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In This Issue

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"Our Fathers Have Told Us"

Some early-day stories of The Salvation Army by Colonel Edward H. Joy

Editorial Introduction

Major Stephen Court, editor

Greetings in Jesus' name. Following hot on the heels of JAC116 - The HOPE Issue - we're thrilled to introduce JAC117 - "OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US: Some early-day stories of The Salvation Army', by Colonel Edward H. Joy. This is a highly unusual issue of Journal of Aggressive Christianity.

From the literary holdings of Colonel Maxwell Ryan, recently promoted to Glory, we received an unpublished manuscript by Colonel Edward Joy. Joy, born in 1871, was promoted to Glory himself in 1949, so the undated manuscript is probably more than 70 years old. Colonel Joy, a Briton who served in Great Britain, IHQ, Canada, and South Africa, is famous for his popular book THE OLD CORPS, which inspired the first Gowans and Larsson musical, and for this song:

All my days and all my hours
All my will and all my powers
All the passion of my soul
Not a fragment but the whole
Shall be Thine, dear Lord,
Shall be Thine, dear Lord.
(SBSA 566)

This 'book' contains stories that will be new to virtually everyone who reads them - and virtually each one of them (the stories). In the introduction to one chapter, Joy describes the, "heroines of the scenes and exploits which are far beyond the imagination of present-day Salvationists." Imagine how far beyond the imagination of PRESENT-DAY Salvationists these scenes and exploits might be!

Here are the stories:

The Gunpowder Plot…

The Side-Walks Of New York

The Major's Night-Shirt

A Veteran Woman Tells Her Story

Weapons Of Defence

The Courtship Of Honor Brown

The Returned Insurance Money

He Isn't Knocking Tonight

Inasmuch

In The Heart Of The Temple

The ‘Fraud’ Who Became Free

A Night In The Woods

The Midnight Plot

He Labour Was Not In Vain

In An Underground Den

Winning Her Last Soul

What a shock some of these stories bring! What visceral response! Of course, the test is to press through these and live up to the heritage Some reading this are, already. Hallelujah. For the rest of us, the challenge is clear. Godspeed.

The Gunpowder Plot…

It was really not a matter for wonder that the publicans and pawnbrokers of the town were up in arms, for, since the coming of The Army, their respective businesses had fallen much below par, and as others of their regular customers were thought to be following in the footsteps of those who had already enrolled themselves with us, it was high time for them to take steps to check the movement. It may be for the easier telling of the tale if I say I took place in Hillroyd, my chance name for a small manufacturing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Nor many months elapsed before a fully organized 'Skeleton Army' put in an appearance, and nightly attacks on us began. The 'Skeletons' treated us with all the fierce cruelty which drink inspired hate could suggest. Not only on those evening when we were 'on the march' did these assaults occur, but on other occasions injury was done to individual Soldiers, and to the Hall, which, in the phraseology of those days, was termed 'the Barracks'.

That ramshackle place was in the lower part of the town, hidden away behind factors, and approached by a winding back lane. You couldn't say 'it was not much to look at', for so hidden in was it, that apart from the front door, no part of its outside was visible except from surrounding backyards. It was the best the DO (divisional officer) had been able to discover in his reconnoitering, and he had only obtained it by guile, making sure of the lease before he disclosed that the despised Army would be the occupants. It was well that he had it all 'signed, sealed, and settled', for many were the efforts made to shorten and to break the tenancy.

But such a dingy, draughty half-wooden structure, would never have been dreamed of for a 'Citadel' in those days, although night after night it was filled with a host of folks, some of them shouting and praise God, and some shouting and screaming in efforts to disturb the proceedings. And souls were saved, added to The Army daily, and consequently, to put it in the words of the old song:
'The publicans were going about, Glory! Hallelujah! Saying they were driving us out, Glory! Hallelujah!'

The landlord of the 'Bull and Chickens', at the top of the entry-passage through he had done much to lessen our audience when he tarred his side-wall and induced his over-the-way neighbor to do the same, so that all who desired to tread the way to Salvation did so at the risk of spoiling their clothes. But that did not stem the flow, though the dyers and cleaners felt the benefit.

What was to be done about it? The landlord would not turn out his tenants, and the 'Skeleton Army' demonstrations only seemed to make the Salvationists more enthusiastic. It was tauntingly annoying, too, for the publican to hear our crowd singing as we marched down the lane:
'Storm the public-houses Bring the sign-boards down!'

One night a plot was hatched. November the 5th was approaching, a festival always boisterously observed by the rougher element of the town, and the remembrance of tis near approach suggested something to our neighbor the publican. He laid it before a gathering of his pals in all its ruddy glory; it was not less a scheme than to "burn out T' 'Allelluyers!"

It was to be done on the Saturday night, the night of the 'Fifth', so that when the Salvationists came along for their 'knee drill' Sunday morning, they would find themselves smoked out, - fired, so to speak. Only three or four conspirators were allowed in the plot, and these were asked to gather the necessary materials. It would never have done for too many to be in the secret, else somebody would have told us, or told the police, and then the game would be up. The probably danger to the surrounding property did not enter into the thoughts of these modern Catesbys and Guido Fawkeses.

Shavings and waste and paraffin were the chief materials, and these were stored in a shed at the rear of the 'Bull and Chickens', from whence they were to be taken by stealth and placed at any vulnerable part of our building. And, as you may have imagined from by description of the old rag-store, not much encouragement would be needed to make it a fine bonfire.

Of course, such a plot could not be carried through without much liquid refreshment, and, naturally, the conspirators expected, and received, free drinks in such abundance as to make them less careful than the deed demanded.

And then whoever thought of a conspirator, particularly on the Fifth of November, without a pipe? It was a pipe that exploded the mine, so to speak, for one of the landlord's minions, overloaded with drink and underloaded with caution, ventured to light his pipe among the pile of shavings and soaked waste which he was handling preparatory to shifting it to the scene of the action.

You can guess what happened! In a moment the dropped smoldering match had set light to the inflammatory store, and, almost quicker than it takes me to write, the whole heap was a roaring flame, and the landlord's shed was the bonfire instead of the 'Barracks'. From the shed the flames leaped to the house, itself ancient and far from fireproof, until that, too, was a raging furnace.

Fifty years ago and more municipal fire brigades were not as highly organized as now, and the amateur firemen did not respond too quickly to the call, and then it came about that fully half-an-hour had elapsed before there was any real effort to fight the flames, by which time all hope of saving the 'Bull and Chickens' was a thing of the past. It was as much as they could do to save the neighbouring houses, and by a providential direction of the wind not a flame nor a spark came near 'the good old Army'.

But that wasn't the whole of the calamity so far as the landlord was concerned. The brewer-owners got to hear of the plot and refused to stand by him when he made his

insurance claim. The only thing they did for him was to keep the police out of it, not too difficult an understanding when a plot against the Salvationists had miscarried, or misfired, shall we say?

As for the Salvationists, well, of course they rejoiced in their deliverance, but the Soldiers thought there were doing nothing more than their duty when a little later they 'clubbed round' amongst themselves and paid a month's rent for a house for the landlord, so that he should have a shelter 'when his wife's time comes'.

The Sidewalks of New York

Am I succeeding in passing on to my younger readers some of the thrill of the earlier years of The Army, when from nearly every country where we were at work, there came word that their soil was being enriched by the blood of Salvationist martyrs, the see of The Army today? Scarcely a city, and villages innumerable, but had its own tale of sickness and loneliness patiently borne, and where men and women were laying down their lives to maintain our standards. Ours is, indeed, a glorious heritage!

In the days of my boyhood I was thrilled by the stories of happenings in the cities and towns of the United States. Week by week, as I read the American 'War Cry', a bond of Salvation kinship was being created, as I compared the happenings over the sea with those we were enduring in my own land, and I must confess, there was a feeling of relief in my heart that my lot was cast in pleasanter circumstances.

I read of an Army girl in Minnesota - than an unknown country to me - who was brought to death by inches from the kicks of the ruffians in the town where she was stationed; another was an Officer fired upon by an angry mob and severely wounded in the streets of Baltimore.

Those 'War Crys' from afar told the story of an Army Soldier of New Orleans, who, going one day on a simple errand for himself, was met by a gang of hoodlums and so severely kicked and wounded, that, within a week, we was carried to his grave accompanied by his mourning, yet rejoicing, comrades.

I read, too, of another Soldier, this time in a California town, who, selling 'War Crys' in a saloon, was invited by some of the customers to share their drinks. One his refusing and proceeding to deal with them on the error of their ways, two of them demanded he should desist, drawing their guns to back up their demand. He continued his entreaties, however, thereupon both men fired upon him, severely wounding him in the thigh and the stomach. In such ways did our American comrades share in the worldwide wave of persecution surging around us.

Here is a story worthy of being included in any tales of the 'stirring deed of old', even though it be but one among others similar in incident and tragic ending in more than one land of our occupation.

The girl of whom I am going to tell was born in a wealthy and luxurious home, of which she was the petted only daughter. Her father idolized her, and she lived in the highest degree of comfort until reverses overtook her father, and he lost all his property and his life through shock. On the day of her father's death, her mother sank into hopeless invalidism which lasted for two years, and during that time Mary Mason was a sick nurse and a household drudge. Life, indeed, went hard with her.

But no so hard as it might have been, for just then she entered into the knowledge of Christ as a personal Saviour. This had come to her in a Salvation Army meeting. She

became a sincere Salvationist and rejoiced in all that it meant. Then, also, she had promised to marry a man whom she loved with all her heart. Her wedding day was fixed, but her lover died on the day before that fixed for the happily expected marriage.

In ordinary circumstances she might have gone for comfort in her sorrow to the people of The Army, bust just then we were torn apart by the defection of our leader, our ranks scattered by dissensions - no need to dwell on the details, save to say that one sorrowing soul was denied a friendship she craved, and stung to the quick by what she regarded as being out of all keeping with what she had expected, she abandoned her newly-found experience, and flung off all profession of religion.

But God called her; louder than the voices of insincerity was the wooing voice of the gentle Shepherd, and, by and by, she went to The Army again, and renewed her vows and pledged herself to a fuller service for God. The intervening years had been filled up in a loving toil for her brother, whom her mother had left to her care.

"Look after him always, Mary," she had said, and faithfully Mary had laboured to fulfill that dying request. She worked in homes, drudging as a servant, so that she might find the necessary funds to put the lad through a medical college. On the day he attained his diploma she drew a long breath - she was free now to serve God in The Army, and to fill in some of the spaces which the years and her getting away from God had created.

She entered the old Training Home in New York, and full of ardour, - the free, dauntless ardour of fifty years ago. She had all the sings of a long, useful life - plump, rosy-cheeked, and a sunny disposition, for she was happier now than she had been for years. The sorrows and disappointments of the past were lost in the flood of present usefulness; she was happy beyond expression.

But those were the days when the Salvationists were hated and misunderstood people in old New York; when saloon-keepers incited the mobs against us; when no filthy story was too obscene to be levelled against us; when no newspaper told any good about us. No public conveyance could be entered without a stream of abuse being poured upon any Salvationist passenger. No Army pedestrian could safely walk abroad.

One day, perhaps it was foolish of then to do so, Mary and the loved 'Mother' of the little Training Home went out for a short walk together. "Come out for a breath of fresh air," invited the Staff-Captain, "it will do both of us good."

So they went out together. They were unwise, you might say, to dare to tread the sidewalks of New York in broad daylight; there were foolish to expect that the police would afford them any protection. For a few moments they walked unmolested, and then a rough, hulking fellow show could have lifted Cadet Mary with one hand, struck her a blow with all his force between her shoulders. The blow knocked her down, and she was suffering terribly when the Staff-Captain lifted her and brought her back to the Training Home.

"Bruised lung," said the doctor, laconically and unfeelingly. "She was weak there before, ought never to have joined your Army - can't last long!"

The fellow who had done the mischief sauntered on his way, proudly, very likely, that he has asserted the right of New Yorker city to protest against the 'Blood and Fire' invasion; so called gentlemen had smiled at the prostrate girl; none had come forward to help her and her comrade. It may seem difficult for American Salvationists of today, so honoured and beloved, to believe that such things are less than fifty years old.

Mary lay down on her narrow Training Home bed to die, nursed, though she was, with every possible loving care. She suffered much, but her grief was that she would never be able, after all, to do anything for her Master; never be able to fill up those lost years. "It's all right, I know," she whispered in long, gasping breaths, "but it seems hard I'll never be able to do anything for Him. Dear Lord, lay not this sin to his charge!" Did that hulking hoodlum ever feel the force of her prayers?

One more blow she was to receive a're her trials were at an end - this time on her bruised heart. The Army people had written to her brother, the one for whom she had toiled for so many years - to say that she was dying. But he never answered. Those were the days when to join The Salvation Army meant social ostracism, and the complete severance of family ties. The newly-fledged physician would have no dealings with his sister who had made herself a drudge for him.

She died in the arms of her Training Home 'Mother'; died with a smile on her face, and a 'Father, forgive them!' on her lips.

She was buried on a wet, chilly day, and nobody, possibly, remembers much about it these fifty years after, except one man, if he yet be living, who knelt at the Penitent Form at her Memorial Service. The account of her passing did not take up much more than a column of the 'Cry'. Since then I have searched old files of American 'War Cry' but could find nothing more about Mary Mason, only in other ways have I filled in the details of her story.

Let us lay a wreath on her grace - where is it? - and let it be inscribed: "Killed for daring to wear on the streets of New York a garb which showed she belonged to Jesus Christ!," and having done that let us take up the fight once more under the Flag which flies all the higher because of those who have laid down their lives for it.

The Major's Night Shirt

The Major read and re-read the letter, and then put it aside for further consideration. He was not sure whether he could undertake the proposition which it contained. Opposition to The Army in those days in that particular Province of Canada was already running fiercely, and he had no wish to stir up fresh trouble. Yet the letter said, "I am sure you are the people who can help her," and he had enough of the indomitable courage of our pioneers to regard that as a challenge not to be disregarded.

Those were the days when our people were hated and despised beyond all present-day conception, when, without any desire or purpose of our own, racial and religious dislike was poured upon us in copious streams, and the Major knew that his acceptance of the suggested task would involve a battle with extreme opposition. So he pigeon-holed the letter, and there it stayed, untouched for some days, but not unheeded.

The note told him of a young girl, fatherless and motherless, in lonely circumstances, prevented from communicating with her friends, in a town of alien religion and speech, tormented and tempted by the man and woman in whose keeping she was. "What can you do for her, sir? I am sure you are the people to help her." The words thumped themselves into the Major's brain.

He took out the letter again; in the meantime he had prayed about it. "You are the people!" It irked him beyond all else that such a belief should be misplaced. "So we are!" he declared, as he banged his fist against the desk. "So we are!" (it was in the days before such calls and errands had become commonplace among us)

So off up the river he went. He had no worked out plan in his mind as to how he would get in touch with his quarry. All he knew as her name and address, and all the recommendation or material was a photograph, which the aunt had enclosed in her letter, of the girl's dead mother. He was quite sure that open and above-board enquiries would meet with dead-head replies, and as for appearing in Salvation Army uniform, that was out of the question.

When he arrived at the little up-stream riverside town he found the whole place was 'en fete' for the local regatta; everybody who was anybody, and the rest of the population seemed to be enjoying themselves at the sports. Only a few stragglers were on the streets, stores were closed, and houses deserted, - he might have burgled almost any of them with impunity.

He found the house of the address and strolled past it once or twice, wondering whether the object of his search was within, or whether she was with the revelers at the other end of the town, at the waterside. Presently, to his huge delight, and perhaps in answer to his unuttered prayers for guidance, a young woman came out of the house, a little child in her care, and walked across the road.

The Major stepped up to her and said, “Are you so-and-so?” At first affrighted at the abrupt question of the big, burly stranger, she hesitated, but eventually answered, “Yes.” “Do you know who this is?”, showing her the old-fashioned photo of her mother. “Oh, that’s my mother! Why do you ask? Who are you?”

“I’ve come to help you. I am ‘Salvation Army’,” (not that this meant much to the girl) “And we are always trying to help people who are in trouble. I’ve come to get you away to your auntie. I have a letter from her. Will you come away with me?”

“Oh, yes, I’ll come! Oh, I am so glad! I am frightened of that man; he is so wicked. Take me away! – But they will come after me. They will find me, like they did before. What shall I do?”

He excited replies were a sufficient evidence of her situation to show the Major that he had come on no wild-goose chase, here was one for him to help. “Take no notice now,” said he, “but meet me at the Fountain at eight o’clock, and I’ll be all ready for you. Don’t forget – eight o’clock at the Fountain!”

Precisely at eight o’clock he was at the appointed rendezvous, and from where he stood he again saw the young woman of his search – poor, tempted, haunted creature – looking from the upper room of the house, waiting for the signal which was to tell her that the hour of her escape was at hand. They met at the Fountain, but immediately her deliverer saw she was in no trim for the long journey before them. Clad in the scantiest of indoor clothing – her outdoor garments securely locked away from her – certainly she could not travel thus. What was to be done?

The Major was a man of resource, and so off down the street he went, looking for a store where he might find some women’s clothing. At length he espied a milliner’s window, and displayed therein was a gorgeous ‘merry widow’ hat – all brim and flounces. “Just the ticket!” said he, and after some knocking aroused the little French milliner, and returned to the waiting girl with this, his solitary purchase. “For my young sister,” he had said.

But that had, broad of brim and extravagant of trimming, was, in itself, a very inadequate disguise; a ragged old shirt-waist did not go well with such splendour. And no other shop was open at that hour.

“Say!” said he, an inspiration seizing him, “Here’s the very thing,” and out of his case he pulled his long down-to-the-toes night-shirt. A special going-out-to-a-billet affair, resplendent with stitcher and the like, the work of his loving wife’s hands. “Just the very thing,” said he. “Get it on and let’s have a look at you.” Fortunately the evening dark was coming on, and they were in a secluded corner of the dark garden.

Entering into the spirit of the adventure, the girl pulled the night-shirt over her head, and tucked it up around her waist, tying it with one of the Major’s shoelaces, and transformed it into a passable imitation of a fashionable dress of the period. “My, but

you look smart!" exclaimed the Major; nobody would recognize you. Now, then, here's for the boat; she's about due!"

But the boat was an hour late. "And, say, I never knew an hour so long in my life," said the Major, and then, towards the end of the hour there arose on the air a ringing of bells and shrieking of sirens. "What is that?" exclaimed the Major, "There's a mighty big fire somewhere!"

"No, it's not a fire," cried the girl, "It means they're after me; they've found I've gone. It's what they did last time I ran away. They'll call the whole town after me; They don't mean to let me go!"

A policeman passed muttering something about 'a girl in da river', but he saw nothing answering to the description of the girl for whom he was searching in the gorgeously dressed lady leaning on the army of her stalwart friend. Quite natural that they should be enjoying the cool breeze after the hot day's revel.

The boat hove into sight, and, talking as gaily as they could, the Salvationist and his capture made their way up the gang-way, past the scrutinizing police and others, - past the very man and woman from whom they were escaping, and presently, to the Major's intense relief (his sigh was nigh as loud as a steam-whistle), they were heading downstream for the next chapter of the story.

Handing the girl over to the care of the stewardess, a well-disposed body he discovered, he made himself comfortable for the night.

The next morning, true enough, the story was in the riverside papers – telegraphed along the river by the enraged pursuers, enraged and frightened for fear the girl's body might be recovered from the water, or that she had actually escaped and might tell of the treatment she had received. But the Major was equal to the emergency, even though discovery would certainly have laid him open to a charge of kidnapping a girl for whom he had no responsibility. With The Army in the present state of public opinion the authorities would have no compunction about dealing harshly with him, and handing the girl back to her oppressors.

But, so far, his plans had succeeded – if plans they can be called – and he was not going to let his enemies have the last laugh over him. "Girl drowned!" said some of the papers. "Girl kidnapped by strange man!" said other glaring head-lines. Police and other zealous individuals were staring hard at every shore-going passenger, but when the Major engaged them in excited enquiries as to the missing girl, nobody noticed the gaily dressed woman who pushed her way through the crowd and then waited for him in a quiet nook on the quay.

A telegram to the anxious relatives, and a few days of kindness in the home of the Major and his motherly wife, and then the arrival of a rejoicing woman, ends this part of the story, but in the sequel you would read of a happy girl, freed from the horror and

degradation of her former position, growing up to a joyful Salvationism in the distant city to which she had been taken, and writing hopefully of the happy time when she would be an Officer in our ranks.

“But,” said the Major, “when my missus was making up that fine night-shirt for me, she never knew what a smart ‘bobby-dazzler’ or a blouse and skirt it would make, and that it was to mean the safety of that poor child!”

The Major has long since joined the ‘fighting hosts of God’, but this story as told me by one of his then-colleagues has all the thrill of a full-blooded escape yarn. What do you say?

A Veteran Woman Tells Her Story

Here is a story told by an American veteran woman Salvationist as nearly as possibly in the words which it first reached me; it is altogether too good to be entirely forgotten.
"Headquarters informed us," she said, "that we were to do what Horace Greely had advised young men to do – 'Go West!', and so, though we were in the midst of a much needed furlough, my husband and I packed up our few bits of belongings, and started off on the long – and then tedious – journey needed to bring us to our new appointment.

"I had often heard about the Wild West, and had imagined that my pictures of Western life had been overdrawn, but my eyes were soon opened to the fact that not half had yet been told. We should ourselves in a town where the newspapers were full of the most objectionable and untrue tales of The Army, some of them so vile that, if it had not been for the upholding grace of God, I would not have dared to walk down the street, - o vile that respectable women instinctively drew back their skirts as I passed them!

"There was one story that was true, however, and this was that we were on the job in an endeavor to close down all the saloons, and we soon found that all the saloon-keepers were thoroughly scared, and that they would leave no stone unturned to get rid of us. I think they regarded me as a second Carrie Nation, for I did not mince my language about them. In most of the bars there were notices to the effect that 'Free drinks would be served to all who helped to turn The Army out of town.'

"When the time came for us to being our first meeting the streets were black with people, and it was with difficulty we forced our way through the crowds. Scarcely had we opened the doors of the Hall before it was filled to suffocation with the toughest bunch of toughs I had ever seen. Every time we attempted to sing or speak the mob would begin to howl, and completely drowned out our voices, and we could only stand and pray that God would give us the victory. The position was all the more grave because we could see the police at the rear of the Hall enjoying the fun as much as the rowdiest.

"Before the meeting was over the audience had smashed eighteen of our new benches; the windows were broken by great cocks which came hurtling against them from outside; our lamps were out of commission, and we were soon in darkness. Then the crowd began to crow like roosters, mew like cats, bark like dogs, and neigh like horses – it was pandemonium. And not the least of the terror was that we knew there were evil men creeping around with even worse intent in their foul minds. After the first night we were better prepared, but we never went to a meeting, nor ventured into the streets, without literally taking our lives into our hands. All that the police did for us was to laugh at us, and call us fools for our pains.

"It generally fell to my lot to stand at the door and try to sort out those who endeavoured to get in, - being a woman they were not quite so rough with me – but I had a high time of it in more ways than one.

"The mob had gotten into the habit of pelting us with rotten eggs, - our clothes were in a filthy state, clean them as much as we would – and almost every time I opened the door in response to a knock from without there could come a shower of stinking eggs. Sometimes a stray one would find its way through the half-opened door and alight on an unsuspecting member of the congregation.

"There was a certain lady, a great friend she was, who always sat well to the front, where she thought none of the noise or missiles would affect her. But in her case, it was dangerous to be safe, for, one night, just as I opened the door, an egg came whizzing in and took a straight line for the lady's bonnet, a dainty piece of millinery, knocking it well over her face, and the rotten contents of the eff streamed all over her head and down her neck. What a sight she was! She didn't come to the meetings after that!

"One evening the Brigadier of the Division came. He was a nice, sociable fellow, and we rather liked him, but when on duty he was very careful of his dignity – always trim and well groomed. When getting ready for the meeting, he drew a new suit from his valise – all pressed and with shining regalia, - he had just been promoted. I remarked that I hoped he wasn't going to wear that suit on the march. He looked at me rebukingly and said, "I've never been afraid of a mob yet, and they'll soon see they can take no liberties with me!" I left it at that, and off down the street we went.

"We were to march from our own Hall to the City Hall which we had taken for the occasion. No sooner did we begin to move, and to sing, 'The day of victory's coming', than every saloon seemed to belch forth a crowd of hooligans, who ran to the stalls and stores, armed themselves with eggs, and made their way to where the Braves of The Army were making their parade. The tall Brigadier in his immaculate suit – a knight in shining armour – was a splendid target.

"Suddenly, a well-aimed egg struck him right behind the ear. "Oh," said he to his colleague, "that isn't an egg, it's a rock!" "No," said the Adjutant, "it's only an egg." "But, my dear fellow," said the Brigadier, "I'm sure it was a rock, I can feel the blood running out of my ear!" "No," said the Adjutant, "It's only an egg, reaching up his hand to assure his superior, "It's an egg – smell!"

"Poor Brigadier! What a sight he was, as he passed into the Hall; eggs from top to toe. Even his hair and his moustache, with which he tool much pains, had been changes from a sleek black to a golden yellow, and his new suit was a pitiable sight. When he went home from the meeting he declared, 'It was the toughest go he had ever had, and as for eggs, he'd never touch another as long as he lived!'

"Say, but we had a rough time of it in those days, and it is a wonder some of us lived to tell the tale. We could have put up with it better if some of it had been done for mere devilry, but when we knew the fierce hat being it, and the strength of the enemy, our hearts often wilted, and our faith sometimes faltered.

“One night as I walked home through streets that seemed unusually quiet, in a silence which out to have warned me, someone threw a half-brick which hit me on the back of the head. I was stunned, and reeled, and just as I was recovering myself I saw a form hurrying down the street and heard a mocking cry.

“Another evening I was seated on the platform of the Hall and saw an evil face peering through one of the windows, and the next moment a huge stone struck the seat on which I was sitting, and smashed the tambourine I had just put down beside me.

“But through it all we were wonderfully preserved, and sometimes there were funny sides to our adventures. But, glory be to God, there was scarcely a night when we did not have the joy of seeing sinners at the Mercy-Seat crying for pardon. It was worth it all! Now in the evening of my days, by dear husband gone on before me, I sit with my memories, and thank God for ever giving me the honour of living ‘in the good old days’!”

Weapons of Defence

This is another story for which I am indebted to my American veteran friend; again I set it down in much the same words as it first came to me.

"I know," she said, "there are some folks who are always saying they wish they could have the good old days back again, but, on enquiry, I find they know very little about the things we had to endure in the early days of The Army. We were quite young then, and I am afraid that some of our antics were very strange to good thinking people who had never been used to a noisy religion. It is a small wonder that the rough element treated us badly, for we were straight-out in our expressions about sin and bad habits. But, talking about the 'good old days', I, for one, am not anxious to go through again what I had to endure fifty years ago.

"For instance, I do not want to have repeated the experience of a certain evening when I was coming home from the meeting with my husband; not walking slowly, because we didn't dare to dawdle along the streets in those days, but getting along as fast as we could for fear we should suffer some interruption.

"Suddenly, around the corner, came a crowd of toughs, and without the slightest warning, the leader of them rushed up to my husband, and deliberately kicked him under the chin. A policeman was in sight and saw what was done, and arrested the man, but the judge, who had a prejudice against us, and did not scruple to let it be known, dismissed the case!

"The night following, as soon as we opened the Hall for the meeting, this same man, with about fifty others, rushed into the room, declaring they had come for their revenge, - and they had it. Not a breakable piece of furniture was left whole!

"I was at the back of the Hall contending with some others who were determined to push in, and my husband was up at the front defending the property there, - a helpless task. At length some frightened citizens went for the police; four of them appeared and told us they would escort us home.

"However, in spite of them, the young man who had been acquitted that morning, hid in a door-way, and, as we passed, rushed out and jumped on my husband, felling him to the ground, while another man took a deliberate running kick at his head, leaving him unconscious. As he lay there senseless the police stood over him with drawn truncheons, and of course the cowardly attackers made their escape.

"But some time after we had our reward, for in one of our meetings in another town, a young Captain stood up to tell us he was present on the occasion of that riot, and that our Christian-like behaviour had been the means of bringing him to Christ. I have since heard of another who was present and gave his heart to God, and has since won hundreds of souls for Christ's Kingdom. So our fight was worthwhile.

"Of course, to every rough time there is an amusing side if one can only find it, and those we often suffered very much, there were occasions when we had a good laugh out of our trials.

"We had been told that we need not be surprised if any night the mob raided our house and dragged us from our beds. We would not have been surprised if they had attempted it, for there seemed to be no limit to their fury, especially when they had been primed by drink and incited to further evil actions by the saloon-keepers.

"One night we had retired to rest. We had had a tough fight and were dreadfully tired, and I was just dozing, when I heard a strange noise. I saw up and listened and heard the voices of several men who seemed to be surrounding the house. Their language was vile in the extreme. I wakened my husband, and told him I was sure the mob had come at last, and that we had better get up and prepare to defend ourselves. Poor man, he was only half awake, but he got up and went to the door of the room where our two men lieutenants were sleeping, and told them they had better dress and be ready for the worst.

"They were ready on the instant, and on the stairs we held a consultation, stealthily arranging our scheme of defence. We decided it would not be wise to show a light, as the enemy might fire on us through the window. We looked around for some weapons with which we could repel the enemy. Dear me! What could we do?

"After a few moments, four brave warriors, including myself, were standing behind the front door, armed to the teeth. I was brandishing the housebroom, while the rest were wielding weapons equally dangerous – the fire-shovel, the poker, the stove-raker, etc. There we stood, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

"Soon I was shivering with cold, for I was but half-clad, and the broom was proving a heavy, awkward weapon, and I was beginning to wonder when the foe would make a charge. We thought all manner of things, and whispered to each other that they were setting light to the house, and that we should all be cremated – and then I heard a woman's voice.

"We listened earnestly, and soon found out the cause of all the disturbance. It was an old drunken woman who had stumbled over our steps on her way home, and refused to budge, in spite of the earnest entreaties of her friends. A crowd of young fellows had gathered to watch their efforts, and hence the noise, which my exalted imagination had construed into a 'tar and feather' party. Oh the relief!

"Our weapons were soon put back where we had found them, and we had a good laugh over our valiant conduct and half-dressed appearance. I am afraid I was rather wicked, but I could not help remarking that it was the first time I was glad to know an old woman was drunk.

“However, in spite of our struggles, we had our joys, as well as amusement. When we were leaving that particular town, one of our foremost persecutors came to see us away, and told us how sincerely he repented his conduct, and was determined to lead a better life. We afterwards heard that he was saved and a good Soldier.

“We now have the gladness after all these years of knowing that in the city of our struggles the Flag of The Army is waving high, and our people held in the highest respect. But, as for those who want ‘the good old days back again’, well, let them want; for my part I had enough of them while they were on.

The Courtship of Honor Brown

chapter 1

"The young Captain was very young, and the small Corps was very hard; the Soldiers were slow of spirit and stolid of temperament; the Captain was quick to jump to conclusions – he was very young – and nothing seemed easy. The little town was flat, with a deadly monoto-level that irked the lad's soul beyond words. He came from the free, rolling wolds of East Yorkshire, and longed for the sight of the hills and fells of his native country. At home the beck went gurgling by his mother's front door in desperate haste; here the stream moved to the neighbouring sea in a placid, peace-like-a-river meandering. The people among whom he had been sent to start his career as a notable soul-winner were as slow and as placid as their river, while he was eager to move with all the alertness which was his family inheritance.

"Even his lieutenant took things as if any old day would serve the immediate purpose, and, to make matters worse, there was a disparity in their ages, the balance of youth being in the Captain's favour. He did not feel free to urge the elder man to a hastier speed, although the Lieutenant would not have resented such a suggestion, even if he had been physically incapable of any prolonged effort.

"The Captain had not been in charge of the Corps many days, not even a Sunday in the town had yet passed over his head, but the deadly dullness of the first two or three days was fast driving him to the yelling stage, especially after the rough and tumble experiences of life as a Cadet at Clapton.

"He had hopes that Saturday evening would have provided some extra excitement, but, no, every everybody who was everybody, including the handful of his Soldiery, had gone for the weekly expedition to the neighbouring market town, leaving him and the Lieutenant to hold forth with cornet and drum to a street audience of a few children, two men gaping over the red curtain of the 'Blue Anchor' window, and some stray dogs – the howls of these mingling with the strains of the cornet.

"The thought that a succession of such episodes lay ahead of him kept him tossing all Saturday night on the hard straw pallet which was the only resting-place the barely furnished Quarters could offer him. With the first rays of the morning sun he was on his knees pouring out his soul in an agony of mingled home-sickness and fear that the loneliness might send him back of his hard-fought dedication, and, too, on to his dear old mother's giving of him to Officership in The Army.

"In the adjoining room the Lieutenant stirred heavily, until, at last, awakened by the Captain's audible wrestling with God, he joined him in prayer that 'something might be done today'. The prayer seemed in no way answered by the fact that they were the only individuals in attendance at the 'kneedrill' in the little Army Hall.

"By 'Open-air' time a mist had come up from the sea, and when the two lads took their stand at the usual spot at the end of the long, rambling main street, it had enshrouded the town that only the dim outline of the few scattered cottages in the vicinity could be discerned. The Soldiers stood around deeply disconsolate, and the music of the three or four instruments sounded dismally through the fog. There was only other figure which seemed to be taking the slightest interest in the proceedings, and that was an individual very fittingly garbed in a thick monkey-jacket of the seaman type, and wearing an old battered sou-wester hat.

"The Captain could just discern this solitary listener leaning against a fence, and in spurt of brotherly enthusiasm called out as they moved off to the Hall, "And you can come, my brother, we'll be glad to see you!" The slow-spreading grins on the faces of his comrades rather disconcerted him, but he called again, "Come on, now, everybody for The Army!" But the invited one did not stir.

"By the afternoon the fog had lifted, and so had our young hero's spirits. Soldiers, wives, prams, and babies had joined up, and quite a brave showing made its way to the barn which did duty for The Army Hall. He was really cheerful as he welcomes all and sundry, and began to have the stirrings of a belief that Chapel-In-the-Marsh had in it the makings of an Army Corps.

"But his sense of order and dignity was shocked when he espied at the back of the Hall the same queerly garbed figure that had failed to respond to his morning invitation. Pleased and shocked. Pleased to see a very obvious non-Salvationist in the meeting, and shocked because the newcomer had failed to remove the battered, old sou-wester.

"My man," he called, as he mounted the little platform, "don't you know that you are in the House of God? Remove your hat!" Never was command more authoritatively delivered. The individual thus addressed stared at him with lack-lustre eyes looking out of a brown, seamed, gnarled weather-beaten face; shaggy grey eye-brown accentuated the stare; a tight-lipped and determined chin added a fierceness to the look that it might otherwise have lacked; the closely buttoned coat, right up to the chin, covered a stolid figure. Never a sign that the Captain's rebuke had been personally addressed.

"Take off your hat, my man!" Any further adjuration on the part of the Captain was checked by the hasty rising of one of the Soldiers, and by his half-scared whisper, 'Don't say any more, Captain; she's woman. 'Tis Honor Brown, and if you once get her on the wrong side, there'll be no holding her."

The young Captain was very young, and his dignity was easily assailable; to find himself so nearly involved, gave him a jolt, as the modern saying goes. He retired from the argument as gracefully as possible, and went on with the meeting.

But, try as he would, he could not avoid the steady gaze of the weird, old creature, - it haunted him. He basilisk-like stare hindered him in all his movements, and confused him beyond all bearing. Try as he would, he caught himself again and again looking at

her. Presently the short prayer-meeting began, and the Captain suggested to the Lieutenant that he might go down and 'have a few words with the old woman'. As new to the situation as his Commanding Officer, but much less perturbed, the Lieutenant made his way to the rear of the room, and, bending over the upright, still staring individual, said, in an attempt to establish friendly relationships, "Well, mother, and how are you today?"

In a hoarse, gruff voice, heard distinctly all over the place, came the quick, almost snarling reply: "Don't you call me 'mother', my lad. I'd have you learn I'm a respectable, single woman, and that everybody knows."

Abashed, not to say alarmed, for there was fierce anger in the old body's tones, the Lieutenant essayed another tack. "Well, sister, …." "I'm not sister of yours, my lad, and you'd best be careful!"

In desperation the Lieutenant put the question he had really come to ask, "Have you found Jesus?" There was neither fun nor mockery in the responding question: "Is He lost? I didn't know."

And you may know something of the awe in which the old woman was held by the rest of the congregation in that none of them so much as smiled, let alone laughed.

The Captain and Lieutenant soon became acquainted with the fact that 'Old Honor' was regarded as the witch of the countryside; the 'go-you-to-sleep' terror of the children; the bait of any unfeeling louts who might venture to taunt her – from a safe distance. During the next few days, as the young fellows made their way about the town, they had to take a good deal of chaff because of their mistake of the Sunday afternoon. It became evident that while everybody was ready to tell of probably ills and crimes attributed to 'Old Honor', there was none to pity the lonely, fearsome, old woman as she made her way about the streets, selling fish from the great basket she carried on her strong, muscular arm.

As she passed along calling her wares in her coarse, husky voice, none thought her an object for love or prayer. Any such idea had long since faded out. Striding along in her heavy, hob-nailed boots, her short skirt, and her mannish coat and sou-wester, she made her way about the town and the neighbouring countryside, avoided by most and sought be none, - except for her always dependable wares. If ever she received a kindly word it was given in a not always successful effort to avoid a snarling remark, or the 'evil eye' with which she was credited.

It had been years and years since anyone did or said a really kindly thing for or to Honor Brown until the boy Captain did so, and his cheerily, gentlemanly, polite, 'God bless you, Honor!" that one day pierced the old heart of stone, flooded the fierce grey eyes with a gush of tears, made a stern, old heart quiver with emotion, and called forth a "Why do you say that, Captain?" No one had said such a thing to her for over sixty years, not since she was a girl in her 'teens, and had seen her mother's rough coffin

carried to the village churchyard from the cottage by the wood in which she had lived her solitary life ever since. “God bless you! Eh!”

After that it was not great wonder that the Officers found many a gift of fish waiting for them in the back-place of the Quarters, or that other contributions, whose source they well knew, came their way. And, if you believe in the power of a kind word to prepare and make straight the way of the Lord, you will not be surprised to know that one day Officers and Soldiers alike joyed with an exceeding joy to see Honor Brown at the rough Penitent-Form in The Army Hall, seeking and finding the Saviour who had hitherto been such a Stranger to her.

chapter 2

It was a greatly delighted band of Army folk and a much excited company of villagers who saw Honor standing with The Army in the open-air the next Sunday. The interest reached even to the squire, who was also a banker in the neighbouring town, and the good work of her conversion was still more enlarged when he suggested that the Corps should henceforth hold its meetings in a standing-empty chapel which was on his property. “As for any rent, Captain, that’s a trifle so long as Honor stands true.” Even the Vicar showed a friendliness in inviting her to church, though Honor’s rebuff somewhat chilled it; “Thank you, Vicar, but I likes my prayers said and not read!”

It was evident, however, that in spite of her new-found religion and its very evident effect upon her hitherto witchlike demeanour, there was something troubling the new convert. The young Captain could not fathom it, and although he and the Lieutenant had many discussions on the matter, and even though the Captain, greatly daring, made some timid advances to her, the mystery remained. Now, in the meetings, instead of her former fixed stare, she would be looking at the young man with and eager, querying gaze, apparent to all, to change to a smile of almost maternal tenderness for the lad, for sheer relief from the strain of it, would return the look with a bright smile and a mod. Never for a moment did he conceive of the crazy notion taking slow shape in the long atrophied old brain.

As far back as anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Chapel-in-the-Marsh Honor Brown had lived in one of two cottages standing on the fringe of the wood at the far outskirts of the little community. Once on a time the other cottage, said to be the property of Honor, had been inhabited, but her unneighbourliness and persistent bad temper, streams of oaths and bad language at the slightest provocation, had long since caused her to live in solitary plight, and the other house to fall into a state of disrepair only a little worse than the one which Honor used. It must have been years since anyone dared to call there, and after night-fall none even ventured down the little lane by which it stood. With greater ease did King Saul visit the Witch of Endor than the good folks of Chapel-in-the-Marsh ventured to ‘old Honor’s Cottage’.

However, the Salvationised demeanour of the old woman was an invitation to the Officers, in spite of the memory of their first attempt. On more than one occasion they had filled her heart with delight, that prayer and praise should be offered within its bare and dismal walls, its gloom made all the deeper by reason of the over-hanging trees. A marvel of delight! The first such visit was nearly as exciting, indeed, as the time when she knelt at the Penitent-Form.

It happened that one day the Captain came by himself. Visiting in the neighbourhood he had a message that Honor wanted him especially, that he must come at once, and alone. Hastily he made his way to the cottage, thinking very little about the strangeness of the message, for in his heart there had grown a deep affection for the old soul, so obviously struggling a path so very new to her.

It was the old lady's opportunity to put into effect a strange plan her queer mind had conceived; a plot partly born of the filial attention which the lad, in his concern for her soul, had paid to the hitherto neglected woman. As he hurried along the lane, he saw her waiting for him, and it was with some anxiety he followed her into her cottage.
"Sit down, lad, and read yerself a minute. I'm none so keen to see ye, but that I can wait for a bit. Don't tire yerself, my bonny boy, rest now." And she pulled forward the solitary chair of the house.

"But they told me you wanted me urgently, and that I was to come at once; not even wait for the Lieutenant!"

"Oh, yes, I know. I told 'em to say so. I knew you'd be calling at Mrs. White's, and I have 'er the word to tell ye to call. I didn't tell 'er why, oh, No. It's best not to let everybody know everybody's business. There's a sight too many want to know that. Sit down, lad, and I'll make ye a cup of tea, and then we'll talk. It's a 'portant matter I have on my mind, and I won't be rushed."

And, so, knowing by now that his people would not be 'rushed', and Honor Brown least of all, the young Captain submitted to the inevitable, and watched the old lady hang the kettle over the fire, and set the cups and saucers in scattered array for a frugal refreshment.

"Yes," she said, "tis a 'portant matter, and we're not to be 'rupted" – the Captain thought he would not mind if they were – "and so I'll shut the door," and suiting the action to the word, the old crone not only shut but bolted the door. The lad began to have some qualms at to what all this portended.

"Tis like this, Captain," she proceeded, as they were sitting over the tea-cups. 'Tis like this. I'm an old, old woman, and I've lived along in this 'ere cottage for many and many a year, and but for you and t'other lad, I've no friends at all. 'Tis a lonely life, and it's made me a bad-tempered woman. Why, Captain," – and she leaned over to the lad, "my tempter's got so bad that one day when I came in and found the cat eating the fish, I caught 'old of him ,and laid 'im right across the chopping-block, and chopped 'is 'ead

off, Yes, I did, and this is the very knife what I did it with," holding up the knife with which she had cut the thick slices of bread and butter for the meal.

"Ah, but Honor, those days are gone; old things have passed away. Isn't that so?

"I'm none so sure, lad. I can get into a wholly bad go now, if I let myself. But 'tis not that I'm wanting to speak about this afternoon." With this she launched into a tale which it is beyond me to set forth in her own words, but which must have been seething in her brain for days.

She told the Captain how, as a young girl of fifteen, she had seen her father and mother die, and had followed them to their resting-places in the churchyard, and how just before their death her mother had told her of a small legacy which they were leaving to her, beside the two cottages. "'T'was a 'undred pounds, you'll understand, Captain, and 't'was not to be mine 'till I was married; I couldn't touch it, my lad, 'til I had a 'usband of my own. I knot ath 't'was. My dea, old mother didn't think it 'ud send all the lads of the village running after me and my 'undred pounds, but they did. And when they'd come, I had the world's work sending them about their business. They didn't want me; all they wanted was my money, and I wanted none like that.

"And so 't has been all these years, and I've never been able to get at it, cos' I wouldn't marry the first man that came along. I went in once or twice and see old Doddard, him what was the banker, but they'd always wanted to see my marriage lines, and I 'adn't any."

The Captain would well visualize the scenes thus conjured up by the old woman's words. The men hanging around the young girl of the woods for the sake of her little fortune, and how she would send them away, and gradually develop into the hard creature of the present. It was an additional reason for pity. He listened as she went on talking, now with her arm resting on the table and looking at him with her set face, - a grim object.

"And, now, Captain, I'll tell you what's in my mind. **I want ye to marry me**!"

The Captain gave a start, and looked round for a way of escape. "Yes, lad, I want ye to marry me," – and with a smack of her fist on the table – "and I'm not letting you out o' 'ere 'til you promise me! I'm not unlocking that there door 'till you say the word I want!" She had her scheme all cut and dried, and went on in detail to the startled Officer. "Yes, I've worked it all out. 'Tis like this. I'm an old woman, just gone seventy, and you're a young feller with lots o' life in front o' you; 'tis not likely I'll be living much longer, and I means to 'andle that 'undred pounds afore I die."

"There's old Passun Moore in the next parish. He's older nor I am, and he ain't got no memory, and couldn't 'member to-morrer what he done today. We'll go over and get 'im to marry us, and nobody in this village 'ull know. Then I'll get the marriage-lines, go into

Doddard's Bank, draw the money; we'll share it 'atween us, and go our different ways, and nobody 'ull know nothing."

"But I can't do that!" ejaculated the Captain. "I can't do that; I can't get married without telling Headquarters!"

"I don't know nothing 'bout no 'eadquarters; all I know is, ye'll promise to marry me, same's I said, and then you can keep on being a Captain, and then when I dies, which won't be long now, you'll be all right, and nobody 'ull every know."

And the old woman planked down her arms once more on the table, having delivered her ultimatum, and sat there, on the old chopping-block, awaiting his reply.

chapter three

Perhaps I have over-emphasised the youth of the Captain, but that fact may account for another, - that this was his first proposal of marriage, and one the idea of which had never entered his head. What was he to do? A furtive glance at the old lady only showed her determined mien, and another furtive glance at the barred door showed no way of escape. He pondered over the situation; it was one for which the Clapton curriculum had made no provision. At last a thought struck him. "We'll pray about it, Honor," he said. "I can't decide on such an important matter without asking God for His advice."

Honor was quite prepared for such a move, and so both the courtier and the courted knelt. The Captain was always unable to tell me what he prayed, but he did tell me, years after the event, that, as he prayed, a way of escape presented itself. He rose from his knees.

"Look here, Honor; I'm only a lad yet. I'm not twenty-one, and if I was to get married now without my mother's consent, I'm afraid it wouldn't be legal, and you'd get no marriage-lines; then you'd be worse off than before. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write to my mother, and tell her all about it, and then, if she gives her consent, I'll marry you, and we'll divide the money as you say."

Honor was not quite sure about such an arrangement, but, as the Captain presented his case, she came slowly to a point of agreement, and a few minutes after he was released from the cottage, and was trudging down the lane back to the village, breathing hearty sighs of relief, and hearing the old woman's cry; "Now, don't ye forget, lad. Write tonight, and I'll be waiting to 'ear what your mother has to say about it."

Unlike some other young fellows might have done, the Captain kept the story of his 'courtship' to himself, save in the promised letter to his mother, and in a conversation with his superior officer who lived in the neighbouring market town. Naturally, that worth had a hearty laugh at the lad's expense, thereby cheering the Captain not a little. He

promised to keep the story to himself, so that no hint of the Officer's dilemma should become known among his Soldiery. Old Honor, in the meantime, waited more or less patiently for the letter which was to seal her fate.

Then somebody, either the Major or the Captain, began to wonder if Honor's story were really true. Had she the money deposited in Doddard's Bank, or was it a mere imagination? So, one day, the two men repaired to the house of the village squire, who was also the proprietor of the bank, and, in confidence, told him the tale. The squire looked at them in laughing amazement, and then called for records. If such an account was in existence it had long since escaped his notice. All the interest he had ever had in Honor Brown was as a village character, not as a client.

But there, certain and sure enough, was the record of the deposit, made in his father's time, and carried on, year after year in the perfunctory and official way which was all the land demanded of the Bank. His clerks had never associated 'Honor Brown' with the queer-looking creature they sometimes saw in the town on market days.

"But," he exclaimed in some excitement, "hasn't it occurred to any of you to make some enquiries? It is your job to keep me up to date in such matters." He subordinates took his implied rebukes meekly enough, thinking, and perhaps rightly, that responsibility lay more upon him than them.

He was no less excited when he once more faced the Major and the Captain. "You see, her original hundred pounds has been carrying interest all these years, and, men alive, Honor Brown's worth at least six hundred points by our computation. But that stupid Will of her parents won't allow her to touch the capital. The dear, dried-up old soul would have all the bachelors and widowers of Chapel-in-the-Marsh after her if they did but know. Send for her, and I'll have a talk with her.

The message the Captain had thus to convey to her was beyond the powers of his unsupported diplomacy, and so, the next morning, he was accompanied by the Major to the cottage by the wood. When Honor saw the pair of them her new-found Salvation had to stand a test, for she not unnaturally thought the younger man had disclosed her plot.

"Honor," began the Captain, "I've had a letter from my mother, and she won't hear of my getting married; says I'm much too young, and she doesn't know you. But wait a moment" – as the old woman began to interrupt, - "I've something else to tell you, or rather the Major has."

Whereupon into the ears of the astonished dame the Major proceeded to pour the story of the wonder fortune that was really hers. It was far, far more than her feeble intellect could at first understand, but gradually, slowly came the knowledge that she was rich beyond all she ever dreamed. There were not difficulty in getting her ready to make the journey into the market-town.

It was not an easy customer, though, that Banker Doddard had before him when the three visitors were seated before him in his private room. “And ye mean ter say ye’ve been keepin’ me out o’ my money all these years; thing shame o’ yerself, and ye makin’ me tramp up to yer house to sell you a bit of fish. Ye and yer lady partonising me!”

However, tact and kindliness, - and a little remorse for not having looked into the affair sooner – had their effect, and it was a mollified Honor who left the Bank shortly afterwards, and, also, as it might be expected, a woman who walked with a lighter step, a more dignified mien, than the woman who we saw at the beginning of our story. (and, incidentally, a young man who felt less in danger of matrimony than a few days earlier)

There is not much left for me to tell, except that the Major, the Squire, and the Captain between them made an arrangement with Honor’s finances resulting in comfort for her remaining years, even though the dead hand of her parents’ Will still kept its hold on the nucleus of her long-hidden fortune.

She no longer tramped the countryside in all weathers, but kept a cosy comfortable cottage in the lane in the shelter of the wood, and had a young girl to look after her, who became as a daughter. Those upon whom she had waited with her fish-basket found it necessary to go elsewhere for their provender, though Honor often admitted that she missed the bits of gossip she used to pick up and dispense among them. The little house became a rendezvous for Salvationist cottage-meetings, and when she became too enfeebled to make her way down to the Hall in the village, the cottage by the Wood had become a Bethel to many wearied souls.

She, who for years had been the poverty-stricken witch of the countryside, was now a generous, kindly old Christian. And when the end came, as it did five or six years after her strange proposal of marriage, there was a mighty concourse around her grave.

Her best-beloved Officer, the lad who had first led her to Christ, and by whose agency so much happiness came into her later years, was present to conduct the funeral. There was a catch in his voice as he read the words finally committing her to her resting-place beside the remains of her parents. As he pronounced the benediction there was an ‘amen’ from the lips and hearts of the crowd that spoke volumes for ‘the sure and certain hope of seeing her again on the resurrection morning’.

The little Corps at Chapel-in-the-Marsh still has occasion to hold Honor’s name in reverence, for the original legacy and the balance of the accumulated interest went by her express desire towards the erection of what might well have been called ‘The Honor Brown Memorial Hall’. I supposed, after these many years, there are not many who remember the old soul shoes last gift made it possible, but there it stands, a place where such as she may seek and find the Saviour, - even as she did.

As for the Captain, he went a-warring in the service of The Army in many lands, accomplishing a good warfare, saw wonderful things happen before he was promoted to

Glory. He had amazing adventures during his time, but I warrant none of them caused him so much astonishment or perplexity as did The Courtship Of Honor Brown.

The Returned Insurance Money

The Officer had had so many rebuffs in his collecting for 'Self-Denial' that he felt like giving up altogether, and letting the Effort take care of itself, but, with a fresh prayer in his heart, he entered the great offices of the insurance company, and asked to see the manager. Much to his unbelieving surprise, he was received quite heartily, and invited to make known his requirements.

"Why, yes," said the manager, of course we'll help The Army, although we've been obliged to turn down so many appeals this year, owing to the dreadful depression, but my directors have given me special instructions that your donation is not to be withheld."

"Well, now," said the Adjutant, "that's very kind; I'm glad to hear we are to be so specially favoured."

"Oh," said the other, "it has been a standing rule for years, and I don't know why you shouldn't hear the reason; it may be of some encouragement to you. Of course, I cannot mention names, - that you'll understand."

"It's like this. A few years ago a man, a farmer, took out a policy with us, - he lives in this neighbourhood. Soon afterwards he came it to tell us he had had a fire, and put in his claim. We made the usual inquiries, and everything seemed all right, and, finding nothing wrong, we paid up – about a hundred pounds.

"Then about two years ago – maybe, three – the same man called to see us, and told he that 'He'd got saved at The Salvation Army', and that he had told the Captain he had defrauded us, he himself had set fire to his farm, and made a wrongful claim. Apparently your Officer had told him that he couldn't be a proper Christian until he had put right his wrong with us; so along he came.

"'Here you are', he said. 'I've only L15 so far, but I want you to take this in part payment of my wrong, and, as soon as I can, I'll pay the balance; I'll sign a note for it now, and then, if you want to put me in gaol for it I'm quite ready to pay the penalty. Anything to get peace in my soul', he said.

"Of course, I had to report the matter to my directors, but I put it as favourably as I could. I was a bit astonished, though, when I heard from the Head Officer that I was to accept the man's offer, and not to be too hard on the balance, and as for making it a gaoling matter, - nothing doing. But what surprised me most of all, because I hadn't made much of it in my letter to the Board, 'that on no account was I to refuse The Salvation Army their subscription'. 'If The Army'. They said, 'could make men act as this man had done**, they were a better Insurance Company than we were'**.

"Let me see, Adjutant, what's the usual amount? Oh, yes, very well, here's the cheque, and may God continue to be with your people."

He Isn't Knocking Tonight!

I was a young Lieutenant at the time, and full of youthful zeal in the cause, - not more so than now, I hope, - and the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his accustomed back seat under the gallery filled me with something akin to awe.

The night was terrifically hot, and the Hall was crowded far beyond its usual capacity for the Harvest Festival. The meeting had been full of thrills and of the Holy Spirit's influence. I recall how moved I had been in my singing of the then quite new soli, 'Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!'. I remember the volume of sound filling the old theatre as the congregation sang, "Will you let Him in tonight?"

I had hoped so much that he would yield; it was high time that he should do so; high time he should seek the Lord. If ever a mortal man had had warnings, he had had them by the hundred; all his recent days had been full of indication of approaching death; nothing could stay the coming end. Stricken with a fatal (in those days) disease born of his employment, he knew had not much longer to live.

And I knew it too. It was this which moved me to speak to him once more – the thought of his danger filled me with dread, almost as if it had been myself, - and so, leaving my place on the platform, I pushed my way through the departing crowd, and halted him.

"Jack," I said, "He's been knocking at your heart tonight. Won't you let Him in? You may not have many more chances."

"No, Leff," said he. "Not tonight. I Must get off home now, but I promise you I'll come tomorrow night, I really will."

"There won't be much of a chance then," I said, somewhat sorrowfully, remembering that it would be the Harvest Sale, and not much of what we call a 'Salvation Meeting'.

"Oh," said Earnshaw, "The Captain'll be sure to give me a chance to get saved if he sees me; don't worry, lad. I'll be here."

With that I had to be content, and he left the Hall.

The next night, Monday, I looked around the Hall, but Jack's usually place was empty. I guessed he had had one of his recurring bad attacks, and put that down as the reason for his absence. There was a lot of pleasantry about the meeting, but I was not very much 'in it'; I was thinking about Earnshaw's broken promise. Some of my old lady friends tried to rally my poor spirits; but I couldn't get over my feeling of disquiet.

We closed the meeting and the subsequent tidying up at a very late hour, and it was quite late when we gave each other good-night and went to our rooms. I was the last to take the stairs, and just as I was halfway up, there was a knock at the door.

Opening the front door I saw a little girl whom I at once recognized as Jack Earnshaw's child- he had a family of seven, including baby twins; the messenger was the eldest.

"Father's ill again," she said, "and the Captain's to come quick. He's ever so bad, and Mum is crying, and grand-dad is drunk."

Giving up all thought of bed, the Captain and I made ready to answer this insistent call. We went up the High Street the Town Hall Clock struck the hour of 1am like a death-knell.

The Earnshaw Cottage was one of a row of small dwellings at the rear of the Town Hall, and here, in the tiny house-place, - a heated atmosphere and squalor, indeed, - and here we found a company of excited, gossipy neighbours; a horde of crowded children, the nagging of a distressed wife, and the snores of a drunken old man lying on the settle, and the curses of Jack Earnshaw. And nigh enough reason for his curses.

Dear fellow! What language he was using, and how he was abusing his wife! Poor soul, she had little idea of family management at the best of times, and less still at such a time. Thinking to bring peace out of the riot, the neighbours were told to withdraw – which they very unwillingly did – and the children and the old man were, somehow or other, reduced to a temporary silence. Then the Captain said, "Go on, Lieutenant, you pray!"

The surroundings were certainly not such as I would have chosen for a prayer-place, and in my youthful nervousness it was with some reluctance I began to pray. Very stumbling sentences they were. Jack sat in his arm-chair by the fireside – he was unable to lie down – his wife was at the other side, with the twins on her lap. "Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "don't go on so; the lad's going to pray!"

Suddenly my prayer broke off short, for with a cry that was almost a scream, Earnshaw clutched at his heart, and fell from his chair prostrate in front of the fire, just missing me as he dropped.

My prayer sopped, and stooping over him, I helped the Captain to turn him over on his back, and held his head in my hands while the Captain sought to place a pillow under him. Then Jack opened his eyes.

(the memory of that moment almost stays my fingers as I write. I feel once more the cold chill down my spine which even the heated room could not check. I could scarce keep my hold on his head, my fingers trembled so much. I saw a change coming over his face, which even my ignorance could not fail to recognize as death. The hoarseness of his voice filled my dreams for many a night)

"Leff! Leff! Is that you?

And a pause.

“Leff! Leff!” and his voice fell to a gasping whisper. “**Leff! He was knocking at my heart last night, and I wouldn’t let Him in, and He isn’t knocking tonight**!”

Then, with a groan which rattled ahead of the hours, his head sank back on the pillow, and he entered into Eternity!

Inasmuch

The Special was tired after his exertions during his Sunday with the Soldiery of the little Norfolk village, - a Corps whose activities extended over many miles and entailed much hard work, but he had shared gladly the toil with the few humble folk, who, Sunday by Sunday, thought 'it joy to do the Master's will'. There were compensations, however, for his billet was more than comfortable. He was staying with the leading man of the district, whose kindness, and that of his wife, had been most marked.

"We haven't had much chance of a talk today", said the host to his guest. "The Army sure keeps you busy on a Sunday. Can we have a chat now?"

It was the close of the day, and the Special was thinking more longingly of his comfortable bed than a talk in the sumptuously furnished drawing-room, but he consented with as good a Christian grace as he could muster.

"Have you been wondering why we are so interested in The Army," said his host as they were seated snugly by the fireside. "Will you let me tell you a story I have not told elsewhere in this country?"

"About ten years ago we were in the city of Toronto, Canada, homeless and stranded. Sudden misfortune had befallen my wife and me, and, one morning, we left our house not knowing whither to turn. We had fought hard against difficult circumstance, and tried out best, but trouble dogged our footsteps, and that day we were actually without food or home.

"Something in my countenance must have shown my state, for a Salvation Army man who was passing, stopped and touched me on my shoulder. "You look as if you are in trouble," he said, "can I help you?"

"It was like a rope to a drowning man. 'Sir,' I said. 'I'm starving and homeless, and this is my wife'.

"'Come home with me', said the Officer, as he took off his coat and insisted on my shivering wife putting it on.

"We went with him, and though he had a house full of children, and they were poor themselves, he and his dear wife gave us food and clothing and shelter for some days; he found me a job, and looked after us as if we were brother and sister to them. Since that time I've never looked back. All that we have today we owe to God and The Army and Brigadier Spooner. Do you know him?"

Years after, when the Special stood by the grave of Colonel Spooner, and heard one and another tell of his deeds in The Army, he thought of that 'inasmuch' in the streets of Toronto, and gave thanks to God for also knowing him as a comrade.

In The Heart of the Temple

In the course of an association which lasted many years I gathered more than one old-time Army story from a certain comrade, now in the Glory-Land, who from the first day of his Officership until the day of his death retained a high enthusiasm for the things of God, and never went back on his dedication to the purposes of The Army. The following is a story with which he regaled a company of us at a lunch-table half-hour in his officer. I will try to set it down pretty much as he then told it.

He had not long been in India, whither he went in the earlier days of our work there, before he had acquired such a knowledge of the local language as to be known far and wide as the 'White Tamil'. He had been sent by his leaders to reconnoiter one of the largest cities of the South-West of India and to report on possibilities for Army work there. This city is famous for its ancient Rock Temple, a place of heathen worship hidden in the recesses of the rocky hill on the confines of the town. A place regarded as one of the most sacred shrines of the country, and therefore severely forbidden to any of a differing faith.

He was accompanied by a native Army comrade, and the two had spent their time selling 'War Crys' and speaking to the people in the bazaar, and so attracting great crowds, who listened eagerly and responsively to their preaching. My friend's knowledge of the language and customs and religions of India (of which he had made a thoughtful study) greatly impressed his audiences, - that an Englishman should be so obviously educated in them.

Towards mid-day, however, being tired with their exertions, and anxious to escape from the throng, and find a place where could take their simple meal away from the gaze of the populace, they found themselves, quite without intention, at the outskirts of the city and at the foot of an inviting hillside path. Never knowing that it led to the forbidden sacred spot, and that it was only trodden by devout followers of the Hindu religion, they began the climb.

Those who saw them evidently did not recognize as the preachers who had been in the city; neither was there much to distinguish them from the ordinary worships in the temple above. They were wearing the usual Indian Salvation Army uniform, turban, dhoti, and sandals. The colour of their faces did not call for remark, for among the darker coloured Indians of the South a man of a fairer countenance is often taken for a visitor from the North, - and y friend was of a decidedly dark complexion. So he and his native colleague continued in their peaceful way up the Temple slope, and found a place for their meal.

This finished they essayed a further climb, and eventually arrived at a turn in the road where saw a white-bearded native. He invited them to continue their walk beyond the barrier of which he was the obvious guardian. Thinking no wrong they went on, finding that for several yards the road was hewn out of the solid rock, and then that it led into a

series of galleries, which, finally, brought them to the inner Holy of Holies of this famous heathen shrine.

The two young fellows continued their way, past the dancing-girls in their horrible quarters, the idol-makers at their tasks – making relics for the pilgrims, and the numerous attendants engaged in their various temple duties. With others they went forward, not knowing now what else to do, but gravely aware of their danger, and presently found themselves face to face with the immense images of the great god Deva and his equally famous spouse, Devee. The priest in charge himself came forward to give them welcome.

They were aware they were in a place where they were never expected, and in a position of the gravest danger. Their aimless wandering up the hill side path had brought them hither, but how to return they knew not. It was not long before they became aware that, in some way or other, they had become the objects of suspicion. My friend saw he had been recognized as a white man, and hateful and excited glances began to meet them at every turn. A false move on their part might let forth an avalanche of fury. It came when they refused to make the expected offering of all pilgrims to the shrine.

There was a loud shout of 'Christians! Christians!" Yells, shrieks, shouts, curses rose on the air, and the rushing of attendants and worshippers and the excited commands of the priests made them feel that the hour of death was perilously near. They were in the dark recesses of the inner temple, and not a friend at hand. If they disappeared they would never be traced. Conscious, however, that they were unwilling trespassers they could do nothing else than commit themselves to God's gracious care.

The rioting continued, indeed, it increased, and they were as two hunted animals. Fortunately, however, the Englishman kept his presence of mind, and remembered some of his bearings. He saw one of the attendants rushing across the floor, and heard him calling, "Shut the gates! Shut the gates!"

Realising this was a plan to shut off their way of escape, he clutched at his comrade, just managed to elude the attendant and pass the gates before they clanged together.

But there remained the intricacies of the passages to be traversed. Trusting to God to lead them aright they raced on, with the yelling crowd at their heels, who had only been restrained for a few moments by the temporary shutting of the gates. The whole temple was now alive to the desecration of the shrine.

Quick as was the mob, our comrades were quicker, and the Captain's knowledge of Tamil stood him in good stead, for the keepers of each gate instantly swung open all barriers at his imperiously worded command.

Eventually, they emerged into the open, and, with not too much show of a hurry because of ascending pilgrims, they descended the path and came to the town. But

soon the city was in an uproar, the streets were crowded with a searching mob. Unobtrusively the Salvationists made their way to their lodgings, and by God's mercy were received by their host, who, being a Mohammedan, had no sympathy with the people who temple had been invaded. Indeed, he was inclined to treat the whole affair as a huge joke.

Not so later on, when the Chief of the Police took the matter in hand, and in order to pacify the excited populace arrived at the hostel and demanded our two friends be handed over to him. Here, too, good fortune was on their side, for the magistrate before whom they were brought was also a Mohammedan, and inclined to give full regard to the Salvationists' plea that they were not guilty of a deliberate offence, and that His Worship dare not in that circumstance detain or sentence one of Her Majesty's British subjects.

In giving evidence the priest of the temple, a very high dignitary, expressed his horror of the Christians' presence in the Holy Place. "Why," he said, "the Prince of Wales himself offered me a great sum to be allowed to enter, but I refused him. Yet these men have both seen it and defiled it!"

The magistrate's refusal to convict our friends did not do much to allay the excitement, and it was only by strategy the police managed to smuggle them out of the city, taking them by a back way to the railway station and seeing them off on the night train.

Grateful for his escape, and conscious that it was in answer to his fervent prayers, the Captain gave himself to the cause of the Indian people with an abandon which characterized all his service, and should be counted among those who laid the foundations of The Army in that land. I remember, however, that his humour added the final touch to this exciting story: "I never prayed more movingly than I did when I was racing along those temple passages with the yelling crowd at my heels!"

The 'Fraud' Who Became Free

This is the story of a man who went to prison to get a clear conscience. In the early days of The Army in Norway, there was a man who for years who had kept a bogus labour bureau in Oslo (then called Christiania). His plan of campaign was to concoct an advertisement of a splendid situation, which would tempt the impecunious clerk, stenographer, or whatever worker it would fit. Thirty or forty would flock for it, paying an entrance fee which was to be refunded if they did not, within a reasonable period, secure a suitable situation through his agency.

Usually, before the end of the time they tired of waiting, having been told again and again that the situation was not yet actually vacant, or retreated in disgust on being told that it had been given to another man who had applied just before them. Many never came back for their money. He always took care to have a second grand and attractive proposition on hand by the time their claims would fall due, so that a fresh crop of dues would meet all claims. Long experience, however, had taught him that the creditors who never back would always be numerous to afford him a comfortable margin of profit.

The sort of thing went on for years without his being discovered as the fraud he was. Then one day he went to a Salvation Army meeting, and became converted. He could obtain no clear peace of soul, however, until he knew he had either made recompense to those whom he had defrauded, or atonement in some other fashion, - he must give satisfaction to outraged law and justice.

He told his wife what he intended to do. "I will kill myself and you, too, rather than submit to such a disgrace," said she. But he informed against himself.

The police professed to believe that his confession was a fabrication; it seemed difficult to do otherwise in face of the reputation he had so carefully manufactured.

"Some one must charge you," they said. "We cannot take your mere confession as evidence." So he hunted up as many people as he could find whom he had defrauded, and told them why they were required.

Incredible as it may seem, nearly thirty prosecuted him. (was he not a vile Salvationist? Nothing was too mean to be done to those wretched people!) The magistrates before whom he appeared shared the common hatred against The Army, and was as severe as possible with him, apparently oblivious to the fact that his desire to live an honest life had made him a prisoner. Thirty days on bread-and-water, considered the equivalent to six months hard labour, was his sentence.

He served his time and came out of gaol tranquil and glad, at peace with God and man. His reparation did not stay there, for he took upon himself the task o refunding his ill-gotten gains to all who had any claim upon him, so far as he could obtain information

about them. When he returned from prison his fellow Salvationists gave him a public Welcome Home, and praised the Lord that he had set himself right with God and man. At the time when we heard the story he was still one of the happiest, freest men in all Norway.

A Night In The Woods

There was once an Army girl, not yet out of her 'teens, who, in the early years of our history, was sent to take charge of a village Corps in East Anglia. Here her fearless denunciation of sin brought down upon her the wrath of some of the 'men of the baser sort', and they planned how they 'could get even with her'. It seems to some of them that she laid bare the innermost secrets of their sinful hearts, so plainly did she speak.

One night, 'round about the first hour of the morning, a message was brought to her quarters that a certain woman had been taken seriously ill and was asking for her. The woman in question lives three miles or more outside the village, and the way thither was across a lonely common and then through some thick woods.

As the Captain sped on her way the loneliness of the path was accentuated by the darkness of the hour, but full of the purpose of her errand she held her fears in check and hasted on.

Suddenly, as she was traversing that part of the road leading through the woods, a group of men stepped out of the bushes and caught her by the arms. To make the horror of her capture all the more intense each of the men had their faces covered by scarves – it was quite impossible for her to recognize any, even if her fright would have allowed it. Piteously she begged to be permitted to proceed on her way, but they told her the message had been nothing but a trick, and ruthlessly they dragged her within the wood. Here they tied her arms and legs, bound her to a tree, and – went away and left her. She heard their feering laughter as they made their way back to the village.

She struggled and struggled, but the ropes were too tightly bound to allow her to escape, and there was nothing for her to do but to pray that her strength would hold out until someone passed on the road and heard her cries. She called and called as loudly as she could, but nobody heard her. All around her nothing but the strange night sounds of the solitary wood.

The hours dragged on; she had much ado to fight off the faintness creeping over her; then she heard the rattling of cart-wheels along the near-by road. Again she called, but this time with a voice weakened by exhaustion and cold. She prayed that she might be heard. She was. The passer-by was a woodman who was taking a load of faggots to town on his rickety cart. He soon made room for her thereon, wrapping her up in his ragged, but warm great-coat, and eventually brought her to her Quarters.

Needless to say, the dastardly deed made a great stir in the village, and the hitherto opposition began to turn to sympathy. None of the fellows who had plotted the affair, however, disclosed their identity until something happened of which I will tell you in a moment. I little though, when I heard the lassie telling the story, in that cosy back-room where so many other yarns had been told, that I should speak with one of the perpetrators. The brave girl never recovered from the experiences of that night, even

when she was telling us, she was suffering from the effect. Only a year or so afterwards she succumbed to the disease they had brought on. She way, indeed, a martyr for the faith.

Here is the sequel. Years afterwards I was the Divisional Officer of that Corps and became friendly with a prominent Local Officer there. I told him the story and asked him if he remembered it. "Only too well," he said. "You're the first one who has ever asked me, but for many a long year it has been a black spot on my conscience; I can't get away from it. I was the chap that took the message, though, thank God, I had no hand in tying her up. I've asked God, again and again, to forgive me. Do you think He will?" We knelt side by side in his office that morning, and I prayed that his long years of atoning might end in his receiving the full peace of God. I think our prayer was answered – I believe it was.

He, too, has gone from us now, or I would not have told the story.

The Midnight Plot

In the days of my boyhood one of the great occasions during the stay of an Officer was the night when 'My Life Story' was to be delivered by the Captain. Some of the, of course, were prowsy in the extreme, expecting us to be interested in details of the village from which they came, and some of them, I now suspect, laid on the colours a wee bit thickly, being grafted with vivid imaginations.

There was one Captain, much beloved in spite of his asthmatical voice and his idea that he could play a cornet – he has long since been put down as 'promoted to Glory' – or should it be 'put up'? He told us an exciting tale.

One night he was called out of bed to find a rough fierce-looking man standing in the street insisting that he should accompany him to a certain district of the town which the Officer knew to be of a very disreputable character. He was assured that the man was dying and had sent for him to pray with him.

Through the silent streets they took their way, nobody seeing them pass and the Captain trying to make conversation, efforts which were discouraged by his companion, until they reached a house where they climbed up stairs to the top-most floor, and the guide ushered the Officer into a room in which, on a bed in the far corner, was lying a man.

"That's him wot sent fer yer!" said the rough, fierce-looking man.

The Salvationist made his way across the room with the intention of speaking to the occupant of the bed, when, suddenly, the man jumped up, threw aside his clothes, and exclaimed, "Righto, Bill, we'll settle him!"

Question and answer gave a clue to the situation. It appeared that that same evening, while speaking in the Market Place, the Captain had so accurately described the state of an unsaved man – incidentally, drawing from his own experiences – as to fit into the circumstances of these men, and to make their consciences convict them of being the very men the speaker was describing. If their deeds were known to him, they thought, then it was vital to their safety that he should be quietened.

It was not easy for our man to convince them otherwise, and long was the wordy argument, and tense was the situation. (how we hugged ourselves, as youngsters, in the excitement of the story, for the picture of our little Captain in the grasp of two hulking roughs was a thriller indeed!) But wisdom on the part of the Salvationist, as he fell to his knees and prayed for the Salvation of his captors – never mentioning his own needs – and, at length, it dawned on his captors that they had made a huge mistake, and without much more ado apologies were forthcoming, and the two men offered to show him the way home.

This was not the end of the story, for the Captain, being that sort of a forgiving man, struck up a chumship with them which eventually led to their conversion; it was they, themselves, who first told the story of the 'midnight plot'. Both lived for many years in the enjoyment of an ardent Salvationism.

The thought, however, of that supposed sick man jumping off the bed and laying hold of the unsuspecting Captain, sent me to my bed with vivid dreams ahead of me, and a wonder as to what might happen to me if I ever became an Officer.

Her Labour Was Not In Vain

The Officer of whom I now write was a woman who had said good-bye to a charming home in one of England's prettiest villages, and had left behind all the 'nice' things of life when she went forth to face the terrible actualities of Salvation Army service among the heathen peoples of India.

She was not strong and quite young. I recall her sweet pale face as I write; those patient eyes, that smile what was always hopeful. How I wondered at her courage in giving up so much for her Lord; not even the enthusiasm of those early days could quite explain it. The last sight she had of her home town was when her train for the coast whirled through it, and from the high-flung viaduct she saw the street lights twinkling, and caught a glimpse of Army comrades standing on the platform waving her through.

She was sent to be stationed in a difficult corner of the Indian battlefield – a village where the preponderance of a certain caste made hard soil for any missionary. Apparently no good has been accomplished for some months previous to her taking charge of the little mud hut, - her quarters on the outskirts of the place.

Her dark-skinned Lieutenant would open her large eyes wide with astonishment when her fair Captain used to blame herself for not having the joy of seeing more converts. Maybe she understood better the strength of the caste chains.

The Captain had a habit of going out every morning into the jungle to pray before the sun had risen. Alone, with her Bible in her hand, she would wander through the sleeping village, and every morning, in the same solitary spot, she would kneel and cry to God – the God of India, to come and teach her how to bring Salvation to the people for whom she had given her life.

Her prayer was answered, but not in the manner she had expected. Her work was soon finished. God has His own way of putting the 'finishing touch' to work that, apparently, has only just begun.

Why do you ask? I never knew; I never should understand; I never tried to understand. But so it was. He short, sweet life was claimed; those patient eyes were closed by strange though tender hands, and the frail body was laid in an Indian grave. Her prayers, her tears, her sacrifice of home and friends and self seemed to have been unavailing, - no fruit at all for her reward! Don't you believe it.

A LONG TIME afterwards, a tall young Hindoo paid a visit to the same mud hut. Another Officer came to the door, drawing back the straw curtain that hung across the entrance. She was not a little surprised when, observing the caste mark on his forehead, that he quietly seated himself on the offered mat, and nervously fingered the golden-fringed ends of the chuddah he wore around his neck.

A few moments of silence, and then he spoke, and as he did so, he wept. He talked of her who was no longer there; of himself, who had been one of her bitterest foes – the hidden meaning of those patient eyes; the explanation of that smile of hope.

One morning in the uncertain light of the creeping dawn, he had followed her, unseen; and then again, and again, and again. He had stood at a safe distance, hidden by the thick jungle, and had seen her on her knees as if in despair. He had heard her cry out to God – the God of India – his country – she had said; and he gazed upon her tears, at first with amazement, and then with love. They had fallen so fast, and had been shed for the people of the village – her village, she had called it in her prayer. And he was one for whom she had prayed.

“And then,” lifting his large dark eyes to meet those of the listening Officer, “then I believe that the God of that woman was a real God, and I have made up my mind to follow Him and worship Him. Will you show me the way? Please, show me the way!”

Did she know, she who gave her life for the Salvation of the village? I have often wondered whether God has told her. Perhaps He has, perhaps He has not. She may be waiting until the Hindoo himself will take her by the hand in Heaven, and make it known that the seed we so often think is never sown at all, is the deepest sown of all, and the reaping is most sure, for our ‘labour in not in vain in the Lord’.

In An Underground Den

When I look at the gentle-faced veteran women of The Army, and think of the storm of persecution through which many of them have come, I wonder greatly at their placid demeanour. It is hard for me to think of them as the heroines of the scenes and exploits which are far beyond the imagination of present-day Salvationists.

I have one such woman in my mind. Frail now, bent a little, using a stick to support her wearying limbs, but a smile of the peace of God surrounded by a glorious wealth of snow-white hair. Could anybody think of her as having suffered imprisonment for The Army, or of having been kicked and stoned through the street until she lay unconscious? There she would sit, as if never a pain nor a frown had been her lot.

In her early experience she had been one of a number of Army girls working in what was then called, the 'Cellar, gutter, and garret Brigade', in the slums of London, where the cries of 'Murder!' were frequent additions to the multitudinous sounds of squalid ribaldry and vulgar dissipation.

Upon one occasion in the course of her door-to-door visitation she found herself in an underground den, left alone with a man of the 'Bill Sykes' type, the awful hideousness of whose face was in itself a grim tale. He dragged her across the floor, and roughly shaking her, hoarsely declared that he 'would do her in' within three minutes.

"See," he hissed through his broken teeth, and pointing to a gloomy aperture in the floor. "See! I could throw your body down there, and nobody would ever find it again!"

"You could do it if – IF – God would let you," she replied. "BUT HE WILL NOT LET YOU! Remember I am His child, and I am not afraid."

Cowed by her calm courage, but breaking into foul language, he said, "I'd do it – yes, I would – if your God would let me! Here, clear out; it's only Him that's kept me from doing it!"

Winning Her Last Soul

Close upon fifty years ago the story of Captain Laura Flavell 'winning her last soul' thrilled the entire Army world. Doubtless there are Army homes where old-times count among their treasures the picture of the event as conceived by a famous artist of the day. Salvationists of these times should be told of it, - a deed of womanly heroism in 'the hour and article of death' as we used to say.

Laura Flavell was one of a party of New Zealand Salvationists who had been attending our International Congress in London. All had gone well on the homeward voyage, and it was now only a matter of a few hours before the home shores would be reached. The trop was been full of happy comradeship, friends had been made, and the seed of the Kingdom had been sown in many a quiet chat on deck or in cabin. Now the nearing coastline indicated that the morning would bring reunion and home.

There were four Salvationists on board, - Captain Laura Flavell; Staff-Captain Paul, another New Zealand officer; in the stokehold a Salvationists foreman; and in another part of the vessel a Salvationist lassie-soldier. The two first named share a cabin with a young woman, and the custom was, just before retiring to their berths, to read a portion of Scripture, and have a few words of prayer together. As the Staff-Captain closed her Bible, she read, as if by chance, "Be ye also ready!"

The wind was howling, screaming through the rigging with weird and terrifying noise, and as they lay in their berths the passengers could hear the swish, swish of the water alongside the ship. Just the kind of a night to enkindle dread in the mind of anyone unprepared.

Laura Flavell slept peacefully through the tumult, as peacefully as if she had been in her home on shore, - like an innocent babe in its cradle. All was as still as it could be in the cabin where the three had committed themselves to the will of God.

"But at midnight cry went forth!" With a shock that awakened every passenger the fated ship had struck on the rocks of the Barrier Reef, just six hours' steam from her home port.

In a moment all was confusion. Darkness was over all. But in the little cabin, on the dangerously moving floor, the three women knelt for a few moments of prayer, and then hand in hand, as best they could, they crept to the wind-driven, wave-swept deck, wither their terror-stricken fellow passengers were making their way.

The shrieking of the wind, the roaring and tossing of the waters, the shivering of the doomed vessel, and the almost impenetrable darkness of the night, were enough to strike terror into every heart, and it was a small wonder that the cries of the frightened passengers added to the dreadfulness of the hour. For a moment Captain Laura clung to the railing of the vessel, but a dashing wave drove her from that frail hand-hold, and

she clasped the rigging, where she hung, swaying to and fro with the slipping, sliding vessel.

Presently there arose, above the noise of the storm, a sweet, clear voice. It was Captain Laura and her comrade singing of the Refuge from every storm:
"Jesu! Lover of my soul. Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Amid the howling of the tempest a wonderful peace seemed to be present. For a moment the terror-stricken passengers ceased their sobbing and calling. The song went on:
"While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is night!"

A woman who was standing nearby said, "Oh, pray for us! Pray for me!" Letting go of her own rope of safety, the Captain places her arms around the dear creature and prayed that God's peace – that which was filling her own soul – might come to this distressed woman.

"God is with us now," she cried, and the sound of her cheering word rand through the noise of the waves. "If you have not trusted Him before, trust Him now; He Blood will cleanse you!". And again a song arose, this time it was:
"My Father, God, is at the helm, Tho' waves and storms my soul o'erwhelm, My Father, God, is at the helm!"

For twelve long hours the two Army women were speaking to the passengers about their souls, alternately comforting, pleading, praying, and singing. Occasionally they would catch hold of the icy rigging, and then let it go to touch some despairing one and kindle hope.

About mid-day a rope was passed ashore, and the intrepid seamen who, all through the night, had been trying to make a way of escape, called on the passengers to make use of this means of reaching land. The rope hung over the boiling rock-torn waters, and was scarcely less horrorful than the battered deck.

Captain Laura's turn came. Clasping the rope with her poor, torn, benumbed hands – no other way could be devised – she smiled at her companion and said: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee!", and then began her perilous journey.

Those on land watched with many anxiety. Would she accomplish it? Could such a frail creature hold on while the cruel waves dashed over her, the rope sagging into the waters?

A rush of sea compelled her to loosen her hold, but she caught the line again. A second time this happened, and again she seized hold, but the third time a tremendous wave took her, and Laura Flavell 'passed through the waters' to gain a Heavenly Shore.

Staff-Captain Paul was among those who were saved, and some of those who in the midnight storm had been pointed to Christ by Captain Flavell, they also were among the little company reaching safety, but her body was found on the rocks, - with not a bruise upon it, only a heavenly smile which not even the engulfing waves had been able to take from her lovely face.

Thirty-four souls were called upon to stand before God that night from the decks of the 'Wairarapa', but today, though the number is diminishing, there are still those in New Zealand who could tell you how Laura Flavell's last song brought them to the sure Refuge, which is Jesus Christ!