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THREE GREAT HEARTS

By Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Carpenter

Career Sketches Of
Commissioner R. J. Sturgess,
Colonel James Barker, And
Brigadier Frank Aspinall

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* * *

'Great Heart is dead,' they say:
But the light will burn the brighter,
And the night shall be the lighter,
For his going;
And a rich, rich harvest for his sowing.

-- John Oxenham

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An all-inclusive, General Table of Contents has been arranged for this digital edition, versus separate ones for each sketch in the printed book. In this General Table of Contents seen below, I have re-listed chapter numbers consecutively throughout the document, so that no two chapters carry the same number. -- DVM

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A NOTE ABOUT QUOTATION MARKS IN THIS DOCUMENT

It seems that Americans -- for whatever reasons -- do some things the exact opposite from the way they are done in Britain. Brits drive on the left side of the road and Americans on the right. Brits place single quotation marks around an initial quotation and double-quotes around a quotation within a quotation; Americans the exact opposite. This is a British book, and uses the conventions of British punctuation. I shall not endeavor to convert all of the British quotation marks into their American equivalents in this document. This, coupled with the fact that there may be some OCR errors involving the quotation marks, makes it very possible that American readers of this file will find somewhat of a puzzling hodge-podge when trying to identify quotes and quotes within quotes in this digital version of the book. I hope this poses no great hindrance to the readers' appreciation of the work itself. I have encountered this same thing in a number of other works already in the HDM Digital Library without making any comment about it. I may never do so again, but, for the record, here it is this once at least. -- DVM

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PREFACE

While engaged in the preparation of these memoirs my mind has hovered to and fro between two passages of Scripture: 'Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things . . . which are despised, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence' (1 Cor. 1:26-29), and, 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us' (2 Cor. 4:7), Randolph Sturgess, James Barker, And Frank Aspinall would, in all probability, have lived and died as inconsiderable units among the millions of their nation but for the transforming power of Christ. At a distinct moment in their lives they entirely surrendered themselves to Him; and from that act until death they each could say in truth, 'Christ liveth in me.'

Christ, as Saviour, King, and Hope for the world, controlled these humble men; cleansed and disciplined their natures, directed their energies, and made them co-workers with Him in His efforts to bring back to His heart and home a straying humanity.

Under this gracious influence they became wise in the art of winning souls. This art, by which souls are attracted from evil and bound to righteousness, baffles the understanding of the greatest minds who do not accept Jesus Christ as God made manifest in the flesh. Also, it is wonderful to the wise-hearted among the saints. An Army Officer, conducting a Sunday's Meetings in a northern city, was honored to be the guest of that sweet, venerable saint and scholar, Bishop Henry Moule. The Officer, returning to the Bishop's residence late on Sunday night, was warmly greeted by his host, who inquired:

'Have your Meetings today been fruitful, Colonel?'

'My lord, we have seen nine souls seeking Salvation,' replied the Officer.

'Nine souls! Nine souls! What a wonderful thing!' exclaimed the Bishop reverently. After a pause, the aged teacher continued, 'Colonel, will you allow me the honor of unlacing your boots?'

Much distressed, the Officer rose. 'No, no, my lord, no! Pardon me, but I could not!' he protested. But the Bishop was already on his knees busy with the laces. 'For my sake, allow me! I should like the honor of unlacing the shoes of a soul-winner,' he persisted.

The angels in Heaven rejoice over one wanderer returning to God.

A special messenger from the Throne of God to earth declared: 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

Thus it will be seen that the men of this Memoir won the greatest of honors that man may receive. There are hundreds of other Officers in The Salvation Army living lives of sacrifice and service as they lived, and winning souls as they won them. The incident which selected the careers of these three for presentation was their promotion to Glory, since they have fought their fight to the finish.

May these simple records remind us of that word of God which assures us that in the Day of Judgment we shall receive according to what we might have accomplished by a full surrender of our beings to the grace and service of God. (Matthew xxv. 14-27.)

In the light of the triumphs of these Great Hearts and the Day of Eternal Awards, shall we answer the question: 'Is God getting all that He might out of my life?'

M. L. C.

* * * * *

I. -- THE R. J. STURGESS SKETCH

01 -- RIGHT-ABOUT FACE

One summer morning, some forty-five years ago, a young man swung out of his home in Camden Town and joined the stream of workers flowing Londonwards. He felt the strongest and proudest man of all those millions. And why? Because, in the room he had left, his firstborn son was lying in the arms of his gentle wife. The vision of a small pink face swathed in soft wrappings thrilled him with a strange, sacred joy, and the remembrance of a lusty cry brought an amused, proud smile to his lips.

In his musings, fancy linked with joy, and looking into the future, Randolph Sturgess saw his little son grow from babyhood to boyhood and on to manhood, always well and always prosperous. But suddenly, these pleasant thoughts were interrupted. The Holy Spirit turned upon him His searchlight; and as truly as Saul on the highway to Damascus had a heavenly vision, so had Randolph Sturgess in the broad daylight of a London street. In a moment, the awful responsibility of parenthood flashed upon his soul. He realized that his little child was not merely the most wonderful and delightful plaything he had ever possessed; he was an immortal soul, for whose being he, the father, was responsible; that if the child lived to the age of accountability, he

was committed to a choice as to whom he would serve -- God or the Devil, and to where he would go -- Heaven or Hell.

The young father's own life -- godless, careless, wicked -- rose up and condemned him. Who was he to direct the steps of a child? The September sun poured down upon him, but above its brightness he saw another light; flames seemed to spring from the pavement and dance about his feet. A horror of conviction of sin laid hold of him, and, as he walked, he vowed from the depths of his soul that if spared to return to his home, he would make his peace with God and prepare himself to be a fit guardian for his son.

As soon as business for the day finished, Sturgess went to a florist's and bought some flowers for his wife. Hurrying home, he made his little presentation, and told her of his intention to serve God; then, straightway, he got on his knees, determined to find Salvation. He sought forgiveness for his sins, claimed deliverance from the besetments which were dragging him to perdition, and handed himself over to God, promising to love, follow, and serve Him all the days of his life.

Perhaps the most beautiful promise in the Bible to parents to whom the Salvation of their children is of first importance is, 'I will contend with him that contended with thee, and I will save thy children.' But some people feel no anxiety concerning this matter, so, to them, the promise is of no value; nevertheless, when grandparents, teachers, or others who are seized with the value of the child soul, make these children their own in the spiritual sense, God transfers the promise to them and honors it.

Randolph at five years of age was a delicate child; and, with a view to helping his health, he was sent to stay awhile with his grandparents, at Dunstable. What untold issues for weal or woe, for righteousness or evil depend upon that unseen cord, the influence of one's daily life! During the little time the child remained under his grandparents' roof seeds were sown in his heart which, in later years, sprang up and bore a harvest of blessing, not only in his own life, but in the lives of thousands of his fellow-men.

In this home Randolph found enough of the good and the true, the kind and the merry, the sweet and the strong, to capture his love and admiration for all time. His grandfather was a traveler for a firm doing business in those parts. He was also a Methodist local preacher. In respect to daily bread, morning by morning the little boy heard his grandfather ask the Lord to direct him in his business and to prosper his way. As for the Heavenly Kingdom, the good man used to walk twenty miles in his preaching appointments on Sundays, glorying in the opportunity to exalt his Saviour. The grandmother, a sweet-tempered, godly woman, made life very happy for the child. She introduced him to the simple pleasures of the country, and in the evenings gathered him to her knee and told him Bible and missionary stories, the fragrance of which ever remained with him.

In this congenial atmosphere the child's soul opened to the Lord as a flower to the sun; to love and honor Him seemed to be the most natural and happy thing in the world. Whatever had to go by the board in that home, the family altar had its sacred place, and the members of the household never went forth to meet the day without having been committed to the care of the

Heavenly Father. One morning, something had hindered the domestic wheel, and little Randolph had to fall in 'the late line' when he reached school. On being questioned as to why he was late, he replied without hesitation, 'I stayed home to say prayers.' He was much surprised when, afterwards, the children called after him, 'Old Say-me-prayers.'

At last the happy stay at Dunstable came to an end, and the little boy returned to London. & year later the grandfather died, and shortly after the grandmother also went to her reward.

Randolph took up responsibilities in life early. His first regular employment, at ten or eleven years of age, was as messenger in a drapery shop. He was on duty from seven in the morning till ten at night. Part of his work was to take down and put up the shop shutters. All his life the Commissioner remembered the ache of his little back as he wrestled with those heavy planks, and also the terror he felt of London's traffic and the dark, when he had to deliver orders long distances. No doubt the hard experiences of those days influenced him in the years that lay ahead in his effort to help and brighten the lot of working boys in the great Metropolis.

It seemed that the Devil had special designs upon the boy's life, and several times, as by a miracle, he escaped death from the dangers of the street. Once he fell behind a carriage, and was injured, and twice in other accidents suffered from concussion; but the angel of the Lord spared him for his life work.

Randolph's drapery experiences came to an abrupt finish when he dropped a parcel of lace in the mud. It seemed likely that his next position would be as an apprentice to a copper engraver; but the Heavenly Father had His eye upon the child, and His hand upon his life, and before the indentures were prepared He directed him to the London and North-Western Railway offices.

Randolph's first work was sticking labels; soon he was promoted to be messenger, and later, to be telegraph clerk. The boy had received very little schooling, but he was determined to rise, and so diligently did he apply himself, that in time he gained several valuable assets. He wrote a fine hand; he kept his eyes open, and quickly grasped the thing that needed to be done, and no one needed to follow up his work. Again he was advanced. This time to the shipping department, with some executive responsibility. Then one proud day a notable vacancy occurred, and he was installed as private secretary to his chief.

Now he began to see the way to the realization of a child's love dream. In the Sunday-school which he attended, an assistant had been needed for the infant class, which was in charge of a gentle, saved child, wise beyond her years. Randolph, then about fourteen years of age, volunteered to help, and soon became the devoted knight of Sarah Williams. He fixed the seats, got out the song books, kept the wriggling little folks in order, and at the same time hung upon the words of the teacher, forming deep in his heart the determination that when he was a man he would marry Sarah. And he did.

Spiritually, things did not continue to go well with Sturgess. A further promotion had made him a canvasser for his company. To get business he had to go among all sorts and conditions of men, and he found it needed a brave man to be in the world and yet be separate from its spirit. He began to grow cold in his soul. Hearing a minister grumble about sending money to the heathen,

and coming under the influence of a church organist, a man destitute of faith in God, he began to relax his own belief in the essential things, until at the time of the birth of his first child, God was not in his reckoning. He was fast becoming a drunkard, and had no more serious purpose in life than to succeed in business.

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02 -- A BORN SALVATIONIST

Conversion meant to Randolph Sturgess all that is implied by the various terms 'Regeneration,' 'Salvation,' 'The New Birth,' which suggest an immediate, radical change from bad to good in man's spiritual nature. At the time when he experienced this revolution his companions were a set of rollicking young men who were recklessly 'sowing wild oats,' bringing shame upon their names, and ruination to body and soul.

While upon his knees seeking Salvation, the Holy Spirit showed him that he must renounce sin of every kind, and also that he must witness for Christ before the world. A transaction was about to be entered into, the results of which could only be foreseen in the spiritual realm. The Evil One, determined not to allow his servant to pass from under his dominion without a struggle, suggested, 'You'll never get business if you go on those lines; your wife and child will starve!' Maybe it was the memory of the praying grandfather in Dunstable, flashed into his mind by the Holy Spirit, that turned the tide at that moment. The old man had proved that a commercial traveler could be a true Christian also; so Sturgess made a covenant with God: 'Lord, I will serve Thee with all my heart, and soul, and strength; as for my work, I will do it as in Thy sight, so well that no one else will be able to do it better; and I will trust Thee to help me to make a living!'

On Monday, when he went into the city as usual to seek business, he prayed for help on the threshold of every place of call. As was the custom of the day, offers of wine and spirits were made in many houses, but every time the new Convert declared himself on God's side. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am a different man today from the one you have hitherto known. I have come to realize my condition before God, and have sought forgiveness for my sins. Henceforth I intend to serve Him. I cannot take strong drink any more!'

Such an announcement produced a variety of effects. Some of his customers were amused, a few were impressed, others were annoyed and offended; but turning to business, none had cause to complain that the young commercial had 'gone soft,' for the orders entrusted to him were executed with the utmost care and promptness.

Among his friends at the office, he testified to the work of grace in his soul; and, instead of spending lunch-hour in loose conversation as formerly, he found a quiet retreat in a church near by, and there, every day, had a gracious season of uninterrupted communion with God.

His chiefs regarded the sudden change in their young servant with cold reserve, but as the orders on his book did not decrease they held their peace. Religion alone might have closed doors against business; but allied to diligence, push, and prayerful trust in God, it wrought success surpassing the old methods. Sturgess became an increasingly marked man in his company, and

when commercial business of a particularly difficult nature had to be negotiated, he was chosen to see it through. As an instance of this, the company desired to secure an important national contract, but the authorities who controlled it were so conservative that to obtain an interview with them seemed next to impossible. Sturgess was put on the job.

As with everything that concerned him, he laid the matter before the Lord, praying that if He saw nothing displeasing in it, he might succeed. He had no idea how to achieve his object, but went about his usual work, occasionally sending up a reminder to the Lord about the special affair. Mrs. Sturgess' health was very frail, and on one occasion she had done the family washing but found herself unable to put it on the line. Her husband saw no reason why he, with his unlimited strength, should not lift a domestic burden, so without any ado, he hung out the washing before going to business. The few minutes' delay caused him to miss his usual train, but this delay was the very circumstance that brought him in contact with the man in all England whom he wished to meet. He heard this gentleman ask a railway official for information which he (Sturgess) was well able to supply. Apologizing for intruding, he presented his card, and made so useful a reply that the questioner turned to thank him heartily. Sturgess saw that the iron was hot, and he struck! With grateful heart for answered prayer and guidance in the everyday affairs of life, he was able, in a short time, to hand his chief the desired order.

And so he went forward, 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord'; building up a reputation for integrity and reliability; in the city as in the church known as a red-hot religionist.

In the years still ahead, Social Officers found how compassionate Commissioner Sturgess was toward the poor, wretched men of London's streets; he even regarded their love of a smoke very indulgently -- No doubt his tolerance sprang from his own experience in breaking away from the smoking habit. He continued to smoke for two years after his conversion; then, one evening, his little son, playing around his knees, looked up at his father puffing at his pipe, and, putting a pencil in his mouth, the little one said, 'Baby 'moke too!' In a moment the father realized that he did not wish his boy to smoke when he became a man; that being so, it was unfair to his child for him to continue the habit. He threw his pipe into the fire, and never again touched tobacco; but for a while he suffered much, and only by Divine strength and determination did he overcome. Thus he would not take the comfort of a smoke from a 'down-and-outer' until he had led Aim into the greater comfort of a Full Salvation.

Moving with his family to Warlord, Sturgess' soul burned with desire for the unsaved of this his native town. In their leisure time the people wandered about as sheep without a shepherd. He had never spoken in the open-air, but now the need compelled him, and going to the Market-Place, where crowds congregated, he lifted up his voice warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and proclaiming a Saviour for all who would seek Him. Many were attracted and saved. In his passion for souls, Sturgess forgot everything but his object. One night, all unconscious that he was kneeling in the mud, he poured out his prayer for the people who had gathered round; a woman of bad character looked on, and thought, 'If that man cares so much about our souls, it is time I began to care about mine!' She sought Christ, and was wonderfully saved. The work grew. A rough family among the Converts opened their house for Cottage Meetings, tract

distribution served as an introduction to the people's homes, and many were visited and dealt with about eternal matters.

Mrs. Sturgess was one with her husband in all his toil for God. About this time, without any human influence, she entered into the experience of Holiness. As she watched a white geranium unfold and blossom on her window-sill, the Holy Spirit suggested to her, 'Surely, if God can make such a perfectly beautiful thing in the natural world, He can restore His image in a human soul that is entirely yielded to Him!' She went to the Bible to search for light on this new view, and her soul was thrilled to find the teaching of Holiness of heart shining clear for all who would see it. In her own home, she opened her heart to God, crying in spirit, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word!' And the Lord honored that prayer.

It is not to be wondered at that these hot saints -- especially the man who punctuated the chapel service with joyous 'Hallelujahs!' -- attracted attention. Around them gathered other ardent spirits, who inquired whether they were Salvationists. Up till that time they had not heard of The Salvation Army, but Mr. Sturgess took the first opportunity to attend one of Mr. Bramwell Booth's Holiness Meetings at Whitechapel. He reveled in the clear teaching, the freedom, power, and joy of those gatherings, and longed for The Salvation Army to come and arouse the sinners of Warford.

An organized attack upon the town was determined upon by the live spirits in the Warlord chapels, and after engaging an evangelist, they applied to The Salvation Army Headquarters for reinforcements. A large tent was erected, a campaign launched, and many souls were saved. During these Meetings Sturgess became conscious of the need of the Holy Spirit's baptism as a preparation for effective service. A drunken, gambling barber came under conviction of sin, and the Sturgess' milkman brought him to their home to inquire if anything could be done for him. Sturgess realized that human effort was powerless for such a case, and, falling upon his knees, he pleaded for the Holy Spirit to take possession of his soul, that he might witness to the very vilest and worst of an Almighty Saviour.

Headquarters felt that Warlord presented a good opportunity for permanent Army service, and accordingly an Officer was sent to arrange the opening attack. Mr. and Mrs. Sturgess received him, and the first Army Meeting in the town was held in their house. They attended the Meetings in the Corn Exchange, and joined whole-heartedly in the battles for souls and the triumphs of Salvation fought and won there. Their hearts were in full sympathy with The Army's teaching and methods. Mrs. Sturgess read, with deep appreciation, the published addresses of The Army Mother, and glorying in her clear-cut views of the duties of Christians in respect to separation from the world, she put on the princess-robe uniform worn by the Salvationist women of that date, and also introduced into her home Army house-linen and crockery, which bore striking texts and mottoes.

But neither husband nor wife felt led to join the ranks. They believed that their work lay with the Wesleyans, and now that The Army had arrived to attend to the needs of Watford, they turned their attention to the neighboring villages. The little family -- father, mother, and two young children -- would stand in the open-air and sing, then the father would preach. In this way their Sundays were spent. Sometimes the small company was pelted with mud and called 'Salvation

Army!' but the parents, at any rate, gloried in the cross of Jesus, for the joy of the Lord was their strength.

Another characteristic, which early marked Sturgess as a Salvationist in spirit, was his disregard of public opinion when spiritual interests were at stake. In such a case he never stopped to calculate where he would come out, but acted simply in the light of eternity. In those days, for a man to show any interest in a poor fallen woman, was to court the loss of his good name. During his search for 'lost sheep,' Mr. Sturgess met such a girl who had been much sinned against. He felt that without a strong hand to lift her up, there was no hope of her gaining her feet again in such a cold world, so he asked Mrs. Sturgess to take the girl into their home as a helper. Here the poor child came beneath the warm shelter of loving care, and was given her chance in life. Years later, when the Armstrong case agitated England, Commissioner Sturgess was heart and soul with his General and the Chief of the Staff in their fight for the stricken, outcast women of England.

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03 -- FINDING A CALLING

Returning to London, the family settled in the vicinity of their first home. All the time that Sturgess could spare from his business was devoted to seeking souls. He preached in Regent's Park, and on Sunday, between the chapel services, he took a few helpers into the poorer streets and held Open-Air Meetings. After a song, a short address, and an invitation to the indoor service, he processioned, singing, to the chapel. It was a source of sore disappointment to him that upon arrival there, despite his warm invitation to 'come inside,' the poor, ill-clad people fell back, shy of the sacred appointments and the well-dressed chapel-goers.

Speaking of these days, Brigadier Florence Sturgess says: 'We could hear father proclaiming the good news of Salvation two blocks away. How he would sing "All hail the power of Jesus' name"! Just as they do to every Army Corps, the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind gathered to father. Among his helpers, I do not think there was one wise or noble, after the standards of this world; but there were some choice spirits.'

Going into chapel from his Open-Air Meeting, Sturgess' spirit was all aglow with spiritual energy, and when, during the service, some expression in prayer, Bible-reading, or sermon especially delighted his soul, a stentorian 'Hallelujah!' rang from the family seat. For a while the church tolerated such exuberance with indulgent smiles, arched brows, or displeased silence; but not for long. The resident minister was a generous soul, who appreciated the abounding grace in his energetic member; but not so a section of his congregation. Brother Sturgess was requested to refrain from 'shouting' in church!

He was not an unreasonable or a selfish man; moreover, he had a sensitive disposition, and the situation caused him prayerful consideration. Was he acting foolishly in giving outward expression to the feelings of joy and praise and adoration which welled in his soul? Should such sentiments be regulated to the singing of set hymns? On the other hand, would it not be selfish of him to continue to shout if to do so disturbed the worship of other people? While he was weighing the question, an old saint, eighty-four years of age, waited for him one night at the chapel door.

Looking very earnestly at him, he said: 'Mr. Sturgess, if you allow man to close your mouth to God's praise, He will require it of you!' The old man went on to tell of a powerful preacher he had known, who lost his experience and drifted into infidelity because an unbelieving church, resenting his joyous praise and his plain speaking, had bid him hold his peace, and he had obeyed. The veteran's hot tears tell as he pleaded with Sturgess to beware of the snare which the Devil had set for him. He took the warning as the voice of God to his soul!

About this time the 1886 Congress was announced, and Sturgess thought he saw an opportunity to help the Kingdom of God and at the same time do a good stroke of business. He sought an interview with Mr. Bramwell Booth, then the Chief of the Staff, and offered to undertake the railway arrangements for all Salvationists within the United Kingdom attending the Congress. Terms were arrived at, and during the next three months he traveled north, south, east, and west, seeing The Army at every point and under many conditions. He found it to be an Organization such as he had never dreamed of. He did business with the Departmental Heads at Headquarters, and found them as keen as the next up-to-date city men; and in large cities as in small villages he saw the Field Officers seeking souls in the way he loved.

Commissioner Lawley was then in charge of the Welsh Division, and he tells, how 'Sturgess came to Carnarvon to arrange for the Welsh Contingent to go to the Congress. In the evening, I invited him to our Open-Air. He jumped at the chance, and, high hat and frock coat notwithstanding, he mounted the barrow or box in the ring, and poured out his soul upon the people. For the first time he heard the Welsh sing that night, "When I survey the wondrous cross," the volume and harmony of which accorded with his appreciation of the words, and he was fairly carried away. He never forgot it, and up to his last year would say to me, "Johnny, do you remember in the street in Carnarvon:

Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all?

' "That's it, the same today as then." '

The Congress opened, and Sturgess attended Missionary Gatherings, Social Demonstrations, Solemn Assemblies, Praise and Holiness Meetings, and every day his marvel at this Movement increased, and an admiration for all it stood for sprang up within him. He felt as though he had been born into a new world; at any rate, he had made the discovery of his life. This Army that captivated him wherever he met the smallest expression of its service, was stretching out arms to embrace the whole world, and to reach all nations with its message of joyful Salvation!

And yet another influence had gripped him. The business he had undertaken brought him much in contact with the Chief of the Staff, and he felt his heart go out to him as Jonathan's to David. Intuitively, he realized something of the weight that rested upon that quiet man of affairs; his absolute devotion to the Kingdom of God, his patient endurance under the heavy burdens which, in those early days of construction and organization, devolved upon him, won Sturgess' wholehearted love and devotion. Going home one day he said to his wife, 'My dear, if I had a thousand lives, I feel I could give them to Bramwell Booth to use in this wonderful Army!'

Meanwhile, matters at the chapel had not improved. Mrs. Sturgess was now in hot water. In the Class which she led, she pressed the experience of Holiness upon the members. The doctrine was fiercely opposed by a certain section, and she was enjoined to 'teach no more in this way.' Gently, but firmly, she replied that she had no choice but to teach what was plainly set forth in the Word of God and also in the doctrines of the Wesleyan Church. This decision resulted in her 'Class book' being withdrawn. Her husband continued to give play to his feelings of joy in the Lord, and at last there came a day when, by agreement of the Church authorities, the family was deprived of its sittings. Then the chapel began to take sides. But Sturgess, unwilling to be the cause of strife in the camp he loved so well, decided to move to a suburb a few miles distant, hoping to find more freedom in the chapel of that district. However, an enthusiastic friend who had worshipped there met him with the information, 'There is a Salvation Army Corps here. I have given in my name to be a Soldier, and mentioned yours at the same time.'

Strange it is, but true, that great issues are frequently determined by small, irregular events. In a moment Sturgess realized that in the circumstances of the past months God's hand had been shaking him free from the associations he loved, and preparing him for other work. True to his whole-hearted temperament, the moment he saw God's way he prepared to walk in it. Mrs. Sturgess' reserved disposition was not attracted to Army Service, but when her husband declared his decision, she put her hand in his and went with him.

The whole family filed into the old Holloway II Hall on the following Sunday. This tiny Hall, a converted shop, was so crowded that son and daughter Sturgess sat on the mantel shelf with legs dangling, until they clambered down to join in their first Salvation Army testimony, a family quartet:

Who is on the Lord's side,
Who will serve the King;
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
By Thy great redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Days of bliss followed for Sturgess. He could shout God's praises to his heart's content. He could invite sinners -- the saddest, dirtiest, wickedest of sinners -- to his new place of worship; and when they reached the door, they did not shrink back, but were swept in with the happy crowd of singing, shouting, smiling Salvationists, and many were saved.

So successfully had Sturgess negotiated the Congress traveling arrangements, that a year later he was entrusted with the charge of escorting The Congress Fifty -- a party of missionary Officers bound for India -- as far as Genoa. From there he was summoned home to his mother's deathbed. With the passing of his mother into the Gloryland, Sturgess felt free to offer himself for unreserved service in The Salvation Army. Around the coffin he, with his little family, sang:

I will trust Thee,

All my life Thou shalt control.

In that covenant the parents committed themselves to a life of obedience and ceaseless toil in the Kingdom of God and The Salvation Army.

Sturgess' resignation from his company followed this act of consecration. It was met with protests, and promises of immediate advancement and substantial pension. But his choice was made, and he entered The Salvation Army as an Officer.

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04 -- ON INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Sturgess' first appointment as an Officer in The Salvation Army was as Assistant in the Field Department on International Headquarters. His stay in this position was short. Perhaps he remained there only long enough for the Chief of the Staff to test his spirit. Be that as it may, after a few weeks he was appointed Private Secretary to the Chief, a position he occupied for six years.

It required only slight acquaintance with his new duties to quench any conceit concerning his abilities which he might have entertained! He might successfully encompass the business attached to a post in a railway department, but in the office of the Chief of the Staff of The Salvation Army he found a multitude of widely-differing interests, each of which, it seemed, would require the study of a lifetime to master and successfully administer! We find in a tiny book, wherein he recorded some of the dealings of God with his life, some fragmentary thoughts on the position. He wrote:

'Until I got fairly into it, I was not aware of my limitations and my unfitness to enter into the inner circle of Salvation Army service. One was thrust into the upper seats of the synagogue without seeking after them, but once there it was required of him to be a master in all branches of Army administration. When I came to carry out my instructions, I often had to cry out to God to have mercy on: me, and to "help me around this corner." I wept before Him when I discovered how little I knew.'

Sturgess did his weeping in secret, by no means wearing his heart on his sleeve, and few suspected that he had uneasy and even unhappy feelings concerning his limitations.

Speaking of his erstwhile Secretary at this period, The General says:

'Sturgess, after he came into The Army, was a man who ever challenged himself to higher things; every attainment called him to go yet one better. He could, and did, even amidst the hurry of a specially active Officer's life, review his own work in order to criticize, and improve, and extend it. Conscience, the sense that his work was for God, the intimacy of a soul accustomed to watch and pray, all helped: his energy, and with power carried him ever forward.

'When he came to me about thirty-five years ago, I kept very bad hours, but he kept worse. He was one in a million for getting work through. His own tremendous enthusiasm enthused his subordinates, and they were proud to follow his example.

'Occasionally he would be in hot water with his contemporaries in rank, because of his hasty disposition and his over-anxiety to protect his Chief; but his subordinates appreciated him.

'He was very valuable to me, especially at that time, because of his business ability. He was shrewd and safe; had been trained in one of the acutest business centers of London. I could trust him to discuss affairs with a bank manager, or a rich subscriber, or a city editor. In a good, proper, sanctified way he was up to every move on the board! He was also something of a student of world affairs, and had a good idea of political economy and finance, and he had! the sense not to talk about things he did not understand.

'Sturgess was one of the most industrious men I have ever met. If genius is the art of taking pains, he was a genius. He would draft a letter half a dozen times, or until he had expressed exactly what I wished; and he would toil and moil for me to bring out sense which was hidden in piles and tangles of nonsense.

'He had to the full my own sense of obligation to spend God's money as carefully as one would spend one's own. He wanted, twenty shillings' worth for every sovereign spent; and he helped, as my Secretary, to impress that upon others.

'I liked him ,for his faithfulness, and I liked him for his religion. He loved to deal with a returning prodigal even more than to deal with business affairs.

Sturgess was intensely religious. He reminded me of David; he made mistakes, but his heart was set in the right direction. Sometimes under the pressure of trying affairs he would speak roughly, even to me; but next day he would come and say, "Chief, I'm sorry I was rude, and spoke so to you, sir."

'He had a magnanimous soul. If he had misjudged another, he not only acknowledged his fault, but he wanted to make generous amends. 'Sturgess was a cheery soul; a good one to have about in a storm. If we were passing through a rough time, he would say, "Oh, well, Chief,

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Over the way they do the same,
And so they do next door!

reminding himself and me that every big concern has its dark days.

'His life, as I knew it for all those years, some of them being spent in daily intercourse with me, indicated in a very striking way the power of sanctified emotion. Feeling, impulse, passion, these things belong to the very depths of our nature. They are the central forces of character. In him, by the grace of God, they became truly powerful for righteousness and mercy and truth.'

But until these emotional forces came entirely under the power of grace, and were regulated, they resembled the untamed forces of nature, and were surprising and disturbing to many.

He knew no limit to his physical strength, and whatever work was committed to him he would see through at any cost to himself or others. He was a man of one purpose, largely of one view -- the glory of God and the spread of The Salvation Army. The thing he was after was clear to him as the day; splendid! glorious!! Woe be to any one who hindered him, appeared indifferent, or moved too slowly for his idea of the right pace. He had no patience with such people, and upon their heels he followed like a blustering hurricane, or fell upon their careless or slow-thinking heads in a wrathful deluge. As an indication of how little ordinary conventionalities weighed with him, an Officer, on his wedding-day, received a telegram as he stepped from the Hall with his bride. It did not prove to be a wire of congratulation from Sturgess, but to tell him that he was wanted at the office, and to put off his honeymoon!

The Secretaries' Department never knew when the powers that swayed his big soul would burst into prayer and praise; then all hands would be called to their knees. Impromptu Meetings, hot, importunate, and infectious in their spirit, still live in the memory of those who joined in them.

Men and women who did not live near to God gave the Commissioner a wide berth, for it was his custom to waylay people passing on the stairs, seize their hand in a clasp from which they could not escape, and with ringing voice inquire, 'And how is it with your soul today?'

And as The General says: 'He was a deadly enemy of half-hearted or disloyal people. He would not talk of people's sins behind their backs. He went straight to them. Was in this a little bit extreme, no doubt.'

But he could also be as gentle and sweet as spring sunshine, as many remember. Brigadier Goodall tells that she met the Commissioner when, soon after her conversion, she offered honorary service to The Army, and came to work at Headquarters. The big, genial man, so busy, so hard-worked, yet for ever bubbling over with joyful religion, stood to her for a perfect expression of Salvationism. This, she felt, was the most delightful thing in the world, and, unconsciously to him, the Commissioner's unwavering enthusiasm in the service of God largely influenced her to become an Officer in The Army.

For sheer intensity, the Commissioner was like the sun shining in tropical strength. Colonel Simpson, who, as Assistant Secretary to the Chief, worked with him, says:

'The Commissioner was about the hardest working Salvationist I ever met. By day and by night the whole man was in Army service. He talked of nothing else, and I believe thought of nothing else. I have never known any one talk religion more naturally than he; whether we went to interview public officials, or buy furniture for Officers' Quarters, he would generally finish up by praying with the people he had business with. His hot religion by no means diminished his astuteness in business. He generally got what he set out for. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer. When he saw a move ending in a block, he simply changed his way of approach. He would not be abashed nor lose his temper, but would return to the attack from another angle. Once, when dealing

with one of the most conservative corporations in London, he had met with refusal at every point, and having exhausted all his business arguments he said earnestly, "Gentlemen, I want this for the Lord!" And he got it. People did not laugh at his religion; he was so absolutely sincere and so tremendously in earnest.'

Colonel Hurren, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at International Headquarters, was a small boy of fourteen in the Secretaries' Department with the Commissioner. The Colonel smiles as he recalls memories of those early days. He says:

'What a Trojan the Commissioner was for work, and for getting others to work! At half-past five, when Headquarters emptied, he felt that the decks were then cleared for action, and we could begin to work without the interruptions and distractions of the day. He would say, "Just go down to Pearce's, and get me a haddock and a mug of tea." Then, "Have you had your tea?" Satisfied on that point, "Well, we'll begin." All of us juniors would stand by and slog at the word of command. He never felt tired, and never expected that any one else did. All the same, he was very good to the boys. He took an all-round interest in us from our heads to our heels.'

Another of the Commissioner's 'old boys' tells how he followed him from the station one morning, and on reaching his office sent for him. "' Did you clean your boots this morning?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Look behind." I had to turn my head over my shoulder and view dirty backs, then listen to a short lecture on the evils of slovenly habits. Then, "Where's your Army cap?" I used to dodge wearing this. "Never you come like this to the office again!" and I didn't.' Colonel Hurren continues:

'His influence was uplifting wherever he touched us. I was quite a little chap when one day he caught a loutish fellow mauling me about. He sent him off, and then said to me: "Sammy, don't let any one do that." There was such a gentle dignity in his voice and manner, that I seemed in a moment to come up alongside his manly spirit, and after that felt able to keep a fellow twice my size in his place.

'He magnified his office, and his influence helped us to make the most of ours. I remember the first time he called me "Mr. Hurren," and held me up to the new honor. But his dignity was not the kid-gloved sort. He regarded all work as honorable. Once when the cleaners were scamping their work, and the slovenliness of the office vexed him, he said!, "Come, we must have a proper clean-up!" and setting us all at different jobs, we had a record "spring cleaning" of the department.

'As a man of prayer, the Commissioner was the greatest example I have ever known. He lived in the spirit of prayer. At any hour of the day, if he felt especially joyful, or depressed or anxious, he would say, "Let's have a word of prayer." and down he would slip on to his knees, no matter who was about. If there was a concertina on hand, all the better, for he was a terrific singer. He would have a song and a season of prayer; if there was a bit of roaring, he liked it the more; then, refreshed, he would get to work again. His prayers were so natural and sincere that though he brought them in at such unusual times, they never seemed out of place.

'Then, his life was such a joyful, challenging thing. He believed so tremendously in God. His faith made all work for God important. Who was to know whether the very thing one was doing was not going "to put a snuffer on the Devil"? as he used to say.

'He had a gentle, patient way with one in a difficulty, as I have cause to remember. As you may imagine, there was little opportunity for any one in his office to study; but I was endeavoring to scramble along with shorthand. One night, all the stenographers were crowded with work, and the Chief wanted to dictate a letter. The Commissioner thought he would give me my chance. "Mr. Hurren is here, sir," he said, and forthwith ushered a nervous boy into the Chief's presence. The letter was dictated, and I came out; but when I looked at my book, I could not read a word I had put down. The Commissioner said I need not transcribe it that night; so I took it home, and tried to make it out; but it might have been Chinese! It looked the same whichever way I turned it. I cried, and vowed I would never go back to Headquarters again; but my good old father prayed with me.

'Next morning I went, in much trembling, and confessed to the Commissioner that I couldn't read my shorthand. He took it, and called our best stenographer, but he could make nothing of it. Then the Commissioner scratched his head and considered. "What do you think the Chief said, Hurren?" he inquired I told what I could remember. "Well, you and -- go and' make the best letter you can out of it." We faked something up; and later in the day, when I took a paper into the Chief, I saw my letter before him. The Commissioner was making some kindly explanation, and the Chief was saying, "Well, he has imagination, anyhow!" That was the last I heard of my failure.

'Throughout my career I have been greatly helped by my leaders, but I like to remember that it was this great-hearted, passionate, prayerful man who gave me my push-off in Army service.'

A change of appointment placed the Commissioner in charge of the Financial Department. To provide the necessary funds to maintain and extend the Organization in those days of criticism and misunderstanding needed a courageous spirit. As with everything committed to his charge, Sturgess took this new responsibility to God in prayer, and was much helped in making outside friends for The Army.

Those years, so filled with faithful service to his leaders, were also marked by blessing in his own home. Of his family life, Brigadier Florence Sturgess says:

'My own spiritual life grew up free from doubtings and disputings, because I saw nothing but positive religion in my parents' lives. When we came into The Army, father simply gave himself and us entirely to the War. He thought that Army Officers should live almost without the ordinary comforts of life. In those days the Central Funds must sometimes have been very straitened, for I remember a sale of gifts being instituted to help things through. Father turned his eye upon our modest little Quarters -- we still had a few of our own furnishings -- and marched off with our one comfortable arm-chair; he returned for another survey, and took a bedroom fender. "We can do without these, my dear," was all he said to mother. I looked on with mild interest at these sacrifices; but my turn was to come. I had a pretty little fur muff and tippet, the parting gift of a chapel friend. Father was sure that his little Army maid did not want such things, so off he went with them, and, rather ruefully, I watched a little girl from a neighboring road wearing them after the sale! The pearl buttons on my best coat were replaced by black ones, with S's on.

'If father's religion had been less sweet and triumphant than it was, such things might have angered me, but "For Jesus' sake" was so truly the mainspring of his life that I grew to want to be one with him in glorying in the Cross. His religion was a heart power. It showed itself outwardly, because it was hot within. Often I have gone to the door of his room, and have heard him talking to God aloud, as with a friend, and have slipped! away with a feeling of awe 'in my child heart. Our family altar I will never forget. Hew he used to plead with God that each of us might be saved through and through!

'For years he was so occupied with his work that we had little of his company at home, but he ever kept his heart at leisure for our interests -- would listen to our reports about the Corps; would help us out with our difficult cases, print bills for special "goes" -- I have seen him kneeling on the floor at midnight using a stick for this purpose. If he was a stalwart abroad, he was a saint at home.'

Not only was the Commissioner a faithful armor-bearer to our present General, but he enjoyed the confidence and affection of The Founder. The General says:

'His love for The Founder was a precious thing. He sometimes had to share in the topsy-turvy of plans and programs which his General's movements or decisions involved, and occasionally he got something of a wiggling when his best-laid schemes went all ajee; but it all came in the day's work. Love made the stripes a blessing, and I do believe he would rather have received them than have missed them.'

It was a source of pleasure to him to discover, after The Founder's death, that he was one of the two witnesses to The Founder's signature upon the document which appointed our present General as successor to his father.

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05 -- LEARNING A TRADE AT FORTY-FIVE

In the early days of The Army, our Founder found it well-nigh impossible to get his red-hot messages of Salvation printed by ordinary business firms. Also, he was raising up an Army from raw recruits, and to train them in the arts of holy warfare he needed the assistance of a press as much at his command as were the men and women who served under him. There was no alternative but to establish a Salvation Printing House. An up-to-date machine for 'The War Cry' was purchased by funds raised by public subscription, and other machines were added as occasion required, until a concern of considerable importance and utility materialized. But The Army grew rapidly, and, its interests multiplying, called for a large and constant development of its printing and publishing facilities. The Army at the outset had no practical printer to place in charge of the department; but in this, as in scores of other instances, the unsupplied need proved to be a blessing in disguise. It was the producer -- the discoverer and maker -- of able men.

Commissioner Sturgess' next appointment was to the Printing and Publishing Works at Clerkenwell, which by this time, under the capable guidance of Commissioner Carleton and others,

had become a very essential and important section of Army activity. At this juncture, however, the demands of the War in various directions had left the Printing House without a responsible head; thus both necessity and choice brought about Commissioner Sturgess' installation.

Whatever may have been the hopes of others concerning this arrangement, we find in the Commissioner's journal that he was anything but delighted with the prospect. He took a survey of the printing plant, about which he knew no more than a child. The same could be said of the whole business, which is in itself a fine art. Then he considered the position from every aspect, and took the matter to God in prayer. He came to the conclusion that the only way by which he could hope to succeed was by learning the business. By no other means could he intelligently discuss work with his compositors and pressmen; know what he wanted, and the price he should pay for it, down to farthings, when he came to deal with paper and ink merchants; and as for the machines, he must know their ability and capacity for work, and be able to run them if occasion required. We find in his journal:

'Once I was tempted to run from an appointment, and once only. This (the Printing and Publishing) seemed almost more than I could encompass. I blamed myself for neglecting my education in my early days, but that did not help me. So, at forty-five years of age, I went to school at the Polytechnic and the City of London College.'

The presence of this serious, middle-aged man among the youths and young men at the Polytechnic night classes attracted the attention of the lecturer, a Christian gentleman, who became increasingly impressed by the Commissioner's earnestness and concentration. When he discovered who he was, and the object of his study, the teacher took pleasure in helping his student to make rapid strides in his subject.

Continuing his reminiscences, the Commissioner wrote:

'I learnt how to print a book, and to know its cost, its weight in type per page. But that was not enough; I had to produce the article at the satisfactory cost. When I had proceeded thus far, I tackled the Printing Warehouse, which included all there was to know about the quality and price of paper and ink. From here I graduated to the Printing House. This comprised the men and their wages, and the conditions under which they should work, the machines and their value in turning out work. All this had to be mastered.'

Once again, the Commissioner's covenant with God to do his best every time, linked with tireless application and prayer, stood him in good stead, with the result that he obtained a practical grip of the concern, and it hummed on with increasing efficiency and success.

Several of the men engaged in the production of our publications have been with us from our beginning in printing affairs. Today, in our splendid works at St. Albans, they laugh heartily as they recall the development of The Army Press from the day when, as one says, 'Except for "The War Cry" press, we only had a few old crocks that used to run about the room when we worked them, and we had to tie them up.' The period of Commissioner Sturgess' direction at the Printing House is a cherished memory with them all. As another says, when he came to take charge:

'He gathered us about him, told us his desires and intentions, and prayed with us. He was more like the father of a good-tempered family than a business manager, although he was all that too. He would call the various overseers into his office, and discuss the work of the whole house and of the separate departments, always ending in prayer. This method broke down divisions, each department felt interested in the other, and worked together to make a success of the whole. It was a case of "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil."

'The Commissioner had a rare faculty of finding all the good there was in a man, and of placing him so as to get the best out of him. The men would do any mortal thing to please him. He would humor the man with awkward corners and make allowances for the unskilled; at the same time he would bring them up to their job. The thing that captured our affection and whole-hearted co-operation was his real love for us. He knew all about the men. If they had home sorrows they would sooner tell him than any one else, for his big heart invited confidence, and he could give sympathy and counsel without seeming to be burdened; at the same time the men never thought of presuming on his kindness. He was a thorough disciplinarian.'

A high memory among the old hands is that of the first three-color 'War Cry.' The Chief said that we must have a colored Christmas 'War Cry.' And the Chief's wish was always the last word for the Commissioner. The 'Cry' was set up, the machine put in running order, but things would not go according to plan. The paper clogged, the colored inks ran one into the other, and time was passing. The Christmas 'Cry' must be delivered! The pressmen were in despair, and at last, from standing by and advising, the Commissioner took the job in hand. He got into blue overalls, and for two whole days and a night he wrestled with the difficulty. He crawled underneath the machine, went over it and all round it, and at last got the wheels moving to some purpose. That 'War Cry' was not a work of art, but he delivered the goods to time I

Stories are told showing how his prayerful, kindly spirit enlisted the interest and devotion of his men. The overseer responsible for the up-keep of the building was a Salvationist who was much interested in the Social Work. All the leisure he could spare from his Corps was spent in visiting the Shelters and speaking to the "derelict men there. In order to help them, he engaged several for night cleaning at the Printing Works. The Commissioner was pleased with the shipshape appearance the building began to assume, and inquired of the overseer where he got his helpers from. He explained, and also told of the wonderful conversions that were taking place at the Shelters.

The Army is a combination of interests, each so separate, vivid, and absorbing, that one might live his life fully and well in his own department; and if he did not make time to look into that of his near neighbor, he could remain unaware of a world of wonder and beauty and joy abounding there. Up to that time the Commissioner had been too busy with other affairs to personally come in touch with the Social Work, but upon hearing these stories of Salvation, he declared his intention of going to the Shelters to see for himself. At the first visit his heart was captured. Afterwards, whenever it was possible to make an opening for a man who was trying to climb up from the slough of sin or failure through the Social Work, the Printing Works became his Elevator.

The Commissioner had a correct estimate of the purpose of all Salvation Army effort; he believed that no department of The Army exists for its own success, but that it is merely a member of a whole being, whose object is service to Christ in the person of the sinful or needy.

Major Gordon, a devoted honorary Officer of The Salvation Army in Italy, wrote him asking his interest in a workman of the Royal Art Gallery of Florence, who, becoming converted, had been excommunicated from his Church, and so boycotted that he could not earn his living in his own country. 'Send him to me,' replied the Commissioner. He placed the man under the carpenter of the Works, got him lodgings with Salvationists, and later sent for his wife and family. After twenty years, this man and his family are active Salvationists.

Another vivid recollection of the Commissioner's management has to do with The Army Exhibition held in the Agricultural Wall. The Printing Department was to make a brave show, but after the plant had been laid, and the power applied, it was discovered that the machines had not been properly set. To use the men's expression, 'Every machine danced.' It was Saturday. The Chief was to inspect the Hall on Monday morning and the Exhibition to open that afternoon. The Commissioner called his men together, explained the position, and prayed with them, reminding the Lord that it was His work they were trying to do, and asking for skill to prevent what threatened to be a fiasco. The men worked till twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and began at one on Monday morning. By the time the Chief arrived, the machines were running as smoothly as an expert could desire.

During his term at the Printing Works, the Commissioner was a Soldier at the Wood Green Corps. He took his place in a Brigade over which one of his compositors was Sergeant. 'A fine Soldier he was,' says Brother Ewens.

'When he first joined the Brigade, I naturally felt I should hand the Open-Air over to him when he arrived; but he would say, "Oh, no, Sergeant, I am your Soldier now to obey." And he was as good as his word-would speak, sing, or pray, and help me with the poor cases in our district. I could count on him for advice and help in every scheme we put forward. I found that one godly Soldier was in dire poverty. He said to me, "I can't see my way, but God can, and lie will bring me through." I told the Commissioner about it, and he got the comrade set up in his own business. From then on, the man prospered until he became quite well off. He kept the same beautiful spirit till he was promoted to Glory.'

An attack of typhoid fever brought the Commissioner to the brink of eternity. His immense physical strength misled the doctor in his first diagnosis, and the patient was up, sitting in the garden, trying to pull himself together, when the disease was at its height. During the prolonged illness that followed, it seemed again and again that the brave heart had lost all power to fight for life, and that the spirit must escape. His one delight was in the things of God. In the evenings the nurse would have his daughter Florence to sing his favorite hymns, accompanied by a few touches on the auto-harp. So still was the sufferer upon the bed, that often to the watchers it seemed that the silken cord had been loosed; but after the singing had progressed awhile, a slight movement of the hand upon the coverlet showed that he was following the words. His work was not finished. By degrees health returned, but the heart's action was never the same again. The Commissioner

attributed his recovery to answered prayer, and dated the turn of the tide to a day when Commissioner Lawley visited and prayed that he might be raised up. His return to the Printing Works was the occasion of a Thanksgiving Service which those who took part in still remember.

Lieut.-Colonel Troth was sent to hold on at the Printing Works during the Commissioner's illness, and remained with him afterwards. The Colonel says:

'The Commissioner was a good man. His absolute sincerity and constant prayerfulness produced a like spirit in others. I believe every employee in the Printing House regarded the work as God's affair, and labored with that in mind. I will always remember his Prayer Meetings over the work. He so lived in the presence of God that under his influence religion appeared very natural and beautiful, and his kindness and fairness helped the wheels to go round smoothly.'

At last there came a day when the Commissioner had a matter of special importance to announce to his people. He had farewell orders! In imparting the information he said: 'The first big job entrusted to me here was the printing of the "Orders and Regulations for Social Officers." I am now going to be governed by those Regulations, for The General has appointed me to the charge of the City Colony of the Men's Social Work.'

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06 -- APPOINTED TO DARKEST ENGLAND

I have no fear about the business side of the appointment; but will you do the spiritual, Sturgess? It is not likely that our present General remembers making the above remark on the eve of Commissioner Sturgess' taking charge of the City Colony. It proved to be an inspired word; but even inspiration falls flat if rejected. Perhaps those words caused the Commissioner more heartache than any others that were spoken to him in The Army. Had he not been spiritual even in such mundane work as printing? Had he not come into The Army because he loved souls better than his life? Why should the Chief doubt him?

If others would learn from this experience what to do with a heartache, it would be a blessing indeed. The Commissioner took the rankling query to God, and upon the threshold of the new, great ministry into which he was about to enter, he sought from the Holy Spirit a fresh baptism of love that would enable him to believe for the most wretched slave of sin in Darkest England.

His first day in charge of the Social Headquarters at Whitechapel was literally spent on his knees. 'Bring up to me every man who calls here today,' had been his first order. And in his office he dealt with each, digging first into his temporal need and then into his spiritual condition.

The Founder's Darkest England Scheme had passed its experimental stages, and proved itself to be no impossible ideal, but a practical solution of many of the problems of society's underworld. It had demonstrated that, to a large extent, society's waste man can procure his subsistence from the city's waste material, if he is put in the way of so doing.

Still, the Officers responsible for the work had proved the truth of what The Founder foreshadowed in his preface to 'In Darkest England and the Way Out.' There he had written: 'I do not claim that my Scheme is either perfect in its details, or complete in the sense of being adequate to combat all forms of the gigantic evils against which it is in the main directed... Like other human things, it must be Perfected through suffering..., time, experience, criticism, and, above all, the guidance of God.'

The pioneers had bought experience with every mile of track they had blazed. They had begun their work with rough tools. In other words, they had needed to take what buildings they could secure from not over-friendly or hopeful landlords to use as the first Food and Shelter Depots. Now the time had arrived for a new start, so to speak, with broader views on a higher level. More than that, The Founder longed that the Social efforts should yield more abundant spiritual fruit. He had written in this connection:

'I prophesy the utmost disappointment unless the citadel of the heart is reached. When we help a man, it is in order that we may change him. I see the folly of hoping to accomplish anything abiding, either in the circumstances or morals of the hopeless classes, unless there be a change effected in the whole man as well as in his surroundings.'

Doubtless, it was this desire after the souls of men for ever burning in the hearts of the leaders of The Army which called forth the remark, already mentioned, that in a remarkable degree influenced the whole period of Commissioner Sturgess' governorship of the City Colony.

The lodging-houses of London had come under the regulation of the London County Council, and Commissioner Sturgess discovered that many of the Institutions comprising the City Colony were structurally unsuitable to meet the new requirements. He bent his back for the burden, and the first four years of his appointment were spent in bringing our Institutions up to the new standard.

Instead of having many small Homes, it was considered better to secure large, substantial premises, and to design and equip them in a way hitherto undreamed of. At that time accommodation for workless men in London was an unsolved problem. The Commissioner secured from the London County Council, as a temporary Shelter, a large building in Millbank Street, Westminster, which was marked for removal in one of the Council's improvement schemes. He had the building, but the cost of converting it into a Shelter and equipping it would amount to a pile of money. The matter was upon the Commissioner's heart and in his prayer, as one evening he walked up and down the railway platform at Euston, waiting for a person to keep an appointment. Suddenly he espied Mr. George Herring, the philanthropist. Going up to him he introduced himself, spoke of the Social Work, and asked permission to call upon him and give him further information of conditions in London and The Army's efforts to meet the needs.

Mr. Herring agreed, and at his house shortly afterwards the Commissioner laid before him his proposals regarding Westminster and another large Shelter he wished to establish. Mr. Herring was deeply interested, met the cost of the alteration and equipment of Millbank Street Shelter, and a little later of Middlesex Street Shelter also, the latter, a permanent Institution and a fine building of six floors. This was designed and fitted to accommodate 460 men nightly, 330 paying

threepence for their night's lodging, and the remaining number fivepence. Attached to the great dormitories were lavatories and baths, also tubs, in which the lodgers might wash their clothes, and a hot-air chamber for having them dried while the owner bathed. There was a first-class sitting-room, where the weary men could take their meals and read or rest; and in the basement, the second-class sitting-room, which served a similar purpose. In the latter great hall regular Meetings were held with the men.

During the distressful winter when the Home was opened, every bed was filled nightly, and 400 men from off the Embankment were allowed to rest on the benches of the capacious dining-room.

It was a source of pride to the Commissioner that this splendid Home for London's homeless sons was in the very heart of the City.

Another of the Commissioner's schemes, the Great Peter Street Shelter, Westminster, took the place of the Millbank Street Shelter when those premises were resumed by the London County Council. Formerly an immense billiard factory, in its new role it was planned to provide accommodation for 600 men. Surely the Commissioner must have been a refreshment to his friends, the Inspectors of the London County Council! His aim was not, 'How little may I do and yet satisfy your demands?' but, 'How much can I possibly do to give comfort to those who have none?' The Great Peter Street Institution is our largest and best-equipped Working-Men's Home in the United Kingdom. The immense building was fitted with every appliance calculated to give comfort to the homeless men who gathered there, and convenience in administering it. So excellent was the system of ventilation and cleanliness of this and all kindred Institutions, that though filled every night with tramps and the homeless of the streets, its great dormitories and living-rooms were perfectly sweet, reminding one of enormous scrubbed and polished ships. During the War these Institutions were used largely as Soldiers' Hostels, but have now reverted to fulfill their original purpose.

The Elevator at Spa Road, Bermondsey, was in its infancy when the Commissioner took charge. Into this Home were received workless men. They were given paper-sorting to do. At this work they earned their board and lodging and sufficient money to clothe themselves respectably until a suitable position was found for them. From a small Home, accommodating a few men, during the Commissioner's Governorship, a substantial, three-story block of buildings, with sleeping, dining, reading-room and lavatory accommodation for 500 men, was added; and the waste-paper industry, from an insignificant beginning, grew to be one of the chief of its kind in the City.

Perhaps no Institution in the world can boast of greater miracles of grace than this place, which is affectionately known to thousands of men as 'Spa Road.' The Commissioner constantly brought his influence and message to bear upon the procession of men which the Elevator was ever carrying upward.

A visitor may see at the Headquarters of the City Colony a souvenir album which any wise-hearted person, be he king or peasant, might regard as containing the greatest of tributes which man could pay to man. Twenty-six men, each of whom had been in the slough of despair and

sin, and by the power of God had been saved from sin, had their testimonies inscribed by one of their number, a lithographic artist, in a large, beautifully-bound volume, and dedicated to their friend the Commissioner. It is 'a thing of beauty' because of its exquisite workmanship, and 'a joy for ever,' because the men whose names are written there have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb, and shall shine in the Heavenly Kingdom.

One of the Commissioner's pet advances was the establishment of a Home for lads beyond school age. It had caused him great distress to find mere boys applying for admission to our Homes, which were intended only for men inured to sin or sorrow. Generally they were boys who had run away from home, and had found London to be far from the El Dorado they had imagined. The Commissioner endeavored to keep them separate from the men, and to return them quickly to their parents; but this was not always possible. Sometimes the fault lay at home. The boy needed a different atmosphere, work to do, and kind, cheerful supervision during leisure hours. To meet the need, the Commissioner secured a large house in Bow, equipped it in pleasant, homely style, and placed in charge a motherly, woman officer.

A great work was accomplished. The boys worked in the City by day and returned to Sturge House in the evening. The Officers in charge were constantly in touch with agricultural districts, and placed many of the boys in good homes in the country. Hundreds of lads at the awkward age were saved for all time by the Commissioner's fatherly provision in their hour of need.

In the midst of all this administrative work, the Commissioner's heart was ever yearning over the souls of his great family. This keeping of first things first made a deep impression upon the Officers who were with him. Colonel Laurie, for six years the Commissioner's Chief Secretary, speaks of him in the office:

'The Commissioner's conception of a business office was different from that of any one else I have ever known. It was not merely a place to transact business, but a haven into which to draw shipwrecked souls. We would never know when he might say, "Bring up to me every man who calls today"; and, accordingly, up to his office they would be sent. In personal dealing he was a marvel.'

Says another of his helpers:

'The Commissioner would get the men on their knees. A man would come into the office expecting to talk. The Commissioner would say, "Kneel down."

He would make another attempt to speak. "'Kneel down, I say. Now pray!'" "I have never prayed, sir."

""Then it's time you did; that's why you're in such an awful state. You'll never be any better till you find God."

'I have seen men shake like a leaf, and still remain dumb.'

"Come on, now; your only hope is in prayer; now I'll start you off."

"O God, I'm a bad'un!" "Do you mean that Well, say it!"

"I want to be a good'un." "Do you? Well, say that. That's prayer." Many a man has been converted in his office who hadn't a thought of Salvation when he came there.'

'He could get under the men's skins better than any one else I ever knew,' says another Officer.

'I have been called from my office to pray with a man for one, two, or three hours at a time,' continues Colonel Laurie. 'Once I lost patience. The Commissioner was wrestling over a poor soul, who was surely approaching his seventy-seventh chance from my experience of him. "No, Commissioner, I haven't a bit of faith for him," I replied. "Oh, yes, you have, Colonel; now just come and have another word. The Lord Almighty can do wonders for this man yet."

'He did not deal with every case alike,' Colonel Laurie continues. 'Some men presumed that his great-heartedness had an element of the "soft" about it; but if they went far along that road, they were disillusioned. He would listen to a man's story right through, looking at him kindly and straightly the while. Then he would sometimes say: "Well, what a liar you are! Now, go downstairs, and when you are prepared to tell the truth, come to me again." The men realized that there was no bitterness nor sarcasm in that great, strong spirit, and by and by, like ashamed, naughty children, they would go again to the Governor.

'A man once intercepted another coming down the stairs. "What did the Governor say?" he asked. "About being saved' and all that," replied the other. An inveterate sponger, who for years had done no work, the man went prepared to "pitch a tale," to weep and pray, and receive something for which he would pay nothing. But he was met by an unflinching gaze and the pertinent question, "Well, what do you want? A job?" Fairly shaken out of his pace, the man replied, "Yes, sir." "Will you work?" "Yes," sir." "Smith, take this man down to Hanbury Street, and put him on the yard.'" "Next!"

'The man went down the stairs flabbergasted. On arriving at the workshops, to his own surprise he began to work, and soon, in the Home Meetings, was thoroughly converted. Later he went to a situation on a farm, and joined the local Corps, becoming a Sergeant. After a year or two, had emigrated to Canada, where, still a Salvation Soldier, he did well on the land.'

His pity for those poor, diseased souls and minds was boundless. An Officer tells of a man of genuinely good desire, who fell again and again because of the alcoholic disease that was in his veins. The last time the poor soul cast himself in penitent misery at the Saviour's feet, the Commissioner prayed, 'O Lord, take him to Heaven before the Devil overcomes him again!' To his great joy, shortly afterwards he heard that the man had received a sudden call, and died saved. Another Officer speaks of those office wrestlings:

'It was a common thing to be called to the Commissioner's room, and there find he had some special case on his knees -- attempted suicide, boozier, maniac, or murderer. We would pray

for an hour and a half; work would have to stand while we got his man through. I have seen great sights in that office. One I will never forget. A poor drink-slave, his body sodden' with beer, the fumes filled the room. The office simply stank. We sang and prayed until the man' was sober, and' we all felt ill but the Commissioner. He was unconscious of anything but anxiety for the man's soul. The latter was saved on the spot. The Governor ever after called him "That miracle of Salvation."

The Commissioner had an intuition that was puzzling to many, and irritating to some; but it 'worked.' A colliery owner sent to Headquarters for a dozen men. They had been selected, and the Commissioner met them for a farewell word. He shook hands with each, until coming to one he stopped, and looking searchingly at him, said, 'You must not go; you should be an Officer.' The man was unconverted, an inmate of the Elevator. He was angry at losing a job because of an opinion in which he had no interest, and protested; but the Commissioner was firm in his decision. In a short while that man was truly converted; he went right forward, became a Candidate, Cadet, and Officer. Today he is fighting a good fight in charge of one of our Naval and Military centers in a distant country.

In the midst of his splendid work, the Commissioner suffered the bereavement of his wife, who for over thirty years had been his companion in his work for God. During the last years of her life Mrs. Sturgess was a great sufferer; but she maintained a practical sympathy in her husband's responsibilities, and gave a helpful touch to the work as she was able. After her promotion to Glory, the Commissioner's greatest solace was to devote himself still more zealously to the uplifting of those who, by sin or misfortune, had never known, or had lost the comforts of, love and home.

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07 -- IN LABORS MORE ABUNDANT.. IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN

When the Commissioner took charge of the City Colony, the Men's Social Work in the United Kingdom was confined to London, Bristol, Bradford, and Leeds, with the exception of the Farm Colony at Hadleigh, which is administered by a separate Governor. During his term, the Commissioner opened branches in Belfast, Edinburgh, Hull, Macclesfield, Nottingham, Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leith, Manchester, Southampton, Dublin, Halifax, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Rochdale. To keep in touch with so great a work, and to infuse into each center the spirit of faith and hope and love which alone is able to lift men from the depths, the Commissioner needed to be always on the wing. He traveled by night and by day, and projected himself into every effort. There was not an Institution nor an activity in connection with any of them about which he was in any uncertainty. The General says of him:

'When he went to the Social Work he received a great addition of love for the poor and lost. He became much broadened in mind, and a larger-hearted man by his contact with broken hearts. He brought a new wave of holy enthusiasm into the Men's Social Work in the Old Country, and fired with a positive passion the Officers under him for the rescue of the forlorn and wicked.'

His erstwhile Officers abound in memories of his compassion, his shrewdness, diligence, and unwearying labors.

It is the experience of many who live near to God that an unseen Companion brings to their mind matters requiring attention; and these promptings, when obeyed, make for work well and quickly done. It is the Holy Spirit fulfilling the promise concerning Himself, 'He shall bring all things to your remembrance.' The Commissioner experienced this Divine leading in a marked sense.

Arriving at the office some morning, he would say to his Chief Secretary, 'I've been wondering if our horses are getting the most suitable food.' He would not be satisfied until he had thoroughly gone into the matter, and found, from practical authorities, the best and most economical fare for the dumb creatures in our service. Another time he would be prompted to study the timber trade, so as to be in a position to buy to the utmost advantage for our workshops. This vigilance was so constant and thorough that in time it permeated the whole of the Men's Social activities. The Officers became imbued with their leader's spirit, with the result that all over the country the Managers of the various Institutions came to look at their work through the eyes of the Governor, and to endeavor to bring things up to his standard.

Touching the men of his great family, they drew out all that was best in his soul. Says one Officer:

'I never knew any one take so much trouble with individuals. The secret of this lay in the fact that to him no man, was "a case" -- Beneath the unshapeliest, meanest mass of clay, With arms outstretched and eager eyes ablaze, He saw a soul -- Waiting to be but understood and loved.

'Under his own urbane manner was a soul so susceptible to pleasure or pain as to be almost afflicted with sensitiveness. If he failed even, in so comparatively small a way as to make a poor speech in a Meeting, he suffered for days. He believed that the men whose lives were utter failures suffered in a corresponding degree, so he treated them each with a pitiful courteousness. Perhaps he was the model man in The Army for giving wobbling, warped human' nature the "seventy-times-seven" chances. One man whom his strong hand had helped up, and who became one of his helpers, tells how men expelled from the Institutions for insubordination would sometimes waylay him in the street, asking for another chance. He would take them to his office, deal sternly with them, pray with them, and make them pray for themselves; then as they were going down the stairs his cheery, hopeful voice would ring after them, "Now, do your best! Remember that's the third chance I have given you!"

He was for ever searching about in his mind for round holes in which to fit round pegs, and square niches for cubes. He believed largely that waste men are men out of place; that there is the right place for every man in the world, if some one would be at the trouble to properly adjust matters. An old doctor of medicine, who through drink and sin had come to utter destitution, sat in a park and heard the hopeful message of an Army Open-Air Meeting. Following the procession to the Hall, he sought advice from the Salvationists, and was sent to the Social Headquarters. From there he went to the Elevator. Here he was converted, and, regaining his health and powers, wished to devote his life to Army service. Until the outbreak of the war, he filled a useful post of medical adviser to a considerable section of the Men's Social Work. When the Institutions emptied into the national army, the Commissioner felt that the doctor would be unhappy out of service, so

he introduced him to a medical friend of his, who engaged the old gentleman to assist in his own practice. Still in harness, and full of gratitude to God for His wonderful Salvation, and to The Army for the helping hand, 'ere the boys came home' again he was promoted to Glory.

The responsibility felt by the Commissioner for individual souls did not apply merely to his charge, but to every one with whom he came in contact. He dealt with and prayed with journalists and business men of all kinds, who called to interview him at his office. Colonel Laurie remembers a London County Council Inspector going to see him one day. This gentleman stayed a considerable time, and when he came down to the outer office, he paused as though he had forgotten something, and smiled. 'I have left my pipe in the Commissioner's office,' he said; 'but I'm not going after it. He gave me enough religion on my own account this morning to last me till the next time.' After the City Governor's promotion to Glory, the same official called to see Colonel Laurie. Pausing before the Commissioner's photograph, which hung in the Colonel's office, he took off his hat and stood gazing at the picture for a few moments in silence. 'That was one of God's choice men!' he said reverently.

On one occasion, the Commissioner and his Chief Secretary visited a city, seeking premises for an extension of the Social Work there. They interviewed one of the largest estate agents in the Kingdom. In concluding the conversation, the Commissioner said: 'Now, Mr. X., you find me a property, and I'll pray for you.' The speech, so ordinary with the Commissioner, greatly annoyed the agent, who sprang to his feet, saying warmly: 'I want no religion, Commissioner Sturgess; I demand that you shall not pray for me.'

Colonel Laurie says:

'The Commissioner had the easiest way I have ever known of throwing oil on troubled waters, without making apology or withdrawing from an attitude he had taken up. As the business progressed, I went again to interview our agent. "Where's the Commissioners." he asked. I explained that he was too busy to come. The gentleman was silent a moment, then said thoughtfully, "Yon's a grand man; maybe a bit eccentric, maybe a bit of a fanatic; but a grand man, the sort that has made The Salvation Army." A little later, during the holiday season, the Commissioner received an invitation to go to this gentleman's country house. From there I received a line, "Salmon fishing with Mr. X., and' all the while fishing for his soul." '

Edgware Road Shelter being easy of access to several railway centers, the Commissioner used it as a camping-place. He would spend an hour there before a train was due, or go there early in the morning after a night's journey. Brigadier Robertson says:

'He knew more about some of my men than I did myself. "Tell me about the men," he would say; and when I would mention some particularly difficult case, he would add: "Let me see him"; and he would spend the hour, when he might have rested, patiently seeking that man's soul. One, a prodigal from a good home, was gloriously saved as a result of this personal, wayside dealing. Having been saved much, he loved much, and gave himself up to be a Social worker.'

An Officer tells how he would say: 'Don't be afraid of taking trouble; you never know which of your actions is going to prosper.' Of this he was a worthy example. He was asked to seek

out the prodigal son of a good home. The Commissioner traveled to the city where the young man was staying, went to his hotel, and gained an entrance to his bedroom. There he talked with him until he had won his heart. Horse-racing and gambling were the lad's downfall, but he loved horses for their own sake. The Commissioner packed his belongings while he dressed, brought him to London, and as a first step to his Salvation, he took him to 'Spa Road' and put him in charge of some of the horses in the stables there. Incidentally, the Commissioner became an adept at horse-buying. Lieut.-Colonel Spencer, who accompanied him every year to a horse sale in the north, tells how he won the regard of the horse-dealers. He talked to these men about their souls so naturally and sincerely that they were impressed; they would cordially greet his yearly appearance, give him points in equine values, and never once did they attempt to take him in.

When visiting the Provincial Institutions, however urgent his business or short his stay -- if he had only half an hour between trains -- work must stop so that he might have a Meeting with the men. If he missed an opportunity, how was he to know whether some soul would not miss his way to Heaven? So he would argue to any one who suggested that he was running the pace too strong. At one of his provincial Meetings he noticed a man straining forward and watching his face intently. Upon inquiry, he found that the man was very deaf. He brought him to the front, and holding his hand, gave his address into his ear. The man was converted in that Meeting. He is a Salvationist today -- a hawker, who finds his home with The Army and his peace in the Saviour.

On his journeyings the value of souls was ever with him. If, out at midnight in a city, he saw the theaters emptying their crowds, he would stand a moment on the pavement and groan, 'Oh, these souls, these souls going to Hell, and they don't realize it!' If every Christian felt as he felt, and lived as he lived, what strides the Kingdom of Christ would make upon earth!

Officers who accompanied him on the railway speak of his earnestness in dealing with fellow-passengers. 'Once when on the way to Durham prison several plate-layers got into our carriage. The Commissioner found that one was concerned about his soul. Down he got on his knees, pointed the man to Christ, and before the train reached the station where the man alighted, he had found peace.'

Another time a clergyman joined the Commissioner's compartment. He had been to a conference, and resented the Commissioner's question as to what practical results were expected therefrom; but with one of his amiable touches the Commissioner turned the conversation into a Testimony Meeting. By the time the Officers present had told of God's dealing with their souls, the clergyman was deeply interested, and when he took farewell of the party he wished The Army God's blessing.

On another journey he engaged the compartment in prayer. A few minutes later there was a sickening crash. The train had run off the line, but no one in his carriage suffered injury.

Crossing from Ireland to Scotland one night the fog was very dense, and the engines of the steamer were stopped. There was danger, and a good deal of fear prevailed among the passengers. The Commissioner knelt in prayer, and besought God for the safety of all aboard. Little wonder that people felt that the man dwelt within a circle of God's protection.

During periods of economic depression and consequent distress the Commissioner could hardly enjoy the comforts of his own home. He would often arrange for an Officer to meet him at his home in the early hours of the morning, and together they would go on expeditions of relief. One morning he came upon a dock laborer huddled on a doorstep. The man was numbed, body and soul, with cold and misery. After some hot tea from an urn in the trap, and a walk up and down, supported on each side by a strong arm, speech returned, and he told a sad story. No work, family starving, furniture sold, could bear it no longer; had left home the night before. The Commissioner helped the man into the trap and drove to his house. Waking up his wife and six children, he called them to come and have some food. The Commissioner prayed with the family, arranged work for the father, and left on another errand of mercy.

Driving down Euston Road one day, a policeman stopped the trap, and told the Commissioner that one of the Shelter lodgers had just met with an accident. The Commissioner drove direct to the hospital. The man, fearfully injured, was sinking. Sturgess knelt by his bed, and called into his ear, 'John! Jesus died for you!' The man opened his eyes, gave one long look into the face of his friend, and slipped into eternity.

Once, driving in the country, six miles from a railway station, the hub of the wheel broke; but that gave the Commissioner an opportunity to pray with the coach-builder, with whom he left the vehicle; so he felt the six miles walk well worth while!

Of his street buttonholing there are many stories. Officers in a hurry despaired to see him slip his arm into that of a drunken man, for it might mean an hour's delay. He would begin his conversation with such a question as; 'And what do you think you are, to be in such a state as this?' Imagining he should make a religious reply, a Scotsman answered, 'I'm a Presbyterian.' 'Not you, you're a beeryterian!' he replied. Often he would finish his chance conversation by sending the man to one or other of the Institutions, or would pray with him on the spot.

Why is it that the devotees of false religions feel no shyness in offering prayer to their gods at any time or under any circumstance, whilst professing Christians in general feel embarrassment in engaging in prayer except in places and at times set apart for such exercises? The Commissioner was quite free from such self-consciousness or fear of man. On one occasion, when in Scotland, he met a Londoner with whom he was slightly acquainted. After a few words of greeting he said, 'Now I'm going to pray for you,' and dropped on his knees in the street. The Londoner stood stiffly, but the word found its way home. He and his wife are both Salvationists today.

One of the Commissioner's favorite schemes was effecting reconciliation between separated husbands and wives and the remaking of broken homes. All over the country there are happy, prosperous families who bless his name for this gentle ministry. We mention the following because the chief actor in it has passed beyond the veil to the Land where records of Salvation hold no trace of pain.

A man who held the position of Clerk to the Guardians in one of the London Vestries gave way to drink. When under its influence he became a ferocious character, the terror of his wife and children. At last he lost his position, and sank so low that his family refused to have him at home. As a common tramp, utterly degraded and broken, he came to one of our Shelters. He was soundly

converted. The Commissioner took a great interest in him, reconciled him to his wife and family, and six years after his conversion he died fully trusting in Jesus.

The Commissioner fairly exulted when Social trophies were promoted to Glory. Of this man he wrote:

'How lovely to know that another battling warrior had gone Home to his reward! For my own part, I am glad to have met him, and to know that he fought the good! fight, finished his course, and has gone to receive the crown of life from his Lord. From a Shelter down here to the Eternal Glory; how gracious is the Lord!'

Despite his absorbing labors, the Commissioner was essentially a home man, and after the death of his wife he found a great void in his life. It is by no means an evidence of lack of affection for a first wife when, after her death, her husband remarries. Indeed, such a step is often the highest of compliments to the unselfish love of her who has been called to Higher Service. So much did her husband depend upon her help and counsel, so much did he find comfort in her companionship, that after her departure life appeared a forlorn, unendurable waste. At first it seems that soon or later she must return home; but when time gently but inexorably has declared that this may not be, there comes to the bereft heart the vision of another -- perhaps in some respects bearing a resemblance to the first love -- to fill the empty place. In The Army, where, because of the constant pressure upon soul and heart and mind, a continual comrade in the War is so desirable, there have been many happy second marriages.

In 1908 the Commissioner asked Major Annie Hull, of the International Training Garrison, to join him in his fight for souls. They were married by The General in the midst of a company of those whom the Commissioner loved best -- his Officers, and the men from the City Colony. In the years that followed, Mrs. Sturgess stood nobly at her husband's side, a sweet, gentle character who strengthened his hands in every holy endeavor.

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08 -- BLACKFRIARS FREE BREAKFASTS AND MIDNIGHT SOUP

The Commissioner was dissatisfied with Shelter work. He found lodging in these Depots hundreds of men without hope or ambition, content, so long as they could obtain sufficient pence to secure them a night's lodging and a little food. To encourage this condition of inertia was not in our plan of campaign. The Shelters were the rock on to which the submerged men were drawn from the slough of despair; but once there, our purpose was to inspire them to climb to better things, and to make room on the rock for others. The City Governor thought out a plan, and said to his Chief Secretary, 'Invite the Shelter men to meet me at breakfast at Blackfriars, and afterwards I'll give them a bit on the gospel of work; and,' he added as an afterthought, 'let's do a few extra tickets, and send out scouts on Saturday night, and see if there are any poor stranded fellows who would like to join us.'

No one remembers anything about that first Sunday morning Free Breakfast, but thousands have cause to remember the great work of mercy which sprang out of it. The scouts discovered

scores of hopeless men spending the bitter winter night in the open; and when the Commissioner arrived early next morning to welcome his guests, the hungry men, humped and blue with the cold, stood at the Shelter door waiting to come in.

Since taking charge of the City Colony, he had been so closely occupied in improving the existing work of his Department, that he had had little leisure to look into social conditions beyond that scope. The sight of that shivering, hungry queue smote his heart. Straightway he determined to ascertain for himself the true condition of London after midnight.

Taking with him an Officer who knew, by painful experience, the resting-places of the homeless, he set out to search the streets in the small hours of the morning. He found literally hundreds of men huddled on the steps of buildings, crouching behind walls, underneath railway arches, in stables, vans, dustbins -- any place that afforded the poor creatures protection from the biting wind, the rain, and the snow. Others, seeming to be past care for body or soul, sat sullenly on the seats of the Embankment.

Sick at heart at what he had seen, the Commissioner accompanied Major McGregor to one of the Shelters for a few hours' rest before beginning the day. But he could not sleep; he cried out, 'O Mac, what shall I do? Get up, and let's pray!' And the two men arose and poured out their prayer into the ear of Him who bore the weight of the sins and sorrows of this sad world. Arriving at the office, he called for Colonel Laurie, and told him of his experiences. 'We must do something at once,' he said. 'We must get a van and take hot soup to them at midnight.' Colonel Laurie says:

'I listened to his graphic story attentively, but in silence, my Scottish caution always inclining to hesitate before the Commissioner's hot-hearted, sweeping schemes. He knew I was weighing matters and was Prepared to criticize, so added, "You must go out with pickets tonight and see for yourself." He was a great believer in carrying the judgment of his colleagues. I confess mine was carried entirely during that one night's sad patrol. I looked into the depths of human misery such as I had never imagined.'

Midnight soup distribution was carried out during the whole of that bitter winter. It entailed a great strain upon the Officers who could not diminish their usual strenuous work by day; but they were encouraged throughout the effort by the Commissioner, who was with them, taking his turn with the scouts, and at the distribution. He slept at home very little during that winter. The General says:

'He always went before his Officers with any difficulty or new work. He worked the Thames Embankment with the abandonment of the crusader -- seeking the lazy loafers, and the men whom misfortune had overtaken and captured them for Jesus. The men who were saved by these efforts are all over the world. Sturgess gloried in the work, gloried in the Cross, boasted! and bragged of what Jesus could do. He was a gem, the whole world of love was in his soul, and by love he fought his way through.'

Major McGregor, upon whom the chief arrangements for the soup distribution fell, says:

'We started by the Strand. The men would line up by 2 a.m., and from then till four o'clock we would serve out a pint of soup and eight ounces of bread to each. We supplied from a thousand to fourteen hundred a night. After a while, we had to move from there; then we got a building into which we could bring the poor fellows, and allow them to remain three hours, not more, because of the lodging-house regulations. This plan was better, for in the building we could have a Meeting with them. The Commissioner would mix among the men, dealing with them about their souls, and all the while pointing them to Jesus as the great Healer, and Helper, and Friend. He never thought about the condition of the streets, but would kneel in the slush or the snow and pour out his great loving voice to God on their behalf.'

This special effort at one time excited more criticism than praise; but it attracted the attention of thoughtful people, who investigated the matter for themselves. A few hours in the biting east wind or a London fog convinced ordinary mortals that it was sheer want that induced men to line up at 2 a.m. for a pint of soup. A Cabinet Minister joined the queue of ragged outcasts, and partook of the soup in order to prove for himself the actual condition of things. This laying bare of the true condition of things prepared the way for legislation which swept the Embankment and other places practically clean of the homeless. Hundreds of the men were quite decent fellows, having become destitute through the period of economic depression following upon the South African War. A large number were transferred to Hadleigh Land Colony for training and testing, and afterwards escorted to Canada and settled there.

Major McGregor took the first party of fifty across to the Dominion. Later, he took a second contingent. Arriving in Montreal, he went to look for The Army Hall. Presently he was hailed by a cheery voice, and turning, met a Salvation Army Bandsman on his way to the Open-Air Meeting. 'Hullo, Mac!' he called, 'are you going to start midnight soup out here?' He introduced the Major to two other of our soup trophies, all Salvationists, and doing well. An Officer-to-clay, in charge of one of our Naval and Military Stations, is another capture of the soup distribution.

A pleasant characteristic of the Commissioner was, that while engaged in some particular work, his heart was still at leisure for aside ministries. One night while on the Embankment distributing tickets, he noticed a commotion. 'Some trouble with a woman,' a policeman said. Hurrying forward, the Commissioner came up with a woman about to jump into the water. He seized and held the poor struggling creature until she looked into his face. Immediately she was quiet, and feeling for a pencil and card wrote, 'Deaf.' He took her at once to our nearest Social Home, and handed her over to the Officer's wife. An American woman of good upbringing, she had come to England to receive special treatment for her deafness, and had run out of funds. Her affliction made her shy and reserved, and finding herself in difficulties she lost nerve and determined to commit suicide. Going out into the night, she encountered, for the first time in her life, 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness.' Wherever the poor thing went near the waterside she met prowling figures, and seized with a new terror, she fled from place to place until the Commissioner caught her. When she looked into his face she felt she was safe. Her friends in America were communicated with, and, comforted and blessed, she returned home.

The Sunday morning Free Breakfast at Blackfriars Shelter has been repeated every week since its unpremeditated beginning, seventeen years ago. Of all his varied labors, perhaps this was

the one the Commissioner loved best. Every Sunday he could spare from other Institutions was for many years spent at Blackfriars Shelter.

Until this work began, the Commissioner had never 'traveled' on Sunday; but he felt it was no infringement of God's law to use train or tram, or any other means, in seeking for and comforting the poor, lost sheep of the London streets. While he remained firm as before in abstaining from the use of Sunday labor for personal pleasure or convenience, he commandeered it, as he did everything else within his power, for furtherance of the Kingdom of God.

Leaving home at 7 a.m. he arrived at the Shelter in time to welcome his guests. Mrs. Sturgess and their daughter Florence usually accompanied him. Brigadier Bell was the Officer in charge of Blackfriars at the time of the inauguration. He remembers preparing the first breakfast. He says:

'I had got together what I thought was a tidy bag of food to give away -- two thick slices of bread and butter, a hunk of cheese, and a piece of cake. The Commissioner came on a Saturday to see that all was in readiness. He examined the food and said, "Oh, give them another piece!" Then, "Where's the cheese? Make it a bit more!" That was him all through. A bigger-hearted man I never knew.'

No pen could fully describe the gracious work of the Holy Spirit in those remarkable gatherings, but it is interesting to look upon one Meeting through the eyes of Sir Rider Haggard:

'I entered the great Hall, in which were gathered nearly six hundred men seated on benches, every one of which was filled. The faces and general aspect of these men were eloquent of want and sorrow. Some of them appeared to be intent upon the religious Service that was going on, attendance at this Service being the condition on which the free breakfast is given, to all who need food and have passed the previous night in the street. Others were gazing before them vacantly; and others, sufferers from the effects of drink, debauchery, or fatigue, seemed to be half comatose or asleep.

'This congregation, the strangest that I have ever seen, comprised men of all classes. Some might once have belonged to the learned professions, while others had fallen so low that they looked scarcely human. Every grade of rag-clad misery was represented here, and every stage of life, from the lad of sixteen up to the aged man whose allotted span was almost at an end. Rank upon rank of them, there they sat in an infinite variety, linked only by the common bond of utter wretchedness. The most melancholy sight, I think, that ever my eyes beheld.

'When I entered the Hall, an Officer on the platform was engaged in offering up an extempore prayer. "We pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon these men. We pray, O God, that Thou wilt help them to take fresh courage, to find fresh hope, and that they may rise once again to fight the battle of life. We pray that Thou mayst bring to Thy feet, this morning, such as shall be saved eternally."

'A Salvation Army Soldier spoke. Four years before he had attended the Sunday morning Meeting in this Hall, and found the friendship of God. "He has helped me to gain the manhood I

lost, and to do my duty. For two years now I have helped to support an invalid sister, instead of being, as I was, a burden to every one I knew."

'After the singing of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," another man addressed the Meeting. He had been a drunkard, a homeless wanderer who slept night after night on the Embankment, till fortune brought him to this Service, and to the Penitent-form. Since that time, two and a half years before, no drink had passed his lips, and once again, as he declared, he had become a self-respecting, respectable citizen.

'Then a dwarf, who was once taken about the country to be exhibited as a side-show at fairs, and there fell a victim to drink, spoke.

'Another verse, "Could my tears for ever flow," and after it, in rapid succession, spoke a man who had been a schoolmaster, a man who had been a prisoner, a man who had been a confirmed drunkard, and others.

'Always it was the same earnest, simple tale of drink and degradation passed now for ever; of the Penitent-form, of the building up of a new self, and of position regained.

'More singing and an eloquent prayer which seemed to move the audience very much, some of them to tears; an address from a woman Salvation Army Officer, who pleaded with the people in the name of their mother, and a brief but excellent sermon from Commissioner Sturgess based upon the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son, as recorded in the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, and of the guests who were collected from the highways and byways to attend the feast, whence the rich and worldly had excused themselves.

'Then the great and final invocation to Heaven, to move the hearts of these men, and the invitation to them to present themselves at the Penitent-form. Lastly, a mighty thundering hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and the ending of the long drama.

'It was a wonderful thing to see the spiritually faced man on the platform pleading with his sordid audience, and to watch them stirring beneath his words. To see also a uniformed woman flitting to and fro among that audience whispering, exhorting, invoking. A temptress to Salvation! Then to note the response and its manner, that was stranger still. Some poor wretch would seem to awaken only to relapse into a state of sullen, almost defiant, torpor. A little while, and heaven begins to work in him; he flushes, mutters something, half rises from his seat, sits down again, rises once more, and with a peculiar, unwilling gait staggers to the Penitent-form, and in' an abandonment of grief and repentance, throws himself upon his knees, and there begins to sob. A watching Officer comes to him, kneels by his side, and I suppose confesses him. The tremendous song bursts out like a paean of triumph -- "Just as I am, without one plea," it begins. The rest I forget or did not catch.

'Now the ice is broken, another comes, and another and another, till there is no room at the Penitent bench; they swarm on to the platform, which is cleared for them, and there kneel down, and I observed the naked feet of some of them showing through the worn out boots.

'So it goes on. At length the great audience rises and begins to depart, filing one by one through a certain doorway. As they pass, Officers who have appeared from somewhere wait for them with outstretched arms. The most of them brushed past, shaking their heads and muttering. Here and there one pauses, is lost, or rather won. The Salvation Army has him in its net, and he joins the crowd upon the platform. Still the hymn swells and falls till all have departed for good, save those who remain -- about 10 per cent of that same company.

'It is done, and the watcher feels that he has witnessed the very utmost of tragedies, human and spiritual.

'The age of miracles is past, we are told; but I confess that while watching this strange sight, I wondered more than once that if this were so, what that age of miracles had been like? Of one thing I am sure, that it must have been to such as these that He, who was acknowledged even by skeptics to have been the very Master of mankind, would have chosen to preach had this been the age of His appearance; He who came to call sinners to repentance. Probably, too, it was to such as these that He did preach, for folk of this character are common to the generations. Doubtless, Judea had its knaves and drunkards, as we know it had its victims of sickness and misfortune. The devils that were cast out in Jerusalem did not die. They reappear in London and elsewhere today, and it would seem can still be cast out.'

To return a moment to Brigadier Bell. Asked about conversions at the Breakfasts, he exclaimed, 'There were fifty or sixty seekers every Sunday! Those Meetings were the most marvelous demonstrations of the power of God I have ever seen.' He can produce many more gems gathered at the Free Breakfasts than we may display here. The following is a sample:

'About fifteen years ago, on the first Sunday of the year, a tramp, in an indescribably filthy and wretched condition, presented himself at the Shelter for breakfast. It was food he wanted. As he said afterwards, he had no thought of religion. At the Meeting following the breakfast, he heard of the love of Christ and His ability to save all who would come to Him. The Holy Spirit convicted him of sin. He went to the Mercy-seat and sought Salvation. When he rose from his knees the Commissioner asked him to give his testimony, telling him that if he would put his trust in God he would never be in such circumstances again. He was an educated man, but the day after his conversion he was put to work scrubbing. He remained at that until he was transferred to another Home as assistant cashier. A few months later he became cashier at Spa Road, and later went to a situation outside. Before his fall into sin, he was engaged to be married. After his conversion his young lady got to hear of his whereabouts, and went to see him. He was very ashamed upon meeting her; but, as though nothing unpleasant had ever happened during those years of silence, she kissed him. By and by they married, and emigrated to Canada. Now they have their own farm, and are happy, active Salvationists. He is never ashamed to tell of his wonderful redemption.'

But perhaps of the thousands of men who have been lifted from the slough of sin by the Free Breakfasts, the Commissioner, if he had had the choice, might like best to tell the story of Mr. Charles E. Harrison.

Sturgess and Harrison were contemporaries in the railway service. For years Harrison occupied the position of accountant in the Railway Clearing Office. He was a chapel-going man,

but not converted. Ability and push marked him for promotion, and he became an outside representative of the Company. In 1886, when Mr. Sturgess was organizing the traveling for The Salvation Army Congress, Mr. Harrison was similarly engaged, arranging for the visitors to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, then being held in London; and the two men frequently conferred. As Sturgess had found the outside business beset with moral dangers, and was saved from wreck only by conversion, Harrison encountered the same pitfalls, but instead of avoiding them, he turned into the broad way of the world, and, in order to gain business, took to strong drink. Four years of drink and other sins sufficed to drag him from the comfortable position to which he had climbed to the slough of the submerged. A hopeless drunkard, having lost position, character, respectable appearance, self-respect, everything, he fled from his friends and tramped the country, an outcast.

At last he came to himself. He had no thought of despair, but an utter loathing of sin and its consequences and a determination to turn from it for ever. When this came about, he was in a country town, and noticing the advertisement of a mission being conducted in a hall, he applied to the missionary for help. That gentleman surveyed him not unkindly, and replied, 'My friend you are a case for The Salvation Army. I advise you to go to the Blackfriars Shelter in London.'

London was fifty-one miles distant, but hungry and footsore as he was, Harrison turned his face in that direction. On Saturday night, he secured a ticket for the Free Breakfast, and, on Sunday morning he slouched into the Shelter, ragged and utterly weary.

To his intense amazement, moving among the four hundred men, all much like himself, he saw his old friend Sturgess. He forgot his weariness. The whole man awakened; memory, remorse, and hatred for sin. He watched his friend's every movement. After the Breakfast came the Meeting. By and by the Commissioner began to speak. He said, 'Here you are, four hundred of you, without God and without hope in the world. Relations and friends have given you up; but never mind how black and sinful the past has been, or how dark the future may look, there's hope for you yet. If you will give up sin and turn to God, I tell you in the name of my Master, Jesus, and in the name of The Salvation Army, there's a chance for every man of you. "God be merciful to me a sinner," that's all you can pray, and God answers prayer. Is there a man here who will put God to the test this morning? Dare you do it in front of all these other chaps? Come out and kneel at this Penitent form! You can have pardon for the past and help for the future.'

Harrison was one of the first to volunteer.

After the Meeting, as was his custom, the Commissioner dealt individually with the seekers. When Harrison's turn came, he said: 'You don't remember me, sir?' There was no recognition in the Commissioner's face. Then Harrison supplemented with a few words. With a rush of surprise and sorrow, Sturgess looked at him and said, 'Oh, my poor brother, my dear brother!' In that long, pitiful gaze he saw himself in Harrison's place, but for the grace of God. Then cheerfully, 'Well, never mind, things can be better from today. Here,' calling an Officer, 'is an old friend of mine; put him up till Monday.' And to Harrison, 'Come and see me at Whitechapel on Monday morning.' At these words Harrison's heart broke. He was not 'a case' for The Salvation Army, but a 'brother.' There was hope for him!

The Commissioner was well acquainted with the deceitfulness of sin, and on Monday he did not greet Harrison softly, but with a breath as of a stiff sea breeze. 'Now, Harrison, what's it going to be?' 'I want a chance to climb up again, sir.' 'Will you work?' 'Yes.' 'Paper-sorting?' 'Anything, sir.'

Then take this note to Spa Road.' As Harrison walked over Tower Bridge to Bermondsey, the full consciousness of his wretched condition came upon him. He feared to pass a policeman. Arriving at the Elevator, he was bathed and barbered; his rags washed, dried, and fumigated; and that night, the first for a long time, he slept in a clean bed.

Next day he took his place at a paper-sorting bin. He stood upon a concrete floor, and said to himself, 'Now I have reached rock-bottom; all that comes after this will be an improvement.'

The following week-end was Easter, and the Commissioner spent that Sunday with the men of the Spa Road Elevator. During the Meetings, Harrison's new-born soul was strengthened and comforted, and spiritually, as well as morally, he began to reach upwards. After three months, during which time he had earned at his bin not only his board and lodging, but sufficient to clothe himself respectably, he was promoted to be Secretary to the Manager, Brigadier Henderson.

Mr. Harrison says: 'At this time about one thousand men were going through the Elevator annually. About twenty came in and twenty went out every week.'

Most men, after finding their feet there, were desirous, naturally and rightly, of obtaining outside employment and merging into the self-respecting community. But Harrison had received a vision of the blessedness of this ministry to the lost. It had saved him from sin, and wretchedness, and Hell, and he desired to devote the rest of his life to the same work. After twelve months he was appointed to the Accountants' Department at Whitechapel; and later, the Commissioner placed him in charge of a small Elevator, where his own experience of sin and suffering and wonderful Salvation could help to lift others.

The business in connection with our Elevators had so developed that it required an experienced outside representative; to this position the Commissioner later appointed Mr. Harrison. For many years he has traveled up and down the country doing business with the heads of large commercial houses. He is a vigorous, sunny type of Salvationist, and delights to fall in with any Army Corps he comes across in his movements, always testifying of his wonderful redemption. He has many times received offers of a higher salary than the work of lifting up the lost can offer him, but no such offer tempts him. For the love of his Saviour who lifted him, for the love of his old friend the Commissioner, and in grateful appreciation of the bridge that carried him over, he counts his present position as the most desirable in the land. Restored to his own people, he is regarded as the happiest in a large family circle. Acknowledged to be a keen man of business, his genial disposition and gentlemanly presence give him easy access to the princes of industry, among whom he never loses opportunity to tell of the miracle of grace which God wrought in his life by means of the Blackfriars Free Breakfast.

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09 -- IN PRISON, AND YE CAME UNTO ME

Commissioner Sturgess had been at the City Colony only a few months when Colonel Barker, that champion of the ex-prisoner, arranged to take him on a tour of the convict prisons to which The Army had access. At the first place of call, Colonel Barker was stricken with the illness from which he died. For the prisoners to lose such a whole-hearted friend the Commissioner felt was a calamity, and he prayed that the cloak of Elijah might fall upon Elisha; in other words, that the strength of love which attracted the worst of characters to Barker, and his faith for the worst, might be given to him. God answered that prayer.

The convict prisons visited by Salvation Army Officers at that date were Dartmoor, Portland, Parkhurst, Wakefield, and Perth; and, in addition, we had access to the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor and the Borstal Institute. The Governors of the several prisons would intimate to the warders the date on which the Commissioner would visit an institution. This announcement would be made in the various halls, and the men who wished to see The Salvation Army's representative would give in their names, and on the day appointed remained in their cells.

To go through our prison visitation record book, in which appear the photographs of the men whom we received from jail gives one a depressing hour. The faces there are terribly sin-marred. Some are fiendish; some bestial; others reveal a tormented spirit within. Most appear hopeless, except for a Divine touch. But hours and even days of close interviewing among these men did not depress Randolph Sturgess. He knew that many of the men were guilty Of horrible crimes; but, far from repelling him, he went to meet their needs with hope in his gentle face and ringing voice and strong hand-grip. 'I don't care what you have been or done, my Saviour died for you! "His Blood can make the vilest clean." Will you quit sin? If so, we will help you.' This was his message.

The Officers who accompanied him on his visitations would not lose the memory. Lieut.-Colonel Playle, our present Secretary for work among prisoners, says:

'I learned the art of dealing with souls, and especially with prisoners, from the Commissioner. I am rarely called upon to deal with a difficult case but I think of him, and listen again to his wise, hopeful words. I have heard him say to many men -- but it never grew stale, because he meant it, felt it, every time -- "Here we have met together by God's good plan. What is going to be the outcome for you?" His tremendous earnestness brought conviction and faith to many.'

The Commissioner's interviews with prisoners varied in point of time. Some would last five minutes, some forty-five. God gave him insight into the souls of these men, and he seemed to know when it was worth spending time with them. With his own hand he made a record of every case he dealt with. He had a way of jotting down his thoughts and prayers for the men as he spoke to them, so that his visiting-book presents a series of snapshots. The following are extracts:

'____ Poacher. Thirty-five years' sentence; cried like a Child. Will come to us upon his discharge.'

' ____ Old man of sixty-four. How he cried! "Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the Lord will have mercy upon him."'

Many of the men were sullen and defiant, but after a few visits they came to regard the Commissioner as a father. Another extract reads:

One-time Government servant; tells me he does not forget what I said to him on last visit; has not lost a conduct mark since.

'Oh, these chapters of sorrow, these faces marked with sin! Souls asleep; truly dead in trespasses and sin.'

Wants to turn over a new leaf; says, "I pray night and morning." "Believe, and be saved!

The shut-offness of the men touched his heart to the depths. Under one man's name appears the words, 'No letter from any one for seven years!'

Some men declared their innocence of the crimes for which they were suffering. The Commissioner would advise them to place the matter in God's hands; to get right with Him, and assuredly He would bring good out of evil.

Another:

' ____ Has given his heart to God.'

' ____ Life sentence; has been here two years; poor fellow, what a prospect!

' ____ . Life sentence; converted eleven years; confirmed. Must interview Home Secretary.'

' ____ . Grateful for interest. Says, "Trying to do better since your visits." Gives up sin now by the grace of God.'

Many men told him they would get converted when they got out of prison, but his word for each was 'Now.' On page after page appeared the two words, 'Take him,' meaning there was a welcome for the man in an Army Home when he left prison.

The Borstal Institute for youths moved the Commissioner much. Recording one visit we find'

'Total interviews (for one or two days) fifty-three.'

' ____ . Says: "Have been a fool; can you help me?'"

The Commissioner would arrange to lecture these boys, and this they much enjoyed. They knew that there was a true friend ready to help them to start life again when they had served their

sentence. One boy, hard and defiant, the despair of the authorities, burst into tears after he had been a little while alone with the Commissioner.

Not only were the Commissioner's visits useful in getting into touch with the men against the day of their release, but contact with him hastened their liberty; for, finding them quarrelsome and defiant toward the authorities, his influence so helped them that they became anxious to receive good conduct marks, and to work and behave to that end. The Prison Authorities everywhere welcomed him.

The Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor was, to the Commissioner, one of the saddest of places. Here are detained men, many of them perfectly sane, who, when under the influence of drink or other evil power, have committed shocking crimes. Again and again the Commissioner petitioned the Home Secretary on behalf of certain of these men, and got them discharged to the care of The Salvation Army. Such a case is set forth in the visiting-book in his own terse fashion:

Oh, the tears of this broken heart! "God has helped me. I have prayed night and day in this place." Murderer; had not touched drink for years; young man came to lodge at his home; brought drink; he took enough to make him stupid; went to sleep. Lodger woke him up, and slapped his face; rushed at him, then at his wife; stabbed and killed her; life sentence. Coming to us.'

In the prison visiting-book also appears a record of the men who came to The Salvation Army at the expiration of their sentence. In the beginning of our work for discharged prisoners they were placed in a Home specially provided for them; but both our Founder and our present General came to feel that it was better to merge these men with the others whom we helped, so that they might the sooner lose the convict brand. Many a score men made for the Whitechapel Headquarters as soon as they were released; and many -- just how many will never be known until the books of eternity are opened -- made good.

'____ was one who came. In jail he had listened to the Commissioner's message of Salvation; but while the idea of becoming a Christian in prison did not agree with his ideas of propriety, upon his release he went at once to claim the help that had been promised him. While in the office, before going to the Institution to which he was directed, he was prayed with, and right there sought and found Salvation. Such a wonderful Salvation too! Not only did the Saviour say to him, "Go, and sin no more," but He adopted him into His family; and soon signs of the heavenly likeness began to appear in his character. He became sweet in spirit, gentle of speech, and faithful in all things. He was much missed by the Officers and inmates of the Shelter when, after a time, he accepted the offer to work in, a mining town. He went there a uniformed Salvationist, joined the local Corps, and became a valiant Soldier. Finding pleasant lodgings, the first night he was in the house he said to his landlady, "I have been accustomed to have prayers before retiring. Do you mind if I conduct them here?" The landlady brought a Bible, and from thenceforth he led family prayers in that home. He became highly esteemed, not only by the Corps, but by the townspeople. One day, while at work at the pithead, without warning his heart failed. "He was not, for God took him." His funeral caused a great stir in the town. Shops were shut, and thousands of people stood in silent respect as, with full Salvation Army honors, the body of the one-time convict was borne through the streets to its last resting-place.'

Another ex-prisoner, freshly released, hearing of his triumphant passing, exclaimed, 'What! _____! Why, his cell was next to mine.' He sought his comrade's Saviour, became a Salvationist, and never looked back to the pit of sin from which he had been lifted.

Not every prisoner the Commissioner helped came to an Army Home upon his release. Where it was possible, they returned to their friends.

Was a man highly placed in municipal matters and a master of finance. He was treasurer of one of the wealthiest cities of the world. In practice also for himself, with ramifications over the whole kingdom. Wealthy, and to all appearances a man of integrity, he was trusted far and wide. After many years, suspicions concerning him arose, and in a day his prosperity came to an end. Arrest, trial, sentence to penal servitude followed, and, a dishonored man, he was hidden from view, while his innocent family were left to bear the disgrace. In a certain prison, one Sunday morning, Commissioner Sturgess conducted Service with two hundred prisoners, afterwards visiting them in their cells. There he found in convict moleskins the erstwhile financier. The late Colonel Linacre, who was present, told how tenderly and skillfully the Commissioner dealt with him.' At last the citadel of that proud heart was captured. Tears, prayers, and vows to God followed, and that afternoon the man was delivered from sin. In the course of time release came, bringing reunion with his family. In a great public Meeting, led by the Commissioner in London, this penitent, changed man volunteered to the Penitent form. He wished publicly to own God as his Saviour and King. There was great distress in London at this time, and this gentleman, as an Army Auxiliary, now in a good Government position, with his noble-hearted wife, spent his time in relieving the distressed. Both have now gone to their reward.'

But not all those who were forgiven gained happiness in this life. Some souls, mauled and broken by the devouring lion, were rescued from his very jaws, sorely maimed by sin. Through jealousy, a young miner had done to death his wife, in his unreasoning frenzy cutting off her head and flinging it over a hedge. He was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. One Sunday, after conducting Service in the jail, the Commissioner visited this man in his cell. He had refused to eat, was determined to die of starvation, and defied all the advances of the authorities. The Commissioner knelt and prayed, the man lying in the cell sullen and indifferent. The prisoner's friend then sat on the floor, and gently sang song after song of Salvation. Then putting his hand on the man's shoulder, he prayed again. The tears welled up and flowed down the murderer's face.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul.
It is done, the word is spoken,
Be thou every whir made whole!

sang the Commissioner in faith for this poor tormented creature. The man sobbed, and getting on his knees he joined the Commissioner in prayer and cried for mercy. 'I am every whit made whole' were the last words they repeated together. It was not long before the merciful hand of God reached down and drew to Himself this broken but ransomed soul.

Most tender was the Commissioner with the ticket-of-leave men discharged to his care. An

Officer tells of one who could not forgive the terrible deed of his past:

'The Commissioner called me to help him with this man. I prayed earnestly and sincerely, but no light came to the poor fellow's soul. "Oh, you didn't pray hard enough that time, Tom. Pray again!" He held on, wrestled on, until the man was able to venture all his sins on Christ. He was truly converted, became a sincere, godly man, a lover of his Bible, and a lay preacher. He is in a good situation in the City today.'

Brigadier Sturgess lets in a beautiful light on Christmas parties which her father and mother arranged at their own home for the pleasure of some specially sad hearts. The guests were men who had suffered the penalty of the law for wrongdoing. She says:

'How their hands trembled, and their faces dropped, when first they entered our house! The tea seemed to choke them, but we did our best to make things bright, and, after a little while, sadness gave place to innocent mirth, as we entertained them with simple games. No one took part more whole-heartedly than did my father, and when, before parting, we knelt to thank God for His goodness, there were tears certainly, but they were robbed of bitterness. The hand was more steady, and the step firmer, because of the courage that had come through the touch of human sympathy.'

Surely, in the day of final accounts, his Lord will say to Randolph Sturgess, 'I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. Come, thou blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you.'

* * * * *

10 -- A PATTERN OF GOOD WORKS

Which among us would like every snapshot that has been caught of our faces to be regarded as a true likeness? For the ordeal, the result of which is to represent us to the world, we like to be more or less prepared, and for the negative to be at least reasonably retouched.

People who caught only a passing glance of, or had merely a superficial acquaintance with Commissioner Sturgess, were not always favorably impressed -- as was the case of an Army journalist who once went to his office to interview him on some aspect of the Social Work. In the middle of the interview the Commissioner suddenly broke off the conversation, turned towards the journalist, and asked, 'And how are you in your soul?' The Officer, unprepared for such a question, did not make a ready reply. 'Let's have a word of prayer!' was the next observation. Dropping on his knees, the Commissioner prayed for the Officer and the whole range of Army journalism and publications; then rose prepared to continue the interview. But it fell flat. The journalist, keen, methodical in his mind and habits, did not understand the Commissioner's mental gymnastics, nor did he then recognize the greatness of the soul so near to his, and went away wondering how in the wide world such a man had come to such a position!

To arrive at a true estimate and appreciation of the Commissioner's character, one needs to go among the men with whom he worked for years. We spoke with Colonel Laurie (who

succeeded him in the City Colony Governorship) in the office that used to be the Commissioner's. 'I like to have the room just as the Commissioner had it,' he said affectionately. A man differing mere from Commissioner Sturgess there could scarcely be than Colonel Laurie. Reserved, cautious, orderly, calm, it is not surprising to learn that at one stage of the Commissioner's career he did not understand him.

'I confess that I did not happily anticipate the prospect of working with him,' says the Colonel. 'But once I came up beside him, the absolute sincerity of the man won my love, while his undoubted ability commanded my respect. There formed between us a strong personal attachment. He loved me as a son, and he called forth and secured my personal loyalty and affection. And these are the sentiments of the Officers throughout the Men's Social. He was ever before us an example in work and in spirit, and he entered into our joys and sorrows as though they were his own.'

Major McGregor describes an incident which illustrates the Commissioner's tender care for one in sorrow. During the rush of the midnight soup distribution, the Major's sister, who had been his faithful friend through all his wandering years, died. The Commissioner remembered that his fall into untold depths of misery followed upon the death of his wife and child, and realizing that the man was overwrought with his midnight work, he feared lest Satan might come in upon the weary one like a flood. When he heard of the death, the Commissioner was in the Provinces; but traveling to London all night he reached the little cottage of sorrow early in the morning. The Major says: 'I was exhausted with weariness and grief, but in my sleep I felt strong arms encircle me and some one kissed me. I opened my eyes. It was the Commissioner!'

He once met an Officer who was passing through a season of deep personal sorrow. He merely said, 'God bless you,' and gave a hearty handshake. That touch put life into a crushed spirit, and the man arose again to do valiant service.

During the years of dealing with broken and maimed mankind, the impulsive, almost fierce characteristics of the Commissioner's character greatly toned. He came to realize that even men and women devoted to Christ's service had limitations of vision and experience, and that he, 'the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be apt t,) teach, gentle, in meekness instructing those who opposed themselves.'

He rarely lost an Officer. If he had come down hardly upon one, and he felt aggrieved, the City Governor found a way of healing the hurt without withdrawing the rebuke. And if he took trouble with Officers, he insisted upon his senior Officers taking trouble with the juniors. Says one:

'I had a young Officer with me who was all askew. He was most trying, and I would have set him going.

The Commissioner saw him, then he saw me, and he made me feel something like the unjust steward. I had needed people to be patient with me; I must be patient with this comrade. We pulled through together, and are both going strong today.'

Brigadier Sturgess tells of a comrade who had got under 'the juniper tree.' The Commissioner sent for him to come and spend the evening at his house. 'Let me see, what does he like to eat?' he mused. 'I have a fancy he likes pork sausages. Let's have some for tea, mother!' Needless to say, he helped the Officer round the difficult corner.

'Perhaps the greatest difficulty of the Social Officer,' says Colonel Spencer, 'is that he is all the time up against the impossible, except as he keeps a triumphant faith in God. He is apt to become depressed or hardened by constant contact with ugly, sordid evil. But I never knew the Commissioner despair of the very worst. He believed that no soul had gone too far down for the grace of God to lift up. He liked to meet the Officers in their own Quarters, and pour some sweetness and brightness into their life, and help their faith. Alone with them there, he would get down to the essential things and bless them.'

Says one:

'He never minded doing little things, and I remember him saying to me, "Leave nothing undone that you can do. You never know which effort is going to prosper."'

Another of his Managers says:

'How he used to sing--

Make me a lover of souls,
Oh, let me drink of Thy Spirit,
Make me a lover of souls!

'He meant it. I've slept with him, and have heard him groan and pray for his own spirit to be prepared for his work. Any fitness I have for Army service I got by contact with his spirit which linked me on to Christ!'

Still another:

'The Commissioner was to me the best embodiment of The Salvation Army spirit I have ever met. You had it in its essence in him -- "Go for souls, and go for the worst." He made soul-saving a science, and he was not merely a professor of the science, but a demonstrator. All the time he was before every one of us, himself doing the very things he asked us to do.'

'He was not afraid to take a sick man,' says an Officer's wife. A number of Field Officers who had done years of soul-saving service, but were no longer fitted to stand the outdoor strain, were transferred to the Social Wing. Far from considering that they were broken men, who might entail some responsibility upon his Department, the Commissioner welcomed them as experienced shepherds of souls, who would go after his 'lost sheep,' and having found would care for them. Under his guidance many of these comrades became valuable Social Officers.

An Officer tells how his faith colored his message: 'He did not lower his standards to suit his audience, but preached an Uttermost Salvation for uttermost sinners. He would talk Holiness to a crowd of tramps as though to live it were the simplest thing in life.' That is the gospel of faith.

Of his fearless denunciation of sin to the sinners whose Salvation he sought, The General says:

'He could tackle a crowd of criminals, rakes, infidels, blackmailers, with wonderful courage. He would start off at them amid a conflagration of abuse, but after going with all his might for perhaps fifteen minutes, his tremendous earnestness made them listen and think of Heaven and Hell. Then, when he had got them, he would throw out a sort of challenge that they didn't dare come out from evil ways and seek God and save their souls. But all the while, shining through the most biting satire and the bitterest invectives he hurled at them for the way they had treated their wives and children, was the great heart of love, his sense of brotherhood', to them every one. He was not a good talker except with his Social men -- said good, things but lacked proportion -- but few could compare with him there.'

While the Commissioner could overflow with sympathy and patience, he could be very stern when occasion required. Few things angered him so much as for any one to suggest doing spiritual work as an advertisement, even for The Salvation Army. An Officer once wrote asking for help with an unusual case, and, by way of special pleading, added, 'If we get him, it will be a great advert. for the Work.' Like a lion, the Commissioner pounced upon this sentence. 'What does he take us for? What standards!' he roared. Then he wrote a letter which the Officer in question would not be likely to forget. 'Never go down that street, my lad. Honor God, and seek the lost for the value of their immortal souls. God will look after His own work.'

With Officers who did not see eye to eye with him the Commissioner was tolerant and generous. One, a man of materialistic temperament, was irritated by the Commissioner's mannerisms, and never agreed with his large-hearted methods. Of him the Commissioner would say, 'Well, at any rate, the men he gets hold of generally stick.'

Another comrade, who resembled the Commissioner in some of his weaknesses, says:

'He was hot-headed, and I was contrary, and sometimes we did not agree. But how we loved each other! There was a wonderful give-and-take between us, and I am continually reminded that any success I have in my work is largely due to the lessons I learned from him.'

He could give a rebuke, in the quietest fashion, that would serve for all time. One Manager tells of ringing the Commissioner on the 'phone about some matter of business shortly after 12:30, when he should have been leading prayers at his Institution. 'Yes, Brigadier?' he replied through the 'phone from his office.' 'We are just at Knee-drill. You pray, and I'll pass it on for our benefit here.' For a moment the Officer felt nonplused; but the Commissioner waited, and he had to pray, sentence by sentence, through the telephone, and the petition was repeated to the company at the other end!

Brigadier Barnard unconsciously voices the sentiments of scores of Social Workers when he says:

'I like to remember the Commissioner as I saw him during his Governorship of the City Colony. In his visitation of the Institutions -- sitting side by side with a Shelter man, opening up a heart-to-heart talk; arm-in-arm with the poor drunkard, giving him advice and counsel; kneeling with the scrubber at his work, and pointing him to the Lamb of God; in the prison cells, proclaiming liberty for the captive; in a Meeting, holding a crowd of men in rapt attention as he lifted up Jesus as an Almighty Saviour, or dealing with fellow-passengers on 'bus or tram about eternal matters. As a young man I came under his influence, and his example influenced the whole course of my life.'

* * * * *

11 -- RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH

To have The General spend a whole Sunday with the men from the Social Institutions in London was a supreme delight to Commissioner Sturgess. In connection with Christmas, 1913, the day was held in the Bermondsey Town Hall. Such a congregation it was! One thousand men who had either been saved by the helping hand of the Men's Social, or were in the process of being helped.

In the morning the Commissioner addressed the men. Those who heard him said that he spoke as a man might speak who knew he was delivering his last message. As he concluded, and turned to take his seat, he was noticed to sway. Officers caught him, and helped him to a retiring-room, he was taken across the road to the Officers' rooms at the Spa Road Elevator, and for some days it seemed that the warrior was to die in harness. But God chooses His martyrs, and He saw that the power of His grace could be better revealed in the patient suffering of this man of iron constitution and boundless energy than in his sudden promotion to Glory. So the Commissioner came back from the gates of death, and for almost five years was more or less an invalid.

His breakdown in health made necessary his removal from his beloved Social Work. This he accepted with much sweetness, in order that the work might go forward unhindered. His health seeming to improve, he was appointed an International Representative, The General wishing him to travel and advise upon Social matters in other countries; but he was never able to undertake a tour.

For a year, he and Mrs. Sturgess and their two little girls went to live in a cottage at Hadleigh Land Colony. It was summer time, and he loved to go among the men of the Colony: his men many of whom he had lifted from the depths. They welcomed his cheery presence and uplifting words, as did also the villagers; and none escaped, and perhaps few wished to escape, his call to be at peace with God.

As one of his Officers said of him in health, 'He never minded doing little things.' Now that the opportunity to do great things had passed, his spirit, sweet and childlike, rejoiced in any scraps of service which came his way. He would help Mrs. Sturgess with a week-end Campaign or accompany her to a Home League Meeting with as much sense of responsibility as when he dealt with thousands of people, for he held that one soul is priceless in the sight of God.

Returning to London, one of his greatest joys was to meet with comrades and speak of the things of God. He frequently visited his old comrade, Commissioner Cadman, and the two veterans rejoiced together over the goodness of God. Commissioner Lawley speaks of the wonderful sunniness of his spirit during those days of enforced inactivity. 'I never met him but he was sweet and fresh, with something to rejoice in the Lord over, and to be delighted about in The Army. I never once knew him to grizzle.'

Colonel Hurren tells how he would drop into his office and exclaim, with the enthusiasm of thirty years before, 'Let's have a word of prayer!' The last Christmas greeting he sent to the Colonel was his ordinary business-card with a few lines written on the back:

As each new day begins,
Rejoice beneath His wings;
And find each hour as moments fly
New grace, new power from God on High.

-- R. J. S.

Some people become miserable when they find the reins of life slipping from their fingers, and see positions which they themselves have occupied taken by younger people. Not so with the Commissioner. Perhaps no two men on Headquarters gave him more joy of heart than did Commissioner Mitchell and Colonel Hurren, both of whom had been boys in his office. Affectionate and familiar with them in private, before others he took pleasure in giving them the honor due to their positions.

He had a way of dropping seeds of faith and love and hope wherever he went. He always carried in his pocket a much-thumbed and marked 'Soldier's Guide,' which The General had given him. This he would take out, and from it read a verse to any comrade with whom he chanced to spend a little time.

At length he found some spring of life returning, and with it his passion to be doing. He realized to the full that 'the night cometh, when no man can work,' and hungered to pack into life all the service possible, for the honor of his King. He began to pray, 'O Lord, incline The General's heart to give me some work!' One morning he received a telegram asking him to go to The General's office. 'The Lord be praised!' he exclaimed, and presently was on his way thither, though heavy rain had come on.

Owing to the sinking of merchant ships by submarines, some hundreds of Chinese sailors in the East End of London could not get boats, and were stranded. The General requested the Commissioner to investigate the position, and see what could be done to relieve these strangers. The Commissioner accepted this charge as joyfully -- perhaps more so -- than any previous appointment, and put in a full year of service. He visited the Chinese Embassy, ascertained the extent of the difficulty, and established cordial relationships there; he made acquaintance with the stranded men, and then set himself to find employment for them. By his personal efforts he placed ninety of them in situations as chefs, pantrymen, laundrymen, and so forth. The mere delivering of

the men to their posts was not the least of his difficulties. Starting off with two or three, on reaching a tube station one would become confused by his strange surroundings, and the Commissioner would find himself on the train minus one of his charges. The scared missing one had to be hunted up later.

The temporal care of the Chinese was merely a way to spiritual effort on their behalf. The Commissioner became a perfect enthusiast in The Army's work among these strangers in Limehouse, happy in helping a few as they poured over their primers and pothooks at night-school; and more happy when, afterwards, through an interpreter, he spoke to them of Jesus and Salvation, and saw some of them seeking eternal life.

At the close of the year, the heart trouble increased, and from then on the Commissioner was a confirmed invalid. After he was confined to his room he still welcomed his Chinese friends. On their New Year Day, a deputation from the Limehouse school visited him, bearing the greetings of many whom he had assisted, and as a gift -- to his immense amusement -- the largest sized bottle of bovril, Chinese cups and saucers, tea and fruit. It was a solemn procession which came to his room, presenting the offering with true Oriental courtesy.

The Commissioner cherished the thought that his little daughter Catherine would one day become a Salvation Army Missionary in China.

His feet now entered the Valley of the Shadow. As he went forward heavily, the Devil eyed this champion who had fought him so valiantly, and determined to combat his every step. He brought upon him strong winds that buffeted him, mists of doubt that made him cry aloud for help; while out of the darkness and the storm evil voices hissed that his religion was a myth, that for him there was no rod, nor staff, nor Companion, nor abundant entrance at the end of the Valley.

In his distress he asked his wife to read to him John Wesley's hymns of faith. Over and over again he repeated them, placing his soul afresh in the hands of a faithful Redeemer, and claiming by faith the Salvation bought by His death.

At length the Lord rebuked the enemy, and, as a bird escaped from its snare, his soul soared upward, rejoicing in the Lord. Now he reveled in Wesley's songs of triumph and praise. As The General says:

'He never lost his esteem and affection for Methodism. Enshrined in his heart were many of his early experiences, and to the end Methodist hymns were a great source of delight and comfort to him. He was like a man who had loved and lost, but ever kept his first love in his heart, despite, that he found a richer and fuller love in another personality.'

His room became a Bethel, and people of strangely differing positions came to call upon him. Very fond he was of repeating a few simple lines:

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend--

Who givest all.

It was touching to see how the truth held in these lines was fulfilled to him. How those whom he had comforted and succored in former days now gathered to comfort him. For a while he was able to be wheeled out in a bath-chair. The Italian he had helped twenty years before came to make a track on which to run the chair from the door. A Convert of other days came to lift him, and a procession of old friends sought his room to bear gratitude and to take away blessing. As his illness increased, and he needed night and day nursing, the comradeship of The Army was an especial comfort to him, for every night one Officer or another took turn in sitting up with him.

Still his ministry continued. He loved to have his window uncurtained, so that he could watch the people passing. The children going to school would smile and wave to him. He had a word for the tradesmen on their way to work. The crossing-sweeper had a cough; one of the family must take him some lozenges. He was interested in the mailman who passed at regular hours. First, he waved to him, and the man came to look for his salute; then the Commissioner asked to see him. He found he was a widower with several children, one of whom was a cripple. He sympathized with the man, prayed with him, and instituted inquiries about getting the afflicted child to a suitable institution. A local preacher living nearby would often slip in for a chat, to 'get a text for my next sermon.'

As the dropsy increased, life became more and more of a weariness. He could not lie down. Once when Mrs. Sturgess was dressing his open wounds, thinking aloud, she exclaimed, 'Cruel!' A spasm of pain crossed his face, and he said: 'O darling, don't say so; God is good, God is good!' He seldom let a complaint leave his lips; but once he said, 'How I envy Railton' (who was promoted to Glory in the heat of the battle); and added, 'But I suppose I am not so ripe as he was.'

His humility was touching. One Sunday morning his sufferings were peculiarly intense, and he noticed through the window two young Officers on their way to the Open-Air Meeting. 'Call them,' he requested. When they had come into the room he said, 'I am sorry to hinder you, boys, but I wanted a little more courage,' and the dying warrior asked the young men, in the flush of health, to pray with him. The Corps held Open-Air Meetings near his window, and cheered him with music and song.

He was greatly comforted to receive several visits from The General, still his dearly-beloved Chief. The General sat with him and chatted on many topics. Among other things he said to him, 'I am more reconciled to part with you, Sturgess, because of the mark you have made upon men.' This was the 'Well done' of his General, the man he loved best in life. What comfort those words were to his heart The General never knew in the lifetime of his faithful Officer. They told him that he had fulfilled all the desire of his earthly leader; he had 'done the spiritual' in his Social appointment. The General kissed him, gave him a message for The Founder, and said good-bye until they should meet in the Morning. Of these visits The General says:

'During his last illness I found him very ripened and sweetened. He impressed me as having a wonderful peace of resignation concerning himself; but right down to the edge of the cold

River, when his feet were touching the water, his soul continued to burn for the wretched, the forlorn, and the wicked. His ruling passion was strong in death.'

One of the most distressing features of the Commissioner's illness was persistent insomnia. Night after night he could not sleep; then his greatest solace was for his daughter Florence to sing to him to a soft accompaniment of music. As she sang his favorite hymns he would lapse into silence, except for occasional words of praise and prayer.

On one of those sleepless nights he sat with his head resting upon the window sill. Several intoxicated young men came noisily up the street in the small hours of the morning. So quiet was the sufferer, that the watchers wondered if he had fallen asleep, but when the young men came by, he lifted his head and called in a clear voice, 'Boys, it is late. Time you were home; but come in.' One accepted the invitation, the others remained outside and listened to the conversation. The Commissioner found that the young man was married; his wife was at home awaiting him. The dying man spoke to him as a father to a son, and prayed with him. After this the young fellow called to see him occasionally until he was too ill to receive strangers.

As the illness increased, it was impossible to alleviate the sufferings by ordinary means. A lady who held the Commissioner in high esteem for his work's sake, suggested his removal to a Nursing Home for such extreme cases as his. To his dear ones, the thought of allowing him to pass from their care was very painful, but they were willing for anything that would minimize his pains.

On the way to the Home, as the Commissioner passed through London for the last time, the glory of the assurance of sins forgiven seemed to roll over him, and in a strong voice he burst into joyful song:

I've washed my robes in Jesus' Blood,
And He has made them white as snow.

The hospital treatment mercifully made comfortable the last days. He was already on the borderland, and had few words to say to comrades who went with soft footfalls and moist eyes to bid him farewell. His daughter Florence sat by his side a few hours before he slipped away. His mind seemed to be wandering, and he began, 'And this is the first page of the new book,' then stopped.

Dear Great Heart! 'Finis' had been written across the last leaf of his life of love, and that day the Heavenly Father turned for him the first page of a glorious eternity.

The General laid his brave Officer to rest, among other of our holy dead, in Abney Park Cemetery. Around the grave were gathered not only comrades who loved him, and Officers who freely acknowledged that his influence had made them men of God, but also old Colonists whom the Commissioner had led to Christ. One, a military officer, had come to pay tribute to 'the only friend I had when I was in the gutter.'

Wonderful are the women of The Salvation Army! Bereft, after ten years of sweet companionship filled with the sunshine of a great love, Mrs. Sturgess said:

'The Lord his God came and took my beloved husband, not only on Sunday -- always the day of days to him -- but at noontide. There was no gloom about his religion. He was a man of prayer; he never took a step without seeking Divine guidance and aid. A man of praise, he sang even in sorrow, darkness, and pain. He loved God. He loved his General. Not the least, he loved all men, for he saw in every man the possibility of being restored, to the image of God. In all his motives he was absolutely sincere, and, Hallelujah! he kept the faith!'

The General used the grave as an appeal to all who bear the name of Christ to be alive in seeking the lost. He said:

'In reflecting upon the life of my dear friend and comrade, I must say that the impression, which he made upon me, whenever I came in contact with him, was that he had a wonderful personal confidence in the mercy of God for every soul of man.

'It was an ingrained conviction, of his soul that no matter how dark the heart he had to deal with, how cold and dead the spirit he wanted to bless, the mercy and power of God were all-sufficient. I feel that in this there is a word of wisdom for us; that perhaps this coffin may be taken as speaking the word of strengthening to our faith. Man has never yet sunk to the depths of evil in which God cannot reach him and bless him, and there has been no discovering in the dark world of sin of any land to which the long arm of Jesus Christ cannot reach and save. Upon every one of you here, who have some dealing with souls, let me urge that you bring that confidence with you when you speak to them, or Sing to them, or "fish" among them in the Meetings. Bring it to them, wherever you may be, the word of life and hope that is founded not merely upon Scripture or the history of souls around, but upon your own conviction that God can save the very worst from all sin.'

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II. -- THE JAMES BARKER SKETCH

12 -- THE VALUE OF THE SENSATIONAL, AND OF NURSING A WEAK CONVERT

A rabble of people in front of a railway arch; standing back a pace from them, a man, with arms extended, eyes and mouth wide open, yelling 'Fire!' Such a snapshot, caught by a young man on top of a 'bus speeding along Bethnal Green Road, London, was unusual enough to bring him clambering down the iron steps in order to join the crowd.

The attraction proved to be a little group of Salvationists, the Officers and earliest Soldiers of the Bethnal Green Corps. James Barker, a young compositor from the Midlands, found it was one thing to join the crowd and another to free himself from it. The Meeting presently adjourned to, a rough building built into the archway, and he found himself borne through the doors with a crowd of rough, jostling men and women, such as he had not mixed with before. Every move in the proceedings was strange to him. The lilting songs, not only sung by the Salvationists, but sometimes captured by the roughs, who substituted their own time and words, and supplied a howling, whistling, and interjecting accompaniment according to their will and temper. The

Soldiers knelt to pray; such prayers he had never before heard. Common men and women addressed God in natural tones and everyday language, and their prayers were not for their own Salvation, but for the sinners about them.

Barker, who had been a choir boy at Ipswich, and was versed in the creed and ceremonial of the Church of England, looked on amazed, yet fascinated. This, in the name of religion! Testimonies followed; plain, straight declarations of Salvation from sin, and joy in the service of Jesus. They came upon Barker like clear sword thrusts upon an enemy; and there, in that strange place, the Holy Spirit convicted him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come.

He forgot the howling roughs, the strange talk and ways of the Salvationists, his preconceived notions concerning religious proprieties; he felt that he was a sinner, unprepared to die, afraid of God, and that these people declared that Jesus would deliver from sin and Hell all who would seek His Salvation. A devoted old Soldier, now in Heaven, marked the young man, and invited him to Jesus, and soon he was pacing towards the Penitent-form; while the roughs who had noticed his detached, inquiring air, his gloves and stick, and other marks of personal nicety, shouted, in derision, 'So the gentleman's going to be saved!'

That night James Barker was born again, and entered into the Kingdom of God. At first, he was an ailing spiritual child; his pre-natal conditions had been all against the making of a Salvationist, and except for the tender patience on the part of his spiritual guardians, a life which became a world force for righteousness might have been snuffed out e'er the babe had learned to speak.

Major William Fenny was appointed to the charge of Bethnal Green Corps soon after Barker's conversion, and from him we gather glimpses of James' early days as a Salvationist.

'Aye, but he was a trial to begin with,' says the Major. 'Up and down, up and down! "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," are words which seem to suit his character well. He was a country lad, with enough education to become a compositor; a pleasant, self-respecting young fellow, he came to London to better himself. Having no idea of the evils of a great city he fell into snares laid for the unwary and the uninstructed, from which he escaped as by a miracle. After his conversion he was for a while a most trying wobbler, "driven by the wind and tossed." Again and again he would tell me he intended to give up The Army, and would disappear for a few days.

'Then he would come to my Quarters at midnight, and' waken me to tell me of doubts which were troubling his soul. We would pray together, and he would make a fresh start. The Chief's Holiness Meetings at Whitechapel were a great attraction to him, though, in the light of the high teaching he heard there, he was plunged well-nigh into despair. I could not tell the number of times that James was the first to volunteer to the Holiness-table, there to weep before the Lord over his shortcomings and sins, and to plead to be given a clean heart. The idea, in those days, of him becoming a spiritual leader did not occur to me, but the Chief (our present General) could see further than I could -- perhaps, partly, because he did not have so much to do with James as I had! -- and he said to me, "Fenny, look after Barker; he is going to do great service for God in the days to come."'

The General thus describes his first glimpse of Barker:

'In Bethnal Green we had rented a railway arch, with a piece of ground of about fifty by sixty feet, from the Great Eastern Railway. It was in front of a 'bus stop, and there we had erected a little wooden rostrum, from which we spoke. One summer evening I was standing on this rostrum talking to a great crowd, and I saw a figure on an omnibus waving an umbrella to greet me; then he clambered down the iron ladder of the bus, and came bounding over to our Open-Air Meeting. It was Barker! The joyousness of the man so pleased me that I had him up to speak, and that night I was convinced that he was a man possessing peculiar gifts. Straightway, he was in my mind a marked man for service.

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

'My next recollection of Barker is of seeing him making friends with Alice Sutton, who blessed him and held him.'

Major Fenny also speaks of Alice Sutton:

'God gave to James Barker a good angel in a sister Soldier of the Corps. Alice Sutton was forewoman in a boot establishment in Bethnal Green when she met The Army. She was one of the purest, bravest girls I ever knew. Fair and quiet, and sweet and young, still she possessed a remarkable power, and became a spiritual mother to the Converts of the Corps. Barker fell in love with her almost at first sight, and she loved him. He tried her sorely by his unstable ways, but she never flinched in her faith for him. If he went away, saying he had given up, and was not coming near The Army any more, she did not grow disturbed and, rush after him. She just let him go, and held on to God for his soul, and her sweetness and, unflinching godliness drew him back like a magnet, and at last bound him to God for ever.'

We have no record of the exact time or place where Barker found full deliverance from the doubts that tormented him and the fetters that bound him; but that he did find Jesus as an Almighty Saviour and Comforter is certain; and henceforth he served Him with a joyous abandon. Says Major Fenny:

'He was no speaker at first. He would stand beside me on a little platform from which we used to speak before the old arch, and would watch the strange, mixed crowd that gathered there to listen. Sin, and unrest, and misery -- everything evil and sad between the extremes of forlornness and violence -- were written upon that sea of faces. Night after night Barker gazed, upon it, until a great pity and love for the whole world: of unsaved took hold of his very being, and with it came a

big, joyous faith that Jesus was more than a match for all the sin and sorrows of mankind. Then he began to do things!

"James, we must make men out of those lads who came to the Penitent-form tonight," I would say to him, and would commit to his charge some very unlikely converts. He would follow them like a shadow and stick to them like glue.

'The poverty in the East End at that time was terrible, and to capture the rough boys we arranged some free teas. I used to get milk from the cattle buyers, and give the lads a mug of milk and buns. Barker was with me every time, paying a good part of the bill and pouring out Salvation kindness on the boys. If one of them got into prison, I would take James along with me; if allowed to do so, we would pay the lad's fine and afterwards pray with him. To love those poor souls was Barker's salvation. We got several Officers out of those roughs.

'He became a splendid Open-Air fighter -- and, I tell you, to be one in those days demanded some real grit! As we marched down narrow streets, the people from the upper stories showered upon us all manner of abominations. Often we returned from the march so filthy that we had to wash and sometimes change our clothes before we could enter the Hall. In open spaces we were rushed and crushed by the roughs; and brickbats, dead, cats, and every other sort of horrible refuse were hurled at us. But Barker stuck it. When I was farewelled from Bethnal Green to go to the provinces, he came to the station to see me off, and pointing to some blood marks on his clothes, he smiled and said, "That came from my face; when I see it I feel that I will go on and on to help to save those poor souls."

Commissioner Jeffries has vivid recollections of Bethnal Green Corps at that date. He says:

'In those days I was a bad boy and a leader in the opposition army. When we had made things too warm for ourselves at Whitechapel, and were refused admission to the Hall there, we used to seek fresh fields, and a favorite spot was the Bethnal Green Corps under the old railway arch. Barker was a Soldier there. I remember him, in his jolly, hearty style, jumping up to give his testimony in the Sunday afternoon Free-and-Easy Meetings', and starting off in a rollicking manner such a song as--

The Devil and me we can't agree;
I hate him, and he hates me.

'There were rows in those days! Oh, the fights I have seen outside and inside the old railway arch! When stones and dirt were flying, the roughs hustling and hooting, and sometimes punching and kicking, and the place was turned into a veritable pandemonium, Barker and the other Soldiers sang on -- in their element apparently.

'Barker always came up smiling; and even when he had to rebuke the disorderly and troublesome lads in the Hall, it was always in a kind manner, and his evident pity and sympathy for us in, our sins made it at times really hard for us to continue our nonsense and annoyance. He was never an advocate for keeping the roughs out because they disturbed. I believe he loved the worst.'

Barker's bubbling joy in the Lord in the face of hard fighting, and his aggressive methods for arousing souls to a sense of their condition before God, were a source of inspiration to the Soldiers of the Corps. A number cherish such memories of him today. One of his Soldier contemporaries tells how Barker used to command a Brigade going by a tram to the Chief's Holiness Meetings at Whitechapel.

'No sooner had the Soldiers taken possession of a greater part of the tram than Barker would start a song such as--

When none was found to ransom me,
He was found worthy;
With the chorus--
Oh, the bleeding Lamb!
He was found worthy.

'The tram conductor or an irate passenger might object, then Barker had to use all his ingenuity to keep things going. Perhaps he would call on Mother Clapp -- a rare old veteran -- to pray for the unsaved on the tram, specially remarking that the passengers were not only going to Hackney, but to Heaven or Hell. Then would follow personal appeals, spiritual bayonet attacks, in which many a soul was awakened to a sense of sin. All this time Barker stood at the front of the tram, his countenance aglow with Salvation enthusiasm.

'He simply reveled in the Holiness Meetings, and gave his whole-hearted assistance to all whom he found seeking "the Highway of Holiness." I did not hear him talk much about the doctrine. He aimed at getting people into the experience, so that their lives would be a practical exposition of the doctrine. He was a great believer in fighting Holiness, and had doubts of any who did not seek to express "the Blessing" in a practical way.'

Wonderful scenes of Salvation were witnessed at the old railway arch. One of Barker's workmates, whom he had led to God, had to bear a great sorrow as a result of his sin. During his drinking days his daughter had left home in the North of England, and he had no knowledge of her whereabouts. He feared she had gone astray. Barker comforted him, telling him to commit the matter to God. He knew where the child was, and He could restore her to her home. Thus encouraged, the father prayed and looked to God for an answer. He was a clever man, with a presence and voice that could arrest and hold the attention of even a Bethnal Green crowd. One evening Barker asked this comrade to relate part of his life-story. The man described the scene in his home some years before, when, through his sin, his daughter had gone away, and also the heartache and remorse he had suffered in consequence. The old father cried out, 'Oh, what would I not give, what sacrifice would I not make, if I could only find my child!'

From the back of the Hall, a clear, pained voice rang out, 'Father, father, I'm here! I'm here!' and, heedless of the hundreds of people, the long-lost daughter ran up the aisle to the platform and threw her arms about her father's neck. 'Father, forgive me!' she cried.

'Maggie, forgive me!' faltered the father. There was perfect silence, and a wave of intense emotion swept through the Hall. Then Barker, rising to the occasion, called on the Soldiers to kneel and the congregation to pray, while he led the father and daughter to the Mercy-seat, and there pointed the girl to her father's Saviour. Father and daughter became good Soldiers of the Corps.

At the time of Barker's conversion he was engaged as a compositor on a London paper. One day in the room in which he worked an elderly man staggered at his 'frame' and fell dead. This evidence of the uncertainty of life made a loud call to Barker; then followed the message of mercy under the railway arch. Once truly converted, his Salvation entered into every part of his life.

Perhaps the first-fruits of grace showed itself in the remembrance of his old mother in the little village, for at once he set apart from his wages a settled amount, which he sent to her regularly. The Salvation of his workmates also became an absorbing concern to him, and several survive who tell how he labored to win them for God. The men were on piecework, and between work hours Barker would speak to them about their souls. One remembers how he used to walk with him to his lodgings, so that he could continue the conversation. On one of these occasions this man narrowly escaped being run over by a brewer's dray, and his companion, dragging him on to the pavement, used the incident to enforce his message, asking how it would have been with his soul had he been ushered into eternity -- as is the case every day with many from London's streets.

Missing him from business, his workmates heard from him that he had gone to work for The Salvation Army at Whitechapel, and several of them joined him at our first Printing Works there. Those were rough days for The Army, and it spoke volumes for the hold Barker had secured upon the affections of these men that, though 'outsiders,' they chose the things that he chose, and ere long themselves became Salvationists. One of these early-day comrades remembers being stoned while he and Barker were on their way to the office. A piece of granite passing between their heads caused him to remark, 'That was a close shave!' 'Yes,' replied Barker; 'perhaps missing the mark will make the thrower think that God has something to do with us.' Sometimes he had to go out and rescue from the roughs "the paper and printing accessories which were kept in a passage next to 'The War Cry' office.

The Printing Department was a very mobile, cheery concern, prepared for emergencies. One of the old hands remembers Commissioner Railton coming into the office with 'copy' and a plan for a New York 'War Cry,' and the 'comps' 'laying into it' with all the zest of Officers. Sometimes the pressure of the Cross told upon the spirits of the outside workmen; but Barker would smile and say, 'Our Heavenly Father knows and cares, and nothing can happen to us without His permission.' One of these comrades writes: 'I love to remember him as a man who had no doubt about the Divine faithfulness, and who, at all times and under all circumstances, tried to cheer those about him.' Still another tells how he would aim to get at the office early, and say to whoever was about, 'Let's start the day with prayer.' Under such a sunny influence the men felt shame on them if they did not follow in the way of the Cross.

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It is not to be wondered at that to Barker came the desire to consecrate his whole life to God for the purpose of lifting others on to the Rock of Ages, where he had found so sure a footing and so joyful an experience. He applied for Officership, and was accepted. For some time, as a Cadet, he was engaged at the Printing Works during the day, and at night repaired to Devonshire House, our first Training Garrison in London.

During his term of training, he suffered one of those severe assaults of Satan which had harassed him in his earlier experience. At his trade, he showed concentration, thoroughness, and self-control, but in work for God he resented Regulation. A jolly, do-as-you-please religion -- not refusing hardness, so long as it was part of the fight -- was his choice. Such an attitude, if unchecked, would have worked failure for himself and disaster to others in any sphere. At one juncture he left, but once outside the Garrison he realized the folly of his action. He saw that left to himself he was an inconsiderable unit; that his limitations and deficiencies would make great achievement in spiritual enterprise impossible.

On the other hand, if he would yield himself 'to the ordinances of men for Christ's sake'; if he would put his neck into the yoke of discipline and obtain self-mastery in The Salvation Army, it offered him a field of service in the Kingdom of God such as the angels might envy. Forthwith he ate humble pie, and asked to be taken back; and from that time to the end of the chapter he was noted for his loyalty to the Rules and Regulations of the Organization, and no Officer was a firmer upholder of discipline than he.

Captain Barker's first appointment as an Officer was in charge of Manchester I Corps. Shortly afterwards he became A.D.C. to Colonel Josiah Taylor, who at that time commanded the Manchester Division. A wonderful work of God was in progress in Lancashire. On every hand Corps openings were attended by powerful spiritual awakenings. During the year that Barker joined the Division, nineteen Corps were opened, including Hull, Chester, Stockport, Rockferry, Birkenhead, and Dalton-in-Furness. Great faith and spiritual audacity were needed to take on lease huge skating rinks and other buildings capable of accommodating thousands of people, and fit them for use, without knowing where the money was coming from to pay the bills.

Without doubt, it was the guidance of God that placed Barker for training under the godly Colonel and Mrs. Taylor. They were rich in the possession of pure, loving hearts, generous spirits, and boundless faith. They welcomed Barker, this young Officer pulsating with holy enthusiasm and audacity. In natural gifts he outshone them, but far from being afraid of him, and keeping him severely 'in his place' -- which presumably should have been the office -- they praised the Lord for a valuable helper, and gave full rein to his activities. Barker saw in them the meekness and gentleness of Christ, a single eye to God's glory, and faith that laughed at impossibilities and, cried, 'It shall be done!' In such a gracious atmosphere, and in the face of boundless opportunities to reach souls, he threw open his heart to the Lord, drank in the dew and sunshine and strength of Heaven, -- and clothed himself with the beauties of Holiness, so that he might be a worthy ambassador of God.

In recalling Colonel Barker's term under his direction, Colonel Taylor writes:

'Looking back over the thirty-eight years that have rolled by since he came to us, his term seems like the passing of a comet, so brilliant and so swift. He was like an angel of light, carrying blessing wherever he went. Not pre-eminently an office man, he was in Chester today, to-morrow in Burnley, the next day Barrow-in-Furness, or some other place where special work required to be done. He often visited Liverpool, stirring up affairs in that great city and its suburbs. Rockferry, across the Mersey, where we had taken a skating rink, was one of his favorite haunts. Chester, just opened, where we had a circus, he frequently visited, delighting to move among the fishermen and common people. I believe it was Captain Barker to whom the Chief Constable testified that The Army had been the means of transforming the lives of 200 of the worst sinners in that ancient city.'

Urgent calls were reaching International Headquarters for Officers to hoist the Flag of The Salvation Army in distant lands, and, naturally, an Officer of Barker's promise attracted attention. He was chosen for Australia. In August, 1882, James Barker and Alice Sutton were married by our Founder in the Congress Hall, Clapton, and as Major and Mrs. Barker the following day they set sail for the Antipodes.

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14 -- TO AUSTRALIA

It was not a pleasant nor a romantic honeymoon that the young couple had as they traveled as third-class passengers to Australia. The accommodation was rough, the food coarse, and the steerage passengers, composed of many nationalities, looked askance at the two young people who appeared so unlike them in every respect. The Major arranged Meetings, and tried to help their fellow-voyagers, but these men and women were out for a great adventure, and wanted no religion. The fair little wife suffered much from the unpleasant conditions, the coarse company, and sea-sickness. Moreover, she had the misfortune to lose her wedding-ring as she washed one day at an open sink. But the springs of her joy had their origin in depths beneath the shallows of circumstance, and though much tried, she maintained her courage, her sweetness of spirit, and her faith. As for the Major, he was in no wise discouraged by his uncongenial environment, and made a few friends on the voyage.

Their passage was booked to Adelaide, South Australia, where they were eagerly awaited by the little band of Salvationists who, for want of leaders, were hard pressed in the Fight. Wonderful are the ways of God! He had other plans for the on-sweep of The Salvation Army in the Island Continent; and in the Barkers He had people whose faith could stand a test.

Owing to some shipping difficulty, a few days before the anticipated end of the voyage a notice was posted to the effect that all passengers would be landed at Melbourne, 400 miles further on than Adelaide, and there await another boat to take them back to Adelaide. To the Barkers, this change of program foreshadowed great difficulty. They were expected at Adelaide. They did not know a soul in Melbourne. Moreover, they had been provided only with pocket-money for the voyage, and when the milk food Mrs. Barker had needed was paid for, they had only a few shillings left in their purse. So it was with them, when their ship made fast to its moorings in Hobson's Bay.

After Mrs. Barker's death, there was found among her papers a simple description of the events of that day. She had written:

'We stepped off the boat on to the Williamstown Wharf, strangers in a strange land, not knowing where to go or what to do. Certainly our faith was put to the test. God's call to follow Him to Australia had been very clear, and now all seemed dark and strange. Quietly we prayed. We walked a few steps down the quay, and the Major remarked to me, "Well, in any case we must get to the city; that is the next step." As we moved towards the railway station to procure our tickets two young men came hesitatingly towards us, and asked, "Are you not Major and Mrs. Barker?" The Major's face lit with holy joy. We knew that God had sent them. They explained that one of them had been a Salvationist in "the Old Country" -- as England is called in Australia -- but as upon arrival in Melbourne he found no Salvation Army, he had joined the Y.M.C.A. there. He had come from the Rev. Mr. Marsh, the Secretary of the Association, to welcome us.

'We inquired how he knew that we were coming. He told us he had received a newspaper from London giving an account of our wedding and the name of the boat by which we were sailing. Having watched the progress of the voyage, he discovered that the Cotopaxi was to land its passengers in Melbourne instead of Adelaide. Words cannot describe what we felt as we realized that God had been working for us.

'In a short time we were in the city of Melbourne, kneeling in Mr. Marsh's office praising God for His goodness, and consecrating our lives afresh for the Salvation of souls. After a little talk about The Salvation Army's work in England, we felt it was time to say good-bye, still wondering whither we should direct our steps with our small means, when Mr. Marsh asked, "Have you made any arrangements for staying in the city? If not, a hospitable Christian friend is coming here today who would be glad to take you home with him. Our hearts leaped within us, and we said we would like to go with this friend. Towards evening a little vehicle, called a buggy, drove up, and Mr. Peter Cousens jumped out. We were introduced, and he was delighted to take us back with him to the beautiful suburb of Malvern. As we walked up the avenue of trees to his villa, the door was opened by Mrs. Cousens, who gave us a hearty welcome, while her husband, extending his arms, exclaimed, "Welcome, in the name of the Lord!"

'The house was surrounded by acres of land planted with fruit-trees, and at this time they were in full blossom. It was a beautiful sight, and the change from the boat with its discomforts was like a bit of Paradise to us. These dear friends were as mother and father to us, ministering to our comfort and helping us in the Fight during all the years we were; in Australia.'

On the following Sunday Major and Mrs. Barker attended Mr. Marsh's Meetings, which were held in a theater in the city. One who was present describes the Major's first appeal to the souls of Australia. 'With a shining face he stood forward and with joyful voice sang,

'Tis the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me!

As he sang, and afterwards spoke -- differently from any preacher who had hitherto declared the claims of God in Melbourne -- it seemed that an electric button had been pressed. Many felt that The Salvation Army had come to herald a new spiritual era in Victoria.

While waiting to hear from their comrades in Adelaide, Major and Mrs. Barker reconnoitered Melbourne. They found a welcome awaiting The Salvation Army. Many live Christians, having followed the accounts in the Press of The Army's work in England, offered help to begin similar work in their midst, and before the young Officers left for Adelaide they had promised to come back as soon as possible to hoist the Blood-and-Fire Flag in Victoria. Three months later, after reinforcements had arrived from England, Major and Mrs. Barker returned to make an attack upon Melbourne.

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15 -- A YEAR OF WONDERS

It was a bold stroke. Fifteen months after Major and Mrs. Barker had arrived 'by mistake' in Melbourne, they conducted the first anniversary of Salvation Army Campaign in Victoria in the Exhibition Building, Australia's largest auditorium, holding ten thousand people. Years later, Mrs. Barker confided to a friend that the venture had alarmed her. How were they to find the money to cover the expenditure entailed by such a demonstration? And, after a brief twelve months' work, were the people of Melbourne sufficiently stirred by the doings of The Salvation Army to fill that great place?

But big things were the Major's way. From every point of the compass Salvationists thronged, while friends and outsiders came by the thousand and packed out the Exhibition. It was a night of glory to God, of praise and rejoicing for His wonderful work. And truly there was much to report. The two Officers had increased to thirty-three; twelve Corps had been formed; thousands of souls had sought Salvation; a Headquarters had been established; ten thousand pounds' worth of property secured and dedicated to the Salvation of souls, and from The Army Printing Press 66,000 copies of 'The War Cry' were issuing every week. The Meeting further introduced The Army to the public in a striking fashion, and set the pace for a second year's campaign.

On arriving from Adelaide, Major and Mrs. Barker accepted an invitation to preach in a church in North Melbourne. After that they turned their faces to the part of the city which most reminded them of the Mile End Waste; and there, on an open space known as Collingwood Flats, they lifted up their voices and proclaimed Jesus a Saviour to the uttermost. Dr. Singleton, an aged saint and a tireless worker for souls, offered them the use of his large Mission Hall in Collingwood. This overflowed, and a Hall holding 2,000 people was taken. Every night it was thronged and the Mercy-seat filled with seekers for Salvation. The Collingwood Corps was soon in full swing.

In the heart of the most vicious locality in Melbourne, Dr. Singleton owned a small Hall. This the dear old saint handed over to Major Barker, and here murderers, jail-birds of all degrees, and women of the deepest dye gathered, and many were gloriously saved.

Further reinforcements arriving from England, the Major kept pace with the glorious tide of Salvation which was flowing, and opened Corps in North Melbourne, Brunswick, and Prahran, in the metropolitan area; and in the country, the fine cities of Ballarat, Bendigo, and Geelong, and several flourishing towns were attacked. At each place there were marvelous manifestations of the power of God to save. Here and there the 'larrikin' element, which answers to the English 'rough,' was lively, but as one veteran says, 'There was no siege. The cities of Australia welcomed The Army with open arms.'

Every fresh enterprise called for a large outlay of money, and the Major was thrown upon God for resources. One of his early helpers says:

'Frequently, when our exchequer was practically empty, he would gather his Staff around him and implore help from God; and never in vain. Wonderful incidents of Divine interposition were experienced by us. When heavy bills had to be met on due date, some natural degree of anxiety was inevitable, but not once did God fail to send the necessary supplies.'

In the heart of Melbourne Major Barker leased the Temperance Hall, a large auditorium, for Sunday night Meetings. It was crowded by people of all classes. Side by side with the landowner and respectable citizens sat discharged prisoners and erring women, listening to the message of Salvation from sin, and side by side at the same Mercy-seat they sought the Saviour. Oratory was not the secret of Major Barker's power with these crowds. As one keen observer remarked, his addresses were failures from that standpoint. It was that he always exalted Jesus as the Saviour from sin, and by his own faith made the Lord a living reality to the penitent. Such a chorus as,

I'll tell it to Jesus, to Jesus my Lord.
You have no other such a Friend or Brother;
Tell it to Jesus my Lord,

was sung until the burden of sin pressed so heavily, and the Saviour seemed so near to sinners, that many rushed and others crept to the Mercy-seat to sob out their guilt into the ear of this wonderful Saviour. An Officer writes of the first of these Meetings, which she attended:

'The first two penitents were men. The Major bent tenderly over them, placed a hand on the shoulder of each, and aloud said: "My brother, Jesus loves you!" Moved as with a vision of what that love meant, both men burst into tears and began to pray. Another class of sinner was shaken out of complaisant security by such a chorus as,

"Trim your lamps and be ready for the midnight cry."

'Not all who came to the Penitent-form found Salvation. Some confessedly came for other than spiritual blessings, as in the case of one man of whom the Major asked, "Have you got what you came for?" "Well, no, sir." "Then what do you want?" "To tell you the truth, I want a pick and shovel"! And these he had the following day.'

Up and down the country Barker went, seeking souls by night and by day. Staff-Captain Ebenezer Phillips, one of the pioneer Officers, tells of accompanying him on the rails:

'At one of the stations a rough miner got into the carriage. After a little time the Major asked the man if he liked singing. He replied that he did, and the song, "Shall we meet beyond the River?" was started. Soon the man began, to weep. The Major took him by the hand, saying, "Come, let us go to Jesus about it." The miner found the Saviour in the railway carriage. When the train stopped he gave the Major a pound note to help on the work. I met him five years later, and he was still saved.'

A little child lay dead in a small mining town through which the Major was passing, and he was asked to bury her. He used the occasion to press Salvation upon the people who gathered around the grave, and some knelt there and cried to God for mercy.

A comrade tells of the Major on his way to the platform in a large Meeting coming upon a drunkard huddled on the floor. Barker was not so full of the great occasion as to overlook this poor wreck. He stopped, spoke a tender word, commending him to God and to the care of the Officer, then took charge of the Meeting. The man had to be sent to the local hospital for treatment, and on his recovery, some weeks afterwards, it was discovered that in the interval he had found Salvation, and had lost the craving for drink which had afflicted him for many years. He had received an excellent education, and his testimony to Salvation was very powerful. He was restored to his family, and live a happy, useful life until he was promoted to Glory.

People had cause to believe that the Major was the ambassador of God. He was conducting a crowded Meeting in Ballarat, and a young man persisted in interrupting. At last Barker felt moved to warn him to stop lest he should provoke the wrath of God. A solemn silence fell upon the Meeting as he spoke. The following day, as the man was at work on a high building, he was noticed to sway, and then to fall. He was picked up dead. This sad event produced a profound impression upon the city, and as a result many sought mercy.

It is interesting to read a description of Barker as he appeared to his people in those days, written by his earliest helper, the late Brigadier McPhee:

'A sturdy, compact figure of middle height and military bearing, ruddy complexion, dark, glowing eyes, and a keen vision. Eloquent lips and resonant voice. His face radiant with sympathy and love. A mind quick to decide and prompt to act with characteristic energy. Both in the Open-Air and indoor Meetings equally at home, forceful, clear, and decisive in controlling his audience. A unique, attractive apostle was this first Army leader in Victoria.'

Mrs. Barker contributed to the work different qualities from those of her husband. Hers was a calm, reserved personality. She stood firmly for the things that had been committed to her charge. Faithful she had been in the difficult days at Bethnal Green, when she was unknown and unnoticed except by the poor slaves of sin for whom she toiled; so, also, she was faithful in the noontide glare of success and popularity into which the Lord had ushered her, with her husband. She worthily raised the standard of the Hallelujah Lass in Victoria.

Up and down the country this frail little woman traveled campaigning. The following, an echo of a charge to a country Corps to whom she presented Colors, gives an idea of her simple, direct messages to the rising Army:

'God is using the weak things of this world, to do His work. We may be like David, having only a sling and a stone, but we cannot bear to see the army of Satan defying the Army of the Living God. We mean to fight against the enemy. Thank God, he is wounded and has been driven out of the hearts of many men and women in this town. We are here to present Colors to the Corps. We do not believe in show; that is, show which would meet with the world's smile; but we do believe in showing our Colors. We wear our uniform and badges because we want the world to know we are on the Lord's side. It has been naked, "Can't you do without the Flag?" "Yes, but we can do better with it; and therefore we have it."

In simple language she described the meaning of the Colors -- the red, signifying the Blood of Jesus; the blue, purity of life by that precious Blood; and the fiery star, emblem of the Holy Spirit empowering for service. Handing the Flag to the Officers, she said, 'Take them, carry them down the streets and byways, but especially where sin and wickedness most abound.'

Not a thought of self was allowed a place in that little woman's life or service. Though in a position to receive much personal attention, she accepted nothing but for God. She had come not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and she loved, and toiled, and gave the best she had. During one of her journeyings she was badly shaken in a railway accident. By this time the Barkers had become notable people, and though she made no claim against the company, a representative waited upon her, and she was given a check for 100 pounds. This she promptly handed over to the cashier at Headquarters.

For every Divine enterprise God chooses His co-workers. To Barker he gave the grace that attracted to him capable, godly men and women, who were of untold help in the formative days of the young Organization. Notable among these were Mr. McPhee, a State schoolmaster; Mr. Hendy, a keen business man; and Mr. Leigh, recently arrived from England. These men of hot heart, trained mind, and ready hand, fell in behind The Army Flag as to the manner born, and were known in later years as Brigadiers McPhee, Leigh, and Hendy. The two former have been promoted to Glory. The veteran Brigadier Hendy is still a familiar figure at the Australian Headquarters.

This comrade thus describes the first Headquarters in Melbourne: 'Two rooms in some business chambers which were reached by a steep staircase of nearly one hundred steps. The Major occupied one of the rooms, and a gentleman who officiated as cashier and corresponding clerk, besides performing every other duty that might be mentioned, the other. That was Brigadier McPhee. On a tin-plate were engraved the words, "Salvation Army Headquarters."

Servants of God, chosen by Him for special service have, at a certain juncture in their career, found certain influences compelling them along an unknown path. So it was with Major and Mrs. Barker. By the introduction of Dr. Singleton, Major and Mrs. Barker were admitted to the jail, and allowed to hold a weekly Meeting with the prisoners. After the Meeting, any prisoner who wished for private conversation might see them alone in a cell set apart for that purpose. In

this way the Major came in touch with many notorious criminals who, after hearing his message, professed to be sick of sin, and begged to be put in the way to live a new life. 'Come and see me upon your release, and I will help you!' said he.

Before long, the tramp of heavy feet was heard upon that one hundred steps to the Major's office, and ex-jailbirds appeared, sure that his promise would be fulfilled. Perhaps the first who came was a man, sixty years of age, who had spent forty years in prison. He looked like a haunted creature, and pleaded, 'Give me a chance; I do not want to die in jail!' An Officer took him to his home, fed him and comforted him, and in the evening accompanied him to an Army Meeting. The man wanted Salvation desperately, and was saved on the spot. After a few days he was sent to Bendigo, a hundred miles distant, so as to be free from old associates; the Corps Officer found him work and watched over him. 'What do you think of The Salvation Army?' some one asked him. 'Oh, it's like home! Not that I've had a home; but every one in The Army is happy and friendly, and enjoying themselves. That's what I think home is.' Within a few weeks the Heavenly Father sent a messenger suddenly and gathered the saved convict into the Heavenly Home.

The tramp of ex-prisoners' feet up the stairs became more and more frequent, and it was evident that something extraordinary must be done to make a way of escape from sin for these men. Then it was that the seed of God sprang into life in James Barker's soul. 'It's a home the poor souls want. A home where "every one is happy, and friendly, and enjoying themselves." And a home they shall have, he decided.

Barker reckoned himself the son of a King, and money matters troubled him not much more than they did a prince. His Father owned all the world, and was he not on his Father's business? So, in much love and boundless faith, he took a large house and furnished it, and to this haven of good cheer he welcomed his brothers in distress. This was the first Prison-Gate Home in The Salvation Army. Barker was not content merely to receive those who came to the Home. Not all who needed it would know of such a place, and some might be too shy to venture there. So he appointed an Officer to watch the prison gate every morning, and to invite every man who came out, and was willing to give up sin, to come along. Within a few weeks the house was found to be too small, so two houses were taken. Then, within those walls began to be performed miracles of grace, the like of which had not been heard of in Australia. Many of the most notorious criminals of the State became new creatures in Christ Jesus; under the wing of The Salvation Army they were introduced to honest labor, and for the first time in their lives took a worthy place in the community. The Churches were delighted with the work, Government attention was attracted, and official commendation and support were generously bestowed.

But the Major had to feel his way. He had no precedent to guide him, and some of the exploits of his prison-gate Converts read comically today. Work the men must have, and the idea of commercial industries in the uplift of the submerged had not yet dawned. Consequently, as soon as a man gave evidence of conversion, he was set to work 'War Cry' selling on the streets of Melbourne. The custodian of Government stores in Victoria came across a stock of faded military uniforms. He inquired of his superior what he might do with them, and was instructed, 'Send them to The Salvation Army Prison-Gate Brigade.' With Major Barker, everything 'came from above,' and he hailed with joy the arrival of this military clothing, pleased that he would be able to clothe his men well, and moreover give them somewhat the appearance of a Brigade. Fresh-rigged, he

turned out a squad of ex-convicts to bombard the city with 'Crys.' This created a sensation. The action of the official responsible was questioned; but the fact that a transforming power was being successfully applied to the 'irreclaimables' of the community was the silencing answer to critics, and, as is the case with most schemes which spring from a heart of love, it worked only good.

The Holy Spirit led His servant another step. Hearing of the opium evil, which at that day lifted its head in the back streets of Melbourne almost without challenge, the Major determined to visit the opium dens. There he found English and Colonial girls given over to the use of the drug and to other immorality. His heart was torn with sorrow and fired with indignation, and he felt he must attack the vice and rescue its victims. In public Barker began to speak plainly of social evils, and announced that any one in distress and needing help might come to him at any hour of the day or night. Among Mrs. Barker's papers were found some notes on this new epoch of their service. She wrote:

'This announcement brought forth a terrible response. Fathers and mothers came to our house at all hours of the night to tell the Major of sons and daughters who had not returned home, and who, they feared, had been drawn into the whirlpool of iniquity. No sorrowing soul was ever turned away from our door. The Major would at once dress, and, accompanied by the parents or friends, he would go and search the streets in the locality where the lost one was' most likely to be found. I think I may say that it happened, hundreds of times, but I never knew the Major to once complain about the unearthly hour he was called out.'

Small wonder that the name of Major Barker became a household word in Victoria; and, sure of receiving help, young and old, rich and poor, in every imaginable kind of distress, besieged his office at Headquarters. The first poor girl who found her way to his office, asked, 'Is this the place where The Army helps poor girls? I want to live a better life.' There was no other course open but to establish a Home for Women. Mrs. Barker continues: 'Girls came to us from the Chinese brothels, such young ones, fifteen and sixteen years of age. Our Home was quickly filled.'

That first girl who was rescued from the teeth of the destroyer thirty-five years ago is today a happy wife and mother, living in comfortable circumstances. For her great deliverance she gives glory to God. To Social Officers her message is: 'If ever you feel weary in seeking for the lost, remember me!'

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16 -- SEPARATED TO THE SOCIAL WORK

The Salvationist is a distinct type of religionist. It matters not to what nation he belongs; and be the color of his skin black, white, yellow, or red, he is true to type; his heart finds peace through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and is inspired with a passion to be one with Him in spirit and service for the souls of others.

A young New Zealand Officer who, after waging a short, conquering warfare, went to his reward, wrote the following lines:

I want, dear Lord, a heart that's true and clean;
A sunlit heart, with not a cloud between.
A heart like Thine, a heart Divine,
A heart as white as snow;
On me, dear Lord, a heart like this bestow!

I want, dear Lord, a love that feels for all,
A deep, strong love that answers every call;
A love Divine, a love like Thine,
A love for high and low.
On me, dear Lord, a love like this bestow!

I want, dear Lord, a soul on fire for Thee,
A soul baptized with heavenly energy;
A willing mind, a ready hand
To do whate'er I know,
To spread Thy light wherever I may go!

James Barker could not compose poetic prayers, but his life was an answer to every petition of that song. He stands in the memory of the thousands who loved him as 'a sunlit soul.' Such a personality was highly magnetic, and there flowed to him a wealth of love and devotion from the people whom he served, and those who served with him.

The Salvation Army appealed to Australians from the first. Its joyous religion, harmonizing with the abundant sunshine, and broad, free spaces of their land, caught the generous, care-free crowd; while its practical methods of attacking social problems gained the goodwill and support of statesmen. Thus the work went forward without let or hindrance, and two years after the Barkers' arrival in Melbourne, one hundred Corps and seventy-five Outposts had been opened in Victoria, commanded by two hundred Officers, mostly Australian raised. In the neighboring States, similarly thriving work was in progress.

The Founder felt it would be well to inspect this group of fresh Divisions through International eyes, and for that purpose dispatched Commissioner Howard. It was with genuine pleasure that Major Barker prepared for the distinguished visitor. The Commissioner had been his Training Home Officer, and the Major determined to give him a royal time.

Commissioner Howard visited each of the Colonies, and found the work prosperous and sound, heavy with present responsibility, and bursting with possibilities of extension and development. Upon the receipt of his report, The General decided that so large and young a concern needed the guiding hand of an experienced Officer, who would regularize the work, and at the same time allow each Divisional Officer full play for his particular gifts. The Commissioner was therefore instructed, by cable, to remain in Australia; he was to assume the position of Territorial Commander, with Headquarters in Melbourne. Major Barker was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and set apart to direct Social Operations in the Commonwealth.

This decision tested the strength of Barker's loyalty to Christ and The Army as, perhaps, nothing else could have done. The announcement was received with open resentment upon the part of the public, and with some reserve among the Officers. Commissioner Howard was acceptable as a visitor; but as a leader, no! Barker was the only commander Victoria wanted. When the Colonel appeared upon the platforms the unsaved crowd thundered for their favorite, but greeted the Commissioner with chilling silence.

Then it was that grace triumphed. Everywhere that Barker went, and with all people, he stood for his General. He explained that the work had grown beyond the power of one man to direct successfully. He, Barker, would still serve them all. He had planted, Commissioner Howard had come to water, and God would multiply the increase if they did not grieve His Spirit by a wrong attitude. So this faithful pioneer smiled resentment down; Commissioner Howard kept amiable and calm; the two stood shoulder to shoulder, and because of the unselfish loyalty of the one, and the sweet reasonableness of the other, the time of friction passed without hurt or hindrance to the work of God.

Commissioner Howard has tender recollections of his first days as Territorial Commander of Australia. He says:

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

'With him, religion was first, and last, and all the time. I remember when he introduced me to the leading public men of Melbourne. We had called upon the Premier, and at the conclusion of the conversation Barker said: "Well, Sir James, the Commissioner would like to have a word. of prayer before we go," and down upon his knees he got, not waiting for permission. He prayed for the Premier, the Government, and the State in the most intimate, natural fashion, and then arose perfectly collected, to say "Good day"! So it was wherever we went; he was always the Chaplain. The man's utter simplicity and sincerity captured the people. I never knew a person to resent his prayers or his spiritual comments.

'He was a man of splendid impulses. His hand was always serving, because of the impetus of the loving heart. Once when on the march in a country town, he noticed a Chinaman trotting along, with an immense bale containing all his possessions slung on his back. In a moment, Barker sprang out of the procession, and smiling, as usual, shouldered the burden. The amazed Chinaman trotted by his side well pleased. That was Barker! A man with a heart of love, the servant of all.'

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Harris, of Australia, who was Secretary to Colonel and Mrs. Barker for several years, supplies sidelights upon the Colonel's service and character at this period. The Colonel had been on a visit to England. Mrs. Harris writes of his return:

'As he stepped ashore among the cluster of Social Officers who were there to greet him, with a genial salute he said: "Comrades, let us pray!" We knelt upon the wharf, the old familiar chorus rose from his lips,

'Tis the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me;

after which he praised God for His mercies to those who had stayed at home, and to himself on his journeyings, and pledged us all afresh to our God-given work.'

That was Mrs. Harris's first official meeting with the Colonel, and she adds: 'That simple act produced a lasting impression upon my mind, and I found afterwards that in a very simple, trustful way the Colonel seemed to live and move and have his being in the love of God.'

The Social Office at Headquarters was besieged with men and women burdened with all kinds of distresses and needs. Mrs. Harris continues:

'I remember one day being called into his office, where sat an elderly lady in tears. Before her lay a pile of gold which she had emptied out of her purse. She feared her son had been decoyed by evil companions, and she had come to ask the Colonel to endeavor to find him. "Spare no expense," she sobbed: "my boy is more to me than gold." Just as tender and thorough was the Colonel's attention to a young working-man who had come to Melbourne seeking his two younger sisters, who, lured by reading cheap novelettes, had left their country home.

'In the midst of office duties it was not at all infrequent for the Staff to be summoned into the Colonel's office to help to pray some sinner through. He had a ready hand to help, but inevitably led the seeker to fix his eyes upon Jesus as the only lasting source of help and comfort. Although the Colonel was himself the essence of freshness and personal nicety, it was noticeable to me that he never shrank from, nor hurried away, the most loathsome person; but directly he or she had gone, doors and windows were thrown open to clear the atmosphere.'

Colonel Barker believed that the Bank of Heaven was at his disposal for the needs of the Kingdom of God; it was his duty to draw upon it. His Secretary continues:

'Occasionally, when we had an urgent need for heavy expenditure, the Colonel would say, "I'm going out to dinner today; you must pray that God will touch some one's heart." Then away to

a restaurant he would go, order his dinner, and watch who came in. Presently, moved as he believed by the Spirit of God, he would make his way to some one who was dining, and getting into conversation, would cite some recent cases of rescue, which usually concluded with an invitation to send around to the listener's office for a check. At other times, with startling directness, he would greet business men with, "Mr. _____, I believe the Lord wants you to give me ten pounds today!" A few stirring facts would follow, and by the time the story finished, the hearer usually felt sure of what he should do, and the ten pounds, or possibly more, was forthcoming. We used to have Praise Meetings over the donations that came by the mail in answer to prayer.'

The Colonel had a peculiar grace when pleading for his large family, and the people whom he approached felt a pleasure in co-operating with him. Lieut.-Colonel Bray tells how he went into a large business house one day to buy two pairs of blankets. The manager said, 'Do you want to buy them, Major?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I do, as cheap as possible.' The merchant continued, 'We were just thinking of making you up a parcel.' The Colonel replied quickly and merrily, 'We want fifty pairs, sir,' and the forty-eight pairs to make up the fifty were sent as a gift.

On another occasion, a gentlemen had given the bedsteads to fit out a ward in a Social Home; another room was added, and more bedsteads were needed. The matter was mentioned in company where the generous donor was, and the Colonel said with a twinkle, 'Another pattern would look odd, sir!' 'You shall have them!' responded the friend. His Secretary continues: 'Politicians, judges, clergymen, and other prominent citizens were moved by his private as well as public appeals to feel a responsibility to help the fallen by replenishing the exchequer. One special feature of the broadcast influence exerted by Colonel and Mrs. Barker was the readiness with which the clergymen and leading laymen opened their churches to The Army for Social Meetings. One clergyman, calling at the Colonel's office, said: "I owe a debt of love to The Salvation Army, for three of my deacons, capable business men in the city, have confided to me that at a critical time in each of their histories they got into difficulty and came under the power of the law; but through The Army's loving care and protection, they regained their feet, and are now sterling Christian men." As a thank-offering he wished to have a Salvation Army Social Meeting in his church.'

More and more Barker's influence for good was recognized in the community. The Colonel became one of the first Special Constables of the State who acted in the interests of neglected children. The following notice appeared in the Government Gazette:

'The Governor, at the advice of the Executive Council, has, in pursuance of the provisions of the Neglected Children's Act, been pleased to specially authorize James Barker, Superintendent of the Prison Gate Brigade, to apprehend, without warrant, any child apparently under the age of sixteen years found residing in a brothel, or associating or dwelling with a prostitute, whether the mother of the child or not, and, to forthwith take such child before some two or more neighboring Justices to be dealt with according to the said Act.'

'Signed, Alfred Deakin, Chief Secretary.'

Armed with this power, the Colonel raided the opium dens. Colonel Bray says:

I have accompanied him in the slums at midnight. A man with a cab always followed us up, and his services were often required, for decisions were made on the spot, and girls taken to our Homes. Male frequenters of houses of ill-fame dreaded his sudden appearance, for he could enter any house, the most fashionable palace of sin as well as the den of iniquity, and he had no fear. One night I accompanied him to an opium den. There we saw four handsome young women lying on benches, smoking opium, while the Chinamen prepared the drug. The Colonel recognized one girl, and began to appeal to her. The Chinaman growled, and the Colonel put his hand on his shoulder, and spoke sternly to him. Whereupon a strong, half-caste Chinaman who was in the room assumed a threatening attitude towards the Colonel. But in an instant up sprang the girl. "You dare to touch him!" she shrieked, and the man was hustled out.

'Colonel Barker helped these poor sisters while they lived. He buried them when they died. His name was a charm in Slumdom. He could go unaccompanied and without danger at midnight into one certain little square where more murders had taken place than in any other spot of its size in Australia.'

The seal that God set upon the work of Colonel and Mrs. Barker was, 'And your fruit shall remain.' They built only for God. The acceptance which they found among high and low they held only for Him. So the years have proved. The national favor which they secured for The Salvation Army has continued and increased; best of all, the souls won in those early days were born of the Holy Spirit, and, as monuments of grace, gave glory to God.

Mrs. Harris writes of a few of those trophies:

'The names of Jimmy Owens, Jimmy Marshall, Jack Teesdale, Charlie White, and Jack Moody (all of whom, after years of desperate deeds, were brought to God and kept by His almighty power until summoned home to Glory) are associated with the early days of the Prison-Gate Brigade.

'Charlie White was a typical London street Arab. One day when evading a thrashing, he heard his mother shout after him, "If you don't alter your ways, you'll end your days on the gallows." After his arrival in Australia he went from bad to worse, until one day, while serving a sentence in Melbourne Jail, he was put to paint the gallows prior to an execution. As he stood on the trap-door, brush in hand, the strangeness of his position struck him, and back through the years he heard again his mother's warning. "O God, how near I've got to it!" he gasped, and, falling on his knees on the trap-door, he promised God that if He would spare him to complete his sentence, he would go to The Army and be saved. True to his promise, on the Sunday after his release he went to the Temperance Hall. At the word of invitation he started to the Penitent-form, but fell prostrate in the aisle. He was soundly converted, and from being a loafer became an industrious workman, winning his employer's respect and confidence, and was enrolled as a Salvation Soldier.

'Among the other notorious characters who became Soldiers of Little Bourke Street Corps was Jimmy Owens, who had been a professional pickpocket. One evening, Charlie and Jimmy came to see the Colonel on important business. The fact of the matter was, they had both fallen in love with sister-Soldiers of the Corps, and wished to have a double wedding, with the Colonel

officiating. Very happy in each instance was the married life of these comrades until they were gathered home to God.

'After some years, Charlie's health failed and consumption developed. One day he had a bad attack, and thought his end was approaching. Asking his wife for his Bible, he pointed to one verse, and said, "If I should pass away, Ann, before the Officers come, tell them all is well, and that is my last testimony, only put "I" instead of "we." So it read: "Whether I live, I live unto the Lord, and whether I die, I die unto the Lord. Whether I live therefore, or die, I am the Lord's" (Romans xiv. 8).

'Jack Moody, jail-bird, prize-fighter, and later miracle of the grace of God, by the love of James Barker, was known for years, and until his promotion to Glory was the trusted janitor at Headquarters, Melbourne.

'Jack Teesdale, who had suffered long imprisonment, and, been placed in irons and condemned to solitary confinement to try and tame his unruly spirit -- but had grown' harder and more desperate in the process -- was broken down when, one night in a Meeting, Jack Moody put his arms around his neck, saying, "O Jack, won't you let my Saviour be your Saviour too? You see what He's done for me!" His was a wonderful conversion -- from utter vileness and hard impenitence to a pure, godly love and tender care for the lost. For years he did excellent service in private inquiry work, and held the rank of Captain. Jack proved his love to God by his utter devotion to his work. By night as well as day, in all weathers, often sleepless and hungry, he followed a clue leading to the rescue of some lost one. I remember two young girls of sixteen and seventeen who had run away from a country town to see the city. The parents were almost distracted, and they sought the aid of The Army. There was little clue to their movements, but for days the Captain searched, until in the early hours one morning he brought them to the Receiving Home, having traced them to the back premises of an oyster saloon, which was in reality a house of ill-fame. His rough life before conversion had so impaired his health, that when he ought to have been in his prime, fatal illness seized him; but death was swallowed up in victory.'

The love of these trophies of Grace for the man whose strong hand and faith had lifted them out of the mire of sin, was a beautiful thing.

John Turner, a hardened long-sentence prisoner; who had found Jesus, was dying. When asked if he had any special wish, he said, 'Let me see the Colonel's face once more before I go, that I may thank him for his love for me.' The funerals of these notorious characters produced a deep impression upon the public mind.

Volumes could be written of the gems of fallen womanhood whom the Colonel and Mrs. Barber won from the depths. We may glance at one only.

Maggie O'Donoghue was a bright Irish girl of good family, wooed and led astray by the son of a squire who lived near her father's home. Her father, who had forbidden any friendship between them, did not live to witness his daughter's disgrace. Shortly after his death she followed her betrayer to Australia, determined to take his life. Priming herself with spirits, she sought for him on various gold fields, but at length was forced to return to Melbourne and enter a hospital,

from whence she was discharged with a helpless infant in her arms. Weak and unutterably lonely, she sat on the curbstone, wondering what next to do, for money or friends she had none.

In speaking of this circumstance years later she said: 'If only there had been a Salvation Army in Melbourne then, if there had been a Rescue Home, what miseries I would have been spared. There was nothing for me but to go to the women of Little Bourke Street, who took me in.'

Her babe soon sickened and died, and Maggie drank harder and sank lower. One night she and three other women were drinking, and one turning to Maggie said, 'Well, Maggie O'Donoghue, your mother couldn't have been much or she would never have had such a daughter.' Stung by this insult cast at her revered mother's name, Maggie snatched up a hatchet lying near and dealt the woman a blow which left her wallowing in her life blood. Dazed with horror, Maggie thought it was a hideous dream, but at length she woke to the fact in all its awfulness. She was a murderess! She went out and surrendered herself to the police. Upon the charge of manslaughter, on account of the aggravating circumstances, Maggie received a life sentence, with frequent periods, of solitary confinement.

Oh, the agony of those days and nights of darkness, with no sound to break the silence but that of her thudding heart, and the memories of the past haunting her whichever way she turned! Poor Maggie longed for death, but it would not come. Fourteen years passed in this way, and then the authorities approached Colonel Barker, asking if The Salvation Army would take Maggie under its care if she were released? It was a cold winter morning when the Colonel went to receive Maggie. He noticed that she shivered as she passed through the great gates, and taking off his warm overcoat he wrapped it around her shoulders and tenderly placed her in the cab that was waiting. Maggie never forgot that gentle act.

Her sad experiences had made her very unbending and suspicious, but love, prayer, and strong faith in God eventually conquered, and Maggie sought and found the Saviour. From that time she desired to devote her days to win to a better life the girls who came into the Rescue Home. Love was now the mainspring of Maggie's life, and it prompted her to volunteer for what was most repulsive and trying in nursing the sick, and bearing with the wayward ones. With the position of Sergeant, she did an Officer's duty most faithfully, until failing strength caused some anxiety to her Matron. The doctor was consulted and gave her every attention, but a rapid decline brought her quickly down to the River of Death. Never a murmur escaped her lips, but she manifested the utmost gratitude for every little attention, and unselfish thoughtfulness for others. A peaceful Sunday was her last upon earth. Feeling better than usual, she was able to get up, and went gently in and out among the girls, speaking to them as she was able. The Matron had made her comfortable for the night, when a fit of coughing resulted in severe hemorrhage, and in a short half hour dear Maggie had gone to be with Jesus.

One of the strongest features of Salvation Army government is reliance upon fundamental principles rather than upon individuals in leadership. Following clearly-defined principles and regulations, the leaders of Territories, and heads of Departments, may be changed without hurt, and often with profit, to the work under their direction. The value of this discovery was hardly realized at the time when it was won by the sheer need arising out of our early Campaigns, when men, seemingly indispensable to one position had by force of circumstances to be moved to

another. It was in God's order that The Founder acquired this knowledge before the Organization reached the days of consolidation. Now it is realized in almost every sphere of successful enterprise that change of leadership is good. That either the work outgrows the powers of the pioneer to develop it, or, having well established it, his gifts can be more usefully employed in other directions.

The day arrived when Colonel Barker received orders to farewell from Australia. Government officials and other prominent men felt that his removal would be disastrous to the work he had inaugurated. They approached him with tempting offers that if he would remain in Melbourne they would finance his way for undenominational rescue work. Of recent years Mrs. Barker's health had been increasingly frail, and she seemed ill fitted to exchange the climate of Australia for that of England, but she strengthened her husband's determination to leave the disposal of their service with God and their General, and all offers and inducements were declined. With the blessings of thousands of people gladdening their spirits and urging them to continue to love and sacrifice for Jesus' sake, they set sail for their new appointment.

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17 -- FRUITFUL YEARS

Barker left England an inexperienced and, generally speaking, an unknown young Officer. Eight years later he returned, still unknown except for the reputation he had gained through The Army Press. In Melbourne he had been the one and only Colonel Barker. How would he bear himself, by no means the most brilliant Colonel, among many on International Headquarters? His appointment to begin work for prisoners in the United Kingdom was included in the Men's Social Department, and that was under the direction of Commissioner Cadman. With what grace would Barker play 'second fiddle' to a man whom he might feel did not know as much about his work as he did himself? Also, in the free, practical life of the Colonies, where views are unrestrained by tradition, and the honor a man receives depends upon his qualities of heart and head rather than any title he may hold, the Colonel had associated on equal terms with Governors, Members of the Legislature, judges, and princes of commerce. How would he fare in conservative England?

Would he be able to adapt himself to altered conditions, or would he find himself repulsed and, drawing within himself, lose his gladness and strength of purpose and spend his days blaming the inconsistencies of human nature for his failure? Naturally such questions were present in the minds of some of his comrades.

The answer to the first query is found in the unguarded pennings of some personal letters of that date. Mrs. Barker had her share of trial upon arriving in England. She wrote to a comrade:

'The weather is very trying -- snow, frost, and fog. I took cold quickly and have been ill. The Chief expressed his sorrow at bringing me home at this time of the year; but, as he says, they could not wait longer.'

But she dismisses her own affairs, and continues:

'The Chief has given the Colonel his Appointment, which is to open up Prison-Gate. Brigade work in the United Kingdom. The Colonel is pleased. I have not seen him so care-free for many a long month. I think we shall be very happy when we get things in working order!'

Later she wrote:

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

Continuing, she says:

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

'You will rejoice to know that my darling little Eva definitely gave herself to God tonight. I am sure she is saved. I have been praying especially for her; in fact, I claimed her soul as my New Year's gift from Heaven, but I was anxious that she should feel in her own little heart that she needed to be saved, and without any word of mine, she said to me, "O Mother, I do wish I could be good; I keep trying, but I can't, and I'm always praying, but sometimes I think it is no use; and then I think, "Well, I will keep on praying until Jesus does answer my prayers." I saw my opportunity, and tried to explain to her how she could be saved just now. "What!" she said, "right off, before I go to bed?" And kneeling down, she wept and prayed and trusted God. When the maid took her up to bed, she told her that Jesus had saved her, and she did feel so happy. You will join me in praise to God for His love to my darling.'

Wise, faithful little woman! Refusing to grumble about the sudden change from sunshine to gloom, or to weaken her husband's hands by grizzling about 'a curtailed sphere'; meekly and in faith taking her life from God, and with her husband turning her hand to whatever service came her way.

At the same time the Colonel wrote to the same comrade: 'We do feel the keen, biting weather compared to the beautiful clear atmosphere of sunny Australia; but still we thank God that here, or there, or anywhere else, He gives us the privilege, and we feel it more every day, to work for our glorious King and to be Officers in The Salvation Army.'

Speaking of his particular work he continues: 'This week I went to Pentonville Prison and interviewed my first prisoner; and when I tell you I had to see him in a kind of cage, with half-a-dozen of us speaking at the same time, you will realize how I coveted the privilege you have in Australia. We have many difficulties in connection with our Prison-Gate Work here, a very great deal of prejudice, but our God is able to clear the way.'

Touching the general Social Work, he rejoices as though it were all under 'his own hat'. 'You'll be glad to know that we are progressing with the Social Scheme. Our Shelters, Food Depots, Factories, Elevators, and Metropolises are in full working order.' The Colonel's attitude towards Commissioner Cadman was that of an affectionate younger brother. An Officer who worked with them both has remarked, 'I loved Colonel Barker for many things, most of all for his thoughtful care of Commissioner Cadman.' Where love triumphs, jealousy and friction cannot cross the threshold. Barker escaped all the snares into which a self-seeking spirit might have fallen.

As for adapting himself to conditions of society in England, he made no more effort to do so than does the sunshine, which shines in the selfsame way the world over. He was just himself; a man whose heart radiated love so pure that it had about it the charm of unconscious childhood. He loved so well that he felt no fear of any living person, and surely the results demonstrated that love is the greatest power in the world! Men of all classes, from peers and ecclesiastics to criminals, opened their hearts for him to come in and sup with them. They felt no suspicion of this simple, sincere soul who had the rare art of showing sympathy with everything good that one ever felt or desired, and for one's shortcomings and sins only forgiving pity and a strong faith to help to overcome.

To arrange the opening of the Bridge, a Home for ex-Prisoners in Argyle Square was the Colonel's first commission. This Institution proved a great success. Hundreds of men were met at the prison gates and conducted thither, and trophies of grace were multiplied. But Barker was by no means untried in his spirit. When he had attempted to help the prisoners in Australia, he was hailed as a public benefactor, and large liberty of action had been granted him by the authorities. Not so in England. He found prejudice and jealousy barring the way like walls of granite and gates of brass. He held that it should be the right of every prisoner to say to what Organization he should go for help upon release, and that a representative of that Organization be allowed to visit him prior to this event.

To obtain this and other facilities to aid him in the reclamation of the criminal, the Colonel laid siege to the chief prison authorities and other influential people.

He simply would not be discouraged nor turned aside. Speaking of this quality in Barker, The General says:

'He was a persistent man; not perhaps a very industrious man. He was a great talker, and few talkers are industrious; but he was persistent. I have seen him spend hours, literally hours, over a poor derelict, and in his early days I have known him devote the whole of his Saturday afternoon following down one drunkard he was trying to win. The quality grew with him, and now he applied it to the helping of the criminal classes.'

He did not gain all his heart's desire, but here and there a little, until, instead of as at first being compelled to interview a prisoner from behind bars and in the presence of a warder, he was permitted to enter any prison in the country, and speak with the prisoners in private. Also he obtained the appointment of a Salvation Army Officer as a regular visitor of the prisons.

One of the Colonel's warmest friends in this work was Lord (then Mr. Herbert) Gladstone, who was at that time Under Secretary of State. In due course, the Bridge was extended, and Lord Gladstone performed the re-opening ceremony. On that occasion he said, 'For the last six years, in my official capacity at the Home Office, and also as a Member of Parliament, I have given close and careful attention to prison matters, and I say emphatically that there is no society or body in the country which has done more valuable work in connection with prison matters and for the rescue of criminals than The Salvation Army.'

The son of one of the men-servants at Hawarden Castle fell into trouble, and was sent to prison. Colonel Barker got him to the Bridge, and there, to visit and help the lad, came that gentle old lady, Mrs. Gladstone. In such a connection The General says of him:

'His influence among wealthy people was remarkable. He had a way of ingratiating himself with them. They liked to have him about their houses. He was one of the few Army Officers for whom individual subscriber friends wanted to take the responsibility of paying his salary. He knew he had this gift, but his loyalty made him use it only for God and The Army.'

While to the end of the chapter Barker kept his heart free for the poorest and worst, the latter years of his life were spent largely in the company of the rich and influential, championing with them the cause of the outcast, and raising money for extending The Army's work.

In Barker's earlier days, if The Army leaders or methods were scandalized, his childlike soul was much shocked and pained, but the fiber of his spirit toughened with experience. One morning a subscriber alighted from a cab at Queen Victoria Street, and going into Headquarters, showed him a report in the morning's paper most damaging to The Army. It was like many another lie that has been circulated about us. Barker spent the day tracking the thing down; cleared it up, and the same evening found the man who had published it at a high dinner. He demanded to see him, showed him the paragraph, denied it (with proof), and, contrary to our usual custom in such matters, told him that unless he refuted it by the morning, he would issue a writ against him. The man begged a few hours' grace in order to consult his father, who was regarded as one of the highest legal authorities in the land. This was granted, and in the evening paper of the next day an ample apology appeared. The following day a contemporary published both the charge and the apology, with the dates of each, tersely remarking, 'It would be interesting to know what transpired in the interval.'

A line in one of his private letters said, 'I am living not for the approval of men, but for the approval of God.' So fellowship with the rich and the great left him unspoiled, a simple-hearted lover and seeker of souls. He scarcely ever interviewed a politician, a judge, a journalist, a lord mayor, or a knight, without praying with him. These men felt that with James Barker they were in the company of a Christlike soul, and never resented his ministrations; indeed, many welcomed them.

Some of the politicians whom Barker interested in The Army knew nothing of the Organization apart from him. A comrade tells that a Cabinet Minister who was being shown over the Land Colony by the Colonel confessed himself much impressed by all he saw. Said he, 'And is this all your work, Barker?' 'Oh, no, sir!' he replied. 'The Colony is the result of the effort of The

General and his Officers. The changed lives which I have brought under your notice are entirely due to the Salvation of Jesus Christ and to the Blood of the Lamb.'

The varied and interesting nature of his work is revealed by a glance at his official diary. The first, opened at random, speaks of interviews with a vice-consul, an archbishop, several colonial premiers, chief justices, an earl, prison commissioners, several ecclesiastics, and magistrates.

Here is an entry which says, 'I have received word today that my dear brother has been converted. Praise the Lord!' Several entries state, 'I read a Psalm, and we prayed together. I am sure good was done.' Other accounts given are of visits to criminal lunatic asylums, to certain prisons and Government offices. There is also an entry referring to Sir Walter Besant. It was subsequent to a visit paid by Sir Walter to the Land Colony, accompanied by Colonel Barker, that he wrote his article, 'The Farm and the City,' which did much to enlighten the public mind to the significance of our 'great endeavor,' as the novelist styled it.

As The General says:

'Barker was always breaking out in fresh places to help the poor. But he found that if he attacked social evils in England he would not be acclaimed as a hero. One of his weaknesses was large love of approbation; but at sight of the sufferings of the poor, caused by sin, righteous indignation sprang up within him, and at last he cared little for the smiles or growls of the enemy. He was the soul of the agitation against the use of phosphorus in the manufacture of matches -- the cause of that ghastly disease, "phossy jaw," which at one time raged in the East End of London. When he had seen for himself the horrors of suffering resulting from this deadly business, he piloted Press men, M. P.s, and other influential people around the slums, showed them the terrible conditions under which match-boxes were made, at twopence farthing a gross; and, requesting the victims of phossy-jaw to open their mouths in the dark, revealed the white, phosphoric light of the poison which was rotting the flesh while the victim lived. It was largely due to Barker's fearless fighting and tireless persistence that a measure was passed in Parliament prohibiting the use of phosphorus in this manufacture.'

Commissioner Lamb says: 'Only once did I see Colonel Barker "flummoxed." He had found a prominent politician guilty of deliberate double-dealing, and meeting him unexpectedly one day, he asked him in his gentle, frank manner to explain. The man was not prepared to own up or act differently, so looking Barker steadily in the eye he lied tremendously. The Colonel regarded him in amazed silence. He had no weapon to bring against such sin. It was as if he prayed, "The Lord rebuke thee!"'

The Colonel's working hours were not regulated by the clock, because within his heart a well of living water sprang continually and overflowed to needy souls. As The General again says, 'He was a soul-winner, able to talk with all kinds of people about the things of eternity.'

On one occasion he was appointed to represent The Army at the Keswick Convention. He found the landlady of the house at which he stayed in sore straits because of her unlet rooms. She found a sympathetic soul in the Colonel, and confided her trouble to him. 'Let us pray about it,' said

he, and forthwith fell on his knees and laid the matter before the Lord. Soon prospective lodgers arrived, but they asked for the room that the Colonel was occupying. 'Praise the Lord! I'll go up higher!' said he. A little later, more lodgers appeared, and they asked for the room to which the Colonel had removed, 'Now I'll go to the attic!' he remarked merrily; 'and I will not pray any more, for I am very comfortable, and don't want to move again.' The Colonel's testimony to the possession of the Blessing of Perfect Love would have weight with that landlady!

The numbers of souls whom he dealt with in the streets and on trams and in trains are known to God alone. Some remarkable results followed his broadcast sowing of the seed of the Kingdom. A clerk in the employ of the Great Northern Railway at King's Cross was in the street one lunch hour when he was accosted by a portly man who asked him how it was with his soul. The young man had no thought of God in his life. He was astonished and angered at such an uninvited attack upon his private preserves. However, the Salvationist continued to talk so gently that, in spite of himself, the young man was interested.

'Good-bye, and remember, if ever you want a friend, come to Colonel Barker of The Salvation Army,' said the stranger, and moved on. The clerk had no troubles, and no need of a friend. He returned to his office amused, and expecting to forget the incident; but somehow the portly man, with gentle voice and strange message, haunted his mind, and unconsciously he found himself at times looking for him in the streets. One evening, some months later, he heard singing off Euston Road, and following the sound came upon the King's Cross Corps holding an Open-Air. It was his first glimpse of an Army Meeting. He looked for his friend among the Soldiers, and followed the march to a small Hall, where, in the Meeting that followed, he was strangely impressed. He went again the next night, and the next; on the third night the miracle of conversion was performed in his soul. The world seemed new to him, a great joy thrilled his whole being, and at once he wanted to find 'Colonel Parker,' as he remembered the name.

Making his way the next day to International Headquarters, he was directed to the Colonel's office, and in a corridor he found himself waiting among a horde of unwashed, forlorn men. Taking his turn, he was at last admitted to the Colonel's presence, and told him of his conversion. The Colonel had spoken of God and eternity to so many youths on the streets of London, that he did not recognize this one. However, he rejoiced with the young Convert, Frank Barrett, prayed with him, and taking his hand said, 'You should give your life right up to God and The Salvation Army, and help to save other souls!' 'Yes, sir,' replied Barrett earnestly, and left.

Now, to the lad at that time Colonel Barker's voice was the Voice of God. Had he not wakened him out of the sleep of sin, and had not his people pointed him to the Saviour? Now he said, 'You should join The Salvation Army.' Without more ado, Barrett gave a fortnight's notice to his company, and at the end of that time he appeared again at the Colonel's office announcing, 'I've come, sir!' It took a little while for the Colonel to grasp the situation, for not many souls respond so readily to a call to God's service. 'Well, well, go home for a week, and then come to me again,' said the Colonel.

The first Army service the young Convert was given to do was to help at the Bridge, and rather scared was he to find himself in close company with hardened criminals; but he had put his hand to The Salvation Army plow, and in God's strength was going through. He helped with the

books, did not draw back from assisting in the work of the Home, and one day when the Colonel called unexpectedly, he found the Cadet -- as Barrett had now become -- on his knees scrubbing as for dear life. A few days later he was installed as Shorthand in the Colonel's office.

Then began days of Heaven-on-earth for Barrett under the direction of his spiritual father. He found the Colonel punctual, exact, and painstaking in his office work; but deeper still upon the lad's mind was the impression of the life of prayer and simple faith which he lived. He prayed over the poor souls who came to him for help; he prayed about the money he was responsible for raising. Barrett remembers how one day our Founder told the Colonel that he badly needed five hundred pounds. With his Shorthand, the Colonel knelt in his office and asked the Lord to please give him that amount of money. He went out, and later returned with a sunny countenance and triumphantly said, 'The Lord has answered prayer! I have the check for five hundred.' This method of prayer and praise for money needed for the Lord's work was repeated over and over again. He prayed also about his week-end Meetings, to which Barrett accompanied him.

Dearest of all memories, is that of four nights that Lieutenant Barrett spent with the Colonel in his own home. Mrs. Barker was away. Barrett had never seen his chief divested of his frock coat, but now he saw him get into old clothes and tackle housework as naturally and with as much dignity as he would lead a Meeting. After the evening meal, the two got out their Bibles and read verse about, and then had a time of prayer. After retiring to bed and seeming to have been asleep for hours, Barrett heard a voice say, 'I would like to have another word of prayer with you, my boy, before I go to rest. Just lie still!' And the father Officer knelt and poured out his soul again to God, and then retired to his own room. He rose at 5:30, and called the Lieutenant about 6 a.m. Barrett felt that those four days were spent beside 'a burning bush.'

This Convert of the Colonel's street buttonholing, a few years later became A.D.C. to The Founder, and today, as Brigadier Barrett, is in charge of The Army's work in Italy.

For some years the Colonel lived at Hadleigh, in Essex, and traveled daily to London. He formed a warm friendship with Mr. Burr -- known in Army circles as Sectional Burr -- who lived at Leigh. They had most happy times of prayer and praise together on the daily train journey. Other Christians joined them, and a regular Meeting on the train was instituted. The Colonel or one of the company would read from the Bible, they carried their song books, and would sing a song and afterwards pray. These Meetings were recognized by the railway officials and permitted. On one occasion, when a complaint was made to the station-master at Fenchurch Street about the singing, he retorted that it would do more good than harm. A gentleman living at Thundersley, though not converted, liked to make one of the company. One day, after a conversation with the Colonel, he knelt in the carriage and gave his heart to God. He and the Colonel neared the River of Death at the same time, and until the end the Colonel encouraged his friend in God.

Perhaps it was to keep his heart mindful of his early battles that the Colonel would sometimes slip off to the East End and do some visiting. A friend tells of him that one Christmas-eve he went into that district and found a poor family. He returned home for a supply of toys and sweets. On again reaching the house, he ascended the staircase to an upper bedroom and quietly entered. The children were asleep on four little beds, and as the Colonel gazed on them his

heart was so moved that he shed tears. Placing a Christmas stocking for each child on the table, he left.

* * * * *

18 -- PROMOTED TO GLORY

For ten years Colonel Barker worked to realize an ambition dear to his heart. It was, that our Founder should have access to the penal establishments of England, in order to conduct Evangelistic Meetings with the long-sentence prisoners. Permission was at last granted, and with great joy he accompanied The General to Portland Prison. During that, the first of many such Meetings, he was taken ill, and after resting at an Officer's house, returned to his home at Hadleigh. Always full of hope, he believed that his indisposition was passing, and that rest would restore him to health and service; but he had taken his last journey. Diabetes had fastened upon him, and it was evident that his days were numbered.

Among Mrs. Barker's papers were found some notes describing how her 'Greatheart' overcame the last enemy, and entered into his reward. The Colonel loved life, but his will was so fully yielded to God, that when he knew that the time was approaching when he must slip away into eternity, there was no rebellion, nor dread in his spirit.

Mrs. Barker wrote:

'It was springtime, and on the beautiful days he sat outside our cottage door, resting in his armchair, bright, contented, full of holy joy. The village people often stopped to chat with him; sometimes they would express their sympathy, but generally, before they had got so far, he was talking to them about God's love and goodness, and they would leave him cheered, with their own faith strengthened and their courage increased.

'Comrades have told me that, visiting him, they had expected to find a poor, weak man, whom they could pity and comfort; but, instead, his conversation with them was like a refreshing draught on a hot day.'

As husband and wife lingered together on the borderland they held precious communion on many subjects. Whilst sitting one day by his couch, with her hand in his, Mrs. Barker looked into her husband's face and he said, 'Do you know what I am thinking about? I am feeling so unworthy of God's love and all the love that The Salvation Army Officers have bestowed upon me. I feel so conscious of all my failings and my weaknesses, but the Blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from all sin.' Then he said, 'Sing to me, "Rock of Ages."' His wife sang it, and he added, 'Dear, when I am just going I want you to repeat to me that verse.' Mrs. Barker continues:

'The General, who was then the Chief of the Staff, visited him; also many of the Commissioners. These were happy days for him; he would anticipate their coming with delight. The General would tell him of the progress of the Work, and also of help received through the Colonel's efforts. This gladdened his heart. He loved to hear that we were able to have freer access to the prisoners. His faith for these men was wonderful. He pitied them for their sins,

excused them for their evil tendencies, and acted always on the principle that the greater the sinner, the greater the need for effort to save him.'

The General said of those visits:

'Barker was a glad soul. In the days of his health he had made people happy -- little children and old people and broken men. In sorrow, poverty, misunderstanding, he maintained bright confidence and faith and hope, and carried himself gladly through.

It was so at the last. I visited him more than once during his fatal illness. The last time I saw him he said, "Chief, there is one thing I would like before I really say good-bye. Let us sing together once more what we used to sing in the Whitechapel Holiness Meetings." And we sang

"My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully His!"

Mrs. Barker continues:

'Early in May it was evident that the disease was making progress. Other doctors were called in, but it was not thought that the end was imminent. My husband became weaker, but was able to get up every day. Adjutant Chapman, who had been as a devoted nurse, came daily to help him to dress. The weather was glorious, the sun shone, the birds sang, spring was with us in all its beauty. How my husband enjoyed it! Often in the early morn he would call my attention to the singing of the birds. "They are sent to cheer me. Isn't God good!" he would exclaim.'

Of his last hours on earth Mrs. Barker wrote:

'On Friday he seemed worse, but Would not complain. He had a restless night. Eva and I sat with him. In the quiet of the night he dropped off to sleep, and began to pray for sinners, for his children, and for myself. When daylight dawned, he looked at me with an unearthly expression in his eyes, and said, "Darling, I think Jesus is coming to take me soon." Then, when he saw my grief, he tried to cheer me, and insisted on getting up and coming downstairs as usual. He was looking forward to a visit from Commissioner Howard, who was coming from London to see him. Adjutant Chapman helped him downstairs. He rested on the couch, and I read to him a portion of Scripture he loved much -- Moses on Mount Pisgah. We talked together of the things of God. He said he would like to live longer to help the poor and to seek the lost.

'Then his strength failed, and he was obliged to be taken up to his room. The Commissioner arrived, and the Colonel much wanted to talk to him, but was too weary. However, the Commissioner had a few comforting words with him, and promised to call the next day. "Yes," the Colonel said; "good-bye; I'll meet you in the Morning." And it will be "in the Morning," for that night God took him Home.

'We had: made him comfortable for the night. He kissed the children, and looked happy and contented; but in a short time he was seized with agonizing pain. Perfectly conscious, he said to me, "Is this death? Has the end come? Kiss me again, and the children." We watched him with aching hearts, and besought God to relieve him of the terrible pain. Our prayers were answered, and he lay quietly resting. As I held his dying hand in mine, I remembered his request of a few weeks previously, and repeated "Rock of Ages" to him. It seemed as though the light from the Throne of God shone upon his face. Truly, he was upheld by the Everlasting Arms. Unable to respond to us any longer by words, he smiled into our faces. Our eldest daughter, Eva, held one of his hands, and I the other. Oh, how precious were those last moments to us! There was no fear at the approach of death. God's Presence filled the room. Once he lifted his eyes to Heaven, and feeling that he was leaving us, we exclaimed, "Darling, we are all here!" He then looked with a smile at Eva and at me, and turned upon us an expression of holy peace. Then he closed his eyes; and, without a movement, his spirit was gone.'

The General laid to rest this lover of souls in Abney Park Cemetery. Nine ex-criminals who had been brought to God through the instrumentality of James Barker bore his body to the grave, and there one man who had spent thirty years in prison lifted up his voice and gave God thanks for this life lived for such as he.

* * *

THE REMAINING ONE

False prophets were they who predicted a shortening of her life if Mrs. Barker returned to England. There she saw twenty-eight years of further joyful service. And God gave her two more children who, with their sister Eva, have consecrated their lives to His service.

Mrs. Colonel Barker survived her husband seventeen years, and nobly fulfilled the portion of her marriage vow in which she promised, 'Should either of us, from sickness or death, cease to be efficient Soldiers, we engage that the remaining one shall continue, to the best of his or her ability, to fulfill all these promises.'

After a brief rest, Mrs. Barker took up an appointment in the Women's Social Work, as Warden of a Home. This work she continued in with much success until she was appointed Chief Secretary of the Women's Social Work in the United Kingdom. She performed this notable service with her usual faithful efficiency until, a few weeks before her death, she relinquished so heavy a responsibility, and with much joy took the lighter post of Secretary to the Mothers' Hospital in Clapton. Very brief service was permitted to her there. Then the terrible epidemic of influenza in 1918 spread through London, and laid her low.

A few short days of suffering and her liberated spirit passed into 'the Summerland,' as to her little grandchildren she had called Heaven, making it to them a very real and lovely place. For several years her son-in-law, Staff-Captain Orsborn, and her daughter, Eva, with their bonny family, shared her home. From such an intimate association, the Staff-Captain wrote of the Colonel to the Corps Cadets of The Army words that are good for all to ponder:

'Let me tell you the three great features of Colonel Mrs. Barker's life and work: deep religion, true Salvationism, high spirit and character.

'Her religion never lacked the fervent force of the home Corps. It was the good, strong, whole-hearted sort, born and reared in the fire of the old East London Corps.

'Its songs! I often spent a happy half-hour playing to and singing with the Colonel, and her choice ranged over a wide variety. Sometimes it would be: Satan's sorry I'm saved so well; Let him die of his grief, with the triumphant chorus:

Saved and kept by the grace of God,
Always happy are we!

'Or another old favorite:

It's the old-time religion
And it's good enough for me,

and as we sang, Mrs. Barker would imagine herself back in those early days, singing, laughing, weeping, fighting in the Salvation battle. Then we would strike other notes, perhaps even more in accord with the deep piety of the Colonel's nature:

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;

or:

Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul.

'These grand songs we would sing on and on without the Colonel wearying of them; and often she has pulled herself up before me to her full height (she was not tall), and faced me with a note of triumph and even challenge, saying, "That's the sort of thing to write, my boy, something that has soul and good doctrine in it!"

'She was a diligent student of the Bible; her faith was founded, on the sure Word of God. It is absolutely true to say of her, that she loved the Bible, delighted in it, and committed much of it to memory. One of my first recollections of her is of kneeling in the family circle for prayer, and noticing with what facility and fervor she quoted many of the Psalms. It was her habit to have a Psalm recited while we were kneeling. Often when all others had retired, she would open the Bible and read, and ponder, and pray far into the night.

'She was not only diligent in studying the Bible, but mighty in proclaiming it, Many a trophy was won for Jesus by this frail little woman's brave utterances.

'Praying always. Yes, that can, and must, be added. Her prayer was regular, methodical, and thorough. We always knew when and where mother would pray. Sometimes her prayer was a sort of ecstasy, like a meeting with a dear friend under the happiest conditions on a sunny day; but often her cast of mind -- serious and reflective -- made prayer an exercise in spiritual discipline. It was a strength to me to know, as she inquired what time I would be giving God's message, that she wanted to make her prayer for me and for souls at that very hour.

'Do you know anything of this kind of prayer 'Need I add, "a lover of souls"? If one communes with God, love for God increases; and we cannot love God truly without loving those for whom "the Shepherd died." Colonel Mrs. Barker was a great soul-lover and soul-winner. Are you

'Now, about that quality called Salvationism. Do you know what a great thing it is to be a Salvationist -- true to the principles, methods, message, Flag, uniform, and leaders? That is just what the Colonel was.

'She was loyal. She knew The Army, and loved it; trusted it, and never said a doubtful word about it. When she heard reports of disloyal talk, I have seen her say almost fiercely, "I know The Army, my boy; and I tell you there is nothing to equal it, for you or me, anywhere!" And when one was inclined to suggest to her that, as her health was so poor, her period of retirement ought to commence, she would repel the suggestion finally by saying, "Do not speak of me ceasing to work -- unless you mean to insult me!"

'One word about the uniform. The Colonel wore it nearly always, and never wore anything different from the spirit of the uniform.

'The Colonel had a very marked amount of perseverance; a quiet, firm courage, holding to her duty, fighting ill health, refusing to give in; "putting the best side to London," as we say. On the very day she fell beneath her fatal illness, I said to her as she left for the office, "Mother, you are not fit to go out today." But she said, "I will go down today; it I feel no better, I can perhaps rest to-morrow without being missed."

'She was strictly right in all her dealings. Money, hooks, records, accounts were always kept in order ready for the last great audit and inspection. Two days before she passed away, she said to me, with a tone of satisfied resignation, "It's all right, my boy; there are no 'settlings-up.'" That is a fine way to close each day.

'The last thing I did on the day we bore her body to its last resting-place, was to go into the quiet room and, standing by the casket, say, "Mother, by God's grace I will be as you have been, and do as you have done!"

And here we leave James and Alice Barker, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection 'in the Morning.' Shall we so love, and so serve, that unashamed, through the Blood of Jesus, we may mingle with such spirits before the Throne of God?

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III. -- THE FRANK ASPINALL SKETCH

19 -- A TRIUMPH OF FAITH

Frank and Mary Aspinall courted as boy and girl, and married while still in their teens. Though Frank was the son of a publican, and served behind his father's bar in the evenings, it never occurred to Mary that the demon drink would fasten itself upon her amiable husband. But who can play with pitch and remain unsoiled? It was a rude awakening for the girl-bride when her husband was brought home to her helplessly drunk. As time went on, not once nor twice, but night after night, the young man was placed in a cab and sent home insensible. Protests from his wife revealed undreamed-of elements of fierceness and cruelty in an otherwise kindly disposition.

With a great dread upon her soul, Mary Aspinall looked around for help in her sorrow, but to none of her friends did it seem so terrible as to her. In her extremity she turned to God. She had been baptized and confirmed in the Church of England; God was, though seemingly remote, a reality to her; now she began to seek Him with her whole heart.

A longing for spiritual fellowship led her to visit more informal places of worship than that of her childhood, and in a little Methodist chapel she found a warm, lively faith in the Lord Jesus to save from sin now, and encouragement to confidently commit to His interest and help the problems of daily life. Mary found forgiveness of her sins, and resolved to pray for her husband every day until he also sought Salvation. She settled upon ten o'clock in the morning as her prayer hour, and for eight years she presented her petition without wavering. As home responsibilities increased, she found it not always possible to retire to her room to pray, but she ever kept her special hour in mind. If she was at the wash-tub, or baking, or engaged in other domestic duty, she paused and pleaded for her husband's soul; or if she was in the street shopping, at the stroke of ten she would turn her face to some window or wall, and closing her eyes lift up her soul in prayer.

Soon after her conversion, the Holy Spirit impressed upon her mind that her husband had never seen her pray. Quick to obey her Lord, the same night she waited until Frank was ready to go to rest, then knelt in prayer at her bedside. He was furious; he wanted no religion in his home, and, by way of emphasis, threw her Bible in the fire. Morning and evening Mary continued to pray silently, then the still small Voice urged her to pray aloud for her husband.

Very nervously, one night, she raised her voice in prayer. Then, the Devil within her husband fully aroused, with one kick Aspinall sent his young wife crashing into the fire-place, and at the same time he swore that if ever she dared to pray in his presence again he would kill her! Mary arose with no words of anger or self-pity on her lips, the peace of God keeping her soul in sweetness and her faith undisturbed. As the following evening drew in, the young people were each conscious of a strong tension upon their spirits. The man went up to bed first, taking with him a sharp knife, which he placed under his pillow. In silence, the young wife unrobed, and clad in her white nightdress, she knelt in prayer as though no threat of her life had ever been spoken. Then God touched Frank Aspinall; as he lay upon his bed he felt his strength go from him, and realized to what madness sin had brought him.

From that night his wife was left to follow God as she chose, while he continued in his evil course -- theater-going, gambling, and drinking. For Mary, the Heavenly Vision grew brighter and brighter. Her faith flourished on its hard fare, and in various ways she commenced to seek the Salvation of others.

After eight years of faith, and prayer, and sweet patience, God began to speak mightily to Frank Aspinall. A tiny babe was found upon the steps of his father's public-house, and its mother's body was dragged from the river. 'And my hands served the poor creature with her last glass of beer!' said Aspinall to himself. A man had been drinking heavily, and leaving the second story bar parlor, fell headlong down the stairs and was picked up dead. 'These hands served him the drink!' admitted Aspinall to his stricken conscience. But when a man went home from the public-house and murdered his wife, Aspinall confessed to his wife, 'They were these hands, Mary, that served the drink that did the deed.'

Then the Holy Spirit used a casual event to set Aspinall "free from his unhelpful environments. A bar frequenter offered to bet him that he dared not take the pledge and enter a Temperance Society. The publican's son took up the wager, and in due course presented himself as a candidate before the officers of a society. When the declaration was read to him, Aspinall was struck with the solemnity of the words, and asked for them to be repeated. Then a strange thing happened. Aspinall took the vow in earnest, and, going home, told his wife that he had done with the drink for ever. Aspinall, senior, received his son's intimation that he had decided to withdraw from the trade with much bitterness. He told him he must put such nonsense out of his mind; that he was about to set him up in business in a public-house where he could do a good thing for himself; but the son declared that never again would he touch, taste, or handle the stuff that made children orphans, broke women's hearts, and turned men into devils. Then father and son parted, and for twenty years did not meet again.

Aspinall now awakened to a realization of the treasure he had in his wife, who was as capable as she was godly. It dawned upon the young couple that a temperance hotel, well conducted, would be a strong set off against the drinking houses; they pulled together, and ere long established an accommodation house of this character in Warrington.

He needed but little persuasion now to accompany his wife to chapel. Before long he came under conviction of sin, and his soul groped after God. He prayed -- it seemed in vain -- to find Salvation, going even to the coal-cellar to be alone with his own heart and with God. One night at a Men's Meeting at chapel, when on his knees, the Saviour appeared to him. He looked at that Sacred Presence in awe and fear, but found nothing but love and pity in those wondrous eyes; and, in deep penitence, Aspinall fell at His feet, pleading forgiveness for his sins, and vowing to be His servant for evermore. The vision faded, and rising to his feet, Frank forgot such trifles as hat and stick, and running home he burst in upon his wife, exclaiming, 'Mary, I have seen the Lord, and am going to serve Him!' Thus was patient faith at last rewarded, and wife and husband rejoiced together.

After his conversion, he continued to smoke, but one day he saw a woman thrashing her boy, and every time she struck him she swore, and said, 'I'll teach you to swear!' In a moment it occurred to Aspinall that he would thrash his boy if he saw him smoke. He gave up the habit

immediately. Some six months later, a man staying at his hotel lit his cigar as he was about to leave, and the fumes reached Aspinall. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he followed the man down the street, and was just about to go into a shop to buy a cigar, when the thought occurred to him, 'You allow the Devil to lead you by the nose!' He cast up a prayer for deliverance, and never again felt the temptation to smoke.

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20 -- JOINING THE CHARIOT

The first glimpses of The Salvation Army in Warrington were when two Hallelujah Lasses from Manchester made an excursion there, armed with a bundle of halfpenny 'War Crys.' Frank Aspinall bought one, and taking it to his wife, who was ill in bed, remarked, 'Here's something that will suit you, Mary; it's religious.' Mrs. Aspinall turned the pages with some curiosity, and soon her interest was captivated. She read records of wonderful conversions, of outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and calls to sacrifice and service in the interests of the Kingdom. The word of power for herself was 'A Call to Arms' by our Founder. He told how he was engaged in a glorious warfare against the world, the flesh, and the Devil. He had given up all to seek lost souls, and to save them from sin and Hell. Who would come and help him? The General appealed to men and women who felt as he felt, who believed in eternal truths as he believed, who loved souls as he loved them, to leave all and carry the message of Full Salvation into the wickedest places of the country.

Mary Aspinall laid down 'The War Cry,' closed her eyes, and meditated. 'Lord, we feel as this man feels, we believe what he believes, but how could we, with our five little children, give up our business and go about the country preaching?' She reached for her Bible, and opening it, her eye fell upon the words, 'Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.' She started, closed the Bible, and returned to prayer. By and by she opened the Bible again, and her eye caught the same words as before.

Presently her husband came into the room; she inquired who had brought 'The War Cry,' and then told him of its message. Right there, he took time to sit down and read The General's article for himself. He also was moved by the Call, and kneeling beside his wife, without much calculation of all that was entailed they gave themselves over to God to live henceforth to win souls.

Aspinall's next move was to go to Manchester to see The Salvation Army and interview The General. The Founder was pleased with the Candidate's spirit; but when he knew of the position he occupied, and the size of his family, he hesitated to accept him. He advised him to wait awhile, but promised at once to send Officers to 'open fire' at Warrington.

The enthusiast returned home with brass "S's" on his frock coat and bursting with plans for the opening attack of The Army upon his native town. One bearing his name had no difficulty in securing the lease of a disused malt kiln, but the landlord waxed furious when he learned the purpose for which it was intended. Aspinall held tight, went forward with his preparations, and one morning the residents were astonished and the Mayor scandalized to find the town 'painted red.' Posters announced the--

Bombardment Of Warrington!
Heavy Guns
Will Commence Firing
At 7 O'clock
In The Market Place.

His Worship sent for Mr. Aspinall, warned him that he would be held responsible for any disturbance that might occur, and the police defaced every poster. Interest needed no further impetus; the town was stirred. The malt kiln was packed out, and crowds of sinners were saved.

This taste of the joys of soul-saving spoiled the Aspinalls for money-making or any other calling. They negotiated the sale of their hotel, and wrote The General asking for an appointment. They were accepted, and appointed to Bolton I. From Corps to Corps the family went; in every town desperate sinners were saved; miracles of grace were performed; and, despite many hardships, the family cup of joy in the Lord was ever full.

Reminiscent of the Corps experiences, the eldest son, Brigadier John Aspinall, says:

'At Gainsborough, when our tribe turned out on the railway station, the station-master exclaimed, "Good gracious! go back where you came from; they'll starve you here! I'll pay your fare back." But father was not for going back. At that Corps the Local Officers met him with a sad story about the Soldiers' Roll, and wished him to strike off a large number of names, as in those early days the Commanding Officer might do. He listened patiently, and told them he would make a report to them at the next Census Meeting. He visited every unsatisfactory person -- taking the Roll Book with him -- prayed with them, and then asked if they wished to strike off their own name? Numbers got right with God.

'One of his successful means of getting in touch with people was to watch the doctor's carriage and visit the sick and sorrowing.'

Recalling the sacrifices which, in those early days of Army warfare, the family had to endure as a result of their parents' consecration, the son and daughters have no regrets. Says one, 'Bread and cheese and poor accommodation were a change after hotel life, but we were all so happy together and so interested in the Fight, and the excitement of soul-saving, that we were well content.' The Brigadier continues:

'Father and mother were real crusaders. They put everything they possessed into the Holy War. In some respects, their sense of loyalty to their call and their charge might be considered foolish in these days, but God did not allow us to suffer because of their simple whole-hearted faith.

'When they were stationed in Manchester, I became ill with inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy, and was thought to be in considerable danger. At this time, father received, by wire, orders to farewell and proceed to Scotland. He showed the doctor who had been attending me the telegram. The latter said I must not be moved; that if father attempted such a thing he would hold

him responsible if anything untoward happened to me on the journey. My father, however, felt that he must obey the orders of the Heavenly Kingdom. So he packed up, rolled me up in blankets, and we began the journey. When we reached West Hartlepool, I was very ill, and father wired Headquarters. In answer, he was instructed to remain at Hartlepool, and the Officer there was ordered to take his appointment. I soon recovered, and have never been ill since, so that my father did not ruin my life by disobeying the doctor.

'Then there was our education. We were moving about and changing schools every few months, but I do not believe any one of us has "done worse" in life as a result. Father was by no means a fanatic, dragging an unwilling family about the country for a fad. He was a most human parent -- calm, sweet-tempered, and very merry, entering into all our fun as one of ourselves; our real chum; but having received a call from God to seek and save souls, he put that first. It was a problem for mother to manage for us all. I can remember the queer figure I made in three-quarter trousers cut down from father's; but we were a happy crowd, and would not have changed our lot.'

The Brigadier loves to recall the family altar of the home. He says:

'Every day we gathered together for family worship. Father or mother read the Bible, we sang a Salvation song, and then we were each asked to pray. Our childish petitions usually consisted of a few words, in which we asked God to bless us all, saying each name separately, and to save us and keep us good. In my earlier days, when tempted to go another way, my mind went back to those seasons, and I felt that I could not break away from their influence. Around my father's open grave, my sisters and I were glad to sing together the song he so loved to lead at our family prayers, "Nearer my Home."

During a short term at Stockport Corps, the Captain one evening held the Open-Air Meeting underneath the prison walls. He had a clear, sympathetic voice and sang--

Long o'er the mountains my poor soul had gone astray
In blackest darkness, wishing 'twas day.
Hastening to destruction, dreaming still that all was well,
Heedless of danger, going down to Hell.
But Jesus, dear Jesus, You were ever at my side,
Entreating and pleading, 'For you I died!'

After the song had finished, a voice from one of the barred windows was heard crying, 'Pray for me!' The Salvationists knelt, and asked God to deliver the prisoner from the bondage of sin. Some time afterwards, Captain Aspinall was conducting a Meeting in Manchester, when a stranger in uniform rose to give his testimony. He said, 'I was saved in Stockport Prison. The Corps was holding a Meeting under the windows of the jail, and some one sang, "Long o'er the mountains." I don't know who it was, but I hope I will be able to thank him when I get to Heaven.' The Captain sprang from the platform and grasped the man's hands, saying, 'I'm the one!' and they rejoiced together.

After commanding eight Corps in Lancashire, Captain Aspinall was transferred to the United States of America and appointed to pioneering work in the Western States, with the rank of

Staff Captain. When crossing the Atlantic, the boat by which the family traveled encountered a fearful storm. For some hours it seemed that all hands would be lost. When the danger was passed, the captain of the ship requested The Army Officer to conduct a Thanksgiving Service for a merciful deliverance.

Staff-Captain Aspinall found that the Devil was well entrenched in the western towns of America. The people were bent upon money-making, and had no wish for The Salvation Army to bring the claims of God before them. Aspinall's method of forming a Division was to settle in a town, raise a Corps, place it in charge of an Officer, and pass on to another town. During these days the family suffered many privations, but they knew no dearth of real joy. Not once did the faith of the parents fail concerning their call to soul-saving work, and not even in great sorrows were they bereft of the peace of God. When times were hardest, and they had literally to look to God for daily bread, the Staff-Captain's favorite song was--

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, His riches untold;
I'm the child of a King!

Though faith was often tried, it was never disappointed. The children's recollections of those days are of the reality and beauty of their parents' religion and the glory of soul-saving. One daughter, Mrs. Commandant Hodgson, recalls the kindness of people who were impressed that they should send them food at times when they sorely needed it. These supplies were received as manna from the hand of God.

Mrs. Hodgson's acceptance of Jesus as her Saviour dates from a night when a great sinner, crying bitterly, knelt at the Penitent-form. Going to her father, who was conducting the Meeting, she asked, 'Why does the man cry so, father?' 'He is sorry for being bad, and is asking Jesus to forgive him, and to save him from his sins; and, dear,' he concluded, 'when you have naughty tempers, Jesus is grieved; He wants to save you as He is going to save that big man.' The little child of five turned about, and kneeling beside the western prodigal, asked Jesus to make her a good girl. From that time she began her own little ministry by singing the message of Salvation in street and Hall. One after another, the children yielded their lives to God, and joined their parents in soul-saving work.

Many notable victories were won in the United States, but none is held in more precious remembrance than one which had its scene in a great sorrow. The sweet baby of the family fell ill of croup. Home remedies failing to give relief, the Staff-Captain went out to seek the doctor of the town, who was an infidel, a rough, hard-hearted man. The Officer told his trouble and made his request; adding, 'I am a Salvation Army Officer and very poor; I may not be able to pay you for your services.' 'Then I'm not coming!' replied the doctor. The Staff-Captain offered no reproof, but knelt and prayed that the spiritual eyes of the doctor might be opened, then left him. He returned to his anxious wife and suffering baby, and almost immediately the doctor also arrived. 'Let me see the child,' he said, brusquely; and added after a glance, 'It is dying.'

'I know, doctor. Hush, please, while we commit her to our loving Heavenly Father,' said the mother. The father knelt beside his wife, and gave back the little life to God in the words, 'The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' Then he prayed that the doctor, who was a stranger to God, might yet find Him to be a Saviour and a Comforter in the sorrows of life.

The man sat silent, and when the little one, whose spirit had flown, was laid on the bed by the weeping mother, the infidel fell upon his knees, crying, 'If religion puts such a spirit as this in your hearts, I will seek your God for myself.' Thoroughly converted, the doctor became a Soldier of the Corps, greatly helping to spread the work of The Army in that district.

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21 -- COMING INTO A LARGE PLACE

The family, having been re-transferred to England, Major Aspinall, for the next eight years was engaged in Divisional appointments. Subsequently, he received an entire change of work, being appointed to raise funds for the Social Work, and later he was appointed Chaplain to the Men's Social Institutions in the United Kingdom. These latter changes were a trial to the family. At that date, the Social Work of The Army appeared, to eyes that took merely surface views, to be much less important than the Field Work, and it seemed to his dear ones that 'father was being counted a back number.' Possibly he had done his best work on the Field, and it was well for him that he had cultivated in his soul the sweet, rare flower of meekness, and he was to prove the truth of the promise which the Lord Jesus gave to keep company with that grace, 'the meek shall inherit the earth.' Brigadier John says:

"Father's belief that God overruled all the appointments of his life, worked in his heart a grace that stood him in good stead within his own family. He simply would not be hurried nor stampeded. Most of us are hot and impulsive by nature, and: had he been moved by us at certain times in his career, he would have been landed in awkward circumstances. He possessed, as well as constraining grace, which prompted him to give up all for God and souls, restraining grace, which gave him the patience of faith when things did not go as he might have chosen. If urged to interfere with his appointments, he would say, "No! Now, you wait. I'll find good in it." And about his last appointment, he said, "At any rate, it gives me the desire of my heart -- I can be dealing with souls all the time."

In accepting what, at the moment of appointment, seemed to some to be 'a drop,' God moved Frank Aspinall into the biggest, broadest place he had yet occupied, and it proved to be his most fruitful field for soul-winning.

For eighteen years he was the loving comrade and spiritual confidant of Officers of the Men's Social Work in Great Britain, and the patient, strong brother of thousands of the poorest and worst men of London. For fifteen years he did not spend Christmas with his family, and for seven years did not have a Sunday's dinner at home, while every day of all the weeks he spent among the poor and wicked.

His daily life was subjected to strict method. Mornings were spent at the City Colony, Whitechapel Road, and were devoted to the mail and interviewing callers -- men out of work, discharged prisoners, and people of all sorts, conditions, and ages in various kinds of needs. The afternoons were occupied in visitations of hospitals and infirmaries, where members of the large family comprising the Men's Social Work lay ill; in searching out inquiry cases; looking into requests for relief, and conducting Meetings with the 'Orderlies' of the various Shelters. On certain evenings of the week, he held regular Meetings at the various Shelters. Sunday was given up to work in connection with the Free Breakfasts at Blackfriars, and every second Sunday evening a Meeting at another of the Social Institutions. Says his son:

'Father was so given over to this work, that he never suggested a change, or even expressed a desire in that direction. My mother, who is an invalid, often wished that he could have a change because of the depressing atmosphere connected with his work. This caused him to throw off "the Social" when he came home, and he so schooled himself for her sake that he rarely ever mentioned there the work of which his heart was full. Not one of us really wished him to be separated' from the noble duties for which God seemed to have so specially fitted him.

I spent a Sunday with my father occasionally at the Shelters. The freshness of his message, delivered always to the same sad kind of congregation, was a marvel to me. His calm hopefulness was a very lovely grace to flourish in such depressing environment. He had wonderful patience with the derelict men. To a man who came to him seeking help on previous occasions, but who remained under the heel of the Devil, he would say, "Well, you haven't got on your feet yet? Some day you will; some day you will! Why don't you look to God now? He can deliver you."

'But, while he was on the side of the loser, and for him his patience and love seemed to have no bounds,' there was nothing weak or soft about him. God gave him an, intuition by which to discern spirits. I have watched, him dealing with a man who had pitched a very plausible tale; he had listened in silence to the end, and then said, quite pleasantly, "Very nice, but you know it doesn't fit. Now, just begin again."

The Brigadier's mail touched a variety of interests for which he was responsible, as a morning in his office showed to one of our journalists, who looked in upon him a few days before his death.

'The first letters opened contained report forms as to "exits" -- men who have left our Institutions to take up outside positions. The next, statistical reports as to Meetings conducted in the Homes up and down the country. Each was filed away, after entries had been made in different books.

'Here is a letter to the Relief Department. A cripple, widower, with three children, has been trying to keep his family out of the workhouse. The Brigadier had sent help, and receives a grateful acknowledgment. The next letter called forth an exclamation. "Bring me number 7414, will you, please?" he called, and a man appeared, with the Labor form. On the back was written, "in red ink," "Gone to situation. Have not heard since!"

"One of our silences broken," the Brigadier answers, with a smile, and he reads: "I was at one time one of your men of Westminster, and after four months I left; but I never left God, nor He me. He has been with me all the fifteen months I have been in France. So, you see, here is one more to go to the list of men that The Salvation Army has picked up and been the means of putting fresh life into, men who have fallen so very low. I hope, if I get leave on my discharge from here, that I may come and see you. I often think of that Sunday morning when I went to one of your Free Breakfasts at Blackfriars, and you sent me to Westminster. 'Twas there God spoke to me, and showed me the road I was going. Thank God for The Army! If it had not been for it, where should I have been? It makes me cry to lie here and think about it."

'Here is another request for relief; two letters requesting Social Officers to conduct special Meeting; another envelope contains the return of casual ward cases from Blackfriars. "You see," said the Brigadier, "they won't take a 'first-timer' into a casual ward nowadays; instead, they send him to The Salvation Army or some other such Institution. We had a hand in bringing this about, with the result that the population "doing the spiker" is down to practically nil. One night last year, there was not a tramp in all the casual wards of London. Another letter concerned a missing boy from Warlord; and another, from the Chief Constable of a Welsh town, was on similar business.'

The mail through, the callers were interviewed. A sad, wrecked, dispirited, or vicious lot; he took pains with each man, patiently and kindly seeking to help them in the most practical way. A man never became 'a case' to the Brigadier. He sought to ascertain the spiritual condition of each; if a man was ready to renounce sin and seek Salvation, he was pointed to Jesus on the spot. In any case, he was prayed with, and placed in the way of climbing to better things.

Colonel Laurie tells an incident which shows what heart the Brigadier put into the needs of the applicants for help. A man was being sent to one of the Shelters one cold night, and the Brigadier noticed that his feet were on the ground. It was at a time when our resources were at their lowest ebb. The Brigadier slipped off his own boots and gave them to the poor man. No one would have known of the incident, but when going home that evening a comrade noticed that he was wearing an old pair of slippers which he kept at the office, and asked for an explanation. 'We did not know at home,' says his daughter. 'Father would slip in and change, and never say a word. That was his way.'

Dinner was taken at the Shelter with comrades of the Men's Social. This happy hour is looked back to with pleasure by many to whom the Brigadier's genial spirit of comradeship was an unfailing refreshment.

After lunch, the Brigadier consulted his notebook, and set out upon his visitation, north, south, east, and west of London, as the calls of the suffering, the sad, or the needy urged him.

The following incident lets in light upon many sides of his service, particularly of his persistence in the winning of one soul:

An engineer had gone entirely to the bad through drink. He became so thoroughly destitute that he had not tasted food nor slept in a bed for days and nights. At last, sheer hunger drove him to our Sunday morning Free Breakfast at Blackfriars Shelter. He had vowed to murder a person who,

he believed, had wrecked his life, and, his spirit full of bitterness, he would hear no talk of religion. The Brigadier felt strangely drawn to this wretched man, and after some difficulty persuaded him to stay at the Shelter for a night. The following morning he was found to be too ill to rise. A doctor was summoned, pronounced it to be a case of pneumonia, and the man was removed to an infirmary. For four months his life hung in the balance, and it was nine months before he was discharged.

During that time the Brigadier regularly visited him. At last, human love rightly interpreted Divine love to the seared soul; bitterness faded, and the Chaplain had the joy of helping the man to the Saviour. Then began the remaking of his life. Physically very frail, he returned to the Shelter and started work as an 'Orderly.' At the outbreak of war, he enlisted in the Army Service Corps as motorist. Once he got week-end leave, and with much gratefulness testified to the men at the Shelter of the wonderful deliverance from sin he had found. A month later the Brigadier received a telephone message, 'Do you remember Driver Blank? Well, I'm his sergeant; poor chap, he's gone. I have just come from the front, and last week I was with him when he died. A shell hit his car and he was mortally wounded. I went to him. "It's all over, sergeant," he said. "When you go back, find old Brigadier Aspinall, of The Salvation Army, and tell him that I died all right." Then he said "Good-bye," and went out.'

And so this man, one of the thousands who, when in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, came under the care of our Chaplain, at last passed through the gates of death into the City of God.

From his visiting the Brigadier would go to a Shelter to take a Spiritual Meeting with the Orderlies -- the men responsible for the scrubbing, cooking, and cleaning of the Institutions. Almost every one of them had passed through his hands; he had interviewed them at Blackfriars, or at the Whitechapel Headquarters, and had drafted them to the various Institutions where they had been converted; and now, in a humble way, they were trying to help others. His influence upon these men was that of a father, and in these little private gatherings he taught them the way to magnify their office and to seek the Salvation of the men who were still down. As The General says of Brigadier Aspinall, 'He was a rough-and-tumble Salvationist, and yet about him was a spiritual refinement which influenced and improved all with whom he came in contact.'

On several evenings of the week he conducted a Meeting with the Shelter patrons. He was a past-master at dealing with this congregation of strangely varied characters. Full of burnout, wit, and song, he could rally the men, scold them, tease them, to shake them out of the apathy of sin; but all the while they knew that he loved them, and they loved him in return. One of the habits of the 'down-and-outers' is to pick up the fag-ends of cigars and cigarettes, from which to make tobacco to use themselves, or to sell to companions in poverty. The Brigadier railed upon this habit as an evidence of the payment the Devil gives to those who serve him faithfully. He called the tobacco refuse, 'hard-up.' 'I see still you're hard up, and so you will be until you quit the Devil and all his ways. As soon as you will do that, God will help you to something better.' The men enjoyed his breezy view, even of their failings, and were quits with him by dubbing him 'Major Hard-up.' By that name he was known to thousands. A man in khaki called to see the Chaplain at Whitechapel Headquarters, and asked him if he recognized him.

'I was one of your failures,' said he. 'I made no use of all the help you tried to give me, but I found out in time. It was in the trench, and happened like this. I got a bullet in me -- it's in me yet, somewhere -- but I carried on. Then a dose of shrapnel found me, and I thought I was done for. I dropped on my knees right there and cried, "O God, have mercy on my soul!" Like a flash I got the answer. I could see you, Brigadier, holding a Meeting at the Burne Street Shelter. You were speaking from the words, "Who hath believed our report?" Then you asked Major Robertson to sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." I sang that there, on my knees, in the midst of that storm of lead. It meant so much to me all at once -- Jesus my Saviour, what a Friend!'

The Brigadier had the joy of pointing hundreds of men to Jesus in his Meetings, but often there appeared no sign of repentance when the word was spoken, though the seed had fallen upon good ground.

He was waiting for a bus one day, when he noticed a young man in khaki gazing hard at him. Once or twice it seemed as if he would speak, but the lad strode past. However, he stopped, and introduced himself.

'You will excuse me, sir, but I believe I have seen you before.'

'Very likely,' replied the Chaplain, searching memory for a clue.

'The last time I saw you, was the first time, too. It was on a Sunday afternoon in Pentonville Jail. You came with The Salvation Army Band. Do you remember it?'

'Yes.'

'Well, sir, I was in the audience, in a different sort of khaki than this, but I struck a resolution that day. I didn't tell anybody about it, but I went back to my cell with a new idea in my heart. The Band went away playing as I fell upon my knees, praying. I was converted that day, and I've kept it; kept it till now. When the war broke out I went to the front. I have been wounded, and in a few weeks I am off back again. I'm glad I had this chance to speak to you, for I felt I would like some one to know that you helped at least one that day. Good-bye, sir,' he added hurriedly, 'that's my tram.' And he was gone again, lost in the crowd.

The Brigadier happily accepted the aphorism, 'There's plenty of work to do in the world, so long as you do not care who gets the praise.' He served in many ways of which the official mind had no knowledge. No Officer of the Social Work has gathered for The Army Press more records of rescue than he. Not that he had literary gifts, but he had an eye that saw, a heart that appreciated true beauty, and to him miracles of grace never became commonplace. Just as he heard a story, he would jot it down, and pass it on to the Editorial Officer responsible for the Men's Social paper. In his writing-case were found after his death several such stories ready to be dispatched. The following is a sample, showing how a man saved from suicide became a useful Social Worker and rescued such another:

* * *

Sergeant-Major Bayman's Story And A Sequel

'Eight o'clock on Friday morning, November, 1901, found me on the Embankment between Westminster and Charing Cross, trying to make my way to The Salvation Army Headquarters in Whitechapel Road. I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and only a slice of bread for breakfast, and the same for tea, for the previous four days.

'A little farther on, an elderly gentleman, with a small crowd round him, was feeding gulls with the bread and meat which would have given me the necessary strength to get to Whitechapel. I would not go and ask him for any of it, because I felt that if I did, and he refused, telling me to "go and work for my living," I was so desperate that I might have attacked him.

'As I stood watching him, it flashed across my mind that according to the Bible, etc., I was supposed to be worth many sparrows and gulls. What a lie it was! God Himself was a lie, and a lot of other things I said that I am ashamed to think about now.

'I turned to go away, for I was afraid of what I might do in my rage. As I turned, a voice said to me, "Are you quite fair? What have you ever done for God that He should study you?" Then I saw my past life, with all its wrongdoing and neglect of God, spread out; and before I knew it almost, I cried, "O God, forgive me; give me another chance, and I will do what is right! Give me the strength to reach The Salvation Army, and let them give me work!"

'At once the answer came. A young girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age came to me and handed me a small parcel done up in a newspaper, saying, "Take this, poor man, you look hungry; it is only bread and butter, but perhaps it will do you good." She was gone before I could pull myself together enough to thank her; but in the darkest hour of her life may God send her what she brought to me that morning -- a message straight from Himself.

'As I leaned on the parapet and ate that bread, what a different place the world was, for I knew that God had forgiven me, and was going to give me my chance in the world again.

'I even threw a piece -- a very small piece -- to a gull!

'A man in the employment of one of the large tea companies of London was the support of his widowed mother, and being in a temporary domestic difficulty he appropriated some of the firm's cash, intending to pay it back at the first opportunity. In the meantime, an officer of the company called to make an inspection. The cashier thought that the inspector surely knew what he had done, so when he went to his dinner he did not return. The same night found him on the Embankment, Sergeant-Major Bayman noticed him walking backwards and forwards, and looking over the parapet into the water: he spoke to him, asking him if he was in trouble. He said no, or rather that no one could help him. Bayman followed him, and told him his own story. The man said something must happen; he could see nothing for it but to go into the water, or else live a life of crime. He was persuaded to go to the Shelter. Next day, the Officer in charge dealt with him about his soul, and also went to his firm and pleaded for him. The firm forgave the theft, but would not

take him back. However, the man gave his heart to God, was received into an Elevator, and has been transferred to the Farm Colony, where he is giving every satisfaction.'

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22 -- A FRIEND TO MAN

Perhaps of all the Brigadier's work, that dearest to his heart was the Sunday at the Free Breakfast, Blackfriars Shelter. For years he was Commissioner Sturgess' devoted Lieutenant in this great effort, and when the Commissioner was no longer able to personally conduct the Meetings, he gave it over to the Brigadier as his special charge. He knew that Aspinall loved those poor brothers of adversity who gathered there as he loved them himself. Far from feeling that the responsibility was too great to carry with his advancing years, Aspinall hailed it as a high honor and privilege, and continued it until the last week of his life.

In all, he saw over twenty thousand unwashed, broken men kneel at the Mercy-seat at the close of these Meetings, and was in touch with Converts in all parts of the world. The Meetings never became usual or ordinary to him. Every Sunday he went to them conscious that he was about to face men for whom there was no hope except in the resurrection power of Jesus Christ'. And the men responded to his call. They felt that he cared for them; that he understood them; that he was not too fine for them. A celebrated writer who once heard him speak to that strange congregation, was so impressed by the way he found the men's hearts, that he wrote down a few of his simple, direct sentences. He said:

'You came here this morning, you scarcely know how or why; you did not know the hand of God was leading you. You think you cannot escape from this wretched life; but do not trouble about the years that are gone: seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you. Then there will be no more wandering about without a friend, for I say to you that Jesus lives. This morning you will hear from others who were once in a similar condition as yourself, what He has done for them.'

In the same Meeting, a man with a fine tenor voice stepped forward and sang the hymn beginning 'God moves in a mysterious way.' After this, in plain, forcible language, this man told his own story. He said that he had been well brought up, but had lost everything through his own sin. His voice was, in a sense, his ruin. At length he found himself upon the streets of London, and tramped thence to Yorkshire, to throw himself upon the mercy of his parents. When he was quite close to his home, however, his courage failed him, and he trudged back to London. It was the Chaplain who led him to Jesus. This man, a most respectable-looking person, is now a clerk in a well-known business house, and his greatest joy is to help to lift up those who have fallen as he had done.

At the conclusion of these Meetings Aspinall dealt personally with the seekers and arranged help for each. The heart that he put into individual cases is illustrated by the following incident: A man of respectable appearance who attended the Breakfast one Sunday was not among the number of penitents; nevertheless the Chaplain detained him for a private talk. It came to light that he was a good workman, but had given way to drink, and now found himself so enslaved that

he was unable, on pay day, to take his wages to his wife. He had come to himself on Saturday night, penniless, his week's wages having been stolen while he was drunk. So ashamed was he that he was determined not to go home again nor to his work. The Brigadier realized that this poor fellow had lost self-respect and nerve, and passed him on to the Elevator, having succeeded in getting from him his wife's address. The next day Aspinall visited his home.

He found a discouraged wife, who, when she knew his mission, exclaimed, 'Well, tell him to stay away; I'm tired out, and will manage better without him!' The Brigadier allowed the storm to spend itself, then said gently, 'Poor lass, you are discouraged, and you have had a hard time. All the same, you're not like my wife; she prayed for me for eight years, and when I was most bad-tempered was never once angry with me. She won me in the end, and for thirty years I have been winning other prodigals. Don't you think it was worth while?' The woman became interested. 'My girl,' he went on, 'you haven't got hold of my wife's secret yet; but I want to tell you it. She made a friend of Jesus, and He was her Strength and Comfort. I'm going to ask The Army Captain to look you up. His fine little wife will put new life into you, and when you're ready to have your husband home, just you let me know; and remember, while you're getting ready for him, we're getting him ready to be a good husband and father.' The woman was now in tears, and glad to be prayed with, glad also to welcome a breezy visit from the Officers of the local Corps, and ready to begin to get her home in order again. After a time she was converted, the children went to the Young People's Meetings, the husband found Salvation at the Elevator, was reinstated with his employer, and the family, reunited, became happy Salvationists.

After twenty years of silence, a request came for Aspinall to visit his father, he found the old man nearing the end of life. At last he realized that his son's choice had been a wise one, and he begged him to forgive him for so long shutting him out of his heart. The Brigadier had many conversations with his parent, and, step by step, led him to Christ; but when true conviction of sin came to his soul, his penitence verged upon despair. At last he cast himself for mercy at the Saviour's feet; but he was never able to forgive himself for his own sins, and departed life a sad man. He confessed, 'What you said twenty years ago is true, Frank-the drink traffic, by which I made my living, starved little children, made them go ragged and foodless, and turned men into devils. I don't deserve to be forgiven, and I cannot undo the past.'

To his children, the Brigadier's life is a precious legacy. John says: 'He made Christ beautiful to us. One of my sisters composed the song, "Beautiful Christ." Father's life taught her that. He maintained always a sweet, generous spirit; I never knew him to be "up against" anyone. He contended that nothing and no one can do any one a real injury except as they injure one's spirit; so he kept his spirit hidden in Christ.'

Mrs. Commandant Hodgson says: 'Father was so pleased when I became a Corps Cadet, and later went into Training. At my second Corps, I was left without a Captain, and was much worried; so I wrote home, asking them to telegraph me the money to come home. I got no telegram, but a letter from father. He wrote: "My dear girl, don't think so much about your little difficulties at this, your second Corps; but, rather, how mother and I have delighted to stick to the Fight all these years." I was ashamed, and had no more thought about running away, but of seeking grace to help me to conquer.'

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23 -- GOLDEN SUNSET

The Brigadier's soul was full of music, and during his long career he composed many songs that have found a useful place in Army warfare. A favorite with the children is--

Jesus, I do love Thee;
Jesus, I will serve Thee; Jesus,
Thou will keep:
Faithful to the end.

A song in happy vein to catch the crowds commenced--

Where did you get that hat?
The boys call out to me.
I wear it just for Jesus,
Wherever I may be!

To his Shelter congregations he loved to sing--

He drew me by His love,
He washed me in His Blood,
He took my sins away,
And taught me how to pray,
Glory to His Name!

Going home one evening he saw a policeman handling, rather roughly, some object in the gutter. Walking up, he found it was a man. That night he composed a song which he found useful to sing in his 'Orderly' Meetings. The chorus ran--

He's your brother, don't forget it
When you meet him in the street;
Though his clothes are poor and ragged,
And he's little on his feet;
He's your brother, don't forget it!

To inspire his own spirit, he loved to put up the petition--

Fire, fire, fire,
Oh, burn within my heart;
Power, power, power,
Help me to do my part;
Come, Holy Ghost,
With fire baptize me now,
And I do promise

I will follow Thee!

The Brigadier was sixty-two years old when his sudden summons to Glory came. For a year or two he had not felt quite so robust as formerly, but such a thought as rest or slackening pace was scouted. He allowed himself one rare treat. Every second Sunday, he was free for the day, after having finished his Blackfriars work, reaching home about half-past two. He would take a book, read a little until he became drowsy, then doze until tea-time; afterwards he spent the evening in companionship with his wife. He had been working on a song, 'Go forth to the battle'; on the last Sunday of his life it was completed, and with much pleasure he played and sang it to Mrs. Aspinall.

On Monday morning, when about to leave for the office, he was seized with pain in the heart, and had to lie down. The doctor came and said he must rest for a few days, but his indomitable spirit could not easily give in, and more than once during the week he dressed and came downstairs. On Saturday he felt inclined to rest, and remained in bed. The Corps Officer visited him in the afternoon; and, it being Self-Denial season, the Brigadier, with much delight, recalled the fights and victories of his own Field experience, and after prayer with the young Officer and his son-in-law, he bade them a hearty, happy good-bye. Presently, his daughter, Mrs. Leib, came into the room to see if he were quite comfortable, and found that he had turned his pillow so as to catch the light more easily for reading. They exchanged a few pleasant remarks, and she went downstairs to prepare his supper. Returning to the room a little later, she found that a Heavenly Messenger had been there. Her father's book lay open before him; his spirit was with God.

Mrs. Leib had received much of her father's patient, unselfish, courageous spirit. She gazed in awe for a few moments upon the dear face which had fallen into the deep peacefulness of death; then -- just as he would have done in order that 'mother' might receive no shock -- without betraying anything unusual in her voice, she called to her husband to come upstairs.

During his latter years, Aspinall had sometimes been haunted by a dread lest he should live to an age when he could no longer toil for souls. God spared him this trial, and gave him his heart's desire, transferring him from active service below to a wider and more glorious service above.

Colonel Laurie, under whom the Brigadier had worked for many happy years in the City Colony, laid his beloved old comrade to rest in Abney Park. There was no gloom in that Service; rather it resembled the golden sunset of an autumn day without clouds. Reverent thanksgiving for a godly father was on the lips of his family; words of tender appreciation of a true comrade were spoken by his fellow-Officers; and gratitude, too full for any but broken words, flowed from a contingent of men whom he had won from sin to God.

Who among the greatest of men has closed life more blessedly?

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THE END