerically strong, and having many friends, is yet generally as despised as it is among us.

I have joined it and am working in it as well as with my English I can. My expectation is of Course not to remain here. I feel myself called to work in Germany, yet I think it good for my inner life and for practice that I remain here for a while, so as to get to know the work in all its branches.

I know that my step will not be approved of by any of my relatives or friends. I have neither before nor since I took it had any encouragement in taking it; rather I have been assured, more or less clearly, that I have no qualifications for such work.

I thank God my hope is in Him, and that He has not left me without some evidence, in that He has through this very Salvation Army blessed me in a way I was never blessed before, so that I can in all its fullness believe that I live in x John 1:7 -- "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Accepted for Officership, Junker entered Training in London. It appeared no trouble for this middle-aged gentleman Cadet to clean boots, peel potatoes, or scrub floors; and but for a revealing little scrap preserved in a letter to a friend, we might conclude that he did not feel the rub of the immense change in his life.

He wrote:

'The first time I went out in my red jersey, it was a terrific death to the old man, and when I came to riding third class instead of first, I certainly felt it, but in The Army there is so much opportunity to work for God.'

The General gives us a glimpse of the Cadet of that period.

'From his first appearance among us Junker was, in my estimation, a marked man. The first occasion upon which I remember him was at an All-Night of Prayer. He prayed, and despite his unaccustomed English, his petition lifted the whole Meeting on to a plane of spiritual freedom and converse with God in a way that impressed me powerfully.

I watched him while he was undergoing his Cadet training. In the midst of a mob of howling roughs who were creating the wildest disorder, he showed the utmost calm. He was entirely impervious to rage and fury, and this, not only by the power of grace but because the whole being of the man was thoroughly disciplined.

'He gave immense promise of usefulness to our struggling work in Germany, and every hope concerning him, except his short period of service, was abundantly fulfilled.'

Captain Junker's first appointment was Secretary to Commissioner Railton at the Headquarters in Stuttgart. Back among his own people, he had to face a storm of protest. To those who complained that his association with The Army meant a waste of his commercial gifts, he replied: 'The world has too many capable men, but in the Kingdom of God such are wanting.'

To others, who pointed out the spiritual work that he had done for years and which he might have still continued, he replied:

'The Army gives me so much work to do that I can make the best of every hour and minute, and fully employ all my faculties. The churches are sleepy and formal and dressed in silk; I am glad to get a little place in The Army, where a man can put forth all his strength.'

Surely this man was an answer to Commissioner Railton's faith and prayer for Germany. In him the Commissioner gained an ardent, faithful lover of his Lord, a gracious friend, a tremendous, thorough and patient worker, an encyclopedic authority on German customs, laws, and susceptibilities, a confidence that never trembled, and a purpose that was steadfast to the end.

Railton wanted Junker to be in every part of the battlefield at the same time. After a term as Secretary he was appointed Divisional Officer. Recalled after a time to Headquarters the insistent needs of the field clamored for his presence, and again he became a Divisional Officer with the added responsibility of the Editorship of 'Der Kriegsruf.' Finally, Junker returned to Headquarters in the capacity of Chief Secretary, and in this post remained until his promotion to Glory.

To the Officers on the Field, Junker was more than a leader. He shared their coarse food and poor Quarters, their revilings and buffetings and, what was perhaps harder to bear, the weight of the arm of the law, which everywhere withstood them.

He had no false standards of service. The call of the moment was his joyful duty to God, and he was as happy carpentering seats for a Hall, or making a faulty stove to burn, as taking a Meeting or interviewing an official. He delighted to travel fourth class on the railway; which meant in a conveyance not unlike a cattle truck with a seat running round the sides -- surplus passengers, children, and luggage occupying the center. In these comfortless vans Junker sang and prayed and talked with the people, sometimes gaining an entrance into their hearts, often meeting with resentment and even violence.

All of his income was used to push the War -- though, compared with its great needs, it was but as a drop in the bucket. He gave methodically with a view to producing definite results. He would not figure as an indulgent benefactor to the Officers, but aimed rather to help them to stand up to their difficulties, to stir up their resourcefulness, to train them to look to God for help and to overcome in Him. Once a lad Officer complained that he needed new trousers; the Colonel turned his shining eyes and beaming countenance upon him, and, for reply, pointed to his own obviously patched garments.

Rarely have I been so reminded of St. Paul's character and methods, and also in a measure, of his trials as in studying Colonel Junker's career. Truly might this Soldier of the Cross have written, 'I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I strong.'

When The Army opened fire in Germany the authorities determined to prevent such disturbances as had attended its rise in England, and, nearer home, in Switzerland. They used all lawful means of hindrance, and applied them with such insistence and thoroughness that the leaders of our little force found it almost impossible to operate. Open-Air work was not to be thought of, and so it became one of Junker's most determined aims to secure Halls into which to gather the people. The police were equally determined to prevent this also. With his own money he would privately lease a building -- say a factory -- and make it suitable for a meeting-place. Then the Health Official with due ceremony would condemn it for public use, or would order a stairway here, a door there, or other alterations which usually made the scheme prohibitive. In a gasless town a by-law would prevent the use of petroleum for lighting a public meeting-place! Or after every difficulty had been overcome, and a little Corps was rejoicing in the possession of a Hall, if the roughs created a disturbance in the vicinity, the Hall would be closed as being 'a center of disorderly behavior!'

It needed a lion heart to refuse to yield to such deliberate, continual frosting of every plan. But Junker stood firm in God, sure that He, being for us, was more than all that could be against us. His winsome shining face was in itself a strength, and his example an inspiration to every Officer.

His chief maxim was, 'When you are puzzled, PRAY!' His hope for victory was in the power of the Almighty God, the everlasting Father, and he lived in communion with Him.

The General says: 'He prayed when perhaps he should have been eating or sleeping!' Nevertheless he did not fold his hands and expect God to work miracles. He was up and at his difficulties with his coat off or on as the occasion required.

Sometimes in the midst of his campaigns he received a message to meet the Chief [the present General] as he journeyed to or from Scandinavia. Says the General:

'While I waited at Hamburg or Altona for railway connections, we would put up for a few hours at a dingy little hotel. Junker used to meet me there. He always brought with him an atmosphere of joy and light: the bright 'shining of the man himself made that dreary little house a place of refreshment of spirit, that stands out in my memory. Business disposed of, he delighted to regale me with incidents of personal dealing in the Salvation of the ones and twos that were captured in those difficult days.'

There was nothing dour about the Colonel. The joy of the Lord was his strength, to which was added the buoyancy of a perfectly healthy, balanced mind. His gay-heartedness helped many an Officer over a fit of depression. To one in the dumps he would send a note:

'I am astonished that you are so down! If all has not gone so well as it should, do not let yourself be put in the cellar! Hold up your head. Say, Hallelujah! It is rainy weather at present, but the sun will shine again. All beginnings are difficult. But courage, courage, courage! Your Jesus will not let you sink.'

But for all the soldier blood in his veins, he was also a shepherd of souls. An Officer on rest would receive such a letter as the following:

'Resting times are very agreeable and necessary, but they have their peculiar temptations and dangers. When we are in the midst of a battle the Devil does not find so many attackable points about us as when we are resting. Therefore it is necessary to watch, so as not to be overtaken without noticing it. That is my personal experience.

'Pray much and live near to God. Shut your ears to conversations which cannot help you. When you can, do something to help a soul. That will help to build a wall around you which God will see after. Feel free to write to us. We will pray for you, and I trust God will bring you back to your work strengthened in body and mind.'

From his own spiritual needs he had learned the secret by which he mounted up on wings as an eagle and so escaped the earth-born fogs of doubt and fear; but his spirit never lost sympathy for those whom Satan harassed.

When appointed Chief Secretary, Junker's influence was extended to every part of the Territory. He campaigned with great joy and ever-increasing success in soul-winning. Officers tell us that he forgot the flight of time when wrestling over a soul. Of his platform ability the General says:

'I seldom heard him speak in public, but I gathered that he was a very persuasive and elegant speaker. There was nothing slovenly or Careless about his utterances. He had the most definite idea of what he wanted to say, and, as with everything about his clear-cut character and habits, no one could mistake his meaning!'

He turned from one claim of the Kingdom to another with remarkable facility and calmness. One hour of the day he would lecture Cadets, endeavoring to awaken the whole man to his privileges and responsibilities in God, and later would interview one of the Ministers of the Government on the aims and principles of The Army.

These wealthy, educated Germans weighed the man and found him no fanatic, but a sane, refined, able son of the Fatherland. He generally made headway in such interviews, getting in the thin end of the wedge, and receiving at first such tardy permission for his beloved Army as 'Well, you can see what can be done. But begin work in the back streets. On no account be seen in the main thoroughfare.'

In overcoming misunderstandings and meeting attacks on our work, Junker's grasp of the situation and his gentle, Christ-like tact were invaluable. Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Bower, who served for years in Germany, recalls one such difficulty which was overcome by the exercise of the Colonel's heavenly wisdom.

'Some Cadets, discouraged with the hard prospect of an Officer's life which they discovered in the Training Garrison, left, and returning to their town, spread abroad reports that The Salvation Army treated its Officers with undue severity. The report so enraged the relatives

that they took the matter to the Schiedsrichter -- a local civil judge -- before whom affairs of minor importance might be laid before appealing to the court of law. The matter looked very ugly for The Salvation Army, until Colonel Junker gave evidence. He called the judges' attention to the fact that The Salvation Army was a real fighting force engaged against formidable powers, and that it was inevitable that those who enlisted in its ranks should suffer. Then he recited his experience as an officer of the national army. For weeks he had marched through the rain and mud and snow. He was able to receive but little food, and was often faint from exhaustion, but never once had he thought of turning back, of giving in. "I was conscript, but deeper than compulsion lay my love and loyalty to my king and my Fatherland. My boots pressed into my flesh until at last they had to be cut away, and by reason of the agony of the march it seemed that I sweat blood. But did I complain? Did I rail against my king? No, I did not, not even in my heart. And, sir, shall I not suffer some little hardship and privation, and pain, in warfare against the powers of darkness? Shall I not press on to the end, to save some souls for whom my Redeemer died? ..."

The court was silent. The judge wiped a tear from his cheek; the defendants, ashamed, withdrew the charge and, as a result of the incident, throughout Rhineland the purpose of The Salvation Army was understood as never before.

Says Commissioner Railton:

'Everywhere and under all the varied circumstances of a harassing conflict he was able to infuse into the ordinary affairs associated with purely business matters the Spirit, the life of God.'

In his office at Headquarters the Colonel worked with a sweet graciousness that was a benediction, and a strenuousness that was a marvel to all who came in contact with him. In those days of great necessity he slept in his office, and those who watched his window saw the light burning there into the morning hours.

At first he wrote the whole of his wide correspondence with his own pen, but mastering the typewriter, it was ever on the table before him and in a revolving chair he turned from his letters to interview callers. As the General says:

'He was sought out by all classes for advice and sympathy on a variety of matters relating to their well-being. He helped them very wonderfully, tracing their problems back to original causes, and, whatever the matter in question, he brought it to the vital point -- getting right with God. His heart and mind were like full, pure fountains that ever gave to those in need.'

His business with International Headquarters was conducted with that precision and promptitude which delights the heart of the General. He says:

'Junker was fully endowed with the extraordinary qualities of his nation -- thoroughness and organization, and he could put up a great fight. He was devoted to the old General. He had a filial, reverential awe of him which more or less eclipsed for the moment some of Junker's best qualities. He would acquiesce in the Founder's ruling without a word of dissent, but when it came to dealing with me, there was the whole man of him; this disciplined, collected, business

man to the core, was out to do the best possible deal for his territory. But once we had thrashed a matter out, he never appealed against my decision, though it may have clashed with his desire.'

His radiant, manly countenance was like the shining of the sun on a stormy day, and the calm, robust gentleness of his spirit a silent break to tempestuous spirits.

Junker's promotion to Glory came gloriously for him at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. He had seen nine years' service in the ranks. From a struggling little handful of attackers, The Army in Germany had increased until there were 100 Corps and 8 Social Institutions commanded by 300 German Officers. The first public funeral procession of a Salvationist had marched hundreds strong through the streets of Berlin. At the grave-side Colonel Junker was conducting the burial service when in a moment God said, 'It is enough.' He fell to the ground and his unconscious body was tenderly borne back to Headquarters. A few hours later the glorious spirit took its flight to God.

We do not need to seek far for the secret of Junker's triumphant life. Happily the secret is an open one, and was beautifully expressed by the Founder when this beloved Soldier fell in the fight. 'Junker was a holy man. He believed in the power of the Holy Ghost. He believed that the Blood of Jesus can not only cleanse, but keep the soul clean. He had not only the theory of Holiness but he lived it. Up to the last moment he was ready to testify to the possession of a Clean Heart.

'He was a Soldier, he fell in our fight sword in hand. 'He was a Salvationist. He understood instinctively our aim. He saw the wisdom of our principles and methods at a glance and few were better able to defend them.

'He really gave up himself to the service of God and his neighbors. He laid himself upon the altar of God and there he lived and died.'

Such qualities He within the reach of us each. HALLELUJAH!

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06 -- COLONEL ALICE BARKER (1880--1918)

Alice Sutton was converted at Bethnal Green Corps, East London. United in 1881 to Captain James Barker, she shared, in 1882, in notably successful pioneering work in Victoria, Australia. She took an important part in establishing, in Melbourne, the first of The Army's many Homes for ex-prisoners. During her widowhood in London the Colonel devotedly served in the Women's Social Work, until her 'Home call' in 1918.

* * *

COLONEL ALICE BARKER

Strewn along the track of our battlefield are to be found sad reminders of the wreck of many a spiritual giant, many a brave leader of the Lord's hosts, many an able administrator of the

affairs of the Kingdom. In lamenting the failure of the splendid promise of life-long service these men gave, not infrequently is appended the remark, 'His wife was his undoing.'

Not always by this is implied that the wife in question was overweeningly ambitious, worldly-minded, exacting or otherwise selfish, though sometimes the case has been even so. Many a one, not guilty of wrongly inciting her Continual Comrade, was equally culpable, because, in a perilous moment of stress, temptation, or misunderstanding, she failed to say a courageous 'Yea' or 'Nay' and to hold the feet of her husband to the path of their joint consecration.

As a woman who holds high belief in the qualities and abilities of her sex, I pen these lines with diffidence, but facts are facts; Eve spoiled Adam's career, and since in the veins of all of us who are wives flows the blood of our original mother, it behoves us to consider well the dangers to which nature and circumstance render us prone, to give thanks for, and to profit by examples of triumph in our particular sphere.

During the thirty-six years of her Officership, Colonel Mrs. Barker, as Staff wife, and, later, in the difficult position of Officer-widow, raised a shining monument to the 'love that seeketh not her own, that hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things'; the love that never fails.

After studying the joint careers of James and Alice Barker, one inclines to the belief that The Army would have missed at the very beginning the valuable services of the highly 'temperamental' husband had it not been for the steadying influence of his wife, and that if, indeed, Barker had been carried into the Work on the wave of his early enthusiasms, it is unlikely he would have long survived the vicissitudes of the war, had he been bereft of the love of the faithful little woman who from first till last mothered his soul in God.

During the seventeen years that Mrs. Barker survived her husband, her brave spirit rose above the sense of loneliness and loss, and frail health; with a peace in her heart which was reflected in her countenance, the tones of her voice and her actions, and with dauntless grace her soul marched forward while her frail hands wielded the sword, until one day God said, 'It is enough,' and, more than conqueror, she obeyed the summons.

When the Bethnal Green Corps, London East, was fighting its early battles, the congregations were composed chiefly of dwellers from the wretched slums which lay off the main thoroughfare, and of the 'Opposition Army' which harassed, in turn, all the Corps in that area. The roughs caused rows both inside and outside the old railway arch which was the Corps meeting-place. The little company of Soldiers were pelted with stones and refuse; they were hustled and hooted, and sometimes punched and kicked as they preached Jesus, but they stood their ground and won. Lured by some extraordinary attraction, into this pandemonium came a fair, gentle girl, Alice Sutton, who, when she heard the message of Salvation, confessed herself a sinner, and sought the Saviour with the vilest; then she made her life an offering of love to her Saviour for the Salvation of the lost.

The General felt a special interest in this plucky Corps and knew a number of the Soldiers personally. Of the subject of our sketch he says:

'In that Corps of very mixed characters was one of the sweetest girls. The railway arch was a very rough affair, no plaster on the walls, no backs to the seats; smoke, flaring gas -- and in this strange setting, this gentle girl, timid of her surroundings, but with splendid courage, took her stand for God. I felt from the first she was a character that would tell; one of marked spirituality. She was not a woman who would have come to the front if she had not been a saint, but having received the Divine touch, she rose up, a ministering spirit, speaking in the noisy Open-Air Meetings, toiling among the penitents, and in a wonderful way living in the presence of God.'

A young compositor, traveling on top of a bus, noticed the Corps Open-Air Meeting. He alighted and joined the crowd. That night James Barker was saved from sin and set his face toward the way of the Cross. Almost at first sight Barker fell in love with Alice Sutton, and thenceforward she became the guardian angel of his soul. As with many another whom God has in hand for great concerns, the Devil endeavored to wreck Barker in the early days of his experience of Salvation. Major Fenny (now promoted to Glory), one of the early Officers of Bethnal Green, gives a glimpse of these two people who were to become notable in Army warfare.

'God gave Barker a good angel in Alice Sutton. Aye, but James was a trim to begin with. Up and down, up and down. A most trying wobbler, "driven by the wind and tossed." Again and again he would tell me he intended to give up The Army, and would disappear for a few days. Then he would come to my Quarters at midnight and waken me to tell me of doubts that were troubling his soul. We would pray together, and he would make a fresh start. His unstable ways greatly tried Alice, but she never flinched in her faith for him. If he went away saying he had given up, she did not grow disturbed and rush after him. She let him go, but held on to God for his soul. Her sweetness and unflinching godliness drew him back like a magnet, and at last bound him to God for ever.'

Barker became a valiant fighter in the Corps, and later, a successful Officer in Lancashire. So exceptional were his qualities of joyous, compelling Salvationism, that when a pioneer was required for the infant work in Australia, he was chosen. James Barker and Alice Sutton were married by the Founder in the Congress Hall, Clapton, and, with the rank of Major, they set sail to meet a great opportunity in the Antipodes.

On the journey to Australia Alice Barker met her first tests as a Staff wife. The Seasickness; the rough, third-class accommodation and the rougher passengers who had no wish to be reminded of spiritual matters tried the fragile little bride. Moreover, she had the misfortune to lose her wedding ring as she washed one day at an open sink. Then some shipping difficulty caused the boat to pass Adelaide, the port of their destination, and land them in Melbourne, several hundred miles farther on, where they did not know a soul, and they had only a few shillings in their possession. Mrs. Barker accepted the string of misfortunes as among the 'all things' which God allows to test the faith of His children, and surely they did work for their good. From the petty trials flowed a stream of that peace which ever issues from an accepted

chastisement, and the last test proved to be God's plan for the early planting of the Flag in the State of Victoria.

God gave the Barkers an open door and remarkable success. For the first Anniversary of the work in Victoria, the Melbourne Exhibition, Australia's largest auditorium, holding 10,000 people, was packed. The two Officers had increased to thirty-three, twelve Corps had been formed, thousands of souls had sought Salvation at the penitent-form, a fine Headquarters had been established, and thousands of pounds worth of property secured and dedicated to the Salvation of souls.

The year that followed saw even greater triumphs. Barker instituted the Prison Gate and Rescue work with such success that he was hailed as a State benefactor, and his name was a password in civic and State governmental circles.

The popularity that enveloped these two people, so recently raised from among the commonplace toilers, might easily have turned their heads had not a hidden spiritual influence held them. Commissioner Howard, who took the oversight of the rapidly expanding work, supplied the following charming sidelight:

'I lived with Colonel and Mrs. Barker until Mrs. Howard came to me from England, and the memory which stands out above all is Mrs. Barker's saintliness in the home. Without doubt, the Colonel was the idol of the people. Few men in The Army have been the object of more admiration and flattery than he received in Melbourne. Mrs. Barker realized the great spiritual danger to which her husband was exposed, and also that his power with men was entirely of God; and the fact was ever fresh with her, that The Salvation Army had given them the wonderful platform which they occupied. It was a sacred thing to see that little woman in the privacy of her home playing the part of guardian angel to her husband's soul. She loved him, corrected him, and simply held him for God. He was impetuous by nature and living under a great strain, would sometimes be irritable at home, but she would never allow him to face the world unless he had victory in his soul. Every day she would take his hand and with heavenly sweetness would say, "Come, Jimmy," and lead the way into their own room, there to spend a little time in prayer together, just those two kneeling before God, asking for His Spirit to be in them, and upon them for the day's fight. No success satisfied her unless she was assured of victory along the spiritual line. From that little sanctuary the Colonel went out to his work, and by the power of God he saw miracles performed.'

From being a Soldier of a London Corps, Mrs. Barker suddenly found herself jointly responsible for an influential and growing opportunity. She was surrounded by people who regarded her as some great one, and would give their honor, their services, their means at her word. In a greater or less degree the temptation to receive for self the accompaniments of high office, is presented to the wife of every Army Leader. Mrs. Barker received all that the people would give for her Lord, but, for herself, nothing but good comradeship.

Of her leadership in Australia, the memory which remains to this day is that of a pure, ministering, praying spirit who loved and toiled, and gave the best that she had, asking nothing in return. Satan has no pull on a soul who wants nothing for self but all for the Holy War.

An instance of her entire unselfishness. During one of her official journeyings she was badly shaken in a railway accident. She made no claim against the company; but the Barkers had become people of note, and a representative of the railway waited upon Mrs. Barker and gave her a check for one hundred pounds. This she promptly handed over to the cashier at Headquarters!

When farewell orders recalled Colonel and Mrs. Barker to International Headquarters, Government officials and other prominent men in Victoria felt that their removal would be disastrous to the great social work they had inaugurated. The Colonel was approached with the offer that if he would remain in Melbourne his Way to independent rescue work would be financed. Mrs. Barker's health had of recent years been increasingly frail, and she seemed ill fitted to exchange the climate of Australia for that of England. What should be done? There was no question in the heart of this loyal little woman; she strengthened her husband's determination to leave the disposal of their service with God and the General, and all offers and inducements were declined.

The transfer to England was not without its trials. Mrs. Barker took chill and had a bad winter, and the big, sunny spirit of her husband was much tried, as he worked to secure facilities for helping the prisoners such as he had enjoyed with such good results in Australia. Ofttimes he would pace the floor with indignation against the conservative methods of old England in regard to social reform, and sometimes his thoughts would travel to the great opportunity he had left.

Extracts from letters to Australia of this period show Mrs. Barker's prayerful, hopeful state of soul which was as balm to her husband's restive spirit and which, at this perilous time in his career, held his feet in the way of the Cross. She wrote:

'The Colonel is getting on with his work which is now quite behind the scenes. He feels the change from Melbourne life, but is glad to have more time for his own spiritual profit.

'Since I have been better, and able to get about, I have met several old comrades who are now Officers, and I am feeling quite at home. It is such a joy to me to see some whom I used to nurse as my spiritual children now fighting in the ranks of The Salvation Army. They cost me prayers, and tears, and heartaches, but I am amply repaid. We led Sunday's Meetings at Regent Hall. It was my first Meeting since our return, and I enjoyed much liberty and felt the power of God in my soul. We wound up with nearly twenty seekers. You will hardly find us in "The War Cry." There is no room to report the different Meetings of the Staff as there are so many.

'You will rejoice to know that my darling little Eva definitely gave herself to God tonight. I am sure she is saved; in fact, I claimed her soul as my New Year's Gift from Heaven, but I was anxious for her to feed in her own heart that she needed to be saved, and without any word of mine, she said to me, "O mother, I do wish I could be good; I keep trying, but I can't. Sometimes

I think it's no use, and then I think, well, I will keep on praying until Jesus does answer my prayers."

I saw my opportunity, and explained how she could be saved just now. "What, right off before I go to bed?" she exclaimed. And kneeling down she wept and prayed and trusted God. You will join me in praise to God for His love to my darling.'

Wise, faithful little woman! Refusing to grumble about the sudden change from sunshine to gloom, or to weaken her husband's hands by grizzling about a curtailed sphere; meekly and in faith taking her life from God, and by her sweetness making sunshine on many a dull day and inspiring her husband with courage to tackle his difficult charge.

How well he succeeded belongs to another story. Ten years after Colonel Barker's recall to London he was stricken with illness, and some months later, in great triumph of soul, was promoted to Glory. Mrs. Barker survived her husband seventeen years and to the end remained in active and efficient Officership. Refusing the offer to join her well-to-do relatives in Australia, after her dear one's death, she gathered up the threads of life again and with fine spirit entered upon her appointment as General Secretary of the Women's Social Work, which later was raised to the status of Chief Secretary.

Her position at the Women's Social Headquarters was no sinecure. She mastered and discharged her responsibilities with all the thoroughness of her high soul, and in the evenings she turned homewards and poured out her love upon her own chicks. It was the Mother quality, united to a life of holiness, that causes her name to be still spoken with wistful lips and glistening eyes.

For young Officers who had been drawn to the Social Work by an impulse of romantic devotion, she had a great fund of sympathy, and such girls found a tender, though firm mother-hand upon their reins, bringing them steadily to realize and glory in the long, long pull of endurance which seeking and saving the lost entails. But she could be very stern. She disciplined her own life with Spartan severity, and expected and required of others the same sense of responsibility in the work of God and devotion to duty which she herself exemplified.

She was a Social Officer from settled conviction. To a comrade she confided that when the need for Rescue Work was borne in upon her in Melbourne, she had grave doubts as to God's view upon the matter, since she knew that the Old Testament required the death penalty for certain moral offenses. She read the Bible through with this question in mind, and was puzzled until she reached the story of the erring woman whom the Pharisees denounced to Christ. It shone out for her seeking soul with a glorious new meaning. 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more,' became her heart-cry for every repentant sinner. The Saviour's love and pity and patience with the weak and wobbling took possession of her and controlled all her outlook upon the lost.

In an effort to suggest the holy atmosphere which surrounded Mrs. Barker, an old Officer has said.

'One could not describe her, nor begin to tell what it meant to us when we lost her. She was the sort of friend of whom one has said, "She knew all about us and loved us just the same.'"

Brigadier Barber, who often accompanied the Colonel in her Campaigns, says:

'She could really be called a friend of God. She knew Him so well, and took everything to Him. When the Colonel was specialing, I often shared her room, and after she had retired I have gone to the room and heard talking, and thinking the Colonel was interviewing an Officer, I have waited outside. At last I discovered that she was praying aloud. Often I have wakened in the middle of the night, and have heard her gently talking to God about all kind of things. It felt very sacred to be in such an atmosphere. Really, God was the strength of her life.'

To Major Ellwood, her secretary for many years, the memory of the Colonel is as an anchor. Says the Major:

'God was such a reality to her. When first I went to her I used to marvel at a little sentence she almost always wove into her letters to Officers -- "Cultivate the presence of God.'" But soon I came to realize that the Colonel's whole life was lived in the presence of God, and in this lay her power. Nothing that would grieve God was allowed in deed or word, and all that God would wish concerning her was aimed at.

'She was very loyal to her leaders. Even if she did not see eye to eye with every arrangement, not even to me, whom she treated almost with the intimacy of a sister, would she show any other than a wholehearted resolve to put through the thing decided upon in the best possible way.

'Oh, she was brave. She was a martyr to asthma and never knew when an attack would seize her, but her will power was wonderful, and she was generally able to keep on her feet. Just once, while conducting the preparations for an important Sale of Work in the West End, she became so ill that I had to get a cab and take her home. The severe attack passed, and she said, "Now I'm going back," and struggled to get up. For once I openly rebelled, and said, "I'll see you don't." "Then you go at once, and you'll be in time for the opening," she commanded, and though the house was empty she waved me off and settled down among the pillows.'

Commissioner Cox, whose burden-sharer she was for many years, writes:

'Her helpfulness to me exceeded everything that any one else could say. As my Chief Secretary, she was a dear friend and companion, entering into all my desires for the advancement of the work with her whole heart and soul. She was a very real comfort to me, sharing all my burdens and anxieties. I cannot recall a single hour when we were not of one accord.

'We miss her at every point where her responsibilities had taken her, and as I look back, I can only think of her with sincere and heartfelt gratitude and remind myself that "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

After seventeen years at the Women's Social Headquarters, the General decided that Mrs. Barker should be relieved from the heavy responsibility she had so valiantly carried, and accordingly appointed her to the secretaryship of the Mothers' Hospital.

Mrs. Barker was a woman who valued position -- not for vain-glorious reasons -- and she liked to stand to the full height of any appointment God called her to. She had striven and she had excelled; now she was to step down from her exalted post and take sub-duty in a department of the great work she had administered. A while before the change was announced, during her prayer hour, she had been startled by what later proved to be a revelation concerning her future. Quickly she shut out from her mind the strange experience, but on the day she received her appointment she went to her knees and said simply, 'So it was Thy voice, Lord. It was Thy voice,' and thereupon received the new charge from His hand.

Lieut.-Colonel Castle, Matron of the Mothers' Hospital, has warm memories of her brief tarry there:

'Her presence here, though so short, was a great asset. It helped the smooth running of the wheels. A Hospital, with its multitudinous claims and anxieties, is apt to be a "fratchy" place, but by no means must "fratchiness" reach the patients. The Colonel's loving spirit and quick perception would detect if a nurse looked or sounded over-weary or out-of-sorts, and, without any hitch in the routine, she would contrive to have a heartening word with her. Surely the dew of the Holy Spirit rested upon her service. To the patients, particularly the mothers who had left little children at home, she stood for something more than an angel. Not the best nurse could approach the Colonel for helping them. She was a mother; she understood.'

And the mother side was the biggest and the best side of Alice Barker. When as 'the remaining one' she faced independent Officership, she had three delicate children. Eva, then seventeen, undertook the homekeeping and care of Hilda, aged nine, and Cath, aged two, and managed very cleverly until she entered Training.

Mrs. Barker had dearly longed for a son, and when young Albert Orsborn came visiting her home, begging for the privilege of entering her family, she felt God had given her the son of her heart. For several years it was possible for Brigadier and Mrs. Orsborn to share Mrs. Barker's home, and upon the joint household she exercised a gracious influence. I love the old-fashioned couplet:

'Home's the soldier's testing-place,
Be a saint at home.'

If a woman is a saint in her own home she can triumph anywhere. In her home circle Mrs. Barker shone at her best. She did not appear an angel to her dear ones, for angels have not felt the wear and tear and sorrows of human life, but before them her life was a shining example of all that is loving, patient, brave, unselfish, and Salvation Army.

She welcomed Eva's babies with great joy. They rested her. In the evenings she would carry off the stocking-bag and mending piles, and delighted to send her daughter off to a

Meeting where her own presence was not needed, while she looked after the children. To the little ones, Grandma's life shed a halo of loveliness about all things pertaining to the spiritual. They knew Grandma's special prayer-hour in the evening, and would go softly at that time, saying, 'Grandma's talking to God,' or would even slip into her room and kneel beside her. They will never forget her Meetings with them; their 'sing-songs,' when for an hour at a time they would choose and sing their favorites on Sunday evenings, then kneel in prayer for themselves, for The Army, for father giving his address, and for the unsaved. She taught them the Bible, reciting long passages and Psalms in a charming way. She so pictured Heaven, the summerland where Jesus reigns, that death holds no terrors for them.

Cath, Mrs. Barker's youngest daughter, remembers her first wonderings, when, as she grew, she found some people did not view things in the light of her mother's life of simplicity and holiness. To her questions, her mother replied, 'Let us come up to the standards God has set.'

From Hilda's baby days her father had called her 'Peter' because of her self-willed and fiery disposition. She says:

'I simply did not want to go the way of the Cross, and especially The Army way. I was a sad trial to Mother, but she was a saint. She lived the best she talked, and when she went away, I felt everything in life had turned to ashes, and I wanted to choose the things she chose. I like to think she knows.'

Brigadier Orsborn pays grateful tribute to Mrs. Barker's influence upon his life. Through all the years of their happy association he traces the wholesome, stirring effect of her words and actions.

At a juncture early in his career, Orsborn was torn by an offer of an easier way, in which family considerations played an important part. 'What shall I do?' he asked Mrs. Barker. 'Go!' she replied. 'The Army can do without people whose minds are not made up.' This terse reply threw matters into their true perspective, and once and for all Albert Orsborn chose The Army as his battlefield.

When the scourge of virulent influenza swept through London in 1918, Colonel Mrs. Barker was laid low. Pneumonia intervened, and after a short, sharp struggle, the brave warrior yielded her sword. When she knew she was dying, she said to her son-in-law in a tone of satisfied resignation: 'It's all right, my boy; there are no settlings up!' Her life was all in order, ready for the last great audit and inspection.

Prayers for her dearest ones remained unanswered-Hilda, refusing the way of the Cross, and Cath a semi-invalid -- but with serene faith she trusted her Heavenly Father to fulfill her heart's desire concerning them. As I write five years later, both the daughters are Army Captains, Hilda having voluntarily chosen the Social Work.

'Sing, "Blessed Lord in Thee is refuge,"' she asked when her feet were in the swellings of Jordan. The beautiful verses which trace the progress of a trustful soul, and finish with the confident note, 'Faith triumphant! Knowing not defeat or fear,' were sung, and the pure spirit of

Alice Barker, having finished the course and kept the faith, was absent from the body and present with the Lord.

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07 -- COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA (1883--1888)

The talented son of a prosperous Buddhist Cingalese, Arnolis Weerasooriya entered The Army service in 1883. He adopted the dress of the poorest natives and became truly a servant of all for Christ's sake. In 1886 Weerasooriya attended the International Congress in London. Appointed second in command of the work in India and Ceylon, he shortly afterwards succumbed to cholera, after four and a half years of markedly fruitful service.

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COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA

One of the mysteries of Salvation Army warfare has been the early promotion to Glory of Leaders who, it seemed, God had raised up for special and lengthy service. Like glorious stars of promise they arose on our horizon, but even while we were giving thanks for them, and in a sense 'banking' on them, they were summoned to service beyond our ken. We have been left to marvel, to trust, and to gird ourselves afresh for the battle. Nevertheless, if we will 'let the centuries teach the years,' we may discern a wise and blessed unfolding even of this mystery.

The disciples of our Lord suffered such trial of faith. Following His departure from them after three years 'leadership, they mourned:' We trusted it had been He which should have redeemed Israel. 'Those hopes were indeed to be fulfilled, though not in their time or method; and besides redeeming the world, the Saviour's short ministry was to provide His followers with a message, an example, and an inspiration right clown the ages.

Some of our most saintly and brilliant warriors are lent to us only long enough to emphasize a truth particularly necessary to their generation. If their message is apprehended and applied, then is their death as the falling into the ground of 'a corn of wheat,' to spring up and bear a harvest of its kind. But if the message is heard, and before us is spread the example -- an object lesson from the mind of God -- and our ears are heavy with the sounds of earth, or our eyes dim with mists of our own making, the word of God may pass us by.

Nevertheless, He has spoken, and in time and eternity we shall be the poorer for the grossness of heart that caused us to miss the vision.

May God touch us -- if need be, awaken us -- to ponder with open spirit the message which He sent to The Army by the lips and life of Arnolis Weerasooriya.

The Weerasooriyas of Dodanduwa, Ceylon, were of the well-to-do Cingalese class; in religion staunch Buddhists. Arnolis, the first-born son, was from birth devoted to the priesthood, but when the child had reached the age of six, a copy of the Bible came into the possession of his

father, who studied it, and as a result was converted to Christ. A storm of persecution fell upon the young convert; his beautiful young wife left him, taking with her their little son. But Weerasooriya stood firm. By and by his wife returned to him, and was herself won to Christ. But when the sacred thread which denoted the dedication of Arnolis to the service of Buddha was removed from the wee man's arm, so enraged was he, that, in revenge, he gathered to burn every Christian book in the house on which he could lay hands.

Arnolis began his education early, and in due course passed from the local school to the college at Kandy. As a nominal Christian, he adopted Western clothing and methods of life. A brilliant student, a strong athlete, he was a favorite throughout the college. For him an exceptional career was taken for granted by his many friends.

Having graduated, he became a tutor at the College. About this time a copy of Haslam's 'From Death unto Life' fell into his hands. He read it with interest, and through it came to realize the failure of nominal Christianity. He was unsaved. Deep conviction of sin seized his soul, and he sought help from spiritual advisers, who, however, sought to reassure him on account of his exemplary life. But Arnolis turned from them uncomforted, and day and night cried to God for Salvation. During a service in church he heard a voice say in his soul, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' At the words he was filled with joy, and as soon as the service concluded, he went, first to his pastor, and then to his friends to tell the good news: he was born again; he was a son of God.

Straightway he began to hold Meetings in his study to which many students came. Some of these were smitten with conviction and were saved. A revival of real religion was seen throughout the College. At this juncture word reached Kandy that a Salvationist was coming to the city. News of the strange doings of this new people, and the persecution to which they had been subjected, had appeared in the papers of India and Ceylon, and the reconnoitering Officer found a curious crowd awaiting him at Kandy.

So real and lovely had been the revelation of Jesus to the soul of Arnolis at the time of his conversion, that he had bowed before Him in a passion of adoration and devotion. He would love his Saviour, his King, more than any one else loved him. He read the lives of holy men and rejoiced, since he could find in them no proof of devotion greater than that he felt for his Lord. But when the English-born Army Officer came, wearing the dress of a native, preaching Salvation from all sin, and calling for an entire surrender of Christians to the service of Christ, Arnolis went home sorrowful. The light of the Holy Spirit had revealed reserves and self-love within him which he had not suspected.

Weerasooriya admired Western civilization, the adoption of its dress and habits was pleasant to him. Moreover, it gave him standing among the governing class of Europeans and, indeed, among his own people. But here was a man who, to reach the souls of Weerasooriya's nation with the message of Salvation, had laid aside the robes and usages of his own country, and had voluntarily taken the garb and lived the life of the native. Weerasooriya was not prepared for such a sacrifice, therefore he could no longer claim to love Jesus more than any other. In his anguish there came to him a vision, or a realization, of what it meant for the Lord of glory to lay aside His garments of majesty, and His Heavenly estate; to take upon Himself the form of a babe, to lie in a manger among the beasts, to bear a name of shame-the Son of Mary --

to live His life among the poor and unlearned, with 'no where to lay His head'; to be insulted and hunted by the great and small of the earth and at last, as He sought to save the world -- to save him, Arnolis Weerasooriya -- to be done to death by His own.

Before that marvelous emptying of self, that matchless humiliation and that boundless love, Arnolis emptied himself, and pure love flowed into his being. From that day he entered into conscious union with his Lord. He was one with Him in purpose, in self-sacrifice, and in communion.

He went forth to live and teach a truth that he had come to realize -- 'The Cross Is The Attraction.' Then was his soul filled with such joy as he had not thought was for mortal man. When he went abroad, his life reflected something of the beauty, dignity, and power of his Lord, and as he walked, men marveled and thought of Christ.

Weerasooriya's parents were not in the least prepared to acquiesce in the step their son had decided upon. They were pleased for him to be a Christian, but wished him to be with his Lord in His glory and not in His shame. In them was the old-time spirit of the mother of James and John; they wanted to choose the place their son should occupy in the Kingdom of Christ -- and it was nothing less than a Bishopric.

When Arnolis arrived at home and declared his intention of joining The Salvation Army, his father laid hands on him 'for his good,' and shut him up in his room for two weeks. Arnolis used this time of forced confinement to give himself to prayer. Far from curing him of 'a mad infatuation,' his parents came to realize that they must not interfere with God's choice for their son. Speaking in after years on this subject, he used to say, 'Whenever I pray most, and seem nearest to God, then I love The Salvation Army the most and see in it clearly God's plan for proclaiming Salvation to the world.'

Arnolis went first to Madras, where he became a Salvation Soldier and applied for Officership.

In the Corps there he encountered a confusion of ideas concerning the best methods of evangelizing the natives and also a medley of dress. The Officers, unacquainted with native thought and custom, were working earnestly, but with a good deal of uncertainty. The Government was against their methods, as also were most of the missionaries; to this was added the hostility of the wealthy natives to their teaching.

Instead of feeling a sense of disappointment at this lack of settled policy, Weerasooriya saw it to be merely a morning mist. To him the way was clear. To win the natives for Christ and to make a Salvation Army, one must be a native, otherwise, as with the work of so many missions, the converts would become Europeanized. He discarded his European clothes, putting on the garb of a middle-class native. This was a middle course, avoiding imitation of the wealthy natives, yet not bringing his calling into disrepute by adopting merely the loin-cloth of the coolie, into both of which errors some Officers had fallen. His English comrades were greatly drawn to him because of his saintly character and strong personality, but those who were not yet

prepared to go all lengths looked at him askance -- 'sorrowfully, as though I were going strange and mad, some avoided me,' he wrote later.

Before long, as a Cadet, he was called to Bombay and there met Commissioner -- then Major -- Tucker. He found the Major not only the personification of love and devotion to God, but dressed as a Fakir, a native 'holy' man -- and spirit greeted spirit. The Major was himself feeling his way forward, trampling upon his own susceptibilities and making a path for others to traverse; the coming of Weerasooriya was as the love and strength of Jonathan to David. Of him at that time Commissioner Tucker wrote:

'His humility, his prayerfulness, his zeal, his courage, from the first day marked him out as a man of the future. His leaders rejoiced that the Lord had raised up an apostle for India from among the natives.'

After two years of campaigning in the three great cities -- Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta -- Commissioner Tucker had come to realize that he must strike out from these Christ-rejecting centers if there was to be anything like a sweeping advance of The Army in India; therefore, after Weerasooriya had spent a few months in Training, he was selected to accompany the Commissioner on a tour through Northern India in order to spy out the land for a susceptible place of fresh attack.

Before setting out, a day was devoted to fasting and prayer that God would guide them to a place where souls would hear His Word and accept it. Arriving at Ahmedabad, some encouraging Meetings were held, but there did not appear to be a permanent opening and the two were preparing to resume their journey, when the Commissioner was recalled by wire to Bombay.

Weerasooriya remained, and accepted an invitation from a small community of nominal Christians to speak to them. His testimony to the power of God to save from all sin, and to fill the cleansed heart with His own joy and peace, stirred the whole community, and there was a great crying out to God. Commissioner Tucker returned to find that a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God had begun. Neither he nor his Captain could speak the Guzerati language, but the Commissioner, realizing that God had chosen Weerasooriya as His mouthpiece, with the true Army spirit put him forward to speak English, while he translated into Hindustani, and among the thousands who thronged to the Meetings were those who again translated into the local dialects. The fire of God spread to the heathen villages for twenty miles around. Within a month about a thousand souls had sought Salvation. To many, the revelation of the living God was so clear and powerful that they were straightway selected as local leaders and set to win others to the Saviour. They were called Jemadars and placed in charge of the little groups of converts. Within a few months Salvation Army work was being conducted in eighty villages and hundreds more souls were seeking Christ.

Persecution from the high caste natives now arose with fury, and the little companies of Salvationists were often as sheep in the midst of wolves. At one village it seemed that from sheer terror all would forsake Christ. The Commissioner and his A.D.C. one night dealt with this little company in love, then told them they would go away and fast and pray for two days on their

behalf. It was then late at night, and the villagers entreated their leaders not to leave them. However, those men of God set out in the darkness, and reaching a river, they prepared to begin their fast. About noon the next day a shout was heard. The villagers, distressed that their leaders had, without food or water, left them, had gone in search of them, and now came running to them across the fields. The fast days were observed by the entire population. The Holy Ghost was poured out. Such prayers, confessions, and consecrations 'to suffer, live, or die for their Lord crucified!'

Weerasooriya was in his glory. He shouted, sang, prayed, and wept for joy. At the conclusion of that memorable 'Two Days,' a procession formed and marched back to the village with songs of joy. Many who were converted during that season became leading Officers.

This work of God came as a Divine touch upon the Officers and Soldiers toiling in the cities.

The Commissioner and Weerasooriya (the latter now promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain) proceeded to make an attack in Ceylon and South India. There followed a further wonderful harvest of souls, and in this connection Commissioner Tucker wrote: 'Here again Weerasooriya was the leading spirit.' When, so long as the Word of God had free course and was glorified, the leader, and he an English gentleman, was willing to take second place to a junior Officer and a native, there could be no hindrance to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The first places visited were Weerasooriya's own native village and the neighboring town of Galle. Hundreds of Cingalese sought God.

Weerasooriya's life was lived so swiftly -- four years completing his Army warfare -- that the events of years were pressed into months. So soon as this he was to receive his father's approval of his choice of the way of the Cross.

Weerasooriya, senior, went to Colombo to meet his son. He wrote:

'I found them (Commissioner Tucker and Arnolis) to be regular Fakirs, and I thought I must at any rate make my son change his dress. I said to him, " Son, your hair is very shabby. You are foolish to let it grow so long." But he said, " Father, don't look at the outside; my heart is very clean." I talked no more. In one of the Meetings at Dodanduwa, my daughter and I felt our sins and got properly saved. Praise the Lord.'

Arnolis was called to the Buddhist temple to see his uncle-priest. About twenty priests were present as Weerasooriya testified to them of the power of God to cleanse his soul from all sin. His uncle replied:

'Arnolis, you are living as our Buddha said you ought to live. You have no lust for the world. Also you are humble and patient; but you must not say it was Christ who changed you; you should say that you acquired virtue by your own exertions.'

To which speech his father replied, addressing the company, 'Have any one of you acquired these good qualities by your own power?' They looked from one to another and were silent. Another incident the father, whose spiritual eyes were now open, recorded of his son:

'A "rough" knocked Arnolis down and kicked and beat him. Instead of striking back, he kissed the hands of his persecutor, and kneeling in the road prayed that God would forgive and save him.'

Success did not spoil Weerasooriya. He lived so near to his Saviour that he was kept by His power. Here we find him helping the fishermen to draw in their nets, meanwhile shouting messages of Salvation between the fishermen's craft-call. In a letter he writes:

'Pulling in the nets again -- thrice since my illness. Each time I got a quantity of fish for my share. While engaged in pulling I announced the Meetings. Here I find a good opportunity to mix freely with the people. It is the only time I have seen some of our bitterest enemies smile. If I see one pulling the same net I get hold just next to him, quite touching his body, and soon we are friends.'

Again we find him begging his bread with joyfulness. He writes:

'Friends are not surprised to see us begging our food. On Christmas Day they filled our "gotos" with good things. I had to tell many to-day to give their hearts to God with the same willingness that they gave Pinnapatee.'

In 1886 Weerasooriya was chosen to take a party of representative Indian converts to the International Congress in London. So strained were the International funds, and so fully occupied were the Officers, that Commissioner Tucker was forewarned that he must not expect reinforcements or funds. But wherever Weerasooriya appeared the appeal of his party was irresistible, and before the Congress concluded it was clear that God had provided both funds and Officers for the extension of India's battle-field. To Weerasooriya was entrusted the delicate work of interviewing Candidates for the Indian Field. To this day pioneer Officers remember his noble bearing, his gentle, holy influence, and his wisdom, as he talked with them of the need of India's millions, of the glorious opportunity to be one with the Saviour in giving up all to seek the lost.

'I do not charge my memory with any very detailed recollections of Colonel Weerasooriya, 'says the General.' I remember, of course, his stay of some months in this country in 1886, and again in the following year, when parties of Officers were being selected to send out to India. The deep and earnest religiousness, united with a very large measure of wisdom and everyday sense which he then manifested, impressed us all. In my own relations with him, relations which, as Chief of the Staff, had to do with final decisions in many intimate matters, I found in him one of nature's gentlemen, with a refined and humble spirit. There was at the same time a strength and courage which one felt must rest on deep convictions.

'But it was his sanctified simplicity which most impressed me. No doubt he was over confident at times, and his work probably suffered from this. Naturally of a strong and vigorous

type, with clear views of duty and responsibility, he occasionally asked from his comrades, both European and Indian, more than those comrades could give. But always his childlike frankness and simple humble spirit brought him to the right view. I find that in writing of him in 1905 I said that "it was his absolute simplicity that won his way. He was so frank, so open, so entirely without guile, so completely a true man, even in his weaknesses -- that to know him was first to admire and then to trust him."

'It is very interesting to me now to reflect that the Army Mother was perhaps more drawn to Colonel Weerasooriya than to any other comrade of an Eastern people. They were, these two, in a striking way drawn to each other in spirit and understanding and appreciation. Was it because both were to be so soon taken up into the Presence? I do not know. Any way, our dear Mother saw in the Colonel much that helped her to comprehend and to love the Eastern nations. And this I also can certainly say for myself.'

This visit to England helped Weerasooriya to understand the sacrifice involved in the call to the East of a European Officer: the change from a cold climate to the tropical heat of India, from a comfortable home and good food to a mud hut and the scanty food of a beggar, as was frequently the case in the early days. He welcomed such Officers with true courtesy and gratitude, and gave himself to prayer on their behalf. On the voyage out, and also upon arrival in India, this man gripped the heart of the European Officers. When walking the roads, his quick eyes would discern pieces of glass, and other things hurtful to tender feet, and swiftly, yet unobtrusively, he would move them out of the way. In the sleeping arrangements he saw his men-comrades accommodated with their mats as comfortably as possible, always choosing the least enviable position of the floor for himself. Again and again Officers have wakened in the night and seen the Major kneeling in prayer and have heard him travailing with God for his English comrades that grace and joy might be given them. They have slept and wakened again only to find Weerasooriya still bowed in prayer.

His tenderness and consideration were only equaled by his sanity and justice. Those were difficult days in India. Not only was Commissioner Tucker convinced that the best way to reach the heart of an Indian was to become an Indian, but money was not available for anything better than the native way of living. The policy which had been adopted must be held and wisely directed. By far the greater number of the English Officers were willing for the sacrifice. Some, in their zeal to reach the native heart, inclined to go foolish lengths, while here and there were a few who were determined to suffer no more than they must. 'Between the two extremes he held the balance even,' says Commissioner Booth-Tucker. To those who would do violence to the laws of health and decency he said a stern 'Steady'; while those who shirked their share of sacrifice, he sweetly and calmly, but with a firmness that knew no turning, held to duty. Many Officers treasure a memory of him so fragrant that it is still spoken of almost with awe. His deep spirituality was free from sentimentalism; he was practical in his own conduct and sound in administration, Entrusted with large powers of control, Weerasooriya never became a 'lord over God's heritage.' The spirit of the shepherd kept pace with the quality of leadership in his ripening character and he truly was an 'ensample to the flock.'

Lieut.-Commissioner Iliffe, who spent part of his early Army life in India, remembers Weerasooriya with deep affection and reverence. He says:

'When I arrived in Ceylon I had the privilege of a peep into Weerasooriya's most intimate life. It was a constant prayer. The sense of his continual nearness to God gave his character a wonderful sweetness and power of attraction. To the European Officers of that day he stood alone. He was a psychologist with a peculiar understanding of the mentality and habit of the westerner, as well as of his own people. His ability to enter into our difficulties and find a way of rightful compromise -- a very delicate accomplishment -- was remarkable.

'In all things he was an example. He had conquered the lassitude that one finds ever in the East. He was always up and doing and ever alert in mind and body. He was a saint; his religion was no austerity; nor painful sacrifice; nor barren self-effacement. It was simply a gracious outflowing of Christ-like love.

'I was stationed at Headquarters when, as Chief Secretary, he temporarily took control of India. He was soon beloved by all, not because of any easiness of control, but rather, because of the attractiveness of his personality, his splendid grip of affairs coupled with wonderful spiritual insight.'

The true inwardness of Weerasooriya's Christ-likeness is revealed in his reply to an English Officer who remarked to him, 'When I look upon the horrors of the people's sufferings, the monstrosities, the black leprosy, and other awful sights in the streets, my whole being shudders and revolts.' He replied kindly but with pain in his tones, 'Oh, that will not do. You will never love India until you can look into her wounds and look till your whole heart goes out in pity to comfort and heal her. 'He would have had it said of every Missionary Officer, 'Surely he -- she -- hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.'

Of him a comrade says: 'When he spoke of Christ his face shone with such beauty that one felt that he must actually look like the Saviour.'

Raised to the position of second in command of the Territory, Weerasooriya faced a new outlook. In his charge were many European Officers -- as well as Indians -- many of them gentlewomen. How could he help them as he should? But for this responsibility it seemed unlikely that he would ever have given a thought to marriage. For his mother's judgment, since her conversion, he had profound respect. He talked with her, pointing out that to be truly brother and comrade to the European Officers, he felt he should marry a European. The mother considered, and in reply she renounced the pride and prejudice of generations. 'You are right, my son.' But before he could take to himself a 'continual comrade in the war' God called him away.

The Commissioner was absent in England when Weerasooriya's sudden Home Call came.

The Colonel's last great effort to bless the rapidly extending Territory was the calling together of the leading Staff in Council. Upon those sessions he poured out a torrent of desire for the Salvation of India, and he led his comrades to God in a passion of prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that they might be fully equipped for their great commission. Hear him counseling the Officers:

'In the Indian warfare it will not be the attack of the mass, but the effort of the individual that will bring victory. One whose heart yearns for the Salvation of the people will discover one door, another will find another; and so we shall win.

'Our work is not only to save souls for the present but to make a Salvation Army. We are not revivalists merely, we want to establish ourselves. How can we make a native Salvation Army?

'How are we to win the Indian? I had to learn this lesson. I was brought up among Europeans. You must begin as I began. You must love the natives. And true love ever springs from the heart. You cannot love nor hate by trying, both are spontaneous, they begin in the heart. Christ so loved men as to die for them. Love was in His heart. It is His spirit we must have.'

Abounding in Heavenly wisdom that is 'pure, peaceable, easy to be entreated, without partiality and without hypocrisy,' he commanded without strain; and also he preserved the heart, of a little child in humility and guilelessness. To Commissioner Tucker he wrote at this time:

'I feel tremendously like fighting. I have made great mistakes in the past but I think not so many now. Yet if I have made mistakes, I would like the General to pitch into me and deal with me as one of his own children.

'Notwithstanding the daily growing burden of the work, my heart gets filled. Strength comes without effort.'

In a letter, the last he wrote, he says:

'I have never before experienced the love of God so much as I do now, especially in definite help in getting through difficulties of the War. Dear Commissioner, I am very happy, happy because the Lord is drawing nearer and giving victory every week!'

After the Staff Council, he inspected the work throughout Ceylon and South India and then set his face toward his earliest battle-field, Guzerat. The weather was very hot and he was weary with his campaign, but hearing that an English Officer was ill, with cholera, he went to visit and comfort him. Disease had no terrors for him. Returning to Bombay he felt weary and ill. Cholera developed and two days later he had passed into the presence of his King. When racked with agony he smiled and whispered, 'It's nice to be saved.' As the disease increased, and it would seem that the likelihood of his leaving his beloved battle-field dawned upon him, he spoke of 'trust, being trust.' His comrade nurse began to sing softly his favorite song, 'Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge.' In English and in Cingalese he sang over and over the refrain, 'I will trust Thee, all my life Thou shalt control.'

Consciousness began to fail, and thinking he was dictating a letter, he concluded with 'Yours for the Salvation of India,' and was away.

'Weerasooriya lived out his undying motto: "The Cross is the attraction"' -- says one who worked under him. It was the giving of His best -- His only begotten Son on the part of the

Father, it was the emptying, the renouncing of all things by the Son of God that He might seek to save the lost, that drew Arnolis Weerasooriya to a like renunciation. And it was this losing of his life that drew to him and to the cause he loved, in like loyalty, affection and sacrifice, scores of Officers of both white and native races, and which causes his influence to live and bear fruit to-day in circles far removed from The Army.

'He is remembered and loved by the men of his generation -- men who were his college chums -- many now filling positions of trust and honor,' wrote from Ceylon, Colonel Millner. 'Only three days ago I was lecturing at Kurenegalle, when a Dr. Goonaratue was announced to propose a vote of thanks. "Who is he?" I asked. "He is the Chief Advocate and most pious man in this city," was the reply. In the course of his remarks the Doctor said, " I have great respect for The Salvation Army; indeed, I have sincere love for this great Organization. I owe a great debt to one of its founders in this Island, that remarkable man and zealous saint, Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya. I was a student with him at Trinity College, and witnessed his conversion. Later, after he had met The Salvation Army, he stayed in my father's house, and I owe my conversion to Arnolis Weerasooriya. After thirty-five years I rejoice to be on this platform at the commencement of the work of The Salvation Army in this town. I give The Salvation Army Officers a hearty welcome and promise them sympathy and support by every means in my power.'"

There is no royal road to such abiding influence. It belongs only to the way of the Cross. It takes the bending before God of the whole being to arrive there, but in view of the life, and death, of our Lord, and in the light of Eternity, is it not worth while for us each?

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08 -- BRIGADIER HEDWIG VON HAARTMAN (1889--1902)

A Finnish lady of noble birth, Hedwig von Haartman faced, with splendid courage and fortitude, fierce persecution in establishing, in 1889, The Army's Work in her native land. After nine years she left a vigorous force of Salvationists in Finland. Transferred to the command of Army Operations in German-Switzerland, after two years' successful warfare she was suddenly promoted to Glory.

* * *

HEDWIG VON HAARTMAN

'I am convinced of the divinity of The Salvation Army.'

The words rang in my heart long after my Corps Officer -- who has done nearly forty years of Field service -- spoke them to me.

Notwithstanding his long and wearing warfare, the Commandant maintains the enthusiasm of the best Cadet traditions. His eye kindles with the steady gaze and fire of a prophet; his voice vibrates with persuasive passion; his spirit, gentle and guileless as that of a

child, is urged forward by an unwearied courage, and sustained by a victorious faith. Praise God for all such noble souls, whose pure eyes discern God, the Almighty God dwelling in our midst, and, again to quote my Corps Officer, 'leading forward this wonderful Army to greater victories than all that have gone before!'

Pondering this old but ever new truth -- that God delights to dwell with His people -- evidences of the Divine Presence in The Salvation Army arise in mind pictures, like peaks aglow in the sunset. One especially shining witness is that of God's choice of the men and women who have pioneered our work in various countries.

Sometimes He has sent His servants forth without the slightest knowledge of the language of the people to whom they bore His message. Greatly has He honored their obedient faith! Again, He has chosen one from among the people of the country to be attacked. Generally it has been a weak, insufficient one, who needed to walk each step in the Light of God, leaning on the arm of Omnipotence lest, stumbling, he or she should wreck the precious thing committed to their charge.

Of the latter type no more striking example can be cited than Hedwig von Haartman, pioneer in the Finnish Territory. A delicate girl, with but few natural qualifications for leadership, she raised, in less than seven years, and in circumstances beset with peculiar difficulties, a fighting force which, for many essential characteristics, might have been the Founder's own regiment.

Hedwig had temperamental drawbacks. Cast in the mold of an analyst rather than of a Soldier, she suffered throughout her career the disabilities for leadership associated with this sort of specialist. Her mind was devoted to insignificant detail. She was observant, but her interest inclined to center upon things by the wayside, the study of which she would pursue with a perseverance that was sometimes irritating to minds of wider scope.

Absorbed in her purpose, and indifferent to her own comfort, she overlooked the human susceptibilities in her associates, often forgetting to say the word of praise, or to perform the gracious act. Her rebukes might well have seemed out of proportion to the offense, and her demands for the war unreasonable to any but those whose entire devotion she had captured by reason of her own abnegation.

We who know our own hearts may find common ground for consolation in her deficiencies, while in the devotion which gave its all to the end -- the love that burned with white heat -- the faith that held in the dark -- the hope that waited in patience -- the endurance that refused to yield -- the simplicity and humility of spirit which spoke more loudly of Christ than her words -- and her joy in God which flourished in the desert days as in the years of plenty -- in these graces of the Spirit we may take courage, for they are possible of cultivation in any yielded heart.

Hedwig, the daughter of a noble Finnish family, had reached young womanhood when she met Christ. Attending an evangelistic Meeting, led by a godly young nobleman, she, for the first time, understood her position before God, and heard the Saviour's call to follow Him.

Deeply convicted, she left the Meeting with a friend, walked some distance, then stopped; as she stood in the street she decided for Christ and alone returned to the Meeting Hall.

That night Hedwig was born again. A great love for Christ filled her heart, and she began to witness for Him. One of her efforts was the forming of a Bible Class in the College in which she was a language teacher. She led many of her pupils to the Saviour.

An illness brought her into 'the Valley of the Shadow,' and there she realized that service to the One who had redeemed her should not be one of many interests in life, but her sole interest. She vowed to God that if restored to health He should have her all.

Believing that she could reach most souls as a hospital nurse she, upon her recovery, interviewed a leading doctor on the subject, but was informed there was no room for fanatics in hospital wards. Thrown back upon God, she awaited His guidance, meanwhile attaching herself to a band of other ladies whose hearts had been awakened to the claims of eternity. With them she visited the slums of Helsingfors, seeking the lowest and worst in their homes, and in the public-houses, while in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy she witnessed that Jesus had satisfied her soul. She won souls among both classes. God had her in hand for a Salvation Army career, but at the onset, as an angel of light, Satan set up a scheme of prevention.

News of The Army had reached the little band of slum workers via Sweden. Some of Hedwig's friends were captivated by the accounts of the success attending The Army's efforts. Not so Hedwig. Her nature was too thorough to be deeply influenced merely by success, often a transient thing, which passing, leaves a dismal track of failure.

The methods of The Army seemed to her to be unscriptural. Ranks and titles, demonstration and organization! It all savored of 'creatureliness' -- of the flesh rather than of the Spirit! Sadly, Hedwig contemplated withdrawing from the work she loved rather than grieve her Lord. But one of the ladies had gone to England for the purpose of studying The Army at close range. She returned with unvarnished accounts of the godly sincerity and simplicity of its leaders; she had visited their homes, had seen their zeal for souls, and their sacrifice of all worldly or selfish aims. As Hedwig listened, the Holy Spirit revealed to the heart the truth that the 'letter killeth; the spirit giveth life.' Her prejudice dispersed; her soul leapt to these people! 'This is God's way for me' she presently decided, and wrote her mother begging her to give her away to this Holy War as she would give her in marriage.

Within a few months Hedwig had arrived at the International Training Garrison in London, there to be uniformed and trained for Army Officership. Before she left home she had burned her bridges, had laid self low, and had come into line with the will of God, therefore during her six months of training no discipline vexed her, nor mud nor stones, nor vulgar jest of the crowd-part of the bargain of those days. Every day was a red-letter day for her soul and mind. Her whole being was open to receive instruction and help. She reveled in the spiritual feasts of the great Meetings, and regarded, perhaps, as her greatest privilege the opportunity to learn from the Founder's lips how to wage Salvation War. She sat at his feet with a reverence and love which was to prove lifelong.

Impatiently the little band at Helsingfors awaited her return. When, in full uniform with Lieutenant's braid on her collar she stepped from the train, her eyes shining, and the greeting 'Hallelujah' on her lips, her comrades sensed a new strength about her. 'She is the same and yet different: the power of God is upon her,' was their verdict, so we read in the charming little volume, 'Hedwig yon Haartman,' by Commissioner Duff. And so it proved.

A Hall was taken for the Meetings, some of the converts of the slum mission were sworn-in to be Soldiers, and then began the work of raising The Salvation Army in Finland. The task was a difficult one, impossible except by faith in the power of God. A mission among the poor was permissible, but to raise an Army of foreign origin with ranks and titles and warlike measures, seemed a direct challenge to the temper of the governing authorities. Hedwig knew all this, but she went forward.

Her Headquarters consisted of three small wooden rooms -- a workman's cottage -- in an unmade street. By day Hedwig visited the people in their homes, and in the streets sold pamphlets which described The Army; by night she conducted the Meetings.

The pioneers suffered real poverty; their food was short and of the coarsest, and time was when the Lieutenant's boots needed mending and she had no money either to repair them or to pay bus fares, which would spare her tramping through the mud. She had scores of well-to-do relatives in Helsingfors, but the heavenly vision had led her out from among them. Certainly she would not beg from them. As she walked the streets, her heart communing with God, she espied a silver coin in the mud -- the price of a bus fare. She picked it up and gave thanks.

In the testing furnace, 'no smell of the fire' clung to her. Her spirit was radiant. To her mother she wrote, 'You ought to see our platform, mamma. Our men-Soldiers look so nice in their red jerseys and the women in their bonnets. God bless them! Many of them are so truly given up to God, and are spreading blessing around. Some have offered themselves as Candidates for the work.'

This love for the poor and the outcast was a great joy to the General, who watched Hedwig from London. In recalling her, he writes:

'How few of those who have been brought up in the high circles of society ever dare to step down to mingle with the poor in any approach to real brotherhood or sisterhood. But this yon Haartman did at one leap, so to speak, and without ever afterwards showing the least desire to draw back from that act of true devotion. And she did it not when The Army became a great power in her country, but when it was in its feeble beginnings.'

To her Soldiers she appeared as one more than human. One early convert testified:

'She came among us as Jesus came; she was different from us men who had lived wicked lives in wretched godless homes. How should we dare to draw back and shun persecution when she went forward?'

Not only did she gain the ear of the common people, but down the dirty street ladies began to pick their way and to knock at the door of the little wooden house. One of her spiritual children, Alma Forsblom (now Lieut.-Colonel), came. The year before she had met Hedwig in the drawing-room of a Baroness and had been fascinated, first by her spiritual face, which seemed to be illumined from within, and then by her testimony that Jesus had satisfied her soul.

'Here is religion that does not add a burden to life but a joy. It is a living thing; it is worth while,' concluded Miss Forsblom. She sought and found Salvation. Now she asked her spiritual mother for some work. Hedwig let her darn her worn clothes. With needle in hand, and a storm of resentment in her heart, Alma worked. 'Only fit for the ragbag,' she mused. Then remembering the mud that still clung to her shoes, she continued, 'How can she live in such a place?' Looking about at the bare, ugly room, her thoughts continued, 'Such a Life!' The door opened, Hedwig returned from her visiting, greeted her with a smile, the shining light still upon her face. She told a little about her experiences; had a few words about 'the clean heart,' and after some prayer, Alma retraced her steps through the mud with the conviction burning within, 'She is happier than I am.' She came again and again. After a while, Hedwig committed to her a daily Bible-reading with a converted Jewess, who was seeking for light.

Miss Forsblom was a trained singer. In Hedwig's atmosphere she began to feel uncomfortable about attending concerts and she asked her advice.

'What do you feel about it?' the Lieutenant inquired.

'I am never so near to God as when hearing beautiful music.'

'By what do you judge your nearness to God? Is it easy for you to testify for God after a concert? The Lord's presence gives us love for souls and courage to seek them. Does this music give you overcoming power?'

'No, but when I hear beautiful music I thank God for His good gifts.' 'That is emotion.' Here the conversation would end. Hedwig never hammered. Alma ceased going to concerts.

Step by step this proud, self-sufficient girl came fully to the feet of the Saviour, and turned her face towards the International Training Garrison.

Such were Hedwig's methods of winning souls. She lived before them a life so joyous and holy that they longed to possess her secret.

It had not been the intention of International Headquarters to place this frail girl in charge of the Finnish opening; she was merely 'holding on' until the suitable leader should appear. But as God blessed the work, the Founder and the then Chief of the Staff came to realize that Hedwig von Haartman was the chosen instrument for His glory. Within four months of taking charge she was promoted to be Adjutant, and appointed Territorial Commander.

Hedwig was free from personal ambition. Moreover, she had no delusions about her natural deficiencies as a leader. Throughout her career she complained to her dearest friend that

she was 'too short for her frock,' but with God she had no reserves. Since He had sent her this appointment, she raised no controversy, but taking for her motto 'Forward my soul in power' she rose to her great responsibility.

She received her first three Cadets into her tiny Headquarters, for her own bed screening a corner of the dining-room. These young Women had rather lax ideas about coming to help Miss von Haartman, but she soon dispelled their illusions, awakening them by whistle and assigning them their duties. One, feeling homesick, asked four times in one day for permission to go to her mother. She was told 'No.' Hedwig prayed them through their difficulties and sent them about their work with an awakened sense of the importance of their call.

Meanwhile, she struggled with her own confronting giants. Of business methods she had little knowledge and simple accounts presented formidable difficulties. She set herself to master these.

She early felt that she must introduce The Army more effectually to the public, and decided to publish a 'War Cry.' With no knowledge of press work and little literary ability, she prepared, with infinite care, her little paper, and though inwardly groaning over what her trained mind knew to be a literary failure, she committed her best to God, and thrust it forth in faith. He greatly blessed the venture.

The language of the educated people of Finland had been Swedish for hundreds of years, and Hedwig knew no more of her ancient Finnish language than an average high school girl of Cardiff would understand Welsh, an Edinburgh girl Gaelic. But the bulk of the working people, The Army's people, spoke only Finnish. Full-handed though she was, Hedwig determined to master the language. She plodded at it, and as soon as she felt able she took with her four men converts and held a Meeting among a crowd of rough men who smoked and drank the while. It did not take long for her to say all she knew of Salvation in Finnish, and, as she had no one to supplement her efforts, she then knelt and said, 'Let us pray.' Before the Meeting closed, six men sought Salvation. Thus encouraged, she determined upon a Finnish Corps, and set about the translation of a Song Book.

Corps sprang up throughout the country, and then came to pass what Hedwig had anticipated from the first -- the work attracted the attention of the Government. Was it in keeping with the views of even a distant state of the Russian Empire to suffer such an organization as The Salvation Army?

In studying the career of von Haartman, one is oftentimes reminded of Queen Esther. Carrying in her hands the weal or ill of many souls, Hedwig felt that her help was alone in God. Securing the promise of an interview with the Governor-General, she sent him in advance a copy of 'In Darkest England and the Way Out.' Then she called together her Soldiers for prayer, asking them, as far as was possible, to give themselves to prayer on the day on which she was to see the man on whose decision apparently lay the future of The Army in Finland. She herself spent the greater part of the night preceding the interview on her knees before God, then, attired in her full uniform, she went to meet the Governor-General. The Lord put His grace upon His servant. The Governor was greatly impressed by the Adjutant's calm, modest dignity, her common sense and

her message. In that frail woman the man of the world was convinced of the divinity of The Salvation Army. He recognized that nothing but good could come to the poor and the evil of the community from efforts directed by this beautiful Finnish spirit, and with slight modifications gave his consent for the continuation of Salvation Army work in Finland. The Adjutant gave thanks to God and pressed forward to further attacks. Of that experience, the General says:

'It is difficult for us in England to appreciate the position of a leader who was raising up a people to do much that the authorities of the country appeared likely to forbid. To go straight on in such circumstances, calling on men and women to give up their lives to The Army, hiring Halls and fitting them up and ordering every convert to take the course followed by Army converts everywhere else required, we can see now, an immense faith in the purposes of God toward The Army as well as with regard to herself. And this was the life Hedwig von Haartman lived all the years of her command of Finland.'

To the foe, as to her comrades, yon Haartman ever presented a brave face, but how dark and rough was her way may be judged from extracts of letters to her mother. And does not every soul who comes to grips with the powers of darkness understand the experiences suggested here?

'If you,' she writes, 'have looked at these things from an entirely earthly point of view, then truly it seems we should do best to break up and clear out, all of us.'

'But there is another side to the matter, and that is, in the furnace of trial God's people are purified and cleansed. I have looked on this during times of incredible difficulties, and God has helped me not to give place to the discouragement which the Devil has tried in every way to insinuate into my soul.'

Again she writes:

'It is easy to stand fast when all goes well, but it is not so easy when everything is against one, and one feels forsaken by God and man. But I have experienced that if in the blackest darkness we hold on to Him, He will show us that He is, indeed, with us all the time, and will help us to conquer.'

And yet again:

'There are moments even in a Christian's life when it seems much easier to die than to live, to leave his post rather than to remain in it. And this last has been my experience lately. But I can praise God that He, with His strong Hand, has held me up.'

She felt her Officers to be a charge from God. Before her Field changes she spent a night in prayer, laying before the Lord each of the Officers concerned and seeking guidance.

She was exacting to a degree, but thoroughly fair and she never 'nagged,' therefore her Officers respected her decisions, even when they hurt. In dealing with difficulties she followed two wise principles. 'First, never to allow any mistrust of a person until I have myself, through

that person, been convinced that I have reason for that feeling. Second, never to say anything disagreeable to any one unless I hoped thereby to gain some good result.'

The regulations of The Army were to her an unmixed comfort. They were the guiding hand at dangerous junctions; they were a father's loving 'Yea' and 'Nay' in matters beyond her experience; they were a judge's decision in affairs beyond her control. She kept them herself with the comfort of assurance, and she saw that others kept them. For her, in awkward moments, there was no blind eye to the telescope; nor the line of least resistance in matters small or great. She would make an Army after the pattern of her Founder's considered judgment. By standing to that principle she actually achieved her purpose.

At last the tide of poverty, ridicule, and persecution turned, and opportunities for advance taxed all her powers. Through the seven-hundred miles length of her country, Corps sprang up. To direct her people, she harnessed to her aid the excellent telephone system of Finland. Nevertheless she needed to take long journeys by rail, boat, sleigh, and coach. Not one unnecessary penny would she spend on her personal comfort. In the train she traveled in the comfortless third class; on the steamers, by steerage. By degrees the officials came to recognize that an angel with folded wings sometimes passed their way, and they watched for opportunities to minister to her.

Great was her joy when Headquarters appointed as her secretary her spiritual child, Captain Alma Forsblom. The Captain brought to her friend and leader a whole treasure of helpfulness. Haartman was entirely unmusical, and it had greatly distressed her because she could not tell when she sang in tune," or at what pitch she raised a song. 'I will not afflict the people any more, you must teach me to sing,' she declared.

On their long journeys they would practice together a song fifty times, or until the Major had mastered it. Once learned, she never lost a tune, and was able to sing pleasantly and with soul.

A keenly observant woman of affairs and most loyal friend, Forsblom would detect when her leader had ill-managed a person or situation; when she forgot a word of praise or unduly 'came down' on an offender. She never betrayed her thoughts by the movement of an eyelid, but by a penciled note often prevented a difficulty. Fax from resenting help, the leader would say:

'That is what you axe for; what is the good of you, if you are not eyes and ears and brain for me?'

Von Haartman would give her secretary half a dozen orders, and say 'Attend to these at once.'

'Now really, which one at once?' the secretary would reply good naturedly. With a humility that was great, yon Haartman would stop, sort out her ideas, and with a smile would hand over her revised orders. Thus she used her secretary's keen mind to assist her in wise leadership.

Surely, surely, they are the meek who inherit the earth.

Major von Haartman's name became a household word throughout Finland, and wherever it was announced that she would speak, there would gather a crowd to hear her. But she hid in Christ, and remained unspoiled. At one town, a company of students, charmed with the passion of her message, serenaded her at the Officers' Quarters. They little guessed that her bed was a bag of straw upon the bare boards. The following night they attended her Meeting in force, to hear her acknowledgment of their honor. It came, but so differently from the words of the 'popular' woman, 'I was awakened from my sleep by some most beautiful singing, and as I listened, I thought, " Oh, if those voices were but consecrated to the service of my Saviour, how many souls they might win for Him."'

God had worked marvelously through her frail hands, but two desires remained unfulfilled. She longed to see her first Corps housed in its own Citadel (in the Capital), and also to introduce her beloved people to her General. Both were granted. To many it seemed sheer folly when she spoke of buying land in Helsingfors, but her faith saw not only that accomplished, but also a fine pile of buildings inscribed with the words, 'To God's glory,' rise on the site.

The Founder visited Finland, blessed this new branch of his world-wide Army, and departed on his way, strengthened by the reverent love and devotion of his Finnish Soldiers.

Then, the inevitable. Von Haartman received her farewell orders. They included so much -- separation from her mother, and from the wide circle of relations who were now honored by her position, and who honored her; and from the souls she had brought into the light of God, trained as Officers, and led to victory, and from her devoted secretary. She faced the future strangely alone. She shed her tears in secret, but to those who complained or criticized the decision, she replied: 'It is best. It is right. It is for the good of all.'

Her Officers listened and commented -- 'Her life and her words agree.'

The Brigadier's next appointment was as Provincial Commander to the German-Swiss Province. So simple and pure was her spirit, that the idea of 'dropping' from a Territory to a Province did not occur to her.

The change involved the learning of another language -- she was fluent in Swedish, French, Finnish, and English, but had only a superficial knowledge of German, but to this task she turned with the meekness, patience, and courage which characterized her earliest fights. Feeling that she could more easily gain the hearts of the people by speaking directly to them, than through a translator, she used her German while it was still imperfect. A cultured man who attended a Meeting at which some roughs ridiculed her mistakes, tells how she stopped and with exquisite sweetness said, 'Forgive me that I speak so badly.' Being urged to continue, she stood a few moments in silent prayer; then that same divine illumination which had convicted souls in her native land fell upon her, and her broken words became as the Sword of the Spirit. Souls were smitten with a sense of sin, and cried to God for mercy.

In a very real sense she had left all to follow Christ, and now He had guided her to the spot in all the world where He had planned to give to her her hundredfold.

Among her Officers was one who had renounced a university professorship to fight in The Salvation Army. To her unimaginative mind he appeared as merely a young Officer who needed correcting upon various points in his work. But to Ensign von Tavel, Brigadier von Haartman appeared certainly as his leader, but more, the woman he believed God would give him for his wife.

He stood his ground so well, and showed himself so truly a man of God and a Salvationist, that Hedwig came to confess that she could not help respecting and loving him. But for long years she had known naught but God's choice for her life, and now the question became 'What is God's will for me? Will I be as useful married as if I remain single?'

At last she was willing that the General should decide the matter for her. An unhesitating consent to an engagement was the reply.

Returning to her Provincial Headquarters from a rest before her marriage, with great joy the Brigadier arranged her wedding tour. The marriage celebrated, she turned at once to work. 'Let us wait for our wedding holiday until we can go home,' she suggested.

Together, she and her husband arranged and assisted in the Founder's great Ascension Meetings at Zurich, and afterwards started on their own Campaign. Three Meetings were allowed them together, then came a dreadful lung hemorrhage which told of a weakness which the doctors had not been able to locate.

Two years of a perfect love, of perfecting patience, and of faith that did not fail in the furnace of disappointed hopes, then Hedwig and her husband set out for the delayed visit to her beloved Finland.

She was to have the desire of her heart, to give one more charge to her spiritual children, to make one more effort to lead her people to Christ.

It was a moment of exquisite joy to her when she and her husband stepped upon Finnish soil, welcomed by the souls she had won to the Saviour and led in the fight.

A great gathering had been arranged in the Helsingfors Temple. It was a Meeting such as her Army fight had been; not of personal felicitation, but of pointing souls forward to the land still to be possessed. Before a week had flown, a last dreadful hemorrhage brought her to the gates of death. Rallying, and their furlough being completed, she set forth again with her husband for Switzerland. Before they reached home, at Hamburg, on German soil, the summons came.

Hedwig von Tavel-Haartman, the woman who in her choice to follow Christ conferred not with flesh and blood, never wavered, and never looked back, heard the summons 'Come,' and obeyed.

Might she have saved her life? Did she go too soon? Truly the General says:

'She was spared to complete a work such as few of the strongest men have done, and she rived to see it pass through the fiery trial of her separation from it, so that there could not be the least doubt of having led her people to build their hopes not upon herself but upon the Almighty, unchanging Saviour.'

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09 -- MRS. COLONEL YAMAMURO (1900--1917)

Kiye Sato, the daughter of a prosperous silk manufacturer was drawn to The Army by the devotion of the pioneer Officers in Japan. She entered courageously with her husband into The Army's Campaign against sin and social evils. She had charge of the first Home in Japan for women, and was largely instrumental in establishing a Sanitarium for consumptives. Her promotion to Glory, in 1917, after seventeen years' service, made a marked impression upon the populace.

* * *

MRS. COLONEL YAMAMURO

From the day of Eve's sin, right down the ages, until to a sinful and sorrowful woman the Lord Jesus said, 'Go in peace, and sin no more,' woman walked ashamed. Not only was she conscious of her degradation, but a strain of resentment in fallen man because of his own loss of Eden, and the thorns and thistles and sweat which life holds for him, urged him to add oppression to shame; and thus it is to this day in every comer of the world where the name of Jesus is not honored as Saviour and King.

With exquisite courtesy the Lord declared to all the world that He restored woman to her original position as partner with man, when He entrusted His first commission after His resurrection to Mary, 'Go, tell My brethren.' Wherever the Evangel has been proclaimed, even to the dark places of the earth, there has been a lifting up of womankind, and, according to the measure of triumph of the light of the Gospel over spiritual darkness, woman has gone forward with her Lord's message of resurrection power.

The Salvation Army has been signally successful in raising the status of woman in every country where the Flag flies, and also in calling out and developing women leaders for the Salvation war. This is the more striking in Eastern countries, where, from time immemorial, with rare exceptions, woman's sphere has been restricted to domestic responsibility.

Mrs. Colonel Yamamuro, the late wife of the Chief Secretary of Japan, was a noble example of the grace of God in a yielded life, breaking down the barriers of convention and, without diminishing aught of national charm and individuality, doing exploits in the holy war. The subject of this sketch lived her life very humbly, 'without observation,' as is the case with many of God's beautiful manifestations. A married Staff Officer, with a baby always in her arms and necessarily much occupied with the affairs of her home and family, she felt the woes and the needs of the world beyond her own little circle, and, without depriving her first charge, the overflow of her love and service reached and blessed the other.

When this quiet, humble woman died, her nation rose to honor her as though she had been of royal blood.

What was the secret of her power? The following sketch throws light on suggestive phases of her experience and service, but her own last words hold the secret: 'True happiness (she might well have substituted the word power) is found by the side of the Cross of Jesus.' At the Cross she found pardon and purity, and in its shadow she lived her life. Often suffering, sometimes faint, but never despairing, she stood by the Cross of Jesus in The Salvation Army for seventeen years. A short fight when told by years, but long when measured by the service which counts in Heaven.

Kiye Sato came of an ancient Japanese family belonging to the Samurai. Since medieval times, this class has corresponded with the Western esquires, but originally it was a military class renowned for 'Bushido,' the Oriental counterpart of Western chivalry. Of the myriad unwritten laws of the Samurai, the chief were to fear Heaven and serve the people.

So literally had Kiye's ancestors lived according to 'the knightly way,' that the material fortunes of the family had been sacrificed. During severe famine, when the rice of the poor failed, the Satos opened their granaries and shared with the people till there was none left; then they brought out their gold and bought from others to feed the poor until the gold was exhausted. The spirit that gave, built another fortune, but a further and more severe famine again absorbed the Satos' wealth, and fortune refusing to return to those who would not hoard it, the Satos were left without riches, except an honorable name and a noble spirit.

Kiye, lying on her wadded bed, often wept in the night as she viewed life and saw no way for her to serve her age. 'It is laid upon me by the spirit of my ancestors to help others and I can think of nothing,' she lamented. God does not leave such seeking souls in the dark. He put into the heart of a friend to send the girl a Christian magazine. Kiye opened it wonderingly and read it entranced. God the Father and Creator, Jesus the Saviour, the Holy Spirit speaking to men's hearts. She could understand such religion. Her soul thrilled with a new sense of certainty. She went to the open window and, looking out upon a moonlit scene, communed with her heart. 'God my Father made it all. He made me. He loves me. He will lead me and teach me how to serve others.'

Kiye's father had founded a silk industry, in the interests of the people, and so well did it succeed in providing employment for the people of that part, that the enterprise attracted the attention of the Emperor, who personally inspected the work and made Mr. Sato a grant of

money to mark his appreciation. This unexpected good fortune provided the means to enable Kiye and her elder brother to go to Tokyo to continue their education. In a Christian school Kiye realized her heart's desire to acquire knowledge concerning the great and wonderful things pertaining to this life, but far more did she rejoice in the opportunity to learn of God. She hungered and thirsted for Him. Sunday was so truly a .day of desire to her soul, that she devoted Saturday evenings to preparation of her mind and heart so that she might enter upon the day in the true spirit of worship. With her soul open to the influences of the Holy Spirit, Kiye began to rejoice in the Lord as her Saviour, her Guide, Comforter, and Friend.

When at the age of twenty-one, her school course finished, she was a highly educated young woman, with a broad outlook upon life, desiring to devote herself to serve some noble cause that would benefit the people, and her parents were willing that she should do so. Her brother's position in the Navy drew her attention to the Japanese sailors. She studied their habits and character, and, convinced that many of them fell into evil ways because no one cared for their soul, she determined to commence a work in their interests, taking Agnes Weston of England as her guide.

Obtaining introductions to the leading Naval Authorities, Miss Sato laid before them her hopes and her plans. After a heroic struggle, she had to admit defeat, and return home bitterly disappointed, having discovered that her aspirations were ahead of her time. She had been told her ideas were good, but they were work for men, not for women. With chastened spirit, she turned her attention to the young.

The Salvation Army opened fire in Japan in 1895, and various reports concerning the new missionaries reached Kiye in her country house. She put the lot, good and bad, through a mental sieve, and a grain of gold remained. These people loved the poor enough to live among them and seek their good. Here was a sure strain of kinship with her own ideals. She made an early opportunity to go to Tokyo and see them for herself.

The first Salvation Army Meeting she attended was conducted by two European women Officers in a little Hall in a poor quarter. Of their sincerity she was at once convinced, and she approved their desire to become all things to her people that they might win them to Christ, as was evidenced by their adoption of the national dress. But what manners! Her ceremonious soul was shocked as she noticed the uninstructed Westerners make breaches of the most elementary Japanese etiquette, and she was pained when she found the ignorant congregation more occupied with these shortcomings than with the message. Going to her lodgings, she prayed about the matter, and the Holy Spirit said to her soul, 'Help these people, for they are My servants.'

The Army Officers welcomed the little lady at their Quarters, and, as far as her slight knowledge of English and their equally limited acquaintance with Japanese allowed, she taught them the A B C of Japanese public manners. Her task finished, she returned to her teaching, but ever and anon thoughts of the Salvationists stirred in her mind, and at last she visited the Headquarters in Tokyo for the purpose of inquiring into The Army Doctrines.

The Territorial Commander called in Captain Yamamuro, of 'The War Cry,' and to him entrusted the charge of enlightening Miss Sato. How The Army had captured the love and utmost

devotion of Yamamuro belongs to another story, but the inquirer could not have fallen into better hands. Yamamuro had absorbed all he could read of Army history and was, at that time, studying the life of The Army Mother. Unerring instinct led him, when Miss Sato asked to be told about The Army, to picture to her the life and warfare of The Army Mother. It proved to be the discovery for which this clear-minded, ardent Japanese woman had been waiting. Here, truly, was Bushido religion -- worship of God and service of the people combined in the life of a woman of the day. Again and again Kiye returned to study this wonderful life and to get further insight into all that The Salvation Army stood for, and more and more her soul rejoiced as she realized that all her groping aspirations were possible. The illness of her mother recalled her home, but Yamamuro extracted permission to continue their conversations by letter.

So consumed with desire was Yamamuro to reach the souls of the poorest and most needy of his people with the message of Salvation, that, not content with his work on 'The War Cry,' he begged to be allowed in his evenings to raise a Corps in the poorest part of Tokyo. Permission granted, he took his stand in the open-air, raised his Flag, and preached Christ. He suffered cold, hunger, scoffing, and weariness, but he won souls and formed them into a fighting force. His letters to Miss Sato described it all, for he who felt a passion for the people had found an understanding soul of like passion, and he longed for her to share in his fights and victories. No tales of the Samurai thrilled her as did these victories by the cross of Jesus. Surely here was indeed a knight of the Holy War! Would she go to him and share the hardness and help him? She replied that she would gladly wear the garments of poverty and suffer the loss of all that the world called good and fair to be his partner in the Holy War.

The Salvation Army Articles of Marriage were translated into Japanese, and under The Army Flag Kiye Sato vowed to be continual comrade in the war to Gunpei Yamamuro. Many of Kiye's friends bemoaned her marriage to poverty and what they felt also to be shame, but her cup of joy ran over when, at the wedding banquet which her brother, now a Naval officer, had prepared for her, he gave his congratulations in a no uncertain way, adding, 'In the Navy I stand for the peace of the nation, but my brother-in-law is fighting for the welfare of the people.'

Mrs. Yamamuro went joyfully to the tiny Quarters in the poor street where was her husband's Corps. She rose at daylight and prepared the frugal meal of rice and pickle and unsweetened tea, and, setting her simple home in order, gave herself to visiting the sick and teaching the children.

Kiye was following on to know the Lord, but as yet the way of holiness was not clear to her. Her need of this further work of grace came home to her through a phase of Army service. A very small thing, it nevertheless barred the way to the power and blessing which later flowed into and afterwards flowed out of her life. How often in the soul-fife trivialities decide the balance toward victory or defeat in that they discover the disposition to self-will as opposed to God's will. Self-will, once entirely yielded, the soul henceforth goes forward crying, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' never pausing to confer with flesh and blood, or to speculate concerning human ability, but reckoning, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

Kiye accepted Army service with both hands -- with one reserve. She could not and would not walk the streets in procession and beat a timbrel. No women in Japan performed on

musical instruments but the Geisha girls, whose character was always questionable, and often disreputable. A cloud fell upon her joyous spirit. No one said she must beat a timbrel, but the mere knowledge that she would not do this service condemned her sensitive soul.

Some who have reached a similar place in consecration have hardened their hearts, turned their faces from the light, and their ears from the still small Voice, and the grieved Spirit has been unable to lead them along the way of entire surrender to a life of perfect union with God.

Soon, in a Holiness Meeting conducted by her husband, Kiye realized the first essential step of the holy way: it meant saying 'Yes' to God every time. And what if God wanted her to beat a tambourine? The thought was unreasonable! She would not do it.

In the Watchnight Service of the little Corps Kiye sat with burdened soul. The Hall was crowded, but she felt strangely alone with God. She heard her husband plead with souls to come upon the holy way; heard him say it was open for all who would fully surrender to Christ; heard him tell that there was Divine power for all. Rising, she walked to the altar and knelt there, crying to God, 'Give me this power, and I will obey Thee in all things.'

At that moment Satan suggested that her mother, who was with her younger brothers in Tokyo for their education, would see her on the march and her family would feel that their daughter had disgraced them. As she wept the Saviour drew near and brought to her mind a vision of Calvary. There she saw the mother of Jesus stand beside the shameful cross. In a flash she knew that the Saviour understood her particular humiliation, and she committed her own dear mother to Him, praying that in His own time He would bring her to rejoice in the cross for His sake. Then she made an uttermost surrender of soul and body to Christ, and the peace that comes to a cleansed heart drove out fear. In the next march, Kiye Yamamuro took up her position by the Flag, and with head erect and radiant face, she marched, beating a tambourine. From that day forward, she said 'Yes' to God and walked with Him in white. She now became a Salvation Officer in a very real sense, standing by her husband in all his efforts and willing to accept responsibility on her own account, in ways that meant not merely pleasant, public interests, but difficult, wearing, behind-the-scenes sacrifice.

When Colonel Yamamuro wrote the 'Common People's Gospel,' a book which, achieving remarkable circulation in Japan, has been instrumental in winning many souls, his wife was his devoted helper, copying in her clear, refined hand his rough manuscript.

Mrs. Yamamuro rendered invaluable service in connection with the social agitation which, by the blessing of God, resulted in changing the national law in relation to the prostitutes of Japan. When The Army opened fire in the country, the social evil was entrenched in the national mind as inevitable, and so fortified by law, that only those who believed that with God all things are possible, hoped for a change. Over 50,000 women were held in a bondage worse than death by a law which required that before an inmate of the Noshiwara could 'cease business,' she must present to the police a notice signifying her intention, signed by herself and the keeper of the house to which she belonged. Most of the girls were bought during times of national distress following upon floods, famine, and earthquake, or sold by parents in financial

difficulties. Certainly the keepers would not grant the girls release while their health remained; if they escaped from the Licensed Quarter they were hunted down by the police and restored to their 'owners.' Suicide, the only door to freedom, was often sought.

After a thorough study of the evil, Commissioner Bullard determined to attack the position. The campaign was opened with a night of prayer, in which Officers pledged themselves to fight this enemy of righteousness to the death, and the guidance and help of God was implored. A special issue of 'The War Cry' devoted to the exposure of the evil, and inviting girls wishing for liberty to communicate with The Salvation Army was broadcast.

The first response was made by two terrified girls, who escaped in their night clothes to The Army Headquarters. Letters from others arrived, begging for help and release. In their efforts to assist the girls, Army Officers were mobbed and beaten. Then God, in His own wonderful way, began to answer prayer. The secular press became alarmed lest some European Officer should meet his death at the hands of the mob and international complications result. Moreover, such disgraceful scenes showed the rising nation of Japan in an unfavorable light among other nations. Public opinion ran so high, that the Japanese Home Office issued an Ordinance that any girl who wished, might fill in a notice of cessation and was free to go whither she would, and any who hindered her would be punishable by law. Within the first year of the Ordinance 13,000 girls gained their liberty.

Mrs. Yamamuro was appointed in charge of the first Women's Home. Not only did she give these sorrowful sisters her tender love, point them to their wonderful Deliverer, Jesus, and seek openings for them to a new life, but she negotiated with the President of the House of Representatives respecting further regulations to facilitate their release. She also secured sympathetic support for the Rescue Work from the late Prince Konoyo, Marquis Okuma, and other prominent members of Society.

She lived at the Women's Home, directing all arrangements, eating and working with the inmates. As her family responsibilities increased, she sometimes felt overwhelmed with its cares and claims. More than once she confided to Yamamuro that she must give up the Home. Sitting on the matted floor in their only private room -- a place no bigger than a pantry -- he would reply, 'Well, let us take the difficulties one by one.' Somehow, as the husband calmly discussed the situation, the seemingly impossible aspects would fade, and Mrs. Yamamuro would fold her hands, bow her head, and claim fresh strength and courage to go forward.

A famine in the North exposed many girls to alternative perils -- starvation or yielding to the procurer's terms. The charge of the first Women's Home was transferred to another, and Mrs. Yamamuro was appointed to a Servants' Home, into which she received the girls from the famine area, and found situations for them.

It was the mother side of her character that charmed the European Officers who knew Mrs. Yamamuro. 'She was a lovely mother,' says Mrs. Commissioner Mapp. In many ways she bore likeness to Solomon's virtuous woman. In truth, it could be said of her:

'She riseth while yet it is night and giveth meat to her household.'

'She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

'She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for her household are clothed with double garments.

'Strength and honor are her clothing.

'She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

'She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.

'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She shall do him good all the days of his life.'

Kiye Yamamuro never turned from her early consecration that made her content with the home of a poor man. To make ends meet for her large family she needed to practice the utmost economy. Her husband, ever devoted to the War, it was left to her to be the homemaker and the children's priestess. She taught them to pray, to know God, and, by example and precept, ever held before them the way of the cross.

The ruling principle of life is generally revealed in the tremendous moments of life, for then the shutters are down and the soul appears as it is. The following incident suggests Mrs. Yamamuro's entire unselfishness and devotion to duty in a difficult situation. Yamamuro was expected home from a long journey one evening, and Mrs. Yamamuro bade her little maid put a charcoal fire in the Colonel's study. Sitting with the children at their home work, Mrs. Yamamuro suddenly heard a crackling sound. In a moment she knew she was up against disaster. The house was on fire. That meant not only loss to themselves, but many other homes would likely be involved. 'Save only the children and warn the neighbors immediately,' she exclaimed.

In a very little while all was over; the paper house burned out, but through her prompt measures the fire had been confined to the one house. To her wonder and joy, she found that the neighbors had rescued almost all of her belongings. 'Such a thing was never before known,' said they, 'for a woman to care for her neighbors' homes when her own was in danger.'

In all of Yamamuro's desires and plans for the Salvation of the people, his wife was with him in prayerful interest. Especially did she love the Young People's Days, and would take endless trouble to lead the lads and lasses into a true knowledge of God. But perhaps her greatest joy was to speak heart-to-heart with Japanese mothers. Her trained mind and warm, devoted spirit divined their needs, and in winsome words she gave them of her best. The following notes of an address give a glimpse into her practical loving soul: Part I. How to form good habits.

Part II. The Right Kind Of Habits To Form.

The beginning of a habit is most important. At first it is so weak that you can break it as easily as a spider's web, but in a little while it becomes strong as a chain.

Do not think you are too old to form good habits. Remember you are God's children and quite young in His sight.

1. The habit of prayer. If we are shut in all around, we have still a way open -- upwards to God.

2. Joy. Remember the Japanese proverb: 'Blessings come to the household when the members are smiling.'

3. Gratitude. First to God then to each other. Gratitude to God for forgiving our sins will help us to form the habit of forgiving those who trespass against us.

4. Orderliness is the way out of many troubles and prevents waste of time.

5. Without the habit of diligence nothing is done properly.

6. Courage. Step by step we must advance. Without courage we fail and turn back.

7. The habit of contentment. Grumbling is the surest way to shut out the sunshine of God's presence.

The foundation of all good habits is purity of heart. Beautiful Japan is a victim of the scourge of tuberculosis. The Japanese Territory decided upon a Sanitarium for Consumptives as its memorial to the Founder. The scheme had been happily launched, the Imperial Government giving its hearty approval, when the Great War broke out. Even the Far East suffered economic dislocation as a result of that awful upheaval, and it became evident that the Sanitarium scheme would have to be shelved.

Mrs. Yamamuro heard of the decision with a sorrow she could not dismiss. She felt that such an institution would present Christ and The Army's message of Salvation to the people as few other methods could. She came to believe that God had laid this matter on her heart as a call to accept it as her responsibility. So clear and definite did this consciousness become, that at last she volunteered to raise the money required. The Government had promised a building, she must equip it.

She was no longer a young woman, and failing health made her much more shy of public effort than she had been in her maiden days. Trembling because of the many difficulties which barred the way, and too reserved to speak her inner thoughts to a single soul, she confided them to a diary:

'It seems too adventurous, perhaps, but God is able. He who raised up Jeanne d'Arc in the time of her nation's distress, can make even me sufficient to meet the need of my country. The arm of the Lord is not shortened. He is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

I have no one save the Holy Ghost to rely upon; my weak health and want of ability seem to deny me success, but when I am weak, God is strong, so, depending upon Him alone, I go forward to establish the Sanitarium.

'To be with the children makes me happy, and perhaps some will call me neglectful of my duty as a mother. But though my eyes are wet with tears, I must go forward. O Lord, fill me with the Holy Ghost. Give me power to move the people. Amen.'

She prepared a list of 1,000 of the leading people of Tokyo, and from office to office and from house to house she went pleading and explaining, using heart and voice to attain her purpose. When she had gone through the greater part of her list, she had only a third of the money required. But she held on in prayer, and then God gave her a fresh inspiration. She turned her attention to the noble ladies of Japan and, preparing a touching appeal with her own skillful hand, she prevailed upon twenty-seven of these peeresses to sign a copy and to present it to their friends. God honored the brave effort and unwavering faith. The money was raised and the Sanitarium became a fact, realizing all the hopes entertained concerning it.

This was Kiye Yamamuro's last great service to Japan. But that is hardly correct. Her death-bed preached more loudly of Jesus than any act of her life. With the homecoming of a little babe came also the call for his mother to lay down life's burdens. Her husband could scarce believe that the ministering spirit who had never failed him in his labors, and hopes, and plans for the Salvation of Japan, was slipping away from him. Standing beside her bed, he looked upon the white, still form, and wondered if already his wife had passed beyond the reach of his voice. Still, he spoke:

'You worked hard for me for many years, but I did little for you. I ask your pardon for all my shortcomings,' he said softly. Her eyes opened and a great love shone in them.

'No, you understood me and helped me, dear husband. I ask your pardon for all I have left undone.'

'Your life has been a living sacrifice to help me and for The Salvation Army in Japan,' continued the Colonel. Again the love-light glowed and she replied, 'Oh, thank you for those words, husband, but it was you who showed me the way.'

The children were brought and, looking upon them with great tenderness, she said to the elder ones: 'You belong to The Army of God. Don't live for small things. Have big thoughts in your mind.'

After sending a message of love to Mrs. Booth, the dying warrior was asked if she had a word for the women of Japan. Her face beamed. 'There is something I would like to say, but I fear I cannot. Still, give me paper.' Her husband held the paper and she wrote, 'God first.' 'Teach this to our children, husband,' she continued, 'and tell my comrades and friends that true happiness is only found beside the cross of Jesus. This is my message. I send it with my hand,' and dipping her hand in the writing fluid, she pressed it upon the paper, leaving its impress.

Then she fell asleep. In the night she wakened and found her mother at her bed-side. 'Mother,' she said, 'I have prayed for your Salvation for years. My prayers have been too weak. Forgive me.' With tears the mother replied, 'Dear daughter, the fault was not with you. Grieve no more. Your Jesus shall be my Saviour from this hour.' Her last desire granted, resting in love and peace, she closed her eyes upon this world to awaken and behold the King in His beauty.

The laying to rest of this simple Salvationist was as that of a royal lady. The nobility and men of letters and science mingled with the concourse of the poor whom she loved, to do reverence to her memory. The leading national papers devoted columns to the story of her life. One tribute said: 'The death of no Japanese woman has hitherto commanded such respect and such profound sorrow throughout the Empire as has that of Mrs. Colonel Yamamuro.'

Looking over her career it seems that the secret of the victory of her life was gained at that Watchnight Service, when, with all her soul, she said 'Yes' to God.

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10 -- COLONEL JOHN DEAN (1884--1923)

In 1883 John Dean, then a minister of the Gospel, sought, at Ballarat, Australia, the blessing of Full Salvation at the first Army Meeting he attended. Entering the ranks in 1884, his labors, both as a Field and Divisional Officer, were marked by striking manifestations of Divine power. Colonel Dean served many years in Training Work in the United Kingdom and the United States of America; also as a special campaigner. In 1923, in U.S.A., he was promoted to Glory shortly after his retirement from active service.

* * *

COLONEL JOHN DEAN

Of the many joys which fill the heart of the Everlasting Father, His handiwork would declare variety to be one of the greatest. When Nature in her three Kingdoms would praise Him, she contrives that no two forms of expression shall be exactly alike; size, form, or color may vary only slightly, but always sufficiently to give each stone or shell, flower or fruit, creature of the sea or land, or human being, an individuality of its own. But here and there among the species arise distinct specimens, striking departures from the commonplace. Among continents, Australia is an example of this phenomenon. 'Unique' is written upon much of the indigenous life of the Island Continent. At the gates of her forests, which pulse beneath a brilliant sunshine that distributes a sense of energy and joy, and draws from the vegetation a pungent, exhilarating aroma, giant trees stand sentinel over a teeming life of flaming shrubs, gorgeous flowers, and birds and quaint animals elsewhere unknown.

A land of tremendous contrasts and extremes, with her deluges and droughts, her subterranean rivers, her tornadoes, her deserts and her amazingly fertile plains. A land of limitless possibilities, yet comparatively unproductive in her natural state. A marvelous wild child among the continents! But lay upon her a wise hand, touch her heart, and she yields gold;

bring to her the good seed of the old world and she pours back into the mother-lap a thousand-fold for every touch of love and care.

As are God's ways with the natural world, so, also, does He delight to fashion according to His desire and for His glory, rare souls of the human family.

When, at the age of twenty-seven, John Dean met The Salvation Army, he strangely resembled the country which, in a few words, I have suggested. It is surprising to me to discover that Australia was the land of his adoption rather than his native soil. Led into the experience of Holiness through Salvation Army teaching and later called into our ranks, Dean yielded his spirit to discipline and bent his back to bear burdens for Christ's sake. In so doing he lost nothing of his striking individuality, but his consecrated life became enriched and yielded a harvest of untold value to the Kingdom of God.

A militant mystic, a practical visionary, he loved God with the simplicity of a child's love for its mother; served Him with the loyalty of a son for his father; the abandon of a soldier for his king. Every quality of the man was intense, like a swiftly flowing river his soul followed after righteousness; he hated sin with the fierceness of a tornado. He believed tremendously in the life invisible and eternal; in God and Heaven; in the Devil and Hell; and declared these eternal facts with such vehement conviction that he made them real to thousands. For nearly half a century he loved God and fought the Devil, declared the Gospel and wrestled for souls, until, mortally stricken in the fight, he fell. The enemy of souls whom he had so valiantly exposed, and resisted, and thwarted and robbed of his prey, summoned his forces to discomfort the Great-heart. He buffeted him sore in the Valley of the Shadow, but taking refuge in the precious Blood of Christ, he withstood the Evil One, and with the testimony 'All's Well,' his soul escaped this earthly tabernacle to be for ever with the Lord.

His was a great soul -- with resemblances only of other great souls. Here, a flash of Peter Cartwright; there, tremendous convictions suggestive of Finney; now, the incisive style of the Founder; but would it be unfitting to say that in his simplicities, his strengths, and his weaknesses, there were many glints of the prophet Elijah? Dean was a great, lone spirit; but from the cardinal beliefs, fixed purposes, and unwavering principles which ruled his life, souls of less distinction but of like passion may learn much.

John Dean was born in the parish of Old Newton, Suffolk, England, in the year 1857. While he was still a babe, his parents emigrated to Australia, and John's boyhood was spent in the happy, toilsome home of a settler. In the Methodist influence which surrounded his life, he early sought Salvation, but being taunted by a companion, he lost his temper and, thrashing his tormentor, decided that religion was unsuitable for boys and abandoned it.

Outwardly, he grew a long-limbed, careless, godless youth, but in his soul seethed continual unrest and dissatisfaction, due, he believed, to the prayers of his godly mother.

At the age of twenty-one he was attached to the camp of a Government Surveyor. The silent cry in his soul for God became so insistent that he would leave the camp and wander into the bush to meditate. At last, conviction of sin so pressed upon his spirit that he knelt beside a

great tree and, surrendering everything he knew to be sinful, cried out for Salvation. There God met him and John Dean knew that he was born again.

Straightway the new life began to stir within him. In his spare time he began to seek souls among the settlers, and pointed many to Christ. A Methodist minister hearing of him, sought him out and persuaded him to preach at his church some fifty miles distant. A few weeks later he received an invitation from the Methodists to become a Bush Missionary. Accepting this offer, he for several years traveled the lonely bush on horseback, visiting the scattered settlers, preaching wherever he could gather the people together, and winning souls to God.

His diaries of that period make interesting reading, and in a vivid way reveal the man who later was to become largely a world figure. In some places he was welcomed as a Messenger of God, while in others his word was refused. At one town, the hard-heartedness of the people appalled him. Before the Sunday night Meeting, he walked through the streets, which, at this time of the year, were deep in brown dust. Entering the pulpit with awesome mien, he announced his text, 'Whosoever wilt not receive your words, when ye depart out of the city, shake off the dust of your feet.' He drew a picture of the attitude of the town towards God, declared the result of the same, and, pulling out his large handkerchief, he wiped his dusty boots and flourished the duster over the heads of the congregation.

There was a moment of ominous silence, then a little girl rose and hurried to the mercy-seat, followed by seven adults, while the remainder of the congregation stampeded. The incident was recalled, when, thirty-five years later, Colonel Dean, visiting Australia on a Special Campaign, received a letter from the child convert of that night, now a devoted Salvation Soldier.

John's education was confined to an elementary acquaintance with reading, writing, and arithmetic. But he felt stirring within him powerful aspirations. He believed that, given education, he could become a great preacher, and therefore set himself to study. A little 'Grammar' was his companion as he rode through the bush and, arriving at his lodgings, he took his books from his saddlebags and turned to the study of theology.

He had little money and only one hunger, apart from daily bread. He wanted books, and was very careful in his selection. In many an 'out-back' corner he came across a treasure of the heart and mind and bought it, whatever else he lacked. His tiny library contained the teaching of Wesley and Fletcher on the doctrine of Holiness. He asked every ministerial friend with whom he had conversation if he knew anything of this experience, but found only one who believed that at one time he had experienced it.

Promotion transferred Dean from his bush circuit to a city charge. He arrived at Ballarat shortly after the advent of The Army there, and soon attended a Holiness Meeting. This was led by Captain Harry Edwards, one of Australia's fighting saints, now in Glory. Plainly and simply, Edwards set forth the way of Holiness and the conditions of entering thereupon, and clinched his address with the declaration, 'I know it is possible for a man to live a holy life, for God has wrought this miracle in me.' Then he made his appeal.

Sitting in the audience, John Dean was torn by many emotions. He had made the discovery so much desired -- one who held the secret of this long-sought treasure. He needed it? Oh, sorely! He would seek it? The Devil was at his elbow, with subtle and sinister suggestions. But Dean threw every hindering consideration to the winds and the tall, distinguished looking minister volunteered to the penitent-form. There he laid his soul bare to the searching light of the Holy Spirit. He saw in himself sufficient evidences of inbred sin to humble him in the dust. He did not despair nor flinch before the Heavenly Vision, but made an uttermost surrender of himself to God. He brought his heart to be cleansed, and then he laid everything dear to his soul upon the altar -- his ambition to be a great preacher, his future in the Church, the fellowship of his friends, the love of his intended wife. It seemed that all he counted precious was included in the question which the Holy Spirit put to his soul: 'Will you join The Salvation Army?' 'If that is Thy will, yes, Lord,' he answered, 'and I will do anything else Thou wilt ask.'

A peace so holy, so deep that it truly passed all understanding, settled upon Dean's soul, and he knew the meaning of the words, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' From end to end of his circuit he declared the discovery of this pearl of greatest price and urged souls to seek until they found it.

Dean was engaged to be married to one of his own converts, and to his beloved he wrote fully of the wondrous change that had come into his life. Finding much mention of the Salvationists in his letters, his sweetheart grew apprehensive and begged him not to join The Army. This, and other circumstances, brought matters to a crisis. Earnestly, reverently he sought the Lord for guidance, and every time the Voice directed him to The Army. Then he prepared himself for a supreme sacrifice. He wrote his beloved that God was leading him into The Army, and continued:

I shall have to sacrifice -- in order to do what I intend doing -- a ministerial status; I shall have to shift every six months, and perhaps oftener; may get brained in a tumult; must put on uniform and act as a fool in the eyes of the world. But I am willing for it all, and so are you, are you not? I want you to speak for Jesus and help me to get sinners saved by the score, the hundred, the thousand.

It is a touching picture -- the intense, tender man holding in his hand his sweetheart's reply, afraid to open it, yet standing to his covenant to follow God.

After a burst of rejoicing that she is willing to accompany him 'without the camp' of all she had pictured and hoped for as the wife of a minister and join him in the fight, he writes: 'Can you be ready to be married in a week? I am seeing Major Barker to-morrow, and if he entertains my application, I will at once send in my resignation.'

The Church was loath to lose a man of Dean's promise and sought by many means to retain him. Nevertheless he pursued his purpose, was accepted for Officership, married, and a few weeks later took charge of the young work at Beechworth, a country town of Victoria. Here the Lord began to fulfill the desire of a man who hungered and thirsted for the Salvation of the people. A spiritual awakening stirred the town; crowds of souls were saved and sanctified, and the revival was accompanied by remarkable manifestations, such as attended our early

gatherings in various parts of The Army world. Men and women fell beneath the power of God and remained in trances for varying periods; upon returning to consciousness they were filled with peace and joy, and by testimony and a life of Holiness gave glory to God.

This phenomenon occasioned lively correspondence in the public Press, and experiences of early Methodism with the testimony of Wesley were cited to suggest that the spiritual power manifested among the Salvationists in Beechworth was of God. Dean had never before seen the like, and so great were the crowds, the excitement, and the sense of the supernatural, that he wired Headquarters asking for the presence and guidance of an experienced Officer.

His next appointment was the opening of Parramatta, in New South Wales. Here were repeated the Beechworth experiences. God was giving Dean souls in hundreds, if not thousands. The Devil arose in great wrath against the work, and Dean's life was sometimes in danger. Following a stirring term at Sydney I Corps, he was promoted to the Staff.

After a short experience in a position corresponding with that of Chancellor, Major Dean was appointed to what is surely one of the most strenuous charges of The Army -- a Divisional Commandership. Now, upon this mystic came 'the care of the churches'; the charge of a battalion. Had he followed his natural spiritual bent, he would, no doubt, have become a distinguished preacher, with a large church and a good salary, and might have escaped a life of stress and storm. Though not designed by nature for an administrative career, he mastered the business principles and routine which are involved in the leadership of a Division, and responded fully to the ceaseless demand upon body and soul to which a Divisional Commander is subject. All this, and an unending conflict with the powers of darkness, made John Dean's life one of fierce warfare. Moreover, it seemed that Satan had been permitted to afflict his body, and for years scarcely a day passed but he confided to his journal the sufferings of an always weary body, which often threatened to fail him altogether.

By an inflexible will-power and much crying to God he held to the battlefield. No other words so well describe him during this early part of his career as those of St. Paul:

'In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well known, as dying and behold we live, as chastened and not killed, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as poor yet making many rich.'

Up and down the country, over the immense distances involved in some Australian Divisions, journeying by primitive train or coach, he went with the passion of a prophet pouring out his message upon the rising Army and the unsaved. In our teens, Colonel Carpenter, of a river town in one Division, and I, of a mountain town in another, remember the awe and deep stirrings of heart with which the messages of the long, lean, dark Major were heard. To his Officers Major Dean was a spiritual father. His papers were well sorted, but he had never been

able to part with a letter from an Officer from a country town thanking him for his solicitude for his soul's well-being and for his example in business promptness and exactitude.

Dean understood, as perhaps few do, the full meaning of St. Paul's experience, 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness.' The Devil was a terrible reality to him. Among his papers are carefully written accounts of personal conflicts with the Evil One. On two occasions he actually saw the fiend with whom he wrestled -- in one case to prevent the Salvation of a convicted soul who, through prayer was gloriously delivered from his power, and became a saintly lover of souls; in the other case, the Devil accused Dean of unpardonable sin, and attempted to damn him in despair. Dean wrestled desperately and, taking refuge in the Cleansing Blood, he cried, 'Devil, if you drag me into Hell I shall go down believing in the Blood of Christ to save from sin.' Thus rebuked the awful presence departed.

Among his fellow Divisional Commanders John Dean's name was as a trumpet declaring the presence of a Great-Heart near at hand. They had never known him turn his back to the enemy nor compromise with sin. Nor was he loved only for his virile qualities. Among his comrades the fighting 'Hell-fire' Major unbent with the tenderness of a woman. Commissioner Peart, who was with him at the beginnings of his warfare, says: 'He was a loyal and true comrade -- a man to whom one turned in affection and confidence in time of perplexity.' Commissioner Jeffries, another of those early comrades, says: 'A righteous soul! I never knew him put one foot forward for personal advantage, nor take one step backward to avoid the unpleasant consequences of standing by the right.'

The only people who could not stand John Dean were crooked doers and self-seekers. As for himself, he faced a problem in such, which he took to God and left with Him. When he left the Church, he was sadly conscious of the imperfections therein, but in joining The Army, which had led him into the highway of Holiness -- surely he was to expect that no evil thing ravened there. Experience taught him that The Army is a human movement, composed of men and women who walk the high and holy way or choose the lower levels at will. The discovery surprised him and caused him pain, but did not discourage him. He would, by the Grace of God, walk with his Master and keep his own garments white. He confided his griefs to his journal. At one stage he came upon a display of great unwisdom, if not actual wrongdoing, on the part of a superior, which was causing hurt to the Kingdom of God. Instead of discussing the matter with others, and so spreading disaffection, he cleared his mind by setting forth the facts in his journal and looking at them squarely, then he gave himself to prayer, and afterwards went in a sincere, manly way to the Officer concerned. The next entry reports a satisfactory interview, for which he gives thanks.

For a brief space Major Dean was transferred from Divisional work and given charge of a Department on the Melbourne Headquarters. Notwithstanding that he turned his office desk into a penitent-form and dealt with the people who came thither on business, and spent almost every night at some Corps Meeting, his crusading soul pined for the battle-field, and he prayed in his journal, "Lord, get me out of this!" Ere long he rejoiced to again stretch himself upon the Field.

After ten years' service in his adopted land, Dean was transferred to England. In comparing the England of thirty years ago with the Australia of the same date, one might imagine the first as a middle-aged man, sure of his position, deliberate, pleased with the success he had achieved, and bearing himself with a trace of supercilious complacency; the other as a high-spirited, quick-witted, swiftly moving, warm-hearted youth laying his hands to the duties and problems of life. Without patience and the faith that works by love, friction between the two was inevitable, for the elder wished to snub the self-reliant hustle of the younger, and the younger inclined to rail at the elder for his slowness and his conceits.

Had John Dean arrived in England during the days of fierce persecution against The Army his soul would have reveled in the fight. As things were, he found difficulty in adapting himself to the new environment, and his Divisional work in the 'Old Country' came near to smashing him and his Divisions. In the essentials, the then rising young Salvation Army under the Southern Cross was after the Founder's heart. Worldliness was foresworn at the penitent-form, uniform, sacrifice, dash, and devotion to a great ideal were the order of the day. Dean arrived in England after the rush of the first attack was over and the troops had settled in some directions to trench warfare. Here, and there were signs of laxity in standards. His soul was fretted and tried. He wanted to 'clean the Rolls' with a thoroughness that left no place for the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and it took larger charity and faith than he possessed always to accept the counsel to be patient as being wisdom rather than weakness.

His Officers of those days have lively recollections of his dealings with them. One, now a Colonel, recalls his stern rebuke over her march arriving late at the Hall. 'But, Major, we are only a few minutes behind time.' 'Minutes are minutes!' he persisted with ringing voice and flashing eyes. To an obstinate young Officer, who always argued before she obeyed, he snapped out, 'I wouldn't like to have to bury you' -- meaning he was not sure about pronouncing a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. 'What he felt to be the shortcomings of the Officers in one Division reached a climax in a never-to-be-forgotten Meeting. Like a Jeremiah he poured out upon them his grief over their heaviness of soul and remissness in duty. Finding no glow, no response, he flung himself down at the penitent-form and sobbed aloud because of the sins of the people and the dullness and apathy of their spiritual shepherds. A moment before, the Officers had been cold and rather resentful, wondering what on earth the man was raving about. But at the sight of his grief and tears, their hearts broke and they joined him in seeking a fresh baptism of fire from God.

The then Chief of the Staff -- our present General-felt that such a man would be invaluable as a standard-lifter among the Cadets, and appointed Dean to the International Training Garrison. For more than twenty years, with breaks only for Spiritual Specializing, Colonel Dean lived to bless the lives of the Cadets in England and the United States of America.

The General loved Dean. He understood and appreciated his honest, hot, unwavering love for God and man. Among the Colonel's papers are many cherished letters from his leader -- some bearing Dean's own quaint notes and exclamations in the margins. Some are mere notes dashed off in the General's own hand, such as:

'We reckon on you in storm and calm to stand like rock-out and out reliance on the Holy Spirit -- and to that absolute devotion to the POOR, the spirit of which needs to be ever and [or ever poured into the Officers' hearts.'

God had led John Dean into a large place; large beyond the dreams of the days when he pictured himself a great preacher. With great joy and thankfulness he poured out the best that was in him upon the Cadets. And they loved him. None was afraid of him, but he who harbored hidden sin, and the fop. God gave His servant extraordinary discernment of spirit. An unsatisfactory lad would be sent into his presence for an interview. The Colonel would set him at his ease, and encourage him to talk. He had large patience with denseness and restiveness, and could put up with some nonsense, but sin he gave no quarter. Many and many a score of lads have seen themselves clearly for the first time in his office. When sin was realized, confessed, and renounced, no mother could be more tender than he in guiding wobbling feet to a plain, safe path.

To the Sergeants of the successive sessions Colonel Dean was as a beloved father. His essential manliness attracted these young men, and his godly sincerity, his knowledge of human nature, his grip of Bible knowledge captured their imagination, their respect, and their love. They delighted to watch him, to discuss him, to linger in his way for a word. Story hath it that once he happened on a 'batch' discussing his style, with one of the number graphically demonstrating the same, amidst roars of laughter. A fire of amused appreciation leapt to his eyes; he threw at the disconcerted group some terse, bantering words, then sitting down on a table among them, he talked with them and left behind him golden words which are still treasured.

Among his comrades at the Garrison his remembered excellences are many. His godliness, honesty, unselfishness, fearlessness, tenderness, and loving kindness. There was but one fly in his ointment to those who worked at his side for years. When Dean came upon incidents which seemed to him to evidence laxity in action or dullness of apprehension touching the affairs of the Kingdom, he gave way to a habit of railing which was as puzzling as it was distressing to his comrades. Says Colonel Lawrence, 'I understood Dean through and through, and this I can say, he never raved for himself. It was always for the preservation of the highest ideals of The Army.' This accepted, nevertheless, it is folly to condone in an extraordinary man a weakness he would need to censure in those he led. God is able to keep any sort of disposition under any strain, and failure in us robs God of His glory and perplexes those who follow us. Colonel Dean did not excuse this irritability in himself, and after he had needlessly blazed out upon a comrade, he sought him and said he was sorry. This humility, this simplicity of spirit, never robbed him of influence, as the Devil would urge it would certainly do, but bound him to his comrades with bonds of sympathy, respect, and love.

On at least one occasion in this connection he stooped to conquer a fractious Cadet. The lad had been sent to the Colonel's office on charges of insubordination. He was in a chaotic state of heart and mind. The Training Garrison authorities had reached the limit of their patience with him.

'You young fool,' began the Colonel. The lad's face blanched with anger, and rising, he flung back at the Colonel, 'Don't call me a fool; I often think you are one.'

Dean looked at him and divined that the lad had reached that parting of the ways which meant an upward climb to victory and Glory, or a downward plunge to defeat and Hell. His voice softened to the tones of a mother as he said, 'Sit down, boy. I ought not to have talked to you like that. I'm sorry. Sit down.' That day the lad's heart broke, and voluntarily he placed his neck under the yoke of Christ. To-day he is a joyful Missionary Officer. Colonel Dean is his patron saint.

A whole life-time of experience and joy and sorrow was pressed into the years at Clapton. The first great sorrow of his life overtook him there, in the death of the gentle, godly wife of his youth, who, through all the years of their married life, had soothed his restless, often tempest-tossed spirit. She loved, believed in, and understood him; kept home a place of peace into which he could retire and find rest and refreshment. When she was called higher, and he, loving and lovable father, was left with his family of growing children, it seemed that for him the sun had been blotted from the heavens. For a while this valiant fighter lay under the juniper tree and wished to die also; then God came to him with a promise which split the heavy darkness with beams of hope. 'I will contend with him that contendeth with Thee, and I will save thy children.' Faith revived, and again he buckled on his armor.

God gave to the Colonel another comrade, a woman of great sweetness of character and transparency of soul. Adjutant Emmahne Weeks took to her heart the bereft family, and to the Colonel, whose prophet soul she revered and loved, she ministered with unflinching tenderness until he was gathered within the veil.

The Coloners sojourn in the United States of America, where he filled the position of Training Principal, also that of Spiritual Special, was fruitful to the Kingdom and a blessing to himself. In his qualities of courage and ardent devotion, America recognized a kinship of spirit with her own stalwarts in the cause of righteousness, and gave his message worthy attention and response.

In 1917 Colonel Dean was recalled to England, and, as Spiritual Special, conducted soul-saving campaigns in various parts of the United Kingdom. The General entertained high expectations from his service and influence in the Old Land, and encouraged him by many a heartening message.

'God be with you. Nothing in Heaven above, nor on the earth, can satisfy you and me but the Salvation of sinners-the turning of wicked men to God and making bad hearts and characters into good ones -- and only the Holy Ghost can do it. My soul cries out for a great revival of red-hot Salvation even within The Salvation Army. Join me in prayer and faith for this.

'May God bless and strengthen your heart in the battle you are fighting -- a battle in which you may ever feel my spirit attends and my heart is joined to yours. More and more I am convinced that the world needs a great outpouring from Sinai and Calvary, but especially from Calvary!'

Failing health -- the progress of the disease that cut short his life -- removed him from the Field, but for a time he was able to render valuable service again at the Training Garrison. His

health continued to fail, despite the best advice and every help, and little by little he had to drop the responsibilities and opportunities he so dearly prized. It was a great comfort to his spirit to feel free to write all his heart to the General, and this he did, in that weird handwriting which was part of the man.

'I get tired of inaction and long for the freedom of health so as to be at work. I did the Meeting at Leyton this morning and had a good time; it was a delight to me.

'I continue to keep myself before the Lord always, and endeavor patiently to wait His will. He makes all grace to abound at all times in all sufficiency. Hallelujah!'

By many tender touches the General strengthened his wounded Soldier.

'My Dear Dean, -- I think of the work you have done and the burden you have carried, and of the spirit which has actuated your life since I first met you -- so many years ago that I don't like to count them -- and I think of them always with gratitude to God. Yours has been the life of a Soldier, and you can look back with a very large measure of satisfaction, not only as regards the singleness and purpose which has ruled you, but as regards the results God has permitted you to see.

'Pray for me. Nay, let us pray for one another.'

In the dawn of 1923, John Dean, who had fought the fight and kept the faith, finished his course and joined that glorious company -- 'the spirits of just men made perfect.'

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11 -- COLONEL ELIZABETH SAPSWORTH (1883--1921)

Drawn to The Salvation Army by reason of the persecutions suffered by Salvationists, Elizabeth Sapsworth, an educated lady, became, in 1883, Mrs. Bramwell Booth's first helper in the establishment of the Women's Social Work in England. A notable Hebrew and Greek scholar, the Colonel was a keen student of the Bible. She compiled 'The Salvation Soldier's Guide,' under the Founder's direction. In 1921, at the age of eighty-three, she was promoted to Glory from Kew, England.

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COLONEL ELIZABETH SAPSWORTH

Of the twelve hundred Staff Officers throughout the world, perhaps not more than one-third are appointed to public work. Because of a compelling love for souls, the bulk of them contrive to take some part in Field fighting, but their first responsibility lies behind the trenches. As a rule, military terms lend themselves most happily to our conditions, but in this case 'behind the trenches' suggests a position of comparative safety -- out of the wear and tear and muck of warfare; 'behind the scenes' is for the moment better, suggesting as it does, the humdrum

preparation, the dragging, pulling, running, which the changing of scene involves, with but few glimpses of the stage and no personal thrill of applause.

Many Staff Officers are glad to do this necessary obscure work; they feel cut out for it, and are grateful to God for such a sphere; others love the limelight and an audience, but for Christ's sake they fulfill their appointed hidden duty, and keeping their soul glowing and tender meanwhile, find abundant scope for spiritual work.

After our Lord's Ascension the twelve Apostles decided to 'look out men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom,' to see to the social needs of the early Church. 'Of honest report, full of wisdom and the Holy Ghost.' No words could better describe Elizabeth Sapsworth, a little-known Staff Officer and the first of Mrs. Booth's helpers in the Women's Social Work.

Miss Sapsworth, with her widowed mother and younger sister, lived in Clapton, in circumstances more than comfortable, during the early years of our Movement. It was not until her hopes of happy marriage were shattered that The Army attracted her attention. After her sorrow she traveled, but, as a dove upon the face of desolate waters, she found no rest. Returning to England, an account of the Sheffield riots interested her, and about this time the Congress Hall was opened. She attended the Meetings, and her heart was captured and her mind convinced by the message of Miss Emma Booth.

For long, the Founder had considered the preparation of daily readings from the Word of God, in a form that would make an elementary study of the Bible easy to the most illiterate. He was in doubt as to who could best undertake this work; Miss Emma suggested Miss Sapsworth, who was a keen Bible student and a scholar, reading the text in both Hebrew and Greek. She gladly responded to the proposal to compile 'The Salvation Soldier's Guide,' and this beginning of Army service was the first step into a field of usefulness and joy such as she had never dreamed was for her.

About this time, in 1884, the need for some provision to assist the fallen women who came to our penitent-forms was brought before Headquarters. A kind-hearted woman-Soldier of Whitechapel had opened her home to receive such; but her accommodation proved to be inadequate for those who pleaded for a haven from temptation. The Founder therefore decided to take the small house she occupied in Hanbury Street as a refuge, and to place Mrs. Bramwell Booth in charge of the venture. At the moment, however, Mrs. Booth was absent in France, and the Chief asked Miss Sapsworth to give an eye to the preparation of things at Hanbury Street. Accordingly she went to the little house, and her letter to Mr. Bramwell describing her impressions of the prospects is the first of a correspondence of extraordinary psychological interest, dealing not only with the beginnings of our Women's Social Work but with many Social problems and their solution. A brief extract reads:

'I foresee a large work. I interviewed two girls. One is not what we mean by fallen, indeed, neither is really such, but the first would have committed suicide had it not been for the shelter given her here. I hope to get her into service with a friend. (Here she forecasts our preventive work). It seems to me that to save such girls from the street is quite as blessed as delivering them out of it.'

Woman-like, she proceeds to point out that despite the most economical management money will be required to pay the bills. Where is it to come from? and she is urgent for Mrs. Bramwell's presence.

There are few stories of the beginnings of a great work so marked by the 'love that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; the love that never faileth,' as our Women's Social Work. It was cradled in it.

At its beginning, Miss Sapsworth was forty years of age. She had, as Mrs. Booth says, 'a brain like a statesman for strength and comprehensiveness.' She was a born economist, and within her were the awakenings of a boundless love. She was refilled, educated, methodical, the soul of honor and generosity, and of decided opinions. Her judgment inclined to form swiftly and to pursue its course even to the verge of catastrophe, but the moment she was convinced of error, the purity and greatness of her spirit made it possible for her to retrace her steps and go on as though nothing unusual had occurred.

This great Lieutenant brought the service of hand, mind, and heart to the assistance of her Captain, who was almost twenty years her junior. Mrs. Bramwell was slower of vision than her Comrade-in-arms, but once she grasped a situation, it fell into its true perspective and right proportions. She was determined to make no false steps on this untrodden way. She would not be stampeded by threatening calamity nor misled by mirage. She realized by instinct rather than by experience that the foundations of a great building go in slowly, and acted on the principle that 'She that believeth shall not make haste.' Often in those early days, Miss Sapsworth's quick, ardent temperament feared that things would go smash if this thing or that were not done at once, and sometimes she would plead: 'Talk to the Chief about it, dearie.' The Chief was Miss Sapsworth's ideal authority, but in time she found that he frequently upheld the view taken by his gentle young wife, and the note changed to 'Neither you nor the Chief will agree with me, but I feel fully persuaded' on this or that point. But perfect love triumphed every time. This excellent woman who was destined to do a great work, learned a lesson which saved her to The Army and saved The Army to her. She said her say as clearly and as strongly as she knew how to say it, always in love, and always in secret, and having done that, she committed the matter to God and went on with her work. In her own unguarded correspondence -- notes tossed off without a thought that they would be preserved -- one sees how she was God's gift to Mrs. Booth, full of suggestions, many of them of incalculable worth, able and faithful, caring for nothing but the glory of God and delighting in The Army. But one sees with equal clearness, that left to her guidance, the work could never have realized the design of God.

Mrs. Booth had many claims upon her time beside that of her little Rescue Home, and rarely a day passed when she was unable to attend there but, by letter, Miss Sapsworth reported on every girl and passing event. Reading many of these letters, one is tempted to exclaim, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' On the other hand, despite the poor accommodation, poverty, and extraordinary difficulties of management of the first twelve months, the fundamental problems of the Women's Social Work were apprehended and attacked and methods for dealing with them proved and settled. During that exceedingly trying period, the principles of

government were formed. The Regulations which were in force at the end of the first year have suffered no change in spirit,' and with little alteration in form, are today in operation in our Homes throughout the world.

Imagine the first Home. A cottage into which were crowded as many as twelve or thirteen girls and two Officers. Until a public laundry was discovered, where, for a small charge, the clothes could be taken and washed and dried, the washing had to be dried in the living-room. Mrs. Booth has lively recollection of the drippings from the lines suspended in the ceiling dropping down her neck as she sat with the girls in the living room. Money was so scarce that the purchase of a dozen cups, saucers, and plates was a serious consideration. The women often arrived at the Home in rags which, for reasons of elementary cleanliness and comfort, needed to be burned. How to get clothing for the ever changing family was indeed a problem. One of Miss Sapsworth's first inquiries runs:

'How are we to get old boots? And outside garments? I suppose writing to "The Christian" or "The War Cry" would be the best? Will you do it? and how about the beds?'

It was a strangely varied household, and to keep it in such close quarters, in a condition of tolerable peacefulness was difficult; very early the need of classification became clear. Mrs. Booth being absent from London, her assistant wrote:

'I have had a lively time at the Refuge the last ten days. The "prisoner" and the "homeless servant," sent by _____, and the Babies have nearly extinguished me. My deep conviction is that the Prisoner is a double-dyed liar. The homeless servant is worse than prisoner, babies, and all the rest put together. She says she is a Salvationist saved and sanctified, but her behavior suggests that she is not right in her head. Most certainly the mixing of such as she and the Prisoner with our Refuge girls is, in my judgment, a very serious error, and will mar our work. The means for meeting their needs are different from ours. But if from Headquarters such are sent, what are we to do? Discriminating care is needed before they reach us. If it would not worry the dear Chief on his holiday, would you talk to him about it? Our girls are a special class, and except for an occasional drunkard, this class, I am convinced, must not be mixed with others.'

On the same subject she writes later:

'Would you mind talking with the Chief about the women of thirty-eight and forty whom people want us to take? You know how badly they mix with the young ones. How much more hopeless they are, and how exceedingly difficult it is to get them situations. We shall soon need to turn our Home into an aged drunkards' society if we admit them. About seven have come the last fortnight. If The Army takes this up, it seems to me we should have a separate Home, and those to work it, women who have the faith of Abraham. And what is to be done with the cases of infants? And women who have been married other refuges will not take, but I see no reason why, all things considered, we should not. What is to be our course of conduct?'

To keep the girls happily and profitably occupied was a problem and many plans were discussed. In one letter Miss Sapsworth rejoices over the arrival of a sewing machine. The girls

were to make shirts. Later she rejoices in connection with the marking of the red jerseys with the yellow 'Salvation Army' across the front. But the Outfit Department comes in for a slating, for the work comes in like a flood and is then followed by a dearth. Will Mrs. Booth regulate this? Often there were ructions at the Home, as the following suggests:

'A lively night; while we were slumbering peacefully B____ again. The Devil certainly possesses her at times. She would not go to bed, at last was persuaded by T____, but gets up, takes a boot, and threatens to murder E____. Proceeds to try to, is seized by S____ General uproar. Sent for Mrs. C____ at 3 a.m. Mrs. D. finally makes up a bed for her in her room.

'Next I____ has a fit, three of them. Some one had lighted a fire in the workroom and she tumbled into it. A____ rescues her. So frightened every one that a doctor is sent for. Then E____ feels faint.

'Really, suicide, murder, fits, and a possible confinement, is a tolerably lively condition for three days. All calm this morning.'

The finding of suitable helpers for this delicate and complex work was the greatest difficulty of all. In order to gain an insight into existing Rescue agencies Mrs. Booth visited and studied the methods of many Refuges and reformatories. In them she saw order -- cold, ugly order, and stern unyielding discipline, but could trace little real reformation. She decided that first of all her Refuge should be a home of love. Mrs. Cotteril, the kind soul who had opened her home to the poor girls surely had this first essential. Mrs. Booth decided to retain her services as 'Mother' of the Refuge for the time being. But Mrs. Cotteril's rough and ready ways were distracting to Miss Sapsworth, who came daily to the muddling little Refuge from her own well-appointed home. And it was not long before her keen eyes detected faults in the 'Mother's' character. She was just a kindhearted, ignorant woman whose work was accomplished when she had discovered a need; she was entirely unsuitable to develop a work of high order. Mrs. Booth was as conscious of her imperfections as was her assistant, but she sat tight, refusing to 'swap horses in mid stream.'

Another Soldier, offering to assist in the Rescue work, was accepted, and in her Miss Sapsworth delighted -- for a time. She was order personified, and no amount of work appalled her. But her tongue! Presently we find Miss Sapsworth writing:

'The demon of order did not say aught this morning, so I did likewise. She has got things wonderfully straight considering her tools, and I think God sent her to help us in this respect, but the essential qualities for our work she does lack.'

Out of months of trial arose a clear understanding of the type of woman necessary for successful Rescue work -- a combination of the mother, the soul-winner, the housekeeper, and the business woman. The 'mother' opened a coffee shop, 'the demon of order' moved on to another sphere; Miss Emma [5] chose from among her Cadets a calm, holy woman who was commissioned 'Captain' and appointed to the Home, and so, without distressing breaks, the work progressed.

In the correspondence there are records of many black days. Here, a suggestion:

'E. A. is bad, and T. H. no better, and I feel that L. R. would be better in another Home. E. N. is, I am afraid, still stealing, and with T. M. on top of all, with her domineering, irritable ways, if the Captain were not the God-helped woman she is, there would be dire uproar and strife. 'Then,' she suggests, 'let us have a Cadet with the bump of order combined with benevolence.'

Accordingly a Cadet was sent to superintend the girls in the workroom. Miss Sapsworth liked her, and she was appointed as Lieutenant to the Home. So innocent was this young Officer of the sin of the world, that when spoken to of the 'fallen women' she inquired from what had they fallen? She was horrified at the filth, and vulgarity and ugliness of many of the women who sought admission to the Home; moreover, she was afraid of them, and wanted to return to the Training Home. Miss Sapsworth stayed with her on her knees in prayer until the girl felt 'who was she to dare to profess to be a follower of Christ when she did not begin to understand His spirit of sacrifice for souls?' Her heart was broken, and she cried to God for a baptism of love.

Later, the Lieutenant declared that she simply could not do what was expected of her in the Home. Another protracted prayer Meeting of two resulted in the Lieutenant of twenty crying to God to meet her great need. And when she could manage the women, keep them quiet and happy, and get them to work, Miss Sapsworth told her that availed nothing, unless she got the women saved. In dire desperation the Lieutenant cast herself upon God, pleading for that Divine wisdom and power that brings dead souls into touch with the living God. She came through into abundant victory. That Lieutenant is today Colonel Elizabeth Lambert. With her, Colonel Sapsworth began her training of Officers, which was one of her most valuable contributions to the work.

The glimpses of heavenly wisdom which shine throughout Miss Sapsworth's letters to Mrs. Booth, lure one on to make this sketch outgrow its allotted space. She had no hope of Salvation for the girls but by confession of sin and forsaking of it. She writes:

'F____ is working splendidly but, poor girl, I feel she is doing this to make up for the lack of putting things right. It will help her to confess her sins to God if she opens her heart to a human being.'

She was entirely just and could be very stem, but beneath all lay a pitiful soul which ever inclined to give the benefit of a doubt. Of one who had left the Home she writes:

'M____ paid a delightful visit today. I feel how much more may hang on our actions than we think at the time. She told me that if that morning I had disbelieved her she would have lost all faith in Christian people and probably have gone back to the bad again. May the Lord ever give us wisdom to judge righteous judgment.'

Each day brought its trials but also its joys, and there are many mentionings of 'very busy, happy days'

'Oh, it is a glorious work and the dear girls are so loving.'

But there are outpourings of another sort, as for instance:

'I was fearfully down yesterday about every mortal thing beneath the sun, and as for myself, if I could have laid down and died I would have done so. I did not seem fit for anything, Refuges in particular, and yet the Lord has helped me with the girls. I have had much thought and prayer as to whether I am fit for it, for I know too well my incapacity, but each time I have realized the Lord's actual help with the girls. He knows I am willing to do what is in my power, but that power is so small, still He says, "Not by might, but by My Spirit."'

In between times she completed her work on the 'Soldier's Guide,' excepting the harmonizing of the Gospels -- The Life of Christ -- which was Mrs. Bramwell Booth's contribution to the work. We find one quaint reference:

'I am on my dear Guide today, and I must say that I feel more equal to that than managing matrons and babies.'

And she progressed along the lines of Salvationism. We read:

'I have ordered my Hallelujah head dress.' Then follows the most delightfully unsophisticated little addition. 'Don't you think I might have two or three pairs of those S'___s (Staff S'___s) which you spoke of getting for me? They will not let you buy that kind at Headquarters without permission. I want to come out strong.'

The love which made Mrs. Booth and Staff-Captain Sapsworth such successful workers together with God grew in the battle. Miss Sapsworth's loyalty to her young commander was a shining feature. One early extract suggests that Mrs. Booth should answer all the letters relating to the Women's Social Work 'except any that don't signify.' She adds, 'I do not want you to have more work, but with many people my name will not do instead of the honored name you bear.'

A letter commenting on Mrs. Booth's absence has in it a prophetic note:

'God has placed you at the head of this work and it may be that the close details may have to be left to others. I feel as though we are being led step by step and being fitted for the niche the Lord designs us each to fill. Yours is the most responsible position and very far from being the easiest, and what now seems to hinder your presence among us, may he, nay surely is, God's method to teach you how to fulfill it in the best way.'

And this was indeed the case, for one a little removed from a scene, but within full view of it, can get a more correct view and direct improvements far better than one who is actually participating in the activities.

The difficulties within the Home were legion, and outside there were many adversaries. The Mother and girls attended the Whitechapel Corps, and it was thought well that a place should be reserved for them in the Hall. Miss Sapsworth writes:

'The Mother was in sore trouble this morning. At the Corps Sergeants' Meeting she suggested the girls having a place assigned them in the Hall. The Hall-keeper's wife broke in with, "Here's a pretty pass things are coming to. No respectable persons would attend the Meetings. Who would sit next to such characters!" ... The Captain would have nothing to say in the matter ... To tell Mrs. C. that if she wants special seats to bring them herself, or to have services for the girls at the Home and not bring such to the Hall, is scarcely the spirit of The Salvation Army. What is to be done?

'My idea is twofold. First, an order to the Captain from the Chief or the Divisional Officer that a place is to be set apart where the girls are to sit. If they are together Mrs. C_____ can watch their behavior and stop any giddiness and mark any impression; impossible when they are scattered about. Next, move the Home as soon as ever we can to within reasonable distance of the Congress Hall. May the Lord guide us. He has and will.'

To keep the girls happy in the evenings overtaxed the ingenuity of the first Officers, therefore the girls attended many more Meetings than is the custom in Social Homes today. Their way lay through rough parts of Whitechapel and their experiences en route were varied as the following suggests:

'Last night as the girls were coming home from the Meeting about fifty boys and girls set upon them in Baker's Row. They pulled the Captain's bonnet off her head, and tore off the strings. The defense of friends was likely to be more disastrous than the assault of foes.'

Step by step God guided this movement so dear to His heart. The hostility to the work in Whitechapel resulted in a move to a much more suitable neighborhood in Hackney and three houses were occupied instead of one, making classification of the inmates possible. Then an unfriendly landlord threatened to turn Mrs. Booth's larger family into the street, but at the right moment, the Lord opened the way to three commodious Homes, for which there were now capable Officers.

The clerical responsibility had become considerable, and Staff-Captain Sapsworth's home responsibilities made full-time service impossible, so Staff-Captain Adelaide Cox came to assist Mrs. Booth at Headquarters, and Miss Sapsworth was set free to pioneer our maternity nursing work.

Colonel Sapsworth had completed nearly forty years of Officership when, at the age of eighty-three, she laid down the sword, but ere she had reached her eighth year of service it seemed that her Officership had come to a full stop. By nature she was a child of works rather than of faith. Within a few years she had seen the Women's Social Work develop into a mighty thing, and as Financial Secretary she was largely responsible for the finances of the work. The prospect of extending the work in answer to the ever increasing needs, which, of course, meant increasing liability, without any knowledge of where the necessary money was to come from,

became such a torment to her that she felt that she must wipe her hands of the whole business. She did not stagger at the 8 Pounds per week needed to run the first Home, but when this increased to 100 Pounds and more! Was it not bordering on unrighteousness to incur expense without being sure of the money to pay up? The eyes of this excellent woman were at this moment turned from the Lord of the work to the reasonings of man, and she found only misery.

Then, behind failure of faith, Satan shot another dart. A Spectacular Demonstration of Salvationists through London convinced Elizabeth Sapsworth that The Army was off the narrow way, surely such methods were of the earth, earthy! She wrote her resignation to Mrs. Booth. It is a sweet, tender letter, full of gratitude to God for using The Army to set her free from the fetters of convention and for giving her so large a place of service, but she adds:

'I feel an inward conviction that the time has come for me to withdraw, nor can I think that the Lord is suffering me to make a mistake, for I was never more completely His than now, nor more longed to serve Him with every power I possess.'

A calm reasoned reply and a subsequent interview had just that steadying effect upon the great, loving soul as in other instances during the first days of the associations of these two good women. The Major was relieved of the finance and henceforward devoted her energies to the development of the hospital work -- her experiences in which would make a book in itself -- and to the compilation of the statistics of the Women's Social Work, which work she brought to the standard of a fine art. As for Demonstrations, she afterwards became one of Mrs. Booth's most enthusiastic helpers in the Albert Hall pageants. A further thirty years of joyous Officership were permitted to her, and her ability to deal with Officers, who by some unlooked-for circumstance or great pressure were in danger of falling a prey to the wiles of the Devil, became invaluable.

Having completed twenty-five years of Officership she wrote Mrs. Booth:

'My Army quarter of a century has been the most eventful and most blessed of my life. I shall praise God, in a better world than this, for all the trials as well as all the joys that have attended the way, and for the niche that the dear Army found for me spite of my deafness, and for the work suitable for my curiously constructed brain. And, oh I the precious Comrades with whom it has been and is my privilege to work. There are none like them anywhere. May God keep The Army ever true, and, as the veterans fall out of the ranks for nobler service above, may He raise up others of like spirit, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost to lead this great and mighty host.'

Her Long Service Badge she regarded as perhaps her most precious possession. When her spirit slipped from this earthly body the well-known badge lay upon her breast. The Colonel's over-cautiousness in the temporal affairs of the Kingdom of God was the one 'fly in the ointment' of her invaluable hospital service. She could never have brought the Israelites out of Egypt because she would have known that the Red Sea barred the way! The same bug-bear of extreme calculation would have meant failure in any great pioneer work unless she had been allied to those of calm, steady faith, who went forward, taking every possible precaution and trusting in God for the rest. This quality she found in Mrs. Booth and later in Commissioner Cox. When a larger hospital than Ivy House was decided upon, dear Colonel Sapsworth suffered agonies of

apprehension. The Salvation Army was a constant miracle in her eyes, it did not run on the lines of conventional institutions; often it ought to fail and yet it succeeded. Still she never could bring herself to believe that the miracle would work next time.

But there was nothing of the Jonah in her, and when contrary to her expectations 'things came out on top' she was the first to rejoice. On the day of the auspicious opening of the Mothers' Hospital she waited until the arrival of the Princess Louise, then went home and wrote a gay-hearted letter of tender love and congratulations to 'Commissioner Beloved' (as she styled Commissioner Cox) upon the perfect success of the occasion.

This wonderful old lady came to the office on certain days of the week until she had reached her eighty-first birthday. From the first, she was an honorary Officer, but she gave no casual service. No Officer could have been more exacting of the work of others than she was of her own, in the letter and also the spirit. She is enshrined in the hearts of the Women's Social Officers as a saint. Not perhaps of the solemn order, but of that heartening human kind that brings laughter to their lips and tears to their eyes at the mention of her name. On Headquarters in her later years she was as a beloved 'aunt.' The Officers knew they might tell her anything and be sure of sympathy and sound counsel. The testimony of Staff-Captain Gill is a sample of her relationship with the young Officers. She says:

'Once, I was very disturbed about something quite outside her office; she made me sit down, and, taking a seat by my side, she put herself right into the whole thing with me and said, "Now, my dear, we must be very careful not to be influenced by personal feelings in this matter; we must try to find out what is the right thing to do, and having done this, then we must' rest in the Lord.'" How well I remember the peace that stole into my heart as she spoke. On another occasion, but for her wise counsel, I should have taken myself out of the will of God. What I see now as an utterly wrong course, looked then to be the only right one. Colonel helped me to fight the battle on spiritual ground. One sentence I recall clearly which was, "When we can do nothing else we can always forgive."

'I mentioned to her once that her spirit of charity had helped me and spoke of it as part of her nature. She told me that if anything of that kind did appear in her life, it was the result of grace, not nature, as in her younger days she had not been gentle in her judgments. She said that her sense of right had inclined her to be severe on wrongdoers as well as on wrong, and that she was driven to pray that God would make her very merciful. That prayer was surely answered a thousandfold.'

Says Lieut.-Colonel Castle of the Mothers' Hospital, London:

'All the problems of Ivy House [6] were reserved for her, and to see her tackle them was an education. She laid every difficulty before the Lord and then placed herself in the position of the one to be dealt with so as to get their view point. And she was so merry. Once I was out in my statistics, and she said, "My dear, you've got a baby up your sleeve somewhere -- there's one missing." And of course that one had to be found. Whatever use I am to The Army today, humanly speaking, she made me!'

She kept up a warm correspondence with the General and Mrs. Booth until the end. Every joy and sorrow, every special Army event was marked by a letter full of affectionate good will, written in a firm clear hand, and expressed in her terse, original style.

Her sunset was as a golden glory. She had dearly hoped to be alive to welcome the Lord upon His return to earth, and this glorious hope had a blessed effect upon her life. She kept her garments white in daily expectation of His appearing, and wished to turn from some work for Him to greet His presence. But the time is not yet.

Staff-Captain Gill who was with the Colonel in her last hours tells of the intense love which she felt for the Comrades of The Army.

'The last message she was able to read was a beautiful wire from the General and Mrs. Booth. Her eyes filled with tears as she read it, but she could not speak clearly. She kissed the words again and again, and tried to write in reply. After a while she sank into unconsciousness. Suddenly she opened her eyes, and after gazing lovingly upon us, she looked up and beyond us and seemed to be gazing upon a sight too wonderful for us to behold; her face really did reflect Heaven's light and love and peace.'

Then she passed into the presence of the King.

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12 -- LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVID A. THOMAS (1885--1924)

In 1884, then a young compositor, David Thomas entered fully into the life of Salvation at South Hornsey Corps, London. He became an Officer in 1885, and for twenty years commanded some of the largest Corps in the United Kingdom, being truly honored with the Divine seal upon his labors. In 1905 he was appointed to Divisional work and was, for twelve months before his promotion to Glory, in 1924, National Leader for Wales.

* * *

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVID THOMAS

When this man passed away, over a thousand people found it in their hearts to pen an expression of their sympathy to his widow. And yet David Thomas was not a profound man. He was a very human being, with foibles and limitations marking his character. Wherein, then, lay his power to capture the affections, and influence for God, large numbers of men and women of widely differing views and stations? A saying of our present General most aptly suggests the secret of David Thomas's success: 'Heart power is the greatest power, the highest wisdom; it is the noblest wealth.' It is of David Thomas as a man of heart-qualities, qualities which all who covet sufficiently to cultivate them may possess, that the following sketch is presented.

The ancestors of David Thomas were Welsh farmers, in whose veins flowed the blood of godly generations. When a child, David came to live at Pembroke Dock, in sight of the Welsh

hills and the wide seas, which, in their height and spaciousness and restless activity, seem to have made their own impress upon his character. A sternly pious father and a merry-hearted, godly mother laid in the lad the principles of religion: truth, honor, courage, kindness. His mother coveted that God would raise up a minister of the Gospel from among her sons. While in his teens Dave left home for London, where, attached to a printing firm, he was to learn the trade of a compositor. Night and day the mother prayed that her boy might be kept from evil and directed to the people of God.

Dave's first contact with The Salvation Army was on an August Bank Holiday, when, joining a surging crowd in Oxford Street, he followed a Band into the Regent Hall. In all the hurly-burly of that hilarious congregation, the message of the Meeting found out Thomas, and he was convicted of a deep soul need. For nine months conflicting emotions rent him until, in the little Army Hall at South Hornsey, he surrendered to Christ and found the great peace. A few nights later he came upon the Corps Open-Air Meeting suffering at the hands of a hostile crowd. A saintly old Soldier, stepping forward to speak, was knocked down and brutally kicked. Something deeper than Celtic anger stirred within the lad. In the persecuted Salvationists he saw Christ again in the hands of the mob, and at that moment, once and for all, he cast in his lot with the Saviour. A hunger and thirst for righteousness now took possession of him. The doctrine of Holiness charmed him; he sought after the experience until God cast out self and sin, and came to abide in his soul.

So likable was Thomas to his employer, that he would have adopted him as a son. Dave boarded at his house. On the Sunday night after receiving the Heavenly Vision, when he arrived home, and, as usual, went into the drawing-room, the sight of his friends playing cards, with no thought of God or His claims in mind, so distressed him that, there and then he pleaded with them to seek God and put away the things of sin. The next evening found David homeless, standing beside his box in the street, with no idea where to go for shelter. An errand boy of the same office took him home, and his mother, a widow woman, welcomed him. For months David shared this humble home. This was God's way of giving him an intimate knowledge of the kind of people among whom he was to find his life-work. Here, for the first time, he realized the pinch of poverty. He saw, also, excellent qualities in poor and ignorant people, and ever afterwards loved and respected them. In the office David preached Jesus to his work-fellows, most of whom professed infidelity. They gave the lad a fiery testing, but he won through. The love of Christ had become the ruling passion of his life. A sense of the presence of God was ever with him, and his soul awaited commands.

One day, on a London street, God said to him, 'Go home and stand at the gates of Pembroke Docks and tell the men of Salvation.' Accordingly David arranged his holidays and went. When those who loved him best knew of his intention, they greatly feared for what the lad might suffer at the hands of the rough iron-workers. David took up his position at the hours when the men came to and from their work. He told them of Jesus as a Saviour from sin; and, from the Word of God, warned them of death and judgment and Hell, and urged them to seek Salvation. Contrary to expectation, no one molested him, but crowds stood in silence listening to the lad's message, and bared their heads as he sang, 'Oh what shall I do to be saved?' and 'When I survey the wondrous Cross.' Many souls sought God, and perhaps it was this action of their Son which

brought his parents into valiant Soldiership of The Army, in which they continued until they were promoted to Glory.

Brigadier Giles, who Soldiered with Thomas at the Rink, gives glimpses of his early fighting. As Candidates, the two young men used all their leisure in service for God. After week-night Meetings, Giles with his fiddle, Thomas, and two or three others, would stand at a convenient point and attack the passers-by. In those days Dave became a speaker of passion and power. His rich, full voice enabled him to attract and hold large crowds. At this juncture Thomas was uncertain concerning the course of his future. Hearing of the appalling needs of China's millions influenced him to offer himself to the China Inland Mission. The saintly Hudson Taylor interviewed him, and, inquiring into the ways of God with his soul, decided his career for him. 'Go to The Salvation Army; that is your place.'

In The Army fight Thomas's fervor became proportionately mixed with pure mirth; the joyfulness of his religion became one of the chief attractions of his service. Of this quality on the platform, those who campaigned with him tell that he could convulse an audience with happy, healthy laughter, and in a few minutes turn their attention to God and eternal matters. Many would be in tears; a solemn awe pervading the people, none would incline to stir except to the penitent-form.

During Thomas's training days, his independent temperament led him into many a scrape. 'Why should not a godly man make his own laws?' he argued. If a thing seemed sensible to him, why should he not do it? Why be blocked by regulation here and red tape there? The grace of common sense triumphed. Thomas came to realize that when an individual accepts the benefits of a community, he must be governed by the regulations necessary to the well-being of that community; that the Rules and Regulations of The Salvation Army have been made for the highest welfare of the Holy War and because of proved needs; and that while they safeguard the well-being of the Salvationist and of The Army, they leave ample scope for individual effort. In after days Thomas was a champion of regulation, but his own restless disposition and early difficulties made him large-hearted and patient toward young hotheads, and few Divisional Commanders have been more successful than he in getting the best out of difficult teams.

To deal with one's own relatives about the things of God is a difficulty with many, but to overcome difficulties was a matter of conscience with Thomas. At his second Corps he invited his sister Elizabeth to come and see The Army. She was converted, but had no knowledge of such heart-religion as that her brother enjoyed. When she watched him pouring himself out in labors for souls, his face illumined with a yearning love, his voice vibrant with passion, she felt he was throwing his life away. She was displeased and distressed. Rising early on the Sunday morning of her visit, Thomas spent several hours in prayer for her soul. Elizabeth Thomas sat in the Holiness Meeting bewildered and rebellious, because of spiritual influences to which she was a stranger. But when the invitation was given for souls to make a full surrender to God, strangely moved she went forward to the Holiness table. Hardly had she knelt there than she was filled with an overpowering sense of love to Christ. She knew her heart was made clean. She was shortly to be married, but now saw that her life must be consecrated to the Salvation of souls. Securing release from her engagement, she joined The Army and offered for the Work. Her first and second appointments were as Lieutenant to her brother. At Holloway and Notting Hill

brother and sister saw glorious victories by the power of God. Captain Elizabeth (now Brigadier) then passed on to the charge of a Training Depot.

Within three years Thomas rose to the command of leading Corps, and met with large success. His life hid with Christ in God, he went forward largely unconscious of the great responsibilities which devolved upon him, until he was appointed to take charge of the Regent Hall Corps. Then he was seized with fear. Commissioner Rees, to whom he fled in distress, counseled him: 'Did I not, the other day, hear you talk to the Cadets on "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me"? Go in that strength and have a successful time at the Rink.' Thomas returned to his reliance upon God, and standing up to a great opportunity, triumphed.

At every Corps he met new conditions, faced fresh problems, and from each experience gathered skill to meet future demands. His own high standards of morality and grace made him impatient of unworthy conduct in others, as many had cause to realize. During his term at Clapton Congress Hall, a faithful old Local Officer called him aside and said, with the tenderness and wisdom of a father: 'Don't you think, Adjutant, that in your very anxiety to bring the converts and others up to high ideals, you are inclined to be a little hard and impatient with the weak and struggling?' With a humility that was one of his most charming graces, Thomas admitted this might be so, and set himself to study the Lord's ways with smoking flax and broken reeds. In later years, while his anger burned against deliberate sin, his tenderness and patience with weak and struggling souls was well known.

Books might be written of stories illustrating how his gentle touch made flowers of the desert to blossom into beauty. At one Corps he noticed a little ragged girl singing and clapping her hands joyfully in the 'wind-up.' 'Tell us what you know, little one,' said the Captain, beaming upon her. The child rose and testified, 'I know I'm saved,' and, fumbling in her shawl, she added, 'And I've got this for you.' She handed up four pennies 'Oh, thank you, but you keep them,' replied the Captain, much touched. 'But I saved them for you,' replied the child wistfully. The Captain received the gift, and afterwards inquired into the child's circumstances. He found she was a door-step cleaner, living in great poverty. Interesting his Locals in her, he placed the child in a situation where she was cared for. Today she is a valued Officer.

On the outskirts of another city, Thomas met two little boys on whom poverty had laid a cruel hand. He chatted with them about The Army, and invited them to come and hear the Founder. Both little chaps landed at the penitent form in the great campaign that followed. The whole family, who were of superior upbringing, had, as a result of sin and misfortune, been reduced to utter destitution. They were linked up and saved. One of those little lads is to-day an able Officer.

Upon young people of sheltered upbringing who had been drawn to The Army, Thomas, F.O., exercised a blessed influence.

'He was the first man-Officer I ever met,' says Brigadier Ruth Tracy, 'and from the Knee-Drill where I first heard him speak (and after which, he encouraged me, an uninstructed convert, living out of the reach of The Army) he stood to me for all that was pure-hearted,

sincere, joyful, and first-grade Salvation Army. He called to the top the best that was in people, because he thought the best of them. He made them feel they counted in the scheme of things.'

Brigadier Alfred Hamilton, also a convert of those days, says:

'I saw him first on the occasion of a Half-Night of Prayer which ushered in the first Self-Denial Effort. Captain Thomas spoke a few words upon the question, "Is thy heart right?" There was extraordinary directness in his message. It found me out. 'Perfect love casteth out fear' rang out that fearless and attractive voice, and all my cowardly, halfhearted weakness in my home came up before me. At the penitent-form he dealt with me. When I got through, he asked me to call upon him the following day. I did so. Though he had exacting responsibilities as Commanding Officer of another Corps, he played the role of Corps Cadet Guardian to me twenty years before that position was officially formed.'

Major Thomas Drage was a church lad when The Army Open-Air Meetings at Holloway attracted him. One evening he saw a 'rough' hurl a live cat at a sister who was speaking in the ring. The girl ducked her head and the terrified cat clung to her bonnet. Drage, enraged at this brutal sport, was about to fling himself on the tormentor, when a firm, kind voice arrested him. 'Not that way lad; God will deal with him.' It was Captain Thomas who, linking his arm with Drage's, drew him close to the ring. Shortly afterwards he espied Drage in the indoor congregation, and going to him pleaded with him to yield his whole life to God. He held on, refusing any procrastinating excuse, and landed the lad at the penitent-form. He was soundly saved, Soldiership and Officership following. 'He was,' adds the Major, 'my spiritual father from that night right on until he went to Glory -- always interested in my welfare, always faithful. He was my ideal Salvationist.'

Commissioner Mitchell, of Sweden, writes:

'I first met David Thomas on that memorable Sunday in May, 1886, when the Corps at Haggerston was opened. Among the little group of Officers then present the new Captain was easily to be distinguished. We were told he was fresh from the Training Home. He looked the part of Captain. Tall he seemed -- thin he was -- with flashing eyes, and terribly in earnest.

'In the months that followed we got to know him better, but the first impression remained unchanged. He was often at my parents' house, and I saw him there as well as on the platform and in the Quarters, and he was always the same, terribly in earnest.

'I was a boy -- he was a man. The years between us were not so many in reality, but he was always, in spirit and experience, mature, and eminently fitted to take in hand and train the material he was able to win in those first months of desperate warfare. Every one of us Recruits was his care. My voice had not broken then, so I must -- and did -- sing solos, thus making my first attempts in public. I think now he called me out more to encourage me than for any real help I afforded. "God bless the lad!" was my reward.

'I remember his addresses, particularly on Holiness. He had read Mrs. Booth's books, I discovered afterwards, but the teaching was then new to me. Over and over again we heard:

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean: from all your filthiness ... will I cleanse you" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 25). Thus I learnt the doctrine of Holiness from him. Years afterwards, during a Sunday we spent together at Bath, I spoke from the old text, and my old Captain was glad that I had learned the lesson aright in theory and in experience.

'In his Salvation Meetings he often commenced with "Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee," and laid much stress on the possibility of grieving away the Holy Spirit, of being, as he said, "lost while living." Not only sinners, but Soldiers, trembled at the thought.

'After six months hard work there were twenty-six of us to be sworn-in. Of these a few were transfers, the others converts. The swearing-in was a serious affair for us, but the Soldiers' Meeting on the night before far exceeded it in solemnity. What warnings, what tears and prayers before we were permitted to stand under the Flag and take our Soldiers' passes.

'The years that have passed have testified to the soundness and holiness of the work he did with that little group, and, if he did no more, that twenty-six were worth it all.

'In private life he was reserved to an extraordinary degree. He possessed a mixture of shyness and boldness to an extent I have never met in any other man. In after years he overcame his shyness to a great degree.'

Thomas's loving heart sharpened his wits and enabled him to apprehend a need, and in a moment do the right thing to meet it. On one occasion he was brought from a Sunday night's Meeting to visit his Sergeant-Major, who was in great agony and thought to be dying. Finding that the man was thoroughly chilled, he turned about for a way to raise his temperature and relieve the pain. Opening the kitchen oven, he took out the hot shelf, wrapped it in some cloth, and applied it to the seat of the trouble. Sergeant-Major Glover, of Hammersmith, always reckons that the Colonel's quick measure saved his life.

On the occasion of Thomas's welcome to a certain Division, a young Officer was called upon to represent the Field. She told that some thirty years before, a Salvation Army Captain, visiting from house to house, found the mother in one home in deep distress. A telegram was speeding her on a sorrowful journey. How to get the children ready and catch a certain train she did not know. 'Let me help you,' offered the Captain. He 'lent a hand,' carried the 'long-clothes' baby, and saw the little family away in the train. 'I was that long-clothes baby and Colonel Thomas was the Captain,' said the Ensign.

David Thomas could say the straightest things with a smile in his steady brown eyes that disarmed offence. At one Corps, where a great number of poor people had sought Salvation, he found them very ready for service, but their homes and themselves presented an unsavory commentary upon their profession. With love warming his rich voice, he told them:

'Holiness means clean homes, clean bodies, clean clothing. We mustn't have dragged tails and muddy boots in our marches.'

Early in his career Thomas married a beautiful girl Officer, Captain Eva Smith, who, to follow Christ and The Army, had suffered ostracism from a cultured home. Their year of married life was as a day of sunshine and a song of love; then came the crowning joy of a little babe. Through the carelessness of an attendant, almost ere danger was realized, the life of the young mother flickered out. Thomas now met the first terrific blow to his faith in the overruling love of God. A great 'Why?' which he could not answer rose up within him. He went down, until it seemed the black billows of doubt would overwhelm him. Commissioner Wilson tells of the Founder spending a heavy week-end in his Province, when news of the death reached him. 'Poor Thomas!' he exclaimed; 'poor Thomas! I must go to him.' The Founder found the young Officer sorely buffeted by Satan. Gathering him in his arms, he kissed him, and as he held him and prayed, the unfailing love of the Heavenly Father became real again, and Thomas triumphed. A few days later, in the crowded Congress Hall, the Field-Commissioner dedicated the motherless little babe to God. Adjutant Thomas stood forward to speak, beginning with the lines:

'Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.'

Lieut.-Commissioner Rich, who contributes this reminiscence, tells that the incident became as an anchor to his own soul in the time of storm.

After the death of his wife, Thomas felt that to live right up against the sins and the sorrows of the people would be the only balm for the ache of his spirit, and asked to be relieved of the Staff work to which he had been appointed and to return to the Field. For five more years he spent himself in the larger Corps of the British Field. Then God brought into his life another beautiful and gifted woman, Captain Florence Russell, who henceforth became the Colonel's true helpmate and complement in all his warfare.

Of the various Staff positions in The Army few are as taxing upon body, mind, and spirit as that of a Divisional Commander. Responsible for the maintenance of the position The Army has acquired in his Division, he must also continually aggress -- be moving against sin, seeking new openings, planning to reach more and still more people with the message of Salvation. His personal religion is the standard for his Officers and Soldiers, his deportment their example. In addition to the heavy secular responsibilities of his charge, he must live on the Field, and is constantly called upon to give out messages fresh and convincing to the unsaved and also to the various sections of his Officers, Soldiers, and Young People. Yet, so occupied are his hours, that preparation for the platform must perforce be performed chiefly while traveling. His first care is his Officers, their spiritual and temporal welfare. He must know his Soldiers, cultivate the Local Officers, inform the friends of The Army as to its position and need. To succeed, he must be a live wire, transmitting life and force to every interest and activity within the scope of his charge.

For over twenty years David Thomas did all this, and at the finish, when he fell in the fight, he was neither burned out nor dried up, but, like a good husbandman, was able to give out from the wealth of his pure heart treasures new and old.

Among the host of those who mourn his loss, a large proportion are Field Officers who served under him. Field-Major Simpkin and many another veteran Field Officer pay grateful tribute to the man who, once their contemporary in the Field fight, and rising to become their leader, never lost the comrade-touch. They felt in their hottest battles, that 'in all their affliction he was afflicted,' and that his full weight was lent them to win through to victory.

But it is from the young Officers, both men and women, that, at the mention of his name, there is a spontaneous response; they burn to talk of him. Many now coming into leading positions owe much to the formative years they spent under his influence and training. One, a child of the Regiment, who was 'saved in patches,' as it were, was a test to the Colonel's faith. A heady, shallow, gifted youth, swayed that way and this by passing influences, he inclined to sway others with him. Thomas bore with him, dealt with him, believed for him, until, in a public Meeting, the heavenly vision shone clear, and in his full uniform he knelt at the penitent-form, seeking that work of grace which has established, strengthened, and settled him.

Colonel Thomas stood to his young Officers as a person wholly delightful. There was about him a charming approachableness, which drew them to him with their problems and questionings and failings; but to presume to familiarity or slackness in work was not to be thought of. His presence brought them up to their full height, demanding their best. The same Captain who would to-day sun himself under his Divisional Commander's congratulations over a success, to-morrow would be smarting under the rod of correction for negligence on some other point of duty. Youth has a fine appreciation of fair play, and many give thanks for 'the wisdom, without partiality and without hypocrisy,' which they found in him.

Thomas kept a young heart. He rived his own early fight over again in the rising Officers, and was never afraid to take risks with them. He encouraged them to Strike out in untried plans; would listen patiently to even wild schemes, generally finding something good in them. To this he would apply his experience, the while encouraging the young Officer to do his own thinking, until, between them, a workable scheme evolved. If he found one sliding into ruts he routed him out and set him going on new ground. It vexed him to find the same texts used again and again, when the Word of God abounds in the unusual for those who will study it. 'Where is this subject to be found? "Get off your donkey,"' he asked one Officer, later giving a telling Holiness address on an obscure incident in Joshua. He had a high sense of the respect due to the position of Officership, even when occupied by one who failed to adorn it. One confesses that the mannerisms of a comrade Officer so vexed him, that he was mimicking the absent person in the presence of a few Officers and also some Locals when Colonel Thomas, passing by, caught the trend of affairs. He turned suddenly, and dealt out a reproof so hot and strong, that the offender carried away an enlivened sense of the proprieties and an increased regard for the Divisional Commander.

On the other hand, Thomas was no high and mighty soul. A light heart and the faculty of extracting good from the funny side of things, helped him. One day, going to the office, a little

slum chap in trouble with his boot-laces, commandeered him. 'Hi, Mr. Salvation Army, tie my boot-lace.' Smiling, the Colonel stooped and performed the office, chatting the while with the little man. He then went on his way, to show his Officers how the world is looking to The Army to solve its tangles, by a loving stooping to meet their needs.

Thomas was an adept in applying the words, 'If thou has aught against another, go to him.' Says one young Officer:

'One of the great lessons he taught me was not to raise dust and leave it for some one else to clear up. A comrade Officer had treated me shabbily. I told my chum about it, and he told his chum, and this chum told somebody else; finally it got to the Divisional Commander. He had me in. "Is this true?" he inquired. "Yes, sir." "Then you are to go and speak to that Officer. This thing has gone the rounds and it does no good, only harm. Now go to your comrade in a manly, kind way and have the thing out with him." It was not easy, but the Divisional Commander held me to it. The affair was satisfactorily disposed of, and I learned my lesson.'

In his later years, when failing health made it impossible to reach all his Officers, he brought them to him for counsel. One delights to remember going to him with a difficulty and the Colonel helping him to draft a letter to a fractious Census Board.

Thomas was an enemy of the idea that it helps toward efficiency to 'play off' one Officer against another. Rather, he aimed to get Officers 'in' with each other, fostering a warm spirit which provoked love and good works. He would say, 'You know So-and-so is doing splendidly with the Young People. Look in at his Corps and see how he works it.' Or, 'You should take a tip from ____ in the way he manages this or that.' Says one:

'He was always admiring us to each other.'

Thomas never fell under the spell of the proverb, 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' If he knew an Officer was not succeeding, he would seek out the cause. Taking infinite pains he would get down to the beginning of the decline; when he had discovered the vital spot, he insisted on renovations, to start immediately! How many he saved from discouragement and defeat in hours of peril will never be known in this life; they are many indeed.

Nevertheless, if he became convinced that a man had mistaken his calling and would not succeed as an Officer, he told him so, very kindly, and helped him to face another sphere of work without a hurt spirit.

Of caring for the creature comforts of his Officers there exists a wealth of charming reminiscence. One remembers his visit in an out-of-the-way place to a lonely lad-Officer whom he found in great suffering. His foot was poisoned. The Colonel took off his coat, lighted a fire, boiled the kettle, and, with hot water and a flannel, fomented the foot until the gathering broke.

Says an Officer who was then a raw Lieutenant:

'My boots were in bad repair, and one day came to grief while I was out on business. Another Officer's Quarters being near, I made my way thither and asked for hammer and nails to secure the sole. The Officer's wife reported this to the Divisional Commander. In a few days I was sent for.

The Divisional Commander jocularly asked how my shoes were getting on. Then he told me he knew that money was scarce; to look in a certain cupboard and I would find some new shoes. Years later, when I had advanced to the rank of Captain, I came under the Colonel in another Division, and found him to be the same wise, kind leader. He would ask me about my work, where I was wrong would direct me; then he would pray with me, telling God all about my affairs. I never left his office without believing God would answer his prayers for me.'

A cherished memory of one young Officer is a Sunday the Divisional Commander spent at his Corps. Things wound up in a boil of joyful enthusiasm, and, greatly daring, the Captain called upon the Divisional Commander for his testimony. Quite naturally the Colonel rose, and for ten minutes told of the dealings of God with his soul, up to date. Very quiet were the Soldiers, especially the Young People, as they listened to their leader telling of his fights against the enemy of his soul; how necessary he found it to bring into the subjection of Jesus his fiery disposition, and of his victories through the Blood.

The Local Officers of his Divisions held Colonel Thomas in high regard. On a point of discipline, he used to say to them: 'I never interfere with your position, and I must ask you never to interfere with mine.' Said a leading Local to me recently:

'He was a just and righteous man. I have watched him listen to a case, decide seemingly against his own interests, then go and lead a joyful Meeting.'

To his comrade Divisional Commanders and to his Staff, Thomas's spirit of childlike trust in God, his optimism, his loyalty to The Army, were as the refreshment of dew. Many testify to this. We may refer only to one reminiscence of Brigadier Gallaher, who served with him for years:

'We were on a tour of inspections; the findings were not encouraging. In addition to this, he had a legion of difficulties pressing upon him. The inspection for the day finished, the Colonel suggested a walk. Strangely, we made our way into the little churchyard of the town. After walking a little while, commenting on some of the epitaphs inscribed on the tombstones, we rested on one of the seats. We sat in silence for a time, then the Colonel spoke of the daily problems which meet us in the War. This opened a conversation. He told me of his own heart problems, showing how God had solved them again and again; presently he said, "Let us have a little prayer." We knelt and prayed together and sang softly. Rising, he said to me: "O Major, God is God; He is our God, working out His wonderful plan for our lives. Let us rest in this. He knows the way we take."'

For all the grace of God that triumphed in this servant of His, to the end of his days Thomas remained a very human being. His quick, passionate temperament inclined him always to superlative views; while in his private affairs he was gentle, unselfish, forgiving, and

generous, where wrong existed, especially in relation to the Kingdom of Christ, his indignation burned fiercely. In dealing with crooked or aggravatingly dense people, his patience sometimes gave out, and he slated the offender with a vigor that was, if not out of proportion to the offence, at least beyond their appreciation of the true position. But, as one who knew him best says: 'Anger never rested in his heart.' After thrashing out an affair, he would at once shake hands with the aggrieved or offending parties, and thereafter seek to show kindness and friendliness toward them.

When the General appointed David Thomas as National Leader for his own country, Wales, it seemed that he had reached the position for which all his life had been a preparation. The General and Mrs. Booth loved him for his constant raising of the standard of Holiness in his life and teaching, for his loving care for his Officers and his unwavering zeal for the Salvation of the unsaved. With great joy he and his wife accepted the opportunity. A little space of joyful service marked by the favor of God, then an illness, which for years had threatened him, developed. A few days under observation in a Nursing Home in the company of his beloved, with visits from comrades, sweet recallings of the past almost forty years of service, a deep rest and joy in the Lord filled the hours with a warmth and glow which, from this view-point, suggests an autumn sunset. A hastened operation, then -- Mrs. Thomas writes:

'During his last days he was only partly conscious, but he thought of each of his family, and prayed for us at intervals.'

Almost his last words were those noble lines of Madame Guyon's:

'Thou sweet beloved Will of God
My anchor ground, my fortress hill;
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In Thee I hide me and am still.

'Oh, will that wiliest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;
A little child I follow on,
And trusting, lean upon Thy breast.'

He followed a little further, and saw Christ face to face.

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ENDNOTES

1 The story will, I am glad to say, be written, and that by the same pen which has given us the sketches contained in this book.

2 An Officer having the oversight and direction of The Army's work in a country, or portion of a country.

3 See the story fully told in 'Catharine Booth' by Commissioner Booth-Tucker

4 This wonderful story is described in full in 'William Booth,' by Harold Begbie.

5 Miss Emma Booth, later Consul Booth-Tucker.

6 The Army's first Maternity Home.

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THE END