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MIRIAM BOOTH -- A SKETCH
By Mrs. Lieut. Col. Carpenter

With Introduction
By Commissioner Mildred Duff

'Lo, God's two worlds immense--
Of spirit and of sense,
Wed
In this narrow bed.'

-- Francis Thompson

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INTRODUCTION

By Commissioned Mildred Duff

To write a few introductory words for this life-story is a great pleasure to me, and I am glad to do so, if only for the opportunity it affords of testifying to the blessing and inspiration I have myself received by reading its pages.

I rejoice that this life is being given to the world, because I believe it contains a message needed by thousands in every land at the present time. Nothing but the daily cry, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' can enable broken and desolated hearts to take up life's burdens and anxieties again with faith and courage. To these may the Captain's example come with

energizing power; for, as Ruskin has truly said: 'Of all the pulpits from which the human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.'

If I were asked to give in one word the outstanding quality of this life as I see it, I should answer 'courage.' Courage for the early battles when, as she said, 'I put on a brave face so that no one knew how bad I felt.' Moral courage in grappling with difficult characters and 'winning through' intricate problems. In later years physical courage, facing and bearing her increasing and often almost unendurable sufferings. And all this, crowned at last by that spiritual courage which recognized and accepted the will of God for her life.

Captain Miriam's life-story reminds me of a clear mountain stream. Tiny at first, but gathering in strength and volume as it flows: barred by rocks and obstacles of many kinds, and broken by cataracts, yet preserving its clear purity: pent by walls of granite, but constantly increasing in depth: never gaining the long, peaceful reaches, nor winding through the thirsty lands and crowded cities we hoped it would refresh; all too quickly losing itself in the ocean; but yet accomplishing God's will and bearing a message for us each.

I am glad, too, because of the light which these pages incidentally throw on the home and family life of The General and Mrs. Booth, and on their own attitude during these long years of trial. In connection with Captain Miriam's death, her aunt, Commander Eva Booth, wrote as follows from America:--

'The General and Mrs. Booth are wonderful parents -- wonderful in their love for their children, wonderful in the wisdom they have shown with them, and wonderful has been the crowning which has come to them in their children's dedication to their own life-work.'

All who have anything to do with the guidance of young lives will know how much her parents' unwavering submission, faith, and courage contributed to the maintenance of an experience such as Captain Miriam enjoyed. If, as we pray, our rising generation gains inspiration from Captain Miriam's life-story, may those who are older find a noble example in the influence of her parents.

During the earlier years of Miriam's illness I was privileged to accompany Mrs. Booth on most of her overseas tours. Often, seeing how burdened and distressed she felt at leaving her beloved sufferer, we journeyed to the port of departure almost in silence, until Mrs. Booth roused herself to write and post a letter to her daughter before we embarked.

On several occasions she had left just before some serious operation, and a cable would be expected to meet her at the first point of call. One summer night at Kiel I shall never forget. The boat was not leaving till the early hours of the morning, and from the deck of the little coasting-steamer to the post office to and fro we hovered -- she waiting in agony for news. I can still see, down through the clear waters, swarms of tiny jelly fish round the bows of that boat and recall my unspoken prayer, 'Lord -- Thou who dost care for these countless myriads-care for Thy servant and send her comfort.'

Again, just before a long and exacting day's Meetings, with what dread would we watch Mrs. Booth open her budget of home letters, fearing that her task might be doubled by the news they contained; and yet knowing how those at home had striven their hardest to give the most hope and least anxiety. For with each operation that question had to be faced afresh -- 'Will she get through? If so, what will the Doctors discover?'

Yet I have since thought that maybe those tours gained more than any of us suspected because of the cost to both mother and daughter. It was the knowledge 'I am about my Father's business,' which gave Mrs. Booth the needed strength, joined with deep sympathy for all kinds of suffering. And that same assurance enabled Miriam to accept the long absences ungrudgingly, as her part of the service.

Although it is not within my province to comment on this life, there are two points to which I would direct the attention of readers who are Salvationists.

First, Captain Miriam was in the 'line of succession,' and as one of the third generation of Salvationists she had an inherited love for the poor and suffering. This may be the inheritance of all, but it can only become so if we make it ours as she did -- not by resting on what others before us may have achieved, but by letting the same steadfast and practical devotion daily control our life.

Again, Captain Miriam possessed that unmistakable sign of the Holy Spirit's presence, the power of awakening the conscience, and bringing the sense first of need and then of faith to the souls with whom she dealt. Many examples of this are found in her life's record.

One day Major Goodall was with the Captain when her suffering was more than usually severe. After watching for a time she exclaimed, 'O Miriam, I can't bear to see it! Why should you suffer so?'

'I think I know why it is,' was the quiet reply; 'something happened the other day which showed it to me.'

'Colonel Bennett* came to see me and told me about the "Two Days" Meetings at Bermondsey. She described the miserable surroundings of the Hall, the squalor, the dirty, neglected children playing about, and the wretchedness of it all. As she spoke such a longing came over me to be at work among them. I thought of how I should love them, how I always have loved that kind of people, and as I realized how helpless I was to do what I so longed to do I burst into tears. It was a silly thing, and I don't know why I did it. But after Colonel Bennett had gone and I was thinking it over, the thought came to me that if I had had the strength to do what I wanted, I might have loved my work and these people more than I loved God, and the work might have come in between me and my love for Him. And God must have the first place, you know. I think that's why it is.'

[*One of Mrs. Booth's devoted earliest helpers in the Women's Social Work.]

And so, although Miriam's prayer -- 'if it be possible let this cup pass from me' -- remained ungranted, as did her Lord's, we thank God that by His grace she was enabled to say -- 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.'

Mildred Duff
International Headquarters
November 1, 1918

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PREFACE

The Church of God in this and other lands is, we hope, shaking itself free from its lethargy of former years; it is alive to the importance of activity, for 'the night cometh.' In many directions there are evidences of effort. With some, the effort is feverish, unproductive, even disappointing, because the workers have not made sure that the underlying motive is free from selfishness, or that the spirit in which the effort is made is acceptable to God.

The message of this little book is contained in a few words which Miriam Booth herself wrote some months before her death, and which were borne out in her life -- 'Doing God's work is a great thing; doing God's will is a greater.'

I knew the Captain only during the last year of her life, but 'as one day with the Lord is as a thousand years,' so it is with some of those we meet in a lifetime. It seemed, when we met, that we had always known each other in spirit. During our conversations, death was not once mentioned; not that we avoided the subject; it simply did not occur to us. Her mind abounded in health and vigor, and there never seemed to be time to speak of one half of those things of life and joy and hope in which we found mutual interest. She spoke of her illness, but always with the expectation of recovery.

I saw her a few days before her Home-going. She was suffering much, but her spirit was so filled with the peace of God, and so alive with interest and happiness that even then, not a shadow of fear crossed my heart that she was soon to leave us.

Had I anticipated what lay ahead, I might have asked her many things, knowledge of which would have made possible a sketch more vivid and true than the following. As it stands, it is formed of stray lines of recollection gathered from many who loved her. The lack of study has its drawbacks, but it has also this compensation, the sketch is entirely free from pose. The impressions recorded were unconsciously received because so unconsciously made. Of all people, Miriam herself would be the most astonished to know that her short, broken life would in this way speak after her death.

On the hour for which the operation was first arranged, I went to my room to pray -- to ask of God that the surgeon might be given skill, and for the dear sufferer, strength for the ordeal, and that she might come out of the long valley to all her heart's desire. Opening my 'Daily Light' portion for the day, I was startled to read the headline, 'I would not live alway,' continuing 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.' 'In this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.'

I felt strangely moved. It seemed as if the Captain had spoken to me quite clearly and calmly. Yet I argued to myself those verses had been the portion for the same date last year, and they would be there for next year. But as I knelt to pray, words refused to come. My soul was silent before the Lord, just breathing that His will might be done in and for that life so beloved. Three days later, her spirit, rejoicing at the sudden, unexpected summons, did indeed escape from earth's 'windy storm and tempest, and soared to the breast of God.

Surely there had been no mistake. She had borne her witness, had fought her fight, had finished her race, and won her crown. Her Heavenly Father said to her, 'Come,' "and 'so glad,' she arose and went to Him.

To the great company of hard-working, self-sacrificing Savationists the world around, Captain Miriam's life is a reminder that the life of Holiness is the dearest thing on earth to the heart of God. And to us each it has a message, to Officers and Soldiers, to parents and children, to those in the heat and rush of the battle, and to lives hindered in their heart's desire for public service; to the platform speaker, to the desk worker, and to those whose battlefield is in the home. Maybe, beyond the ranks of The Salvation Army, her life will also have a call.

To all who believe that faith, and hope, and love are the things most precious to the human spirit, may this 'Life' come with the refreshment of dew, and may our hearts be prepared to receive its call and its comfort. Then shall the prayer of the Lord Jesus, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,' be answered in us each.

Gratefully would I acknowledge the kindness of The General and Mrs. Booth and members of their family, Adjutant Simpson and others, who made Miriam's correspondence available. Also, I would like to thank Commissioner Duff, for generously assisting me in the preparation of the MS. for the press.

M. L. C.

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MESSAGE FROM MRS. BOOTH
(Read at Captain Miriam's Funeral Service)

As her mother, I thank God for lending to us for so many years her beautiful spirit. The mystery of her suffering, since she was not raised up on earth, is deeper than ever, for I had felt all along that this was a preparation for some signal service for the Kingdom of Christ.

The questionings of my own heart have been sometimes very painful, but I do thank God for myself and for her that we have had rest in His Will. On the day she passed over, before I had seen her, or had any idea the end was so near, Jesus showed me His own words in an unexpected way: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter' (John xiii. 7). And we can patiently wait His time.

This sorrow has drawn us nearer to Him, and the Captain of our Salvation, Himself made 'perfect through suffering; has already used her short life, the best years of which were spent in weariness and suffering, to the Salvation of souls, and I believe He will use her death to the same end. She desired that it might become a CALL to His service to those who possess His good gifts of health and strength. May this be so, for His sake to whom her father and I consecrated her from the hour she was born.

Florence E. Booth

* * * * *

Florence Miriam Booth was born at Stamford Hill, London, on June 18, 1887. She was the third of the family of seven -- Catherine, Mary, Miriam, Bernard, Olive, Dora, and Wycliffe, with whom God has blessed General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

It was in the dewy hours, when the birds were pouring forth their early carols, that this treasure was committed to her mother's arms. Quite near, just round the corner of Darent Road where the family lived, was 'Rookwood,' the home of our first General and The Army Mother, and soon after breakfast Mrs. Booth, accompanied by her daughter Emma, came to offer their congratulations upon the happy event.

As was very natural, within the family circle some hope had been entertained for the arrival of a son; but when The Army Mother took the soft, shawled bundle into her arms, and looked at the bonny babe, with her plump features and wealth of dark hair, she said tenderly: 'Ah, there's a great future for her. Plenty of work, a great deal of joy, and also a lot of sorrow'; and she added naively, 'she may do more than the boys yet!'

Later on, when the baby's name came up for discussion, her grandfather, our Founder, settled the question. 'Call her Miriam,' he said. Her father prefixed her mother's name, and so, with many prayers that she would become a leader of God's people, little Florence Miriam began her life journey.

It was to a very Salvation Army home that the little girl had come. To those who understand 'Army' expressions, that implies a great deal. In brief, it means that her parents had renounced all selfish ambition; that they had consecrated their lives to fight against sin and to bring Salvation to the most needy, according to the methods of The Salvation Army. It meant also that life, for little Miriam, would at every point be regulated by a great purpose. Twenty years before she was born, her father's parents, William and Catherine Booth, heard God calling them to give themselves to seek the Salvation of the poorest and most wretched dwellers in the East End of London. To obey this call they needed to separate themselves from the Church of their childhood, to disappoint their friends, and -- without knowing from whence their needs would be supplied -- to go forward in simple faith.

Thus was founded The Salvation Army -- or, as it was first known, the Christian Mission. In the early days of their work, its leaders were sorely tried by poverty, but they saw miracles performed by the power of God. Men and women, who had lived the most degraded, hopeless lives of sin, were saved, made anew in Christ Jesus, and became Soldiers, fighting for the souls of their old companions.

When William Bramwell Booth, the eldest son, was about thirteen years of age, his father once took him into the bar of a low drinking house. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, and reeked with the smell of beer; around on the benches, or lounging against the grimy walls, men and women, ill-kempt and uncouth, drank and cursed and leered. The boy gazed aghast. It was his first contact with sin in all its ugliness. 'Willie, these are our people; I want you to win them for God,' said his father.

Shortly after this incident, Bramwell suffered an attack of rheumatic fever, which left behind acute heart trouble, and threatened to make him a life-long invalid. After a few years, however, he became stronger, and when about eighteen was faced with the choice of his future course.

The work of the Christian Mission had meantime grown, spreading into many parts of England, and Bramwell felt that here he could be of real service to his father. But a subtle temptation had come into his life. He was interested in his parents' work, but it gave no outlet for ambition. Altogether the way of the Cross, it offered neither society, ease, nor honors, but merely an everlasting seeking and sometimes finding a little of 'that which was lost.' He did not feel inclined that way. He would rather be a lawyer or a doctor of medicine; some of his parents' friends were willing to educate him for either profession. But in the silent chamber of his soul Bramwell ever heard the voice of Jesus Christ calling to him, 'Come, take up thy cross, and follow Me.' His heart was full of unrest; he felt out of harmony with God, and out of joint with life.

This spiritual conflict continued, until one day, when crossing some fields alone, the lad turned aside from the path, and looking up to God, said from the depths of his soul, 'Thy will be done, my Lord, in me and in my life, now and for ever.' He left that spot possessed of a wonderful peace, and conscious of a strength he had never known before. From that time forward he threw himself without reserve into the work of the Mission.

When the time came to think about a wife, Bramwell Booth prayed, 'O Lord! give me the companion who will best help me to do Thy Will and Thy Work.' And God answered his prayer.

Miss Florence Soper, daughter of a physician in the West of England, having completed her education, was in London, visiting friends, and doing a round of society pleasures, when she saw an announcement that Mrs. Booth of The Salvation Army would speak at a meeting in the West End. She went, full of pleasant curiosity, but the novelty of hearing a woman speak in public died early in the Meeting.

Florence Soper had 'been confirmed' in the Church of England, and during that solemn ceremony had vowed to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, though she had never known any one who took these words literally. Nor had she. She reveled in worldly pleasures, with all the abandon of a perfectly healthy girlhood, and a spirit unawakened to eternal realities.

Mrs. Booth's powerful message, showing what Christ really meant when He called men and women to deny themselves daily, and to take up their cross and follow Him, came with deep conviction to the soul of one listener at least. In the light of this heavenly vision Miss Soper's life seemed as aimless as that of a butterfly -- profitless, and even sinful. Earnestly she sought Salvation through Jesus, and returned to her Welsh home determined to follow Him.

She found that her new resolves placed her at variance with the society in which she had hitherto moved so pleasantly. Her chief refreshment during a period of great inward trial, was to slip out of her home early on Sunday morning, and attend the Knee-Drill of the despised little Salvation Army Corps. Among those rough, unlettered Salvationists of the Welsh hills, Miss

Soper found the same spirit of sacrifice and devotion to the Kingdom of God that had so appealed to her in the teaching of her spiritual mother, Mrs. Booth. After a good deal of thought, and not without reluctance, Dr. Soper at length allowed his daughter to return to London for the purpose of further studying The Salvation Army.

Miss Soper visited Mrs. Booth's home, and there saw something of the continual strain and self-denial in the lives of The Army Leaders. Far from being repelled, she rejoiced to have a life to offer in such service, and asked to be accepted as an Officer of The Army. Because of her knowledge of the French language, she was chosen to assist in the opening of The Army's work in Paris.

Nothing but the consciousness of 'Christ in her' enabled the fair, shy English girl who had hitherto lived so sheltered a life, knowing nothing of the sins, and little of the sorrows, of the world, to enter the Paris cafes, selling 'En Avant' (the French 'War Cry'), and to preach Jesus in obscure Halls to crowds of atheists and anarchists, who in drunken rage yelled that they wanted no Jesus, no God, no Heaven. Yet souls were won on that hard battlefield. From France, Captain Soper returned to England to marry Mr. Bramwell Booth, then Chief of the Staff of The Salvation Army.

Our Founder conducted this, the first wedding in his family, and the first also in the now celebrated Clapton Congress Hall, and it is memorable that The Army's beautiful Marriage Covenant was used for the first time on this occasion. How different from the ordinary Marriage Service must those vows of simplicity of life, unselfishness in love, and entire devotion to the Holy War -- now so familiar to Salvationists the world over -- have sounded!

After his marriage, the Chief of the Staff continued his work as The General's right hand in the affairs of The Army Organization and Administration, conducting also spiritual campaigns in London and many parts of England. The Holiness Meetings associated with his name, in which some of the leading Officers of today entered into the experience of Entire Sanctification, were of this date.

Erring women seeking Salvation at our penitent-forms, and begging for the opportunity to escape from their old companions and sins, led to the opening of the first Salvation Army Home for Women. The General placed Mrs. Bramwell Booth in charge of this work. When Miriam was born her mother was much occupied in wrestling with the difficult problems connected with the new undertaking.

Miriam was, indeed, a daughter of The Army, and a large part of the first year of her life was spent on the battle-field. She was dedicated to God and the War, by her mother, in the Congress Hall. The sweetly solemn Service made a deep impression upon little Catherine, then aged four. When she returned home she told her father, 'Mamma has given baby right back to God, right back!' 'Oh, that is serious,' said the Chief. Thereupon the little one hastened to allay any fears she might have raised by adding, 'But, never mind, she's coming home in the perambulator all the same!'

Miriam 'went into uniform' in her baby days. The white pelisse made by Mrs. Booth, and which did duty for all seven children in turn, had red 'S's' embroidered on the collar, and so had the red-lined navy traveling cloak.

Carrying her baby on her arm, and with her bag in the other hand, Mrs. Booth traveled alone to many parts of England to conduct Meetings. On more than one occasion, placing the baby on the seat of the railway carriage, she knelt in prayer with a fellow-passenger, pointing her to Christ, keeping meantime a protecting hand upon her sweet, contented babe.

Mrs. Booth was taking Meetings at Regent Hall, a West-End center of our Work, when Miriam was only a month old. The baby was present, in the arms of a nurse, and her mother still recalls the resolution needed to enable her to go on with her address, when the little one, awakening at the sound of her voice, began to cry. But usually she put Miriam to bed before the Meeting, in the house where she was staying, leaving some kind motherly Salvationist in charge.

Thus the child had many campaigning experiences. As, for instance -- in a large house which had seen no baby for a hundred years, and where no preparation had been made for its reception. Mrs. Booth easily overcame the difficulty, and Miriam slept in comfort on a pillow placed in an empty drawer, which rested on two chairs beside her mother's bed.

In the simplest and humblest of billets mother and babe were equally at home. Once, when conducting the Anniversary Meetings at a village Corps, Mrs. Booth carried baby Miriam in the March. A great farm laborer, thinking his leader was doing more than her fair share of work, strode up to her, with beaming face and open arms begging, 'Give 'er to me.' The baby transferred to his care was borne triumphantly in the procession to the Hall.

On her Sundays at home, Mrs. Booth would place baby Miriam in the perambulator, and with Catherine and Mary -- both wearing their diminutive Army bonnets -- trotting by her side, she would attend the morning Meeting at our Stoke Newington Hall, and there, a mother with her children, would join in the worship.

When Miriam was about twelve months old measles invaded the home. The baby suffered sorely, and whooping cough following the attack, her life was despaired of. 'Unless there is a change for the better before the morning, we shall lose her,' said Mr. Metcalf, of Richmond, as he left the house that evening. In a diary kept at that time Mrs. Booth wrote:--

'She seemed to me in those moments, babe though she was, more dear than all beside; but as my inmost heart went out to God to help me, I felt distinctly that He had made me willing for her to go, if that were best. And, further, as I looked at Him and loved Him, I felt that my first desire was that He should be glorified, and that it would be easier to bury my darling out of my sight than that she should grow up to grieve Him. When the thread of life seemed so thin, so easy for God to snap, I asked Him, who could see beyond my farthest foresight, to take her now, rather than let her be a failure. At 2 a.m. she slept. In the morning Mr. Metcalf said, " She is better, she will live now?'"

God had given Miriam back from the grave. She fully recovered from her illness, and developed into a rollicking girlie, full of health, good temper, and rare intelligence. Later reference to her occurs in Mrs. Booth's diary: 'Baby is very sweet, so long as everything goes her way, but she shows a will of iron when crossed!'

One of The Army Mother's maxims, which Mrs. Booth had introduced into her own nursery, was, 'Hew rules and those implicitly obeyed,' but she was much exercised in those early days as to the best methods of controlling and directing Miriam's strong will, which, if carelessly opposed, would resolve itself into an obstinacy to conquer which would have broken such an intense spirit as hers. On more than one occasion The Army Mother was appealed to for advice in the management of her little granddaughter.

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02 -- CHILDHOOD DAYS

After the first shadows of The Army Mother's last illness had fallen upon The Army, our Founder and the Chief of the Staff moved to the quiet suburb of Hadley Wood, and there the greater part of Miriam's life was spent. Her affections and interests were so united with those of her elder sisters, Catherine and Mary, that her nearest and dearest find it difficult to think of her apart from them during these early years. The first distinct recollection of her acting for herself is in connection with her conversion.

Surrounded by the influences of her godly home, it is not surprising that almost from her baby days spiritual longings were present with her. When only five years of age, she became deeply distressed on account of sin, and in after years told how she used to weep in the night because she felt so unfit to go to Heaven.

In 1894 a great Demonstration was held in the Crystal Palace in connection with the Congress of that year. Mrs. Booth considered it unwise for young children to attend many Meetings, and the three little girls were allowed their choice of one of the great gatherings. Catherine and Mary decided in favor of the Musical Festival, but Miriam pleaded to attend the Solemn Assembly. She earnestly tried to follow the old General's appeal to the congregation, and when he gave the invitation for any so desiring to seek Salvation, she was the first to respond, going forward quite voluntarily and kneeling at her grandfather's chair. Our beloved Founder bent down, and in language so simple that the child mind could comprehend, he pointed the little one to Jesus. From that day forward, Miriam sought to please God. This purpose coming so early in her life, regulated her strong will and directed its force into safe and happy channels.

Home life for 'darling Mira,' as she was known in the family circle, was full of joyful simplicity. With six brothers and sisters brimming with life and good fellowship, and delighting in the gifts of Nature more than in manufactured toys, she longed for no company or amusement outside her home.

Her father and mother encouraged in their children a love for animals, and the garden at Hadley Wood was something of a Zoo with its rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, mice, tortoises, cats and

dogs. The children were responsible for the care of their own pets, and Miriam once told how, hearing her father's footsteps on the gravel path in the evening, she remembered the unfed guinea pigs, and flew to feed her forgotten pets rather than meet 'Papa's' reproofing eyes.

During the nursery days 'playing Army' was a favorite pastime, and the game held good until superseded by the real thing. Once when Miriam was staying" with friends, her hostess found her in the conservatory holding forth on Daniel, with her smaller sister and her dollies for a congregation. She finished by getting them all to the Penitent-Form to be made good!

The day at 'The Homestead,' as their house was named, started with family prayers. To the accompaniment of the piano, a bright song was sung, then the Chief read a portion of Scripture from 'The Soldier's Guide,' making a few comments suitable to the ages of the children. The prayer which followed was no formal repetition of words, but a simple, reverent talking to God in praise, and gratitude, and petition. It was around the family altar that Miriam apprehended the true spirit of prayer.

No woman of her generation has done more for her sorrowful, sinning sisters than has Mrs. Bramwell Booth, but even before her great public services she shines as a true mother. Mrs. Booth is never so happy as when among her children. When they were young nothing was left to chance nor to strangers. She superintended everything connected with their well-being and happiness -- their food, their clothing (most of which she made with her own hands), their education and soul culture.

To the children's eyes, no picture of the Madonna compared with their mother for loveliness, nor description of fairy queen rivaled for delightfulness the sweet, fair, happy woman who was a child in simplicity with them and at the same time hem the balance of control with a firm hand. Once when measles infected the nursery, and Mrs. Booth herself fell a victim, to the uproarious delight of the children 'Mamma' went in with them, and they had a joyful sick time together!

A few years after her marriage, Mrs. Booth was joined in her work by Miss Marianne Asdell. Miss Asdell was about to enter the nursing profession when -- accidentally as it seemed -- she was invited by a friend to attend The Salvation Army Holiness Meeting. The teaching of Entire Sanctification, made possible to all by the surrender of the will to God and faith in the Blood of Jesus, captivated her at the first hearing, and the testimonies of those who had come up from the depths made her at once volunteer for any work The Army would give her to do. She was accepted for service in the Women's Social Department.

In course of time, from helping Mrs. Booth in her labors for down-trodden women, Miss Asdell came to share also in the home responsibilities, at last becoming the beloved guide, teacher, and friend of Mrs. Booth's little flock. Under the care of 'Zazzie' (the endearing name the children called her) their mother knew that all would be well, for Miss Asdell's love and interest in everything that concerned them was only equaled by her own. To Brigadier Asdell we are indebted for many touches relating to Miriam's childhood.

Mrs. Booth shared The Army Mother's views, that the average school is not a good training ground for young people who are consecrated to a life of soul-saving. A born teacher, and thoroughly qualified, she herself undertook her children's education. From the first, Miriam showed the student mind; the difficulty was not to induce her to study, but to leave off. A daily walk of a certain length was one of the standing rules, but Miriam and her sisters often ran the prescribed distance in order to get back to their books the sooner.

'I don't think I'll trouble Miriam with music,' confided Mrs. Booth to Miss Asdell; 'she seems to have no gift for it; her fingers are all thumbs.' But Miriam had other thoughts about the matter. She might be slow, but learn she would, and did, with the result that she developed into a most useful pianist, able to accompany singing, solo or congregational, with or without music.

Needlework was one of the trials of Miriam's life. Her impetuous, energetic nature found sewing slow and tedious; but her great love for her mother helped her to overcome this aversion. When a birthday was approaching, important conferences were held as to what Miriam should prepare. The choice never fell on something to buy, but rather on something to make; something which, however prosaic, showed forethought and care. Once Miriam made a pillowcase; another time she helped Catherine and Mary with a shirt for their father. On one memorable occasion, Miss Asdell said, 'Mira, darling, I think I know what Mamma would like very much, but I don't know whether you would care to do it.' 'What is it, Zazzie?' 'To turn a sheet sides to middle.' 'Do you really think she would like that?' asked Miriam ruefully. 'I am sure she would.' So Miriam tackled the yards of uninteresting seaming involved.

One of the charms of birthday preparation was its secrecy; but this particular year Mrs. Booth came unexpectedly into the schoolroom, when Miriam, gathering her sewing quickly into her lap, exclaimed in dismay, 'O Mamma, you saw!' 'No, darling, really; I only saw an old sheet.' An old sheet! Miriam's mortification was complete. Zazzie had made a mistake for once. With floods of tears she declared, 'Of course Mamma would not care for that old thing!' and she had spent her spare minutes on it for weeks. A good deal of encouragement was needed before Miriam could be persuaded to persevere; but the work was finished in time, and her mother's commendation fully recompensed her for pricked fingers and cramped hands. So she became an expert worker with her needle, and her embroidered texts and other small remembrances are treasured in many parts of the world today.

Miriam was not naturally courageous -- she feared thunder, and the dark. Although sharing a room with her sisters, she liked to keep the door open, so that she might hear the sound of people moving about downstairs until she dropped off to sleep. Only as her cultivated sense of duty became stronger than her sense of fear, did she overcome her timidity, but she persevered so well that in later years her courage was proverbial.

Possibly it will be comforting to some to know that Miriam's 'bump of order' was quite undeveloped when she was young; not that she liked to have things untidy, but she did not care for the trouble of putting them in their right places. And on this point she was a trial to her mother. At last she realized that disorderliness is a real hindrance to any who wish to serve the Lord well, so she resolutely took herself in hand, making herself do irksome things in the right way, and at the right time, until she became the soul of order. When God called her away, her

bureau, letter-case, paper cabinet, her notebooks -- with lists under different headings of people to whom she wrote -- her accounts, her knitting and sewing -- all were in the most perfect order, and as if waiting for her Lord's inspection.

Within easy reach of home were numerous places of historic interest which would fire the mind of an impressionable child. And Miriam loved history. A column marking the site of the battle of Burner is but a few miles from 'The Homestead'; and so is Whetstone, where the swords of the King's armies used to be sharpened. Latimer's Oak, under which the great reformer used to pour out his soul upon the people, stands on the outskirts of Hadley Wood. The old Hadley Church dates back many hundred years, and bears traces of the days when lepers were allowed to listen to the sermon and receive the Sacrament through a small opening known as the Leper's Squint. The various London museums were an unfailing source of pleasure for special occasions, such as birthdays, to Miriam and her brothers and sisters.

After school hours 'The Homestead' children went for long rambles in the country, the only condition being that they must clean their boots and clothes when over-muddy. In the winter they reveled in the clear, frosty air and snow; during summer days they hunted for wild flowers and berries, and studied the bird and insect life of the changing seasons. They romped and raced to their hearts' content, sliding down banks, jumping ditches, playing Robinson Crusoe, and other games in which vivid imagination takes an important part. Miss Asdell remembers the children finding a specially fine bank for sliding. Down they sped, seated on a board or tin plate, or -- if these refused to slide -- on their nether garments! An examination of clothing at the close of the day brought the verdict that there must be no more sliding. 'O Zazzie, and it is so splendid!' came Miriam's remonstrance. Later on, Miss Asdell, reflecting on the simplicity of the children's pleasures, looked out a piece of stiff bed ticking, and made them each a pair of 'bloomers,' and in these, with their skirts tucked inside, they slid to their hearts' content.

A lonely, motherless child from a wealthy home, kept in order by servants, was allowed for a time to accompany Miriam and the others on their rambles. She delighted in their amusements, but her guardians cared more to save themselves trouble than to give the child a taste of real happiness; and the little maid returning once or twice in a somewhat tumbled condition, was not allowed to go again. Miriam pitied her little friend, whose expensive toys and clothes fell so far behind the joys which healthy country life affords.

When out one frosty afternoon the children's compassion was aroused by the sight of a weary horse which, urged on by his angry driver, was vainly struggling to draw uphill a huge wagon-load of turnips. They could not look in silence. 'Please leave off beating your horse,' they pleaded. 'If you'll empty out some of the turnips we'll carry them up the hill, and he'll manage the rest.' Though at first fiercely bidden to 'be off, quick,' the little girls stuck to their point, coaxing and reasoning until the driver agreed to their plan. They found their task long and muddy, but when the last armful of turnips had been faithfully deposited in the waiting cart at the top of the hill the man's face reflected the goodwill of his young helpers.

As the children were transferred from nursery to schoolroom, they enjoyed the privilege of having their evening meal to themselves. They were then free to do as they chose so long as they cleared everything up. Their grandfather, The General, had brought them a tiny oil

cooking-stove from the Continent, and to prepare tea on this was great fun. Butter and jam on the same piece of bread was forbidden, but so as to enjoy the luxury, they would sometimes eat one slice dry. The only 'entertainments' in which the family indulged were those of their own making. The children took much pleasure in arranging an evening of music and song to which they invited their father and mother upon their return from absences on Army service.

Of all hours of the day, the best for Miriam was Mother's hour. Mrs. Booth arrived home in the evenings often very weary, but no personal consideration ever debarred her from the nursery. Indeed, settled in a low chair with her baby in her lap, and the other bairns about her, she found her rest. She chatted, or listened to their chatter, while the younger ones were being put to bed, and afterwards, with the elder children sitting around painting, drawing, or at other pursuits, or resting on hassocks about her feet, where her hand could travel lightly over their heads, she read to them. With attention charmed by their mother's sweetly-modulated voice, and assisted by her wise interpretation of the subject and emphasis of the important points, the children received a wealth of the best literature.

Mrs. Gatty's 'Parables from Nature,' Hans Andersen's and other fairy tales, shown by Mrs. Booth to be allegories, were among the favorites of the early days. Works of history, travel, biography, discovery, and invention, and studies of human nature followed. Before Miriam was old enough to attend the Sunday evening Meeting, to have Mamma at home was a special delight, in that hallowed hour 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Bunyan's 'Holy War,' and other spiritually-helpful books, interspersed by free discussion, had their turn.

Sometimes in those early days, as her mother read, Miriam would wriggle down until she lay full length on the floor, generally on her face. If the subject of the reading was specially pathetic or moving, the company might be aroused by a deep sob from the little girl, whose sympathetic nature so readily overflowed at the sorrowings or sufferings of any living creature. Mrs. Booth believing that life is a sacred charge, to which responsibility in the sight of God is attached, used this evening hour to awaken and develop in her children those qualities which make for faithfulness to duty, service, and sacrifice in the cause of the needy. And with what success all The Army knows.

* * * * *

03 -- BEGINNINGS OF SERVICE

The nearest Salvation Army Corps to Hadley Wood is High Barnet. On that battleground, Miriam and her sisters and brothers did all their Soldiering. From there, too, each in turn left for the Training Garrison at Clapton to begin their careers as Officers in The Army. When quite small, Miriam used to accompany Miss Asdell and her sisters to the Meetings at Barnet. The earliest recollection of her public efforts is of the little girl in her Army bonnet, singing in a Meeting on Hadley Green -- a patch of grassy field by the side of the Great North Road.

To get souls saved, and to make people happy as her parents did, this was Miriam's ambition from the time she began to make plans about life. One of her earliest services in the latter direction was in connection with the Naval and Military League. Our Founder organized

this department for the benefit of Salvationists serving under the King's colors in various parts of the world. These men became Leaguers, and were linked up with International Headquarters in London by regular correspondence.

Miriam and her sisters took a keen interest in the Leaguers, and asked for the names of several whom they made their special charge, writing letters to them to the remote corners of the earth. They were careful also to dispatch the weekly papers by the first outgoing mail. Should the parcel of 'War Crys' arrive late, one of the girls would begin folding them, another addressing, while the third got on hat and coat, so as to run to the pillar-box the moment the papers were ready. It was Miriam who ran.

Staff-Captain Mary recalls an incident that occurred when the trio, then aged about twelve, ten, and eight respectively, were staying at Plymouth with their grandfather, Dr. Soper.

They had become deeply interested in some naval men, whom they met at The Army Hall, and who, still unconverted, were about to leave for a distant station. At the Meetings the little girls pleaded with them to be saved, but failing to bring them to a decision, they invited them to come and see them at their grandfather's house.

When the visitors arrived, little Miriam had gone to bed, but she heard their voices, and wrapping a blanket over her nightdress, she crept downstairs and knelt on a mat outside the door, while Catherine and Mary pointed the men to the Saviour.

After the sailors had gone, the sisters discovered Miriam with eyes full of tears as she quavered, 'And I wasn't in to help!' But the elder girls comforted her with the assurance that it did not matter on which side of the door she had been, God had heard her prayer, and had answered.

Taking part in the annual Self-Denial Effort was among Miriam's beginnings of service. Twenty-five years ago The Army was not quite so well understood or appreciated as it is today; and, truth to tell, the conservative suburb of Hadley Wood had by no means welcomed the advent of The Salvation Army family. When Miriam, therefore, in company with her elder sisters Catherine and Mary, set out on her first collecting expedition, she discovered that people existed who did not like The Salvation Army, and who could be the reverse of nice to Salvationists. Laughing over her experience years afterwards, she said, 'How I remember it! I don't think I shall ever forget the house where the old lady came after us with a broom. We ran for dear life!'

After that, the girls decided that going to a door all three at once was rather too many; so while two advanced with their boxes, the other remained outside the gate and prayed. They took it in turns, and the credit of what was received went to the one who had prayed. Miriam, always energetic, was more pleased to go than to wait. Sometimes the children were asked in, and puzzling questions were put to them in order to ascertain how much fight they had in them. But the misunderstandings of those early days have long since passed away, and the young people of 'The Homestead' are held in affection and esteem by a large circle of neighbors.

Miriam's first definite work at the Corps was to assist with the Band of Love. Her sister, Catherine, was Band of Love Leader, and Mary and Miriam helped her to gather many poor children into the Barnet Hall. They persuaded the boys and girls to take the pledge, by which they promised to keep from intoxicating liquor; neither to smoke nor touch tobacco; not to swear, steal, or gamble; to be kind to animals, to strive to speak the truth, and to offer a prayer to God every morning and evening. The Band of Love children were formed into classes, and taught physical drills, with sewing, drawing, woodwork, and other crafts.

One evening in each month was given up to games, or a special program with refreshments was arranged, for which Miriam delighted to prepare. The Band of Love brought her, for the first time, in personal contact with the very poor. She saw for herself the effects of sin in the sufferings of the innocent. She found that the aged, the sick, and the children were often in need of food and clothing; that they had no idea how to win the best from life; and that many were strangers to hope and joy. Her deepest sympathies were awakened, and a great love sprang up within her for the most needy.

An Officer stationed at Barnet at this time says:--

'When I first knew Captain Miriam she was a charming girl of about fourteen. I remember one day she had been visiting her Band of Love children, and had come across a poor old couple, wretched and filthy. She was horrified to discover that any one could live in such discomfort, and came racing along on her bicycle to the Quarters, her beautiful hair all about her shoulders, and her eyes aglow with pity and enthusiasm. "You will visit them, won't you, Captain, Oh, they do need help!" Assuring her that Lieutenant and I would go and do our best, she was comforted. We cleaned up the place, and in various ways ministered to the poor old souls. After a time the man was converted, and his wife comforted spiritually, as much as her feeble mind could grasp. Miriam went in and out of their poor little room -- as she did of many others in the neighborhood' -- like an angel, but with a very human laugh and touch.'

Many Soldiers of High Burner Corps are the proud possessors of Captain Miriam's photograph, which takes the place of honor in their homes. How dear a place her memory has in their hearts is found upon mention of her name. Mrs. Moore, one of the mothers of the Corps, went to live in Barnet when Miriam was a girl in short frocks. About that time, the Moore family passed through a period of severe trial and hardship, the husband became paralyzed, and the youngest child, also, was an invalid.

'Oh, Miss Miriam! She was always so kind,' says Mrs. Moore. 'She brought sunshine into our home in those dark days. Our boy Bobbie lay on his back for a long time, and his one talk was about being an Army Captain when he was a man. Miss Miriam would laugh and cheer him, and she somehow got him an old battered cornet to "play Army" with. That cornet kept him happy for months. It seemed that anything she touched was charmed. Bobbie thought the world of an old rag dolly that she brought him from her home. He is an Army Officer to-day, and Miss Miriam is an angel in his eyes. About that hard time I was speaking of, the children's annual treat came round, and I couldn't afford to let mine go. Miss Miriam guessed why, and she would pay for them all out of her pocket money.'

'What a Salvationist she was! I'd been saved for years, but couldn't bide the idea of wearing uniform. When she'd talk about it, I'd say, " Miss Miriam, I know I'm saved, and it doesn't matter about the clothes we wear." "Oh! but it does," she would tell me. "We can preach silent sermons wherever we go, if we wear a dress that makes people think about God." Yes, I wear uniform now!

'Don't think she was only kind to us; she was the same with everybody. There was an old woman living near here crippled with rheumatism. On Sunday afternoons, Miss Miriam would bring her tea with her from home. First she would take her Company of boys at the Hall, then go to the old lady. She would tidy up, lay the tea, and they would have it together. Then Miss Miriam would sing, and read, and pray, and afterwards go right off to the night Meeting. People just loved her.

'Oh, yes, and she was such an encourager! When first I started out collecting for Self-Denial, I felt something awful; so timid. "I know what you feel like, Mrs. Moore," Miss Miriam said; "but when I go collecting I put on ever such a brave face, so that nobody knows how frightened I am but me!" If she thought you were getting stuck with your Target, she'd help you out in her quiet way. And when we had Harvest Festival, and dressed up Harvest style, she was right in with us "rigged up" just the same.'

Sergeant-Major Knight, a wonderful trophy of grace, lived in Barnet for a while during Miriam's girlhood.

'Miss Miriam!' he says, 'Eh, but she did remind me of her Auntie Eva* [*Commander Eva Booth] at her age. Her love for the poor was beyond everything. I've seen her battling after this family and that one, getting the children to the Juniors. When she'd be in the streets, the dirty little things would run after her, and she'd just beam on 'em. While I was in Barnet, the Fair came on. You've heard of the Barnet Fair? Well, Miss Miriam, she was for having a Meeting there. The Corps lined up, and we went in, and had three Meetings. Perhaps you know all the row that goes on at a fair, what with men shouting for round-about, and swings, and canvas theaters, and coconut shies, and "try yer strike," and all the rest of it! Well, we made our stand in front of a boxing booth. Four men were challenging any one to come and box with them. Miss Miriam, she was terribly troubled to see the signs of sin all about, and I can see her face now: so anxious for the message to reach the people! Ah, she was a beautiful spirit! a beautiful spirit!'

And the old man shook his head, in affectionate contemplation. Few letters among the great number which reached The General and Mrs. Booth in connection with Miriam's promotion touched them more than one, which Be publish in all its quaintness and sincerity, from Brother Knight, who has since been called Home:--

'My Dear Mrs. General,--

I am sure you Will forgive me writing you. I coulde not help it, I was so please to reed in the Dear old War Cry that you took it as God's Will to take our Dear Miss Miriam horn to himself, bless her we Could hardly have seen other Wise. But see how nice it will be for you and me to have her to welkom us to that Butiful Home. Bless you, I Fancy I can see you know

talking to just a Few of us in your Dining Reem when you had us in to give us a cup of Coffee and some Cake when we came singing one Christmas. you gave us such a lovely Motherly talk over the table, and Miss Miriam Was there about 16 years of age then i Fancy. i Can see her just taking all in as We did Right into our yer Harts. all you sed did us all good,

'The World is Full of thrafft and bubles.
One thing stands Like stone--
simplicity in other peoples trubles
and Curadge in our own.'

'Miss Miriam this is what I shall never Forget how she worked to win that orgin grinder the italian and his wife and Famley. Bless her, I just fancy I see her again after she had her Dinner on Sundays with her Little Rist Bag Crossing Hadley Coman with a little food in it so she could call for the orgin grinders children at is house and Leave her Rist Bag then Bring the Children to sunday school then take them back From Juniors and have tea with them so she could Win them. And I well Remember the First night Miss Mirim Brought the orgin grinder to the Hall Dear Miss Mirim's Hart was Full she Let him sit long side of her at the piano. She seemed Reeley an angel, so We Cant wander Father taking her to her Right Home oh But how sweet for you to Feel and know that God trusted her under your Care What a honner Fer you to have such a sweet Chricher to Care For she has gone to her Reward and Bless you we Will soon be with her wont we.

'Yours for Cross and Culors,
'Your old C.S.M.* [*Corps Sergeant Major]
'h. Knight.'

Some mothers have felt humiliated and distressed when a beloved daughter has told of her conviction that she was called to a Salvationist's life. It has seemed as though by spending her life among such as The Salvation Army seeks to uplift, her education would be wasted and her character spoiled by contact with evil.

But does not the example of Miriam Booth show that the Christ spirit within protects from all contamination, moral or spiritual? The fire of love within keeps the temple pure. Nor must we forget that the Son of God Himself was content to spend His life among the most ignorant and degraded, and 'Where I am, there shall also My servant be.'

* * * * *

04 -- ON DUTY HERE AND THERE

Miriam was a Soldier not of compulsion, but of whole-hearted choice, and she was a Soldier all the time. At home or abroad, in sickness or in health, she carried her King's honor in her hands, His interests were first in her heart, and so, of her own desire, she was always on duty.

When a girl of not more than fourteen or fifteen, she began that service known in The Army as 'Specialing,' and went with her sisters, Catherine and Mary, on week-end campaigns. Staff-Captain Mary, in recalling these experiences, says:--

'I could never tell all Miriam was to me, in helping me to take my place in public work. She just made me overcome my fearful timidity.

'Once when I was speaking, I was seized with an overwhelming nervousness that made me forget what I had intended to say. Miriam, realizing this, was at my side in a moment, and with a smile came to my relief with, " Excuse me, as my sister was speaking, it reminded me of _____," and she told an incident that engaged the people's attention until I had recovered myself. Then I went on without any one but our two selves being aware of my misery.'

"Mary, you must go on, feelings or no feelings," she used to say to me. Today, I feel the power of her words in a way few can understand.

'She had remarkable ability in bringing souls to a decision for Christ, even when the outlook was most unpromising. I remember, for instance, that during one of our week-end campaigns together, it seemed certain that we should be compelled to close without souls. But Miriam would not hear of it. "Mary, I can't give up," she said. She left the fishing* [*Personal dealing with the unconverted in the Prayer Meeting.] and went to the platform, where she made another appeal. The result was that we finished with quite a number of seekers. Miriam truly used every opportunity as though it were her last.'

Perhaps the first of these special efforts was undertaken at Hythe, a Corps commanded by Staff-Captain Kate Lee the 'Angel Adjutant' of Mr. Harold Begbie's 'Broken Earthenware,' whom Miriam had known from her childhood.

Seeking for fresh speakers in a Tent Campaign she had organized, the Staff-Captain invited Catherine and Miriam Booth to lead the week-end Meetings. She says:--

'Although it is fifteen years ago, I can remember those Meetings quite distinctly.

'Miriam was a sweet, intense child, her long hair about her shoulders, and her earnest face, full of changing expressions. Her beautiful clear voice found its way all over the tent, and the simplicity of her message caught and held the crowd. So much did her efforts impress me, that I made a few notes. I find that she spoke on Saturday night from, "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." One of her illustrations was of a man who fell overboard from a ship, and grasped a rope so eagerly that when rescued his hands were bleeding. Then she dipped into nursery fairy tales, and told of a little bear who started well on a journey, but grew weary and gave up. "What a pity the little bear did not go on!" she said. She made the people laugh, but drove her message home. I noticed her eyes roving over the congregation, as if looking for some particular person. "I've picked my target," she told me later. That meant she had chosen a specially rough-looking character upon whom she intended to concentrate her efforts during the week-end. She spoke earnestly to the man in every Prayer Meeting, and I think he was converted before the campaign closed. The morning Meeting was remarkable; a large

number of seekers came forward, the congregation remained, and the Meeting continued until two o'clock.

'The following year I was stationed at Dover, and invited Mary and Miriam to come for a Sunday's Meetings. The girls, as well as being gifted and having their grandfather's name, were so good and devoted, and I knew their presence in the town could be made to draw large crowds of those who did not usually attend our Meetings; so I took the Town Hall and advertised them well.

'I met them at the station, and as we went up the street they caught sight of a large poster announcing their visit. Their faces fell in dismay, and they exclaimed, "Oh, why did you do that? People will expect so much." But it was all right. On Sunday afternoon the place was packed; we had a platform full of influential people and a chairman; and dear Miriam, only fifteen, in her short dress, and with her hair still down, lectured, as I had announced, on the Slum Work. She did beautifully, basing her talk on "Moses looked on the burdens of his brethren," and dividing her subject into three headings, "His brethren," "Their burdens," and "Moses' large heart." To help to prepare herself for her address, she had, the week before, visited our Shelters for men and women, and she illustrated her points with fine incidents, told with an artlessness that was most eloquent, and powerfully moved her listeners.

'Miriam came to me again when I was stationed at Croydon, and spoke in the Theatre to a crowd of about eighteen hundred people. I watched her gifts developing, and believed that she would fill a leading position in The Army. Perhaps her greatest charm was her unconsciousness; there was not a shade of affectation, or of the "I can do it" spirit about her. At the same time she never failed to come up at the call of duty. And she was so merry-hearted, and such a Salvationist!

'After the Meetings were over on Sunday night, I had the greatest difficulty in getting her to bed. She wanted to talk the whole day over, and would coax me to tell my Field experiences. Her whole life was bound up in the Salvation Fight -- in getting sinners saved, and in making friends who would provide the means for The Army Work to be extended.

'The last time Miriam came to my Corps was at Norland Castle. When she drew her address to a close in the Sunday afternoon Meeting, she seemed to feel it was fitting to make a direct appeal to the congregation to seek Salvation there and then. Ten drunken men came to the Penitent-Form. Miriam looked positively angelic as she knelt, trying to help those poor, besotted souls into the Light of God. At night, only one of the Penitents turned up, and with a merry twinkle, she remarked, "Were there not ten? Where are the nine?" Still, she was gratified that one continued to hold on.

'I count it one of the joys of my Army experience to have known Captain Miriam intimately. Speaking of her graces and gifts, I should say that next, perhaps, to her abounding love for souls came her ability to be entirely free with people, to make herself absolutely one with the person with whom she was dealing, and yet never -- as we say -- to give herself away.'

About the time of which the Staff-Captain has written, Miriam accompanied Mrs. Booth to several Meetings, both in England and on the Continent, and by her song, testimony, and prayers was blessed to many.

An echo from a visit to Switzerland during the great Ascension Meetings is found in a letter of sympathy which came to Mrs. Booth from a Swiss Officer after Miriam's death. The letter, translated from the French, reads:--

'At the time of your visit to Switzerland, when you, Madame, presided over our Ascension Fete at Zurich, your dear daughter Miriam accompanied you. In each Meeting when the invitation for souls Was given, she went to the piano. With what joy and forgetfulness of self she accompanied the choruses! From time to time, she rose and came to the Penitent-Form. "Brigadier, how many?" "Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five." With radiant face she turned to the piano, never appearing to tire. When she asked for the third time how many Penitents had come forward, and found that there were so many that we hardly knew where to place them, she returned to her place as though her feet scarcely touched the ground. Several Officers with me were moved to tears to see this young girl baptized with such a love for souls!

'She was an example to us all, an unforgettable blessing during all these years.'

Commissioner Duff tells of a visit Miriam made with her to some of our Social Institutions. The Commissioner says:--

'Among others, we visited the Women's Shelter, and I noticed how quickly and naturally she found her way into the hearts of the old ladies present. We had a little Meeting, and I asked her, "Will you sing to them, and speak?" "Why, yes," she said, and began to sing, then stopped. "They can't see me," she exclaimed. "I don't want them to have to twist about. Give me a chair." And she scrambled on to a chair so that they could all watch her without difficulty. She sang and talked, and when she got down from her chair, she went among them with smiles and loving, cheery words, until all were heartened and refreshed. I told Mrs. Booth afterwards, and she smiled, and said, "Yes, that's just Miriam's way."

When still in her teens Miriam needed to go to Metcalf's Hydro at Richmond. Miss Burgin, the manageress, a true Christian, was greatly drawn to the radiant child, who, though suffering, flitted like a sunbeam through the rooms.

'She was a charming girl,' says Miss Burgin. 'The outstanding characteristics as they impressed me all those years ago were her love for her Bible, her faith, and her courage. Once she spoke a few words to me quite casually, and they became an abiding influence in my life. Some girls who were staying here at the time discussed certain novels they read in bed before going to sleep. Miriam's eyes were full of wonder as she said to me, " Fancy reading anything after the Bible!" From that day forward, I felt too that the Word of God must be my last word at night.

'But Miriam was by no means solemn. She bubbled with humor, and seemed to create sunshine. Wherever there was a group Miriam must join it. Distinctive clothing, such as The

Salvation Army uniform, is not suitable for a place of this character, but Miriam always wore her Army brooch, and as for talking about The Army, she couldn't help it! It was in her blood. But she made people love what she loved, and interested the patients in her work. One day she came to me greatly amused at a lady who had expressed surprise that a Salvationist should speak the King's English, and who was further amazed to discover later that Miss Booth spoke French fluently. "She reckons that such things should not go together. What queer ideas some people have of The Army!" Miriam laughed.

'She would come to my room in the evenings, and we had prayer together. Her petitions were so simple, so confident that once I said, "Miriam, you seem to feel sure of prayer being answered." Her great eyes surveyed me wonderingly. "Of course I am," she replied.

'To have doubts or difficulties in the spiritual life seemed impossible to her pure, trustful spirit. During the many years I have been here, no patient impressed the staff as did Miriam. One of them still calls her "the little saint." When her death was announced, four of those who were here fifteen years ago applied for tickets for her Memorial Service.

'I was a child during The Salvation Army riots at Eastbourne, and my father, a Nonconformist minister in the town, said, "We shall live to see these people triumph." When I saw Miriam's casket pass down Clapton Road, the traffic all held up to allow that great procession to go by, there was a sob of joy in my heart; for not only have I seen the day of which my father spoke, but I have seen in the children of the third generation of The Army, the spirit which possessed its pioneers.'

When Catherine and Mary left home to become Officers, Miriam took the place as eldest daughter there. She was an untold comfort to her parents and to her grandfather, rejoicing in those little services of thoughtful love and winsomeness which make life run smoothly and sweetly. In writing to her mother, after mentioning in a methodical way perhaps a dozen business items, she continues: 'I was "thick" in that I did not understand at first what you wanted; you know I always want to do just what you wish.' Old servants of the family, now married, wrote at the time of her Home-going, full of sorrowful affection. One said: 'Dear Miss Miriam, she never spoke a complaining word the whole time it was in your house!'

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg recalls how Miriam's loving care impressed her own little Mildred also called Mimi -- when once she needed to leave her for six months at 'The Homestead.'

'French,' writes Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, 'being the only language the little one could speak, and Miriam thoroughly understanding it, she took Mimi under her wing, and rendered her every loving attention. To distinguish between them, Miriam came to be called "Grande Mimi" (big Mimi), and little Mildred "Petite Mimi" (small Mimi). When Petite Mimi returned home she told me many pretty stories of big Mimi, and of her love for the naughty little boys at High Barnet, and how she would take little Mimi to the Juniors on Sunday afternoon, and walk nearly all the way so that the six-year-old baby might sit on her bicycle, and not tire her short, fat legs.'

Miriam was a great joy to her brothers and sisters. During the later years she undertook the education of the two youngest, and the lady who gave her language lessons says:--

'It was delightful to watch her with the little ones, most of all with little Wycliffe, then just emerging from babyhood. I remember Miriam sitting with him on her knee, reading to him stories about animals, so entering into the spirit of the tales that I am sure the room peopled itself for the little laddie with the creatures that she read of.'

Wycliffe cherishes many tender memories of these days. He says:--

'Mira exercised a very definite influence for good upon my life. It was she who made me realize I was a sinner in God's sight. It happened like this, One night when I was about nine years old, she was seeing me to bed. I did not wear shoes or socks in those days, and while I was washing my feet in the bathroom, she talked seriously to me. She began with a string of questions: "Wye, how are you getting on? Don't you think it is time you were saved? You're not saved, are you?" I was not prepared for this attack, and resented it; but evidently she had planned for it, and stuck to me.

'One of my faults at that age was exaggeration, and she marshaled this, and every other of my besetting sins before me, until for the first I felt that sin was a hateful thing. Then she got me to pray. The prayer was so earnest that I believe that night God changed my heart. This was the time when I definitely made my choice to follow Christ.

'Mira was a born teacher. She made geography delightful, and history, as she taught it, became a fascinating living subject. While very bright and pleasant in her teaching she was quite a disciplinarian. If a lesson had been badly prepared we knew it! One day, to my shame I confess it, I had been aggravating to the last degree, and Miriam did a thing previously unheard of in our house. She gave me a stinging slap on the cheek. I was a big, strong fellow, and could have stood a dozen such blows, so I was more amazed than hurt, and all I said was "Well, Mira, you are the first one who has ever done that to me." Next day she said to me, "Wye, I am sorry I slapped you yesterday. You deserved it" (that I did!), "but all the same, I am sorry." That incident made a real difference in me. To think that I had so outrageously exhausted her patience, and that still she was fine enough to apologize to the offender! I have memories of strenuous efforts at improvement for a long time afterwards.

'Miriam was always splendid! The very jolliest of chums. I didn't know any one who could tell a story quite as well as she could. My early recollections of her are mixed up in a game of imagination we all used to play together. In our walks, or wherever we went, we used to appropriate the people we saw for characters to work into this never-ending game. It afforded us immense fun, and we younger ones were always keen on being the friend of Miriam's character, for her imagination suggested such surprising exploits. We must have been rather a strain on her resources, for I can recall how, whenever she was at a loss to know what to say next, she would come out with, "Et le pere a dit" (and the father said -- we always spoke French among ourselves); at which we would yell at her, for the father of the game always said it was time for the children to go to bed.'

To please the Lord -- this was Miriam's purpose, not on special occasions, not by fits and starts, but steadily, constantly, every day; so, like a clear, pure stream, carrying refreshment and blessing wherever it went, her spiritual life flowed on, gathering in strength and volume every year, fed by the living waters from the hills of God.

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05 -- SOLDIERSHIP AT HIGH BARNET

The High Barnet Corps, in which Miriam received her 'baptism of fire,' and training for future work, was not a large or easily-running one, but rather a struggling little concern, needing every available Soldier to enable it to 'carry on' successfully.

As each of the children of 'The Homestead' reached the age of Senior Soldiership, they took their place in the Corps, shouldering responsibility which entailed regular and sustained work. Miriam held the positions of Company Guard, Songster Leader, and Treasurer. Her Company of boys included as lively spirits as any teacher might hope to pull into line; but no mother could care more wisely and patiently for her family than did Miriam for these boys, and indeed for all the young people who came within the influence of the Corps.

A diary kept during the last year of her Soldiership gives many unconscious sidelights which reveal Miriam's abounding love for those among whom her fragrant life was spent.

On the first page, dated October, 1907, she wrote:--

'The fact that I have not kept, during the last ten years, some sort of record of the events in my life, has been a source of real regret to me, and I have now made it my intention to write in this little book, if not a daily entry, at least a record of the more important events that have an influence upon my life or a claim upon my interests.'

Among the first entries mentioned is the farewell of the Officer who had been for some time in charge of the High Barnet Corps. It shows Miriam's interest in and affection for the devoted Officers who fight on the Field.

'We all felt. desolate at the thought of Adjutant really having gone,' she writes. 'She has done so well at Barnet, and was loved by the people; the roughs were quite angry at the announcement of her farewell. She has been a continual source of blessing and inspiration to us. We shall miss her cheery spirit; her strong faith in the right always coming out " on top" has also been so helpful. What a privilege this acquaintance and friendship with our Salvation Army Officers is!'

Many of the entries refer to a batch of young working-men in whom she was interested. She writes:--

'On Sunday night we had a good Meeting on the whole; splendid congregation, and the show of uniform on the platform was fine. I had a long talk with L.; he seemed thoroughly

miserable. I am more than sorry for him; he is utterly alone in the factory. The last time he made a stand, the men in the dark room threw things at his head, and called out "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" The boy lost his temper, and became discouraged. He had a great struggle on Sunday, but eventually came out to the Penitent-Form, and after he "got through" exclaimed in the most relieved manner, "I feel ever so much better now." Only the Holy Spirit can help him, his circumstances are so difficult. E. came out after a long talk; the boy has good desires, but he is so weak in himself! He says his hardest fighting is at home. S. was there, the worse for drink.

R. has not been at work today. I feel very anxious about him. This is rent day, and I am afraid he has had trouble with his father. Waited two trains, and still R. did not turn up. So, after hunting the Directory for the lad's address, I started off for Whetstone. Had some difficulty in finding the house; saw his mother, who did not seem surprised at my making inquiries. R. has a sprained ankle. Am so relieved it is nothing worse. He had just hobbled out to report himself at work.

'I was very glad I had gone, for I had an insight into the struggle the lad has at home, and the brave stand he is making. His mother is really converted. She is a tiny body, about four feet high. I could hardly realize that R., who is six feet, could be her boy. I prayed with her, and every now and then she said "Amen" so reverently. After we got off our knees, she told me that R. prays with her every night; and a little while ago he said to her, "Mother, why don't you say 'Amen' when I pray?" So she said, "Well, you see, in Church we are always so silent." But he said, "Mother, it would help me so much, I could tell whether I was getting on, and we could eel more together." "So you see, Miss," the little woman said, "I'm trying." It was a sweet picture, I could imagine: the big son and his little mother on their knees, and the drunken father listening to their prayers (as Mrs. R. told me) in the next room. How wonderful is the change conversion makes in the heart! R. was one of our worst boys, a gambler, a fighter, and starting to drink. Now he is such an encouragement to us all, especially to me. He is in full uniform, and looks quite a credit.'

'Went to see O., in the Moorfields Hospital; he has had an operation on his eye. So sorry he will not be able to get to the Young People's Councils; he is in just the right spirit to get blessed.'

'Went up to Barnet; saw Mrs. S's new baby, who is ill, and called to see O., who is home from the hospital. I had a nice talk with him, and dropped the lotion into his eye, which was rather a touchy business; but his mother cannot manage it. I met B., and went with her to see her mother, who is supposed to be opposed to The Army, and snappish. However, she was quite amiable, and half promised to come to the Meeting on Sunday.'

In her Ensign's absence the young Lieutenant was in a fever of anxiety over the visit of a special Brigade. There were billets, and programs, and many details to arrange. Miriam writes:--

'Foggy, wet day; went up to Barnet this morning, to get rid of some of my programs for Sunday. Found the Lieutenant in great anxiety over billets for singers, several arrangements having broken down. I went off, and spent the rest of the morning billet-hunting. Olive came with me to Meeting at night; not an altogether encouraging time, although the congregation was

good. Had a rowdy "drunk" there. L. in an abominable mood. The Devil seemed to get hold of him; he was furious with himself and everybody else. I think his moods show how really, wretched he is. He tries to make out that he doesn't care, but the break will come. R. was there, and took charge of the "drunk." W. and H. are both doing well. It. wants an Anti-Smoking League button. I am so proud of them.'

Miriam was deeply interested in the Councils which her father instituted for the spiritual help of the Young People of The Army. She looked forward to the Meetings of that particular year, hoping that they would lead a number of her difficult cases into victory. After the day was over, she wrote:

'I wish I had words to express all I feel about the Councils. Papa was just wonderful, and his words went like arrows into the hearts of the Young People. I felt myself very much blessed and helped. It was a season of spiritual refreshment to my soul, and my faith was strengthened. Papa's subject for file day was "Faith and Works," and he showed how one is useless without the other, and how both are necessary in order to receive God's favor. Lord, increase my faith! We had a splendid show of Young People from Barnet. Over twenty.'

Ten of her incorrigibles were there, and she continues 'It was a real victory to get D. there, especially as his mother had done everything she could to stop him. Papa was quite interested in our folk, and when in the Prayer Meeting he came over to them, walking on the forms (as is his custom in Young People's Meetings), and put his hands on D's shoulders, and said in his loving, tender voice, "My dear fellow, you must let God have His way with you," D. just broke up and sobbed like a child. Poor boy, he did have a struggle, and went crashing out to the Penitent-Form at the end of the Meeting. There were some other great victories. About fourteen of our people came out to the Penitent-Form. H., especially, was a triumph. It must be quite three years since I have been trying to get that boy to God, and he has seemed as hard as stone; but I believe he is thoroughly converted. L. did not get right, but promised that he would pray before he went to bed that night.'

'Papa and Mamma have given me a concertina,' Miriam records with great pleasure, 'a real beauty! I am so anxious to learn it, but am afraid I shall be very slow at it. I am getting on fairly well so far, though. What a help it will be at the Corps, and I shall be able to accompany myself for solos so conveniently, especially in the Open-Airs. It will be a constant reminder of precious Papa and Mamma. Their love for us has surpassed anything human, and could not be as it is were it not for the Divine flame that illuminates their saintly lives. Can I ever be worthy of them?'

Before long Miriam could play her concertina with good success. She was no 'fair weather' or 'special go' Soldier. Whenever her health permitted, she was present at the Meetings, both outdoor and in.

Her diary continues:--

'On Wednesday night I led the Converts' Meeting, and, I think, had a useful time, although E. and F. were not in a good spirit. Am convinced F. has something on her mind that

she should confess. I got on fairly well with, "A great door is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." Used my concertina for the first time.'

Again:--

'Last night I took the Meeting with the Timbrel Band. Practised from seven till eight. The girls were in a splendid spirit. There were only a few people besides the Timbrel Band in the Hall, so I suggested an Open-Air. The girls jumped at it, and we went to the end of the street, and had a rousing time. After a short Meeting, I got the girls to do some zigzag marching. Quite a crowd gathered, and forty people followed into the Hall. My concertina was a real help. How quickly our people respond to a call and a lead!'

When it became known that this loving, zealous spirit, who for years had so unassumingly moved in and out among the people of High Barnet, was leaving them for a visit to Germany, the genuine affection and respect in which she was held found many forms of expression. Unknown to her, a collection had been made, with the object of giving her a little parting souvenir; but hearing of it, she at once pronounced such an action out of harmony with Salvation Army regulation. Still, anxious to please the people whom she dearly loved, she asked that the money might be given to the Corps, and she might be allowed to decide how it should be spent. This was agreed to. A motto was therefore made, white letters on a green ground, bearing the words, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, DO IT.' To-day that text hangs across the front of the High Barnet platform, a silent reminder of the one who, when living among them so well practiced what she preached.

Mrs. Brigadier Richards, of Korea, who as Adjutant Kyle was stationed at High Barnet during Miriam's Soldiership, writes:--

'I have many recollections of her. The Corps was so small, that to her lot fell many duties, in which she delighted, and though she was not strong, we found it difficult to hold her back, so eager was she to help.'

Speaking of her work among the boys, Mrs. Richards continues:--

'How she looked for the good in them! Of one she would say, "He is a difficult boy to manage sometimes, but he has a sympathetic heart for his sick mother, and he asked me with tears in his eyes to visit her." Off she would go on her bicycle, and the visit resulted in lasting blessing to the sick woman.

'Miriam also was Songster Leader; she so arranged the weekly practice that the Songsters could attend the Open- Air Meeting afterwards. Once going to the Hall instead of to the Open-Air stand, I listened awhile at the door. The song in course of practice was,

'Who's that knocking at your heart's closed door?'

'Miriam suddenly stopped the singing, and after a few words of commendation on the parts, reminded the Songsters of the main object of our singing, the Salvation of souls. She then

entreated them to "put more feeling into the words." I lingered to hear them sing again, and found that her advice had a marked effect on the spirit of the singing.'

A Soldier remembers with pleasure how Miriam, when she was Treasurer, taught him to give his Cartridge regularly. He was one of her Songsters, and while they were out caroling one Christmas-time she said to him, 'Do you know how much Cartridge money* [*Weekly offering] you owe, Brother _____?' 'No, Miss Miriam.' 'Well, you owe seven shillings, and I have paid it for you. But I am a bit hard up for money just now; I wish you'd let me have some.' 'So we stood under a lamp while I counted out my pennies. My! she had a fine way of teaching us our duty!'

Lieut. Colonel Langdon, who was the North London Divisional Commander during the greater part of Miriam's Soldiership, says of her:--

'I best remember her when pleading with souls under the gallery in the High Barnet Hall. Eh! but how she held on to them! As far as my memory serves me, she never left a Prayer Meeting till it was finished. She would stay to fight it out. When she came into a Census Meeting, her presence was so gracious and radiant, and when the business of the evening came on, and names were considered for removal from the Roll, how she would plead for another chance for the wobbling, weak ones! "We must go after them again, hold on to theme, make them feel we love them, and make them long after God," she would say, and she would not give up the worst.

'When I was to conduct her Memorial Service at her home Corps, I prayed for a message, and those words in the Song of Solomon came to me, "My Beloved has gone down into His garden, to gather His lilies." I remembered that only the best, the most perfect of flowers are gathered to adorn the king's house. The General's family is truly a fragrant garden of the Lord, all in it are of the "Lord's planting," and all are ministering to His people and to the lost; surely the Lord may haste one of these flowers for His house above! He has come and gathered a very pure, sweet flower. Well, we must not grudge her to God, nor to the great service He must have for her up yonder.'

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06 -- DAYS IN GERMANY

One of the chief glories of The Salvation Army is its internationalism, that spirit of love by which it embraces the peoples of the whole world. Commissioner Railton was, perhaps, the first Salvationist to express this sentiment in his song:--

'With Thee, the north, the south,
The east, the west are one!'

Later, our present General gave us the aphorism, 'Every land is my Fatherland, since all lands are my Father's.' Out of this spirit, moving in the hearts of Salvationists the world over, has sprung The Army's missionary battle-cry, 'Christ for the world, and the world for Christ.'

With the intention of fitting their children for world-service, The General and Mrs. Booth encouraged them in the study of foreign languages. They spoke French from nursery days, and German was included in their school work. To give them fluency in the latter language it was decided that Miriam, Bernard, and Olive should go to Germany to study for six months.

Major Goodall, Mrs. Booth's private secretary, accompanied the young people to Cassel, in Hessen. It had been arranged for them to be the paying guests in the home of a pastor of the National Church there; the pastor was to be their tutor. But upon arrival they found themselves faced with a misunderstanding. Their host had expressed himself as delighted to have under his roof the grandchildren of so great and good a man as General Booth. All appeared satisfactorily arranged, but when he discovered that the young people themselves were Salvationists, glorying in the fact and desiring to identify themselves with the struggling little Corps in the town, the pastor was distressed, but determined. The Salvation Army at such close range he could not countenance. The Misses and Mr. Booth must attend Church, and cease to wear Salvation Army uniform!

Many young people in such a case would have yielded to circumstances, arguing that they had gone to Cassel to study rather than to conduct a Salvation Army Campaign. Further, that their knowledge of the language was limited, their experience of the customs of the people nil, and to set themselves at the beginning of their stay in the town at variance with one of its most respected families would be greatly to their disadvantage. To comply, though unwillingly, with the wishes of their host, to give themselves to study, and to have a pleasant time with the pleasant people to whom he would introduce them, would be wisest.

Not so with Miriam! There was a poor little Salvation Army Corps in Cassel. Was she going to leave her comrades to fight, while she stood aloof? She went 'on strike' immediately, and wired home for permission to make other arrangements.

The situation, no doubt, caused The General and Mrs. Booth some anxiety, but they were determined to encourage in their young people the expression of loyalty to a right cause even at a risk, and they had full confidence in Miriam's ability to carry out the responsibility she asked for. To find suitable accommodation in Cassel was no easy matter. Major Goodall and Miriam visited boarding establishments until they were weary. With much merriment the Major describes their experiences--

'I do not speak German,' she says, 'so had to sit mute while Miriam and the proprietors discussed terms. The only words I could understand were "Heils Armee" and "vegetarian," which meant that Miriam was explaining that she was a Salvationist, wore the uniform, and also that she would like vegetarian diet. But the people of Cassel looked askance at those who held such views and had such tastes.

I was due back in London by a certain date, and we were still wanderers when it occurred to me to approach the chaplain of the English Church. We found in Mr. Thomas and his wife true and kind friends, and by their introduction Miriam had prospective lodgings before I left.

'Some people might think it a risk to leave three young people, the eldest nineteen; the next seventeen, and the youngest fifteen without a chaperon, in a strange country, at a house whose guests of many nationalities were bent on pleasure or education. But with Miriam in charge there was no cause for anxiety. To glorify God and to do exactly the things that would please her mother were, with "her, principles as immovable as Gibraltar. Before leaving home Mrs. Booth had said, "Never forget to have a time of prayer together every day," and it was Miriam who called us to prayer, even when I was with them.

'Those days and weeks are a precious memory to me. Dear Miriam, with her winsomeness, her faithfulness, her faculty for enjoyment, and fine adaptability, made a delightful companion. The food on the Continent is very different from ours, but from the first she set herself to like it. She was full of interest in the quaint scenes when we touched Holland, and delighted to meet the Dutch comrades at the Rotterdam Corps, whither we made our way. And she simply reveled in the boat trip up the Rhine! The country was all in the glory of Autumn. As the boat passed vineyards, forests, castles, and mountains, her delight in the scenes, ablaze with brilliant reds, and yellows, and softened with bronze greens and browns, was infectious.'

Miriam frequently wrote to Major Goodall during her stay at Cassel, and from these letters we are permitted to cull fragments which give interesting glimpses of the months spent there.

As soon as the young folk changed residence they set out to seek The Army Hall. Olive tells that it was situated in the main street, four stories up, over shops.

'This morning,' Miriam writes, 'in full uniform, we marched off to find the Corps, much to the interest of the natives. But when we reached the Hall we could not get in, and you would have laughed to see us hammering at the door, surrounded by an amused half-circle of lookers-on. We were just about to give up when a little woman accosted us, saying she knew where the Officers lived. She piloted us off, and after making inquiries in various strange yards we at last found the Quarters. The Captain and Lieutenant were in. Their Meeting starts at 9.30 a.m. We had a nice chat, and got a "War Cry" and Song Book.'

The Sunday following they fared better, attending the morning and evening Meetings. Miriam writes:--

'The Meetings were such a refreshment, after being away from The Army for weeks. There is a piano, which I played, and Bernard played the cornet. I sang, and said a few words in both Meetings. Three souls came to God at night, including a man and his wife. There were about twenty people present in the morning, and thirty-six at night. It is such a wee Hall, but nicely decorated with texts.'

Later:--

'Olive and I went to the Juniors this afternoon. I talked with the help of much gesticulation, but the children understood. I am going to take a class, but I don't know how I shall get on.'

The course of the young people at the pension did not run smooth for long, and their English friends advised them to seek other rooms. In Miriam's letters we find:--

'We move on Saturday. You don't know how I dread starting all over again. Breaking with the people here, paying the bills -- and I haven't an idea what I should give for "tips"! -- and then new people again. It's as bad as a prolonged "at home"! I should be well prepared for such ordeals by the time I get back. I am threatened with a genuine attack of home-sickness; still, I mustn't meet trouble half way.'

Of the new lodgings, Miriam writes:--

'The company is not altogether nice; but the fact that we are Salvatiouists is such a safeguard.'

Concerning the studies, she continues:--

'The lessons are going well. Olive and I are doing a mass of preparation for Fraulein, with whom we have six lessons per week. Then with our other studies, and music, the days are full, and we have very little spare time.'

All the same, they made opportunity for pleasant jaunts into the country, the forests and hills surrounding Cassel being very beautiful. Miriam writes:--

'On Wednesday, we made an excursion up Wilhelmshohe to see the waters "jump." We took tea and some rolls, and got the tea made up there. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, though we had to work till eleven to make up for it. Don't tell Mamma!'

Sunshine lived in Miriam's heart, lighting up all till the commonplace became beautiful to her. She found pleasure in very simple events, and was able to admire pretty things without being unhappy because she could not have them, as the following extract shows:--

'A fair is going to start under the trees in Stand Platz. Such a mass of stalls facing outside and in, from which it seems one could buy the proverbial "anything." Some of the china stalls are exquisite. I suppose you don't want any quaint things? The pigs, cats, and monkeys are just "killing," and there is one stall full of the most charming little pots and jugs, in that old, moldy, green-looking China. Just fascinating.'

But Miriam had few pence to spend, and we find her asking Major Goodall to pass on enclosures from her letters, assuring her at the same time she is being very careful over stamps, 'although with Mamma away from home, we have to write to her and Papa separately, and that means heavy postage.'

Miriam speaks of friends they were making.

'One dear old German lady, who kept a school in Torquay for forty years, called on us. We showed her our photos and things and talked about The Army Work. She was very

interested, and examined our bonnets, and made me put on mine.' 'We were asked out to tea; the friends were very kind, but their conversation is so empty.' 'Frau -- called to see us, and we managed to keep up the conversation finely. She says our German is much improved. We sang her some German Salvation Army songs which much pleased her.'

To their little Prayer Meeting, which Miriam continued to lead in their sitting-room every day, she invited the boarders of the pension; several responded. Writing of the boarders, Miriam says:--

'We have had some good games together, and are trying to do them good. There are two young Englishmen who interest us. One is a Roman Catholic. We have had some nice talks to him about The Army, and about his soul. He has read " The Romance of The Salvation Army," and I believe is really impressed. The other is a kindhearted young Yorkshireman. He goes to the Church of England. We have done some Army singing, and through one song yesterday I managed to get a few words home; he opened up wonderfully, acknowledged to being all wrong and very unhappy. He even wept. I lent him a book which I thought would do him good, and promised to pray for him. He thanked me for having spoken to him, and promised to serve God. He left me to go to his room and to pray. Isn't it wonderful how the Lord gives us opportunities! These are two of the last I should have thought we might influence. I am so anxious that we shall be just the examples we ought to be. You will pray for me, I know.'

Commissioner Oliphant, who was in charge of our Work in Germany, paid a visit to Cassel at this time, encouraging not only his own Officers, but the three strangers. Miriam writes:--

'We had a delightful time with the Commissioner. We all sat down to tea together at the Officers' Quarters; and then came the Meeting. The little place was full, and the Commissioner was fine. Six souls came to the Mercy-Seat. The landlady's daughter accompanied us. She had never been to an Army Meeting before, and in the Prayer Meeting boldly went to the Penitent-Form. She wants to be a Salvationist right away. There may be some difficulty about this; but if her mother sees a real difference in her life it will, I think, be all right.'

The Junior Company on Sunday afternoon grew apace. We find:--

'We are becoming quite a large Company. On Sunday five little girls came to the Penitent-Form. Our little Convert at the pension is going on nicely.'

The Christmas season at Cassel was full of interest to Miriam and her brother and sister. She writes:--

'Every one is preparing for Christmas. The shops are lovely, and on all the squares Christmas trees are being sold. It is most amusing to see the people make their purchases, and then march off, with little urchins following, carrying big trees on their shoulders; the branches quite hide their heads, and the little legs appear underneath.'

The young people received a number of invitations from select families to join in the Christmas festivities. Some they accepted, going in their simple attire, the girls wearing their Army shields. Miriam was much perturbed to discover that some of these gatherings were very worldly, but she used each opportunity to speak of the things dear to her heart. When asked to entertain, she and her sister without hesitation sang Army songs. The difference of these from the ordinary drawing-room songs struck a deep chord in many a listener's heart, and again and again they were asked to sing:--

'My robes were once all stained with sin,
I knew not how to make them clean,
Until a Voice said sweet and low,
"Come wash', I'll make them white as snow."
I've washed my robes in Jesus' Blood,
And He has made them white as snow.'

In one of Miriam's letters we find:--

'Yesterday, as we were returning from the Meeting, we met nearly the whole of the English Colony coming back from a concert. They were in their silks and satins, head shawls, etc. We stopped and spoke to them, and how some of them stared at our uniform!'

Who can tell what were the thoughts of many in that group as they passed on?

Miriam entered heartily into the Christmas celebrations at The Army Hall, and made merry with the simple-hearted comrades there.

Her last letter from Germany mentions the Watch-night Service, of which she writes:--

'There were about thirty present, and we had a most refreshing time. Such a contrast to everything outside! At the pension we left them all drinking beer and punch.'

Early in the year the German studies and the life among strangers came to an end. Miriam had kept up the Flag! She had acted the part of companion to her brother and sister; had attracted people to her Saviour by the fragrance of her sweet life; had disarmed prejudice and hostility by her frank good-will, maintaining friendly relations with all with whom she had stayed while in Cassel. She had encouraged and blessed her German comrades, and by a hundred wayside ministries had sowed seeds for eternity. All she accomplished is known only to her Saviour, whose Hand had upheld her and whose presence had cheered her during this, her first break from home.

Her experience may bring help and guidance to young readers who have to stand alone, and are often perplexed and troubled. Before her stay in Germany, Miriam's life had been exceptionally sheltered. At home every influence had helped her to be a true Salvationist, but when thrown into strange and difficult circumstances she was often called upon suddenly to make important decisions, while needing to maintain a cheerful, even demeanor. Thus the strength and constancy of her principles were put to the test, as we have seen, and they did not

fail. In every choice she took sides with her Lord, and so He was with her in constraining and restraining grace; blessing and clothing her spirit with wisdom, and enabling her to reflect something of the beauty of holiness.

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07 -- THE TRAINING GARRISON

In May, of 1910, Miriam became a Cadet and entered the International Training Garrison to be trained for Officership. Five years earlier she had seen her sister Catherine go, then Mary followed, and now her own desires were about to be realized. She had planned and longed for this day from her early childhood.

A few weeks before she died, speaking of the wide-open door of opportunity which The Salvation Army places before young people, Miriam said:--

'I don't know what they wait for, or why they should expect special revelations or "voices in the night" to call them to offer their lives to God's service. There is the need, the terrible, terrible need among the people of every land; and surely to men and women who are really saved from sin, and are in the possession of health and all their faculties, this need itself is a sufficient call! When people are asleep in a burning house, who waits for "a call" to arouse them to their danger and to bring them to a place of safety?'

As soon, therefore, as her age and health warranted her taking the step, she left her home joyfully to become one among the thousands of Salvation Army Officers whom her father has so well termed, 'Servants of All.' Miriam spent two years in the Garrison -- the first as a Cadet, the second as a Sergeant.

There was mild excitement among the other Cadets when they knew that The General's granddaughter was to make one of their 'batch' (as the group of Cadets for a Session is known). Speculations were rife as to the position this special Cadet would occupy, but it was soon discovered that what distinguished Cadet Miriam belonged to an exceptional spirit rather than to exceptional privileges. She took her share in the household duties performed by the Cadets, slept in the dormitories, sat at the same table, studied, and joined with them in the outdoor activities, taking, when it fell to her choice, the least desirable or most difficult post. Officers and Cadets who associated with her in those days cherish a wealth of delightful recollections from which it is difficult to select.

Some characters, brilliant and engaging in public, fail behind the scenes; but Miriam's gentleness, patience, and good humor in the common places of life made her specially beloved by those who came closest to her. An Officer -- one of her fellow-Cadets -- says:--

'She never made one of a clique at the Garrison, but gave herself to all, particularly to the lonely girls. If a girl had bad news from home, and Cadet Miriam was wanted, she would probably be found in the disconsolate one's cubicle. I remember once coming back to the Garrison after a few days' leave and feeling very homesick. But Miriam put her head round my

door, and thrusting in a few spring flowers from her own home, said brightly, "I thought you would like these!" Such little touches made a world of difference to the sky of a day.

'Her happiness so appealed to us all. She would run up the stone staircase two steps at a time, and, giving a pat on the back to a shy girl, would say, "You did fine this morning!" You have no idea what "heart" that pat would give. Yet she was not easygoing, and if we asked her opinion we would get the truth, even if it was uncomplimentary; but there was never a sting in her straight words.'

Miriam excelled in her studies, though she found the subjects by no means easy, and she came up to the examinations as anxious as others. Remembering the advantages of her own education, she sympathized especially with girls who, before coming to the Garrison, had given no time to study.

Some of these Cadets regarded examinations with so much apprehension that Miriam knew they would never do themselves justice; so she offered to help them. Any one peeping into her cubicle during leisure hour would find her squatting on the mat, Indian fashion, with a half-circle of girls around her poring over the more difficult subjects. A few weeks before the examinations she arranged also with a good 'waker' to call her at daybreak, and with her little class she would steal down to the ironing room, and there study until rising-bell sent them scuttling back to the dormitories, to prepare for the day's duties. Small wonder that when she came out 'top' in the examinations the girls carried her shoulder high along the corridors; and she enjoyed this demonstration of affection as she had enjoyed the early class!

Miriam's vein of humor was the saving grace of many a dull day and situation. The composition of 'Outlines for Addresses' was, perhaps, the least liked subject in the Garrison course of studies. Against this lesson Miriam kept a small store of biscuits, buns, or sandwiches. When recess bell sounded, she would exclaim, 'Done with the Outlines, and I'm famished! Now for the Inlines'; and off she would scamper to get and to share round anything her store provided. To the Sergeants of her batch, a snack of food will always be 'inlines.'

As a preparation for Field Work the Cadets are attached to Corps within walking distance of the Training Garrison, at which they spend certain afternoons and evenings of each week. Under the direction of an experienced Officer, they engage in practical work of the kind they will face in their future responsibilities: visiting from door to door, going to the public-houses with 'War Cry,' and holding Open-Air and indoor Meetings. Cadet Miriam worked, in turn, in some of the poorest districts of London. The slums of Shoreditch and Hackney Wick were her favorites, and here she poured out her untiring and practical love.

Many wonder that The Salvation Army asks its girl Officers and Soldiers to enter public-house bars and offer 'The War Cry' for sale. The value of this is not monetary gain, but rather the opportunity it affords of coming in contact with men and women, often of the most godless type. During Miriam's term at Shoreditch, an Officer remembers her so impressing a drunken man with his need of Salvation, that he left the public bar and went with her to The Army Hall, where she first prayed with him and then took him home and watched him give over his week's money to his wife. She afterwards linked up this family with the Corps.

While Miriam was in the Garrison, The Army suffered violent attacks from a certain section of the press. She was pained to hear the names of her grandfather and her father derided by bar loungers; but her tact often won over ignorant hostility to goodwill, her pure face and slight figure standing out in strange contrast to the sordid surroundings. 'Look here, men,' she would say cheerfully, 'do you think it is quite fair to run down absent people? Now, tell me, do any one of you know General Booth? No? Well, I know some one who actually lives in his house; she is a thoroughly good woman, and she tells me General Booth is a good, straight man, and I believe her!' Thus she left many a group in a changed temper; but slipping out of the swing doors into a quiet street, she would wipe away hot tears, while she murmured, 'What a cruel thing slander is!' But she never brooded; the sight of a wistful, child-face, or any one in need, at once claimed her attention and called forth a fresh expression of that love which ever burned in her heart.

In a fragmentary diary, kept at this time, we find brief mention of her public-house visitation:

"'War Cry' selling stiff this afternoon, but had a good time. In one bar had a talk with two decent men, also the landlord, and prayed with them.'

'Pubs very full. How the people stirred my heart! Terrible fight outside one pub. Felt I must rush in and get hold of one man. His wife was in a frenzy, and yelled, "Keep hold of him, Sister!" Between us, we dragged him off. A gentleman came and helped us, and at last we got the poor fellow home. The whole street turned out. I made him a cup of tea, and prayed with him. He promised to come to our Meeting tomorrow.'

'Had a drunken man to manage in the evening Open-Air. After the night Meeting, went to the "Drunks' Raid"* at Islington. Had a fine March, in spite of the rain. Got home 1 a.m. It is grand to get hold of the drunkards!' [*A Salvation Army March usually arranged at the hour when the public houses are closing. Special effort is made to gather drunkards into the Hall and to win them for Christ.]

As a result of that March a crowd of men in various stages of intoxication were gathered to the Hall, and ten of them sought Salvation. Miriam, in the absence of other music, led the March with her concertina.

To be a successful visitor where one is neither invited nor, perhaps, even welcome, takes both grace and tact. But whatever demands work of this kind made at first upon Miriam's courage, she learned to glory in it, and went in and out of the houses of the people as a messenger of peace.

Hers was not mere superficial or sentimental help. She aimed at definite and permanent results, and in her work the Saviour's promise has been abundantly fulfilled: 'Your fruit shall remain.'

Miriam's diary supplies a few glints on her visiting experiences:--

'Fairly good time visiting. Heard some sad stories; one poor old woman told me of the past. Made her bed for her, gave her some ointment for her sick son.'

'Visiting all day. Very good. All sorts of people -- sick, backsliders, rich, and poor. Heard about a lot of squabbles, and begin to know what to expect when I get into the Field.'

'We had visited two families in a small house already. "Does any one else live here?" I asked. "There's only Mrs. Smith upstairs," was the answer; "I dunno as she'll care fur ter see yer."

'The reply was not altogether encouraging, but I ventured up the next flight, and knocked somewhat timidly. On hearing a faint "Come in" I opened the door.

"O Sister, you've really come!" said the woman who met my sight as she sank on to a box, and pointed me to the one chair in the room.

'I took in my surroundings at a glance; the room, except for a table, a bed, a box, and a chair, was absolutely bare. Everything was clean; the boards were, in fact, still wet from scrubbing. The woman was pale and emaciated, and had an intensely sad expression.

"Oh, you've really come!" she repeated, swaying a lovely child in her arms.

"Yes: did you expect me?" I asked, wonderingly.

"I was just at my wits' end," she exclaimed. "I am ill, and I am afraid to let my husband know, he was that mad with worrying at having to see me starve, and we hadn't one bit of bread in the house; and then I thought of The Army Sisters -- they've never been up here, but I dropped on my knees, and just said, 'O God, send two Sisters today' -- and you've really come!"

'I got her to tell me her story. It was soon told. Her husband, once in a good position in a toy firm, lost his work through no fault of his own, and was now making toy whips for starvation wages. She was battling bravely against a deadly disease. The rent of the room they had occupied for six years was getting in arrears; her baby and the other children would soon be starving. She had prayed for two sisters to come, and her prayer had really been answered.

'We discussed the best way to help them, and I was able to comfort her heart. Yes; she would pray about it all, and God would perhaps hear her prayer again.

'I promised to return with something to supply their immediate needs, and left the mother in tears of gratitude; while the lovely baby, with a wild crop of golden curls, smiled the sweetest a baby could smile, and waved his little hand as a sign of his approval.

'I was able later to get some more substantial help for them. We paid up the rent, and got clothing for her and the children. Her husband knelt at the drum-head in an Army Open-Air ring, and before many weeks had passed they were both on their feet again.'

As the crowds in the streets of the East End of London laid hold upon her grandfather, so they appealed to Miriam. With her Brigade of Cadets she would make a stand on some busy corner, and mounting a chair, would sing and speak to the people. An Officer says:--

'It was charming to see her get a crowd. Her beaming face at once attracted attention. She would throw some winning words that would catch the people, and they would hang upon her appeal to their souls until the Brigade was forced to move on. Then, as likely as not, she would stay behind to help some one in whom she had been specially interested.'

A fellow-Cadet tells of her generosity and adaptability. She says:--

'I had thought out an illustrated address for the Open-Air Meeting. There were to be several cardboard bells: red for danger, green for warning, white for Salvation, and black for death. These, attached to a cord, were to be hoisted at the Meeting, while we were to sing and speak on the suggested subjects. I asked Miriam what she thought of it. She was enthusiastic. "Splendid -- splendid!" she said. "You do it, then lend me your points and your bells, and I'll have a try." Her "do," of course, far outdid mine. A street full of people listened as she -- standing on a chair while the Cadets held the bells aloft -- spoke with most telling effect.'

Her diary gives a few impressions of her Open-Air efforts:--

'Good Open-Air. A woman abused me a bit, but it got us a larger crowd. Cadets did well.'

'Fairly good Open-Air. Drunken man to manage, also a "faint"* [*A fainting woman.] in the street. A man followed the March to the Hall, and in the Meeting came to the Penitent-Form; he seemed genuine.'

Often she would leave the street Meeting to go and speak to the mothers standing, at their doors. Her love for children was so strong that conditions of neglect never seemed to raise her feelings of repugnance. She would take the grimy mites in her arms and kiss them, thus winning child and mother in a moment. More than one soul was gained by these casual doorstep conversations.

The interval between the afternoon's work and the night Meeting is spent at the Hall of the Corps to which the Cadets are attached. There they have their tea, which they bring from the Garrison. After tea, a happy informal Meeting is held, in which the Sergeant has the opportunity of dealing with practical subjects touching the Cadets' work. These Meetings Miriam regarded as most precious, and she prepared for them as though she had been addressing a crowded Meeting, instead of a handful of girls. The tea hour over, the Cadets would sally forth for the evening's engagements. From her journal we gather impressions of the serious way in which Miriam regarded these opportunities:

'Tonight good congregation. God helped me with the lesson, although I did not feel very well prepared. We had seven souls. Held on for an hour, till victory came.'

'Took for the reading, "Sin as a Fire." Felt that God helped me. I was much moved over the people. How can we help them?'

An experience to which Cadets look forward with mixed feelings is a term at the Hackney Young People's Corps. In a very poor and congested district we have a Hall, accommodating about two hundred people, and set apart for children's Meetings. The neighborhood provides rare specimens of the street Arab, and if a Cadet can manage these she will never be at a loss in children's work. Miriam reveled in this opportunity, though to cope with its eventualities tried all her resources.

On one evening, some of the big boys were unusually troublesome. Getting into the gallery they thought a novel and quick way to reach the ground floor was via the pillars, and accordingly performed acrobatic feats, to the discomfort of the leaders of the Meeting, and the delight of the other children. Miriam was giving out the song, 'When He cometh to make up His jewels;' turning to her helper she said with dancing eyes, 'His jewels! Oh, to get them!' When closing up for the night, strange sounds were noticed about the Hall. A search discovered that several boys had got under the platform, which had a door at either end, and neither coaxing nor threat would bring them out. Miriam looked at her helpers in dismay, but presently the light of inspiration shot into her eyes. 'I know!' she exclaimed. Gathering up a piece of paper she lit it, and still smoking, thrust it through one door which she latched, while she ran round to the other. Out came five wild-eyed boys, 'smoked out,' and prepared to be quite meek with one who had beaten them at their own game. Then she smiled upon them, gave them a few kind words, and sent them away.

Another summer evening she confided to one of her helpers that they must have better order. The Hall was fairly full of unwashed little folk of all sizes, intent upon finishing the day with as much fun as they could get at The Army. She opened the Meeting with a song. It was proceeding somewhat hilariously, but was not out of hand at all, when through the door, and up to the front seats, trooped a string of boys, ranging in age from about eight to thirteen. They had been 'tad-poling,' and carried poles and jam-pots, while from their pockets oozed tadpoles -- more than their pots could hold -- and trickled clown their ragged knickers. The boys' faces were grimy and their tousled hair, damp with perspiration, stood on end, or straggled about their foreheads.

Miriam took in the situation at a glance, and the mirth ever simmering in her heart bubbled over. She dropped down on a form and rocked with laughter, while the easily combustible two hundred 'Arabs' shrieked. Her gale of merriment having subsided, she rose, and, beckoning to the children, began to sing in French.

When they were charmed into silence, she brought the blackboard forward, and began to draw. First flowers, then a scene of mountain, river, and sky, grew under her fingers. Tucked into the filthy jackets, and wilting in the hot little hands, she had noticed some wild flowers, and felt that her hope to win her crowd that night lay in appealing to the sense of beauty which is in the heart of every child.

In her most winning words, Miriam proceeded to picture Heaven, till those children wanted to go there. Then she told them about sin, the only thing that could keep them out of that beautiful place, and also how they could get it taken out of their hearts. The Meeting closed with a number of those youngsters kneeling with their dear Sergeant, asking Jesus to take the bad out of their hearts and to make them good.

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08 -- THE BLESSING OF HOLINESS

From the time of Miriam's conversion until she reached about the age of fifteen her spiritual experience knew neither shock nor check; steadily, as a river gathering in strength and volume as it flows, it went forward. But not long after Miss Burgin had remarked upon the cloudless nature of her faith, Miriam was assailed with serious doubts as to the fundamentals of religion. 'How do I know there is a God? What is He? What is the meaning of Salvation from sin? How can I be sure I am saved?' These and other questions gradually took shape in her soul, until she felt lost in a maze of shadows and uncertainties. Horrified and distressed, she confided her feelings to her sister Catherine, who told her that she had experienced the very same trial, but had come through: that religion is a matter of faith, and that faith is a faculty above reason: that there are aids to faith, but the soul is only safe when, if necessary, it believes in God, and does His will as revealed in His Word without reference to feeling.

So Miriam, once and for all, sent her doubts to the winds, and never again allowed them to mar her joy nor lessen her strength of soul. Not once in all the fiery furnace of suffering through which she passed in later years did she yield a point of her implicit trust in God's power and pardon and love, and her triumph was in proportion to her faith.

This triumph of trust over doubt was the second important spiritual landmark in Miriam's life. She reached the third after she had been in the Training Garrison a short time. According to her light she had for years said 'Yes' to all that God had made known to her of His will, and when she arrived at the Garrison she was conscious of no variance of her spirit with His. But she had not been there long before she grew conscious of spiritual weakness, and that on hitherto untested points. In her own home Miriam had not encountered friction; but in the Garrison, surrounded by two hundred girls, vastly differing in temperament and upbringing, she found the need for a deeper experience than any she had yet claimed.

Though she felt nothing but generous goodwill to all, she discovered that others could be jealous of her. This seemed to her very small-minded and contemptible, and she was surprised and disappointed at such spirits. For the poorest, most wretched of men, women, and little children she would give her life. Work! Oh, how she loved it! But she now realized that this was insufficient, that impatience with the littlenesses of ungenerous and ignorant people, and self-will -- even in the realm of service -- could spoil her consecration and cloud her soul.

Again she confided in her sister Catherine. And now it was that the full meaning of the blessing of Holiness dawned upon her. She saw that God asked of her a more difficult offering than a service in which for its own sake she could find pleasure. He asked her to yield her will

fully to Him -- to be as ready to stay as to go, to be silent as to speak, to endure as to act, to suffer as to serve. No one about her knew how complete was the surrender which her soul made at that time, but her sister recalls that she entered definitely into the experience of Holiness. She realized the feelings of George Fox when he wrote, 'He took out of my heart the thing that would not be sweet, and shut the door.'

From that time onward, Miriam walked with God in white. She had caught the glow which has lit the lives of the saints of all ages. If others seemed cold or antagonistic because of her popularity (the response to her own abounding love and free, happy spirit), she gave in return such sweetness that onlookers sometimes wondered if she noticed or felt the slights. A comrade says of her, 'Where an honor or a preference touching herself was concerned, she would always give way, but she would defend others against any kind of injustice.'

The memory of Miriam's days in the Garrison is fragrant among the Staff. Colonel Lawrance, the Principal of the Women's side, says:

'She had in a remarkable degree the spirit of the old General. Of all the Brigades returning to the Garrison from their Field duty I always knew Sergeant Miriam's without being able to see them. The very step of her girls spoke of victory. Wherever they marched she made the people know that "His Blood can make the vilest clean." Oh! her love for the people! To hear her talk you'd have thought that Shoreditch was the most beautiful place on earth!

'She always had cases on hand, hunting up or following down straying girls, or sick mothers, or lonely old folk, or husbands out of work. She was never tired of helping and loving them into the Kingdom of God. If I had been a sinner, and she had gone alter me, she would have captured me. As for her spiritual life, well, as soon as a revelation of the Divine Will came to her, she saluted her Lord, and went to perform it. She just went God's way all the time, and so escaped the difficulties and miseries which the rebellious suffer. My only regret about Miriam is that while she was in the Garrison I did not insist that she should spare herself more. But, there, one might almost as well try to hold back Niagara.'

Brigadier Mary Jordan, under whose direction Cadet Miriam came most directly during her Training days, recalls her with tender appreciation. She says:--

'Sometimes after Miriam had come in with her Brigade at night, she would tap at my door, and ask if she might come in. Sitting on a hassock in front of the fire, she would go over with such enthusiasm the doings of the afternoon and night, asking my advice on puzzling situations. As I looked down on her beautiful face, so finely marked with purity, intelligence, and zeal, I just loved her.

'We had many heart-talks in those supper half-hours. I knew she would become immensely popular when she got out on her own responsibility, and I wanted to prepare her for the snares. "You will need to guard against success, Booth," I would say. "If it does come to you, do not be carried away by it. Put God first every time. If you play to the people, they will flatter you, and that is all you will get here, and nothing in Heaven; but if you go for their souls, you will win them for God, and have their love." Her great eyes would look up at me, and she would

nod her reply. She was one of the most humble receptive souls I have ever known. Her tact was wonderful. In a moment she would take in an awkward situation, and steer so as to avoid a collision. I remember how, when a girl was her rival in lessons, she arranged to study with her, so that they might keep sweet together.'

There was nothing austere about Miriam's religion; she could enter into and enjoy fun with the merriest. Brigadier Jordan was noted for a fund of incidents from her own long experience, which made her classes of special interest. Miriam was not one of her pupils, but she asked permission to attend. For two hundred girls to choose their favorite teachers was manifestly impossible. Miriam could be no exception, and her request was therefore refused.

'I will come and hear you though, all the same,' she replied mischievously, but the Brigadier was firm. Being off duty for some slight indisposition, Miriam managed to slip into the class-room early, and lay hidden between the chairs. The lesson commenced, but a prostrate figure with a roguish face was too much for the class, and there were soon signs of amusement. Twice the Cadets were called to order, and the third time the Brigadier demanded sternly, 'What is the matter?' Up jumped Miriam, 'I've come to the lesson, Brigadier,' she cried. For a moment the leader surveyed the trespasser in amazement, then, seizing a duster, she took a step forward with the command, 'Go out!' and, to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter, Miriam fled.

She was so bright that few suspected she also had her lonely and homesick moments. Writing to a friend, she said:--

'Recently I came across the following words; they do appeal to me:--

"Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He who into God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by the door."

'Surely loneliness must be one of the "rooms" He was acquainted with. It is comforting to feel that, for I am often terribly lonely.'

In her diary we read between the lines of her deep affection for her home and loved ones.

She wrote:--

'Home this afternoon! Met Mamma at Finsbury Park. So lovely to be with her for just a few hours; felt I never wanted to move again.'

'Really home! Traveled with Cath. Just lovely! Bought some flowers for Papa's birthday. He managed to get back in time for us to have tea together. How delicious it is to be home; and every one thinks I am looking splendid.'

Her eyes were always on the alert for opportunities to assist any one in need. On returning from a run to Hadley Wood, she noticed a man on the Finsbury Park Station, reeling,

as though under the influence of drink. Going to him, she found he was suffering intensely, an insect having got into his eye. Relieving him of his parcels, she persuaded him to sit down. Wetting her handkerchief at a tap, she rendered 'first-aid,' by turning back the eye-lid and drawing out the irritating element; then with a few bright words she sped on her way.

Miriam's Self-Denial effort at the Garrison was a great delight to her. A short time before the Appeal began she had an attack of measles.

'Felt very poorly in the night' (she wrote in her diary), 'and this morning had a rash on my face. Nurse pronounces it measles. It could hardly have come at a worse time. All my Self-Denial to be done! But there is no help for it; and I have had to collect my things, and come over to the Sick Cottage. I suppose I am here for three weeks.'

Later she wrote:--

'Much blessed and helped this morning reading Psalm xxiv. 4. Felt a sense of deliverance from the "fears" of last night. Quiet day. Wrote letters, and read. Prepared notes for my own use.'

Again:--

'"Spiritual Day," [*One day of each month during the period of training at the Garrison, wholly set apart for devotional Meetings.] and I cannot be there! It was as much as I could do to keep from crying. I did not quite succeed. How I have looked forward to this day! As I told Papa, it is like an oasis in my often desert experience. The hours seemed long, but I read and slept. Crept out on to the landing to listen to the singing in the Lecture Hall.'

When convalescent, she wrote:--

'Started the disinfecting process today. Stood in the garden, and listened to quite a good deal of the Commissioner's lecture.'

Miriam was considered well enough to take part in the city collection during Self-Denial Week. Day after day, she stood with her box at the Stock Exchange, at Liverpool Street Station, and elsewhere. She was not so intent upon getting the money as to forget the main object of her life; and she sought for opportunities to bless souls and to speak a word of cheer. An old fruit and flower seller upsetting his barrow near to her 'stand,' she at once went to his rescue.

Speaking afterward of her experiences to a friend, Miriam said:--

'There was one gentleman who really would not believe that I was The General's granddaughter; seemed awfully bitter against The Army, and said it was only another of our tricks to get money -- for, of course, The General's granddaughter would not stand about the streets with a box! However, when I had gone on a little way, another gentleman said to him, "But, you know, that really is The General's granddaughter; "and so, convinced at last, he followed me up, apologized for his rudeness, and put two sovereigns in my box. At the Stock Market, a Hebrew gentleman who had known me at Hadley Wood said, "Come along; you can

stand beside me." and he started shouting the sale of his shares, so that there was soon quite a ring of business men around us. Every time one of them came up to buy the Shares, this gentleman would point to my box, and say, "General Booth's granddaughter;" and they simply had to come over and give me something -- he looked so as if he expected it. When I left that stand, my box was heavier by nearly 20 Pounds.'

I stood at the door of an underground restaurant once. Ever so many foreigners were passing in and out. I kept my ears open, and whenever I heard French or German being spoken, I shook my box, and asked in that language for a donation, The gentlemen were so surprised and pleased that they just put their hand in their pockets and gave. Presently a stockbroker came up, dropped in a few pence, and began to tell me his troubles. He seemed very down, said he had a bad throat, had spent a hundred pounds upon it, and taken a long voyage, all to no effect.

"Well have you tried the effect of prayer?" I asked.

"Prayer? You would not pray about a thing like that, surely? Look here, what do you pray about?"

I tried to explain that we prayed about just the things that were uppermost in our minds. "For instance, sir," I said, "we have been praying all this week for gold in our boxes."

He smiled in an incredulous way, as if to say,

"Well, I hope you will get it," and then went off. 'Almost immediately afterwards, an old gentleman waved to me from the other side of the road and sent a messenger over with a golden sovereign.

The stockbroker came back that way a little later, and called out rather satirically, "Prayers been answered yet?"

"Yes," I replied at once.

He came right across to me then. I believe he was really touched. There were tears in his eyes. "Then I too will pray," he said. "I believe you're right."

It was most interesting, that stand. I was there on the Friday, and a poor man came along with a hawker's barrow. He beckoned to me, and I went over.

"When does it end, Sister?" he said. I knew he meant the Self-Denial Effort, so I said, "Tomorrow."

"Well," rejoined he quite confidently, "I bin savin' for yer all the week, and I'll put my bit in ter-morrow." And off he went with his barrow.

'Oh! but I must tell you. I was at Liverpool Street Station, and a big man came up. He had the most red, angry face, and when I shook my box he strode past me, and shouted, "NO! I've been asked about a thousand times already."

'I was scared when I saw him coming back later on. But I thought I'd better take the bull by the horns, so I rattled the box again, and said desperately, "A thousand-and-one!" He had to smile, and he actually put two shillings in my box, although he said grimly, " I only hope you won't spend it all in drink!" So I had a long talk with him on the way we do spend the money, and he went off in a better mood.'

A Cadet of those days says:--

'I remember the last night of the Appeal. Miriam's face was covered with smuts when she got back to the Garrison, but radiant with enthusiasm, and her box almost breaking under its weight. In her excitement to see how we were coming out, she jumped on the table, behind which the Colonel sat opening the boxes. She would insist in sharing her spoils among those who had a struggle to reach their Target.'

A few weeks afterward, Miriam accompanied Mrs. Booth to Berlin for the Easter Campaign. Writing to a friend she said:--

'Really I did not want to leave my Brigade, but when Commissioner Howard hinted to me about going, he talked about having a "wide outlook," and the "need of guarding against narrowness," so I did not dare to say anything about Shoreditch! And it will be delightful to be several days with darling Mamma, and to meet German comrades again. I am dreading having to speak in German in the Meetings.'

On the return journey she wrote in the train:

'We have had a wonderful campaign. The weather was glorious, like summer, and we trembled for congregations. But the crowds have been splendid all through, and we saw about 150 souls seeking the Lord. Beautiful! Of course, I had to launch out into German, and surprised myself. Every one has been so kind, and the compliments on my accent have been so numerous, that I feel encouraged. Dear Mother has done splendidly, and does not seem too tired. And now we have turned our faces homeward. Four weeks from today is our farewell from the Garrison. My hope is in God. Surely, He must give grace and strength to make us, in spite of our limitations, equal to the great work of being His representatives among the people. The thought of it all appalls me, but "Give to the winds thy fears" is what I am continually saying to myself.'

As the Session drew to a close, the memories of the happy associations of her two full years in the Garrison caused Miriam much heart searching. In her diary we find:--

'Spiritual day! And the last! Every moment seemed precious. A truly wonderful time! Covenants at night. I told the Lord I was willing to give up all if that was best for His Kingdom.'

Little did any one dream that her consecration was about to be fully accepted.

For a few weeks Miriam's health had not been satisfactory. A pain in her side, and occasional high temperature for which the doctors could not account, caused some anxiety. In her diary -- May, 1911 -- are three brief entries:--

'The Dr. came, and seemed to take a serious view,' 'Commencement of the International Social Congress. Tea for the Staff at the Congress Hall. Cadets waiting at the tables. I was allowed to go in at tea-time. Delightful to see the representatives from overseas.

'I expected to go home today, but the Dr. came and would not hear of it. Sorry he came, for now I may not see Papa and Mamma before the Commissioning.'

In spite of this unsatisfactory condition, nothing serious was anticipated until the day of the Commissioning -- the day of all others in Miriam's life to which she had looked forward. In a few hours her Commission as Captain of The Salvation Army would be handed to her by Commissioner Howard, who would also appoint her to the Young People's Work in Germany. But sudden and alarming symptoms appeared, and instead of going with the other Cadets into the Congress Hall, she was carried from the Garrison to a Nursing Home. Then it was that the Clean Heart experience shone. With all her hopes disappointed, and struggling to keep back the tears, she smiled, and waved her hand to Colonel Lawrance, as, her sister Catherine accompanying her, they bore her away.

'It's all right, Colonel; it's all right,' She cried; and then, 'Is it a big crowd, Cath?' as the ambulance passed where the people were already assembling outside the Congress Hall, waiting for the doors to open.

The best of skill failed that day, and the Captain entered a furnace of affliction. For eighteen months she fought a brave fight to get back to health and service. At last she felt her feet once again, and the hopes and prayers of the many who loved her seemed as though they would be realized.

* * * * *

09 -- THE ENGAGEMENT

The engagement of Captain Miriam Booth to Adjutant Gordon Simpson was announced in 'The War Cry' of September, 1913. To many who knew of the Captain's illness it came as a surprise; but Salvationists are human; they have their love affairs as others, and this one dated back many years.

Gordon Simpson had gone in and out of 'The Homestead' as Bernard's special friend from childhood. Merry Miriam had always been a favorite in his eyes, but when he was about ten years of age an incident occurred which lifted her for ever into a special place in his thoughts.

After tea, 'The Homestead' children used to have prayers together. At these times they would remember before the Lord, in the most natural way, those whom they thought were in any special need. On an afternoon when Gordon made one of the company, some one called upon him to pray. He had been accustomed to say his prayers morning and evening, and had a vague belief that God heard him, but the thought of offering a petition aloud in the presence of others filled him with dismay. A deathly chill, followed by a hot flush, swept over him, as he made an effort to respond to the invitation. He had jerked out a few disjointed words when, in the midst of his confusion, he heard a clear treble voice speaking. Miriam's quick sympathy for any one in distress had prompted her to take up and present the flagging petition. Gordon listened, and for the first time in his life he felt conscious of the Presence of the great Almighty Father near to him in blessing. That night he knelt by his little bed, and told God that he would love and serve Him all his life.

From then on, all unknown to herself, Miriam became Gordon's guardian angel. As he grew into youth and young manhood he carried the picture of a pure, radiant face in his secret soul, and in any question as to right conduct he would look within and ask his heart, 'What would Miriam say?' According to the answer so he acted.

When he was eighteen Gordon underwent a definite experience of soul, of which he says:--

'For some time my spiritual vision had been growing clearer, and I began to realize how far short I came of what a follower of Christ should be. I found that worldly things were getting a grip on me and my life. I felt pulled this way and that, and suffered real distress of mind. Then one Sunday morning, in the Holiness meeting at East Finchley, I received a Heavenly Vision. Jesus called me to give myself entirely to Him, and promised to cleanse my soul from all sin. I made a full consecration of my soul and my life to Him. But even before I could find any joy in the new consecration I was tempted with unbelief. How could I know I was sanctified? I asked God to give me a sign that I was fully His by enabling me that day to win a soul for Him. I had never sought souls before, having no great concern about their welfare, and preferring to accompany the singing with my instrument; I knew also that I had no power to influence the unsaved. That night a young man, quite uninterested in spiritual matters, came into the Hall. I spoke to him about his soul, and as I spoke was conscious that a new power had come into my life. After a long talk the young man went out to the Penitent-Form. He was really converted, became a Soldier, later a Bandsman, and today is a successful Officer. That night I realized something of the joy of being a worker not only for God, but with Him, and believed that He had a work for me to do. The idea was not very clearly defined, but I felt that in winning my first soul I had started my life-work.'

Shortly after this incident, Gordon Simpson offered himself and was accepted for Officership in The Salvation Army. Miriam, he felt sure, would approve of this step, though it lessened -- as he too well knew -- his chance of getting a glimpse of her.

Both during his Training, and when, later, appointed to the Field, his constant inspiration in every trial and difficulty was the thought of the one whom with ever increasing certainty he knew that he loved with all his heart.

Gordon was happy in his appointments, and believed that God was ordering his life -- until an unexpected test was presented to him. He was called to Headquarters, there to hear that he had been chosen for service in South Africa. One thought alone filled his mind: 'I am leaving England, probably for years. Miriam may pass out of my life without even knowing of my feelings for her. What shall I do?'

He returned to his Corps to fight out the hardest battle he had yet experienced. He gave the day to prayer, and at last -- not without tears -- he realized that God was asking of him that which, more than all besides, would prove his love and devotion to his Master.

'Lord,' he cried, 'Thy will be done! If it be Thy will that Miriam is never to know of my love -- I leave it with Thee. But if Thou dost mean to give me this great joy, then no power on earth can prevent it.'

Peace possessed his heart again. He was ready for service anywhere. But wonderful are the ways of God! Instead of to Africa, orders came to proceed to an appointment in the International Training Garrison -- and Miriam was there, a Cadet.

For six months Adjutant Simpson (as he afterwards became) and Cadet Booth lived and worked under the same roof, meeting occasionally at a lecture or a united gathering, and all the while the love in Gordon's heart increased. But to his honor be it said that not one word or sign did the Adjutant show his feelings; though he needed all the self-control he could command to keep his secret.

He confided, first in his own father, Colonel Simpson, and later by his advice in Miriam's father, our present General. But it was considered best for him not to speak to her at present, but to allow the Cadet-Sergeant -- as she then was -- to complete her training in accordance with the promises she made when applying for Officership.* [*In common with other religious organizations, The Salvation Army requires that Candidates not engaged to be married should leave this important question for a specified time.]

Then came her illness, and during its early months Adjutant Simpson's patience was sorely tried. Miriam was suffering and he could not go to her; she was unconscious even of his love, and he might neither write nor speak. Again and again he begged her father to reconsider his decision. But her health had now introduced new and unforeseen hindrances, and not until her medical advisers expressed their full confidence in Miriam's complete recovery did her father give the Adjutant permission to write to her.

And so, after seven years of enforced silence and in the assurance that he had waited God's time, Gordon wrote the all-important letter, on his birthday. He told how during these many years she had blessed his life, and asked if -- in spite of the difficulties in the way -- he might hope for her love.

Miriam received the letter when away from home, and her answer was typical of her spirit:--

'I am sure you will understand me when I say I need some little time for consideration and prayer,' she wrote, 'before I can give you an answer. We ought to be very sure of God's leadings in a matter of such infinite importance to us both. I should like to speak to father and mother before I write again, but in the meantime you will know that I will be praying that we both may have courage to put first the Kingdom of God, whatever it may cost.'

A few days later Miriam and Gordon met at Hadley Wood. In writing to his father of the interview, Gordon said:--

'The realization that the moment had arrived to which I had for years looked forward was very precious and wonderful to me. My spirit was calm and quiet, knowing that this meeting was by the arrangement of my Heavenly Father's good hand. Over tea we talked about affairs of common interest, and as I looked into her face, and saw how she had suffered, I was more than ever conscious of my great love for her... Of course, everything turned upon the question of how Miriam regarded me.'

Then with joy and wonder Gordon goes on to tell how he found their affection to be mutual. Indeed, as he learned later, what Miriam had been to him, Gordon had been to her through all the years.

'I am infinitely happy when I think of your love to me,' wrote Miriam later. 'It seems as though the sun had arisen in my life. I cannot but feel that our love for each other is given us by God. You say you feel God has spared me for a great work. Do pray I may be fitted for it.'

From her correspondence of the years that followed we are allowed some extracts. It is interesting to notice that they reveal the same spirit as was found in the 'love-letters' of her grandmother a couple of generations before.

With her practical mind she at once began to follow Adjutant Simpson's public work with tender interest and prayer, and in one of her earliest letters to him she writes:--

'What a busy day you had on Wednesday! What a source of tremendous satisfaction to feel at the end of the day that every moment has been filled up with one's very best effort! Darling, I can't tell you what a joy it was to me to know that a thought of mine had been of real use to you. Strangely enough, I had been thinking yesterday about "Talking from the Platform," and wished you would tell me what subject you took, and how you got on, and then your dear letter came. I did feel elated. I should love to help you with some ideas for your talks during the Siege. I am afraid I am not in a very inspired mood to-night, but I came across a text the other day that rather struck me, "I am the Almighty God; walk before Me, and be thou perfect" (Genesis xvii. 1).

'The reason God can command us to be perfect is contained in the first clause, "I am ALMIGHTY." Our weakness swallowed up in His Almightyness. If you take it for Holiness, you could work out the various ways in which we are to be perfect, always pointing back the "I

can'ts" to the fact that God is Almighty. If for the Cadets, I thought you might take the points such as:--

'1. Perfect in loyalty. Warning them against unhelpful talk.

'2. Perfect in motive. Living, striving for souls; not figures nor appearances.

'3. Perfect in ability. God intends us to study to do our work in the best way -- goodness not enough -- tact needed, learning how to succeed. If leading an Open-Air, or whatever we do, learn to do it perfectly.

'4. Perfect in Holiness. People look to Army leaders to be holy.

'All this possible because God says, "I am the ALMIGHTY GOD."

'I have just dotted down these thoughts, with my own Brigade of Cadets in mind.'

A certain program, prepared for the Adjutant by an over-zealous soul, came in for a touch of sprightly criticism:--

'I shall be praying especially for you on Saturday and Sunday, and shall have great faith for a really good week-end. Oh, may there be real conviction of sin in all the Meetings! I am rather amused at the program for the afternoon -- Chairman's remarks, and six musical items, apart from the preliminaries. How on earth are you going to get in an address I should certainly knock out some of the musical items, and even then you would not have time, I know, for all you have to say. I shall be praying for you on Saturday night, at the "Drunkards' Raid." The Lord will help you. Go for souls, and go for the worst! How I long to be by your side, dearest. However, faith and work are needed; so I can do the believing, while you do the working.'

On the question of Sunday traveling, Miriam writes:--

'I am so glad you walked to your appointment on Sunday. The early walk would do you good. While I do not want to be narrow on this point-I know there are "circumstances which alter cases" -- I do not think it is pleasing to God or wise for us ever to "travel" on Sunday when to do so can be avoided.'

While longing to be at his side, she longed even more for him to prosper in every way:--

'I thought of you on Sunday,' she writes. 'I feel terribly lazy when I think of you struggling away while I am lounging here. But, at any rate, I can do a bit of the faith while you are doing the works. I am trying to believe that God has a loving purpose in all this time of testing. Sometimes it is difficult to be quite patient about it all, especially now that I have got you, and so feel that I want to get better doubly quick. As for you, darling, and your work, I do pray, Oh, so much, that you may increase continually in courage and wisdom and earnestness for your present work. I realize how much you need. Look after yourself, and yet don't think that I am tempting you not to put forth all your efforts, and spend yourself for the Lord. God forbid

that I should ever do that! But it is not God's will that you should throw away your strength by not taking care when you ought. Quite a preachment! If you don't deserve it, save it up for a time when you do! The more I love you, the more must I spur you on to the battle.'

After reading a book which the Adjutant had sent to her, she commented:--

'What a responsibility is mine, if I really have the power to influence and help you! I pray that God will ever help me to be and to live up to the high standards you have set upon womanhood! I want you always to be able to say, "Am I not the nobler through thy love?" God will help me and you, that we may strive to bring to each other the completeness which neither alone can achieve. Again, darling, thank you for the book, which is made so infinitely more precious by your marking.'

Miriam's unselfishness was never more pronounced than when the Kingdom of God came into question. When a plan on which both had set their hearts did not look easy of realizations, she writes:--

'We will give it up. We are never the losers by putting His Kingdom first. I hope you are having a good time, and getting some souls. Real love for souls is the secret of so much that is highest in Army warfare. I do pray that the Lord may ever increase it in our hearts, whatever our position or circumstances may be.'

At one time it seemed likely that Adjutant Simpson would be appointed to London, and Miriam wrote:--

'I am wondering if it would be best for you to have an appointment near me. Whether I should not prove rather a distraction, and whether you would be tempted to come over more often than you ought. I wonder whether London is the best place in point of view of experience, or whether you would get more varied experience elsewhere. I still feel that I ought no longer to betaken into account where your career is concerned. If I am going to get well, then all right. If I am not going to get well, then you must not be in any way hampered, or the Kingdom of God hindered, by considering me.'

In reply to an observation made by the Adjutant on his preferring contact with souls to the routine work of an office, Miriam writes:--

'I don't think your feelings difficult to explain. I suppose every one who works at "tables," as the Bible puts it, has this feeling more or less, and I suppose that is why the Apostles realized that for this necessary work, indirectly associated with soul-saving, special qualities were needed -- to be "full of faith," as was Stephen. It makes a great difference what we see in our work. If we are in a happy and inspired state of soul, we shall have length of vision, and see beyond the typing and filing, or the post-sticking and sweeping, away to the results beyond, which are just as important as the result from preaching and singing may be.'

'After all, it is not so much doing God's work as His will that is pleasing in His sight. I do want to realize this more in my own soul. I feel it would make me happier. I am always longing

to do; and yet, perhaps, I can please Him more by just "suffering." "They also serve who only stand and wait." There is sometimes a danger of our wanting this or that kind of work, when our only anxiety should be to do the will of God. What that will is, is His affair, not ours. For some, it means to be directly winning souls; for others, lying in bed a prisoner, with very little, if any, visible opportunity for winning a single soul; to some, the platform, the open-air, the crowds, the Penitent-Form; and to others, the typing, the figures, the filing or dictating. But if we are doing His will -- that is, fitting into His place for us -- what matter? But, Oh, how much easier it is to be just doing, slogging, working for God, however monotonous the work might be, than just waiting, suffering, trusting! Let us both try more to find comfort in the thought, "caring less to serve Him much than to please Him perfectly!"

The tenderest affection for her beloved breathed in all Miriam's letters, as the following extract, the last we may make, reveals:--

'Oh, how I long, darling, to start on our journey together, when we shall be able not only to be a greater joy to one another, but to help more in promoting the Fruits of the Spirit in our characters. But still, God knows best, and this time of waiting must be the best of training for both of us just now. Certainly, I feel that we have made great progress in patience and endurance, and that quality which you call "soldierliness," a word I like very much. And yet, O darling, if you knew how I felt sometimes! Last night I dreamt I was going to a large Meeting, and was waiting in a passage for you. It was all so real, the thrill of joy when I saw you coming to meet me, and the greater thrill of the hurried kiss you gave me before you took my arm to lead me to my seat. I was so disappointed when I awoke to find it only a dream. People who have enjoyed all this without any of the bitterness we have known, must have lives of Heaven. But, perhaps, they will not have known, as we shall, how really to appreciate God's gifts. It seems as though my heart would burst with the wonderful love He has given us.'

Surely, as these brief extracts from her correspondence reveal, the engagement of Captain Miriam and Adjutant Gordon was of God. True, the life-work to which both had so looked forward was never to be theirs. But during her five long years of suffering he was privileged to be God's special gift to her, bringing her light and inspiration by his changeless affection. And certain it is that their engagement added many delicate finishing touches to the monument of 'faith triumphant' which she has bequeathed to The Salvation Army.

As for Adjutant Simpson, those years were filled with sweeter, purer, and more abundant love than many enjoy who together reach their golden wedding-day. Enriched by the memory of communion with so beautiful a soul, he goes forward to fulfill the purposes of his own consecration and hers.

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10 -- MIRIAM AND THE ARMY FOUNDER

Of The Army Mother, Mrs. General Booth, Miriam's recollection was limited to a single incident. She remembered being taken, when three years old, into the sick room, with her doll in her arms, and that her grandmother bade her take care of dolly and keep her warm.

But of her grandfather, General William Booth, her mind was a storehouse of delightful memory. Speaking with a friend a little while before she died, she exclaimed in answer to a question, 'Miss him? I miss him every day!' She looked through the window, and her eyes sparkled as she continued, 'You see, I knew him so well. Every photograph of him reminds me of a mood that I understood.' She once wrote:--

'I think, as a little child, that which in my father's character first made a real impression on me was his untiring devotion to the dear old General. Every one in our home knew that grandfather's word was law. His wish was our pleasure, and in our infancy we learned that if we wanted "really to please Papa," we must "please Grandpa."'

From her early days 'Grandpa' had been her hero. She had no fear of his sometimes austere ways. Whenever possible she sought his company, telling him her joys and confiding to him her troubles; and when he was absent from home she followed his public efforts with an admiring love that bordered on adoration. The first letter of hers which the old General preserved -- written when she was eight years old -- was entirely occupied with a gruesome description of a pony which had bolted with a cart in Hadley Wood and come to grief with a broken leg. Her grandfather found in the sensitive, enthusiastic child enough of his own characteristics to place them on a common footing, and sufficient of her grandmother's qualities wholly to charm him.

Others noticed this same combination, and Commissioner Yrs. Booth Hellberg wrote:--

'Some of her traits of character reminded me much of my father, and others of my mother. Her love of humor, her ready wit, her sharp grasping of a difficulty, with an immediate means to meet it, her boundless faith in God's unchanging power to perform miracles, always made me think of her grandfather. While her tender compassion for the weak, her insight into their struggles and temptations, and even their sins -- which she loved to hide, or which, if discovered by others, were so tenderly judged by her -- these qualities brought my mother back to me very vividly. Sometimes, in those pathetic evenings at "Rookstone," when I sat holding my father's hand as he lay in the darkness of blindness, we talked of Miriam, and he would say, "She is so like her grandmother. So like her!"'

In an article, 'Early Recollections of my Grandfather,' which appeared in 'The War Cry' a few years ago, Miriam gave a glimpse of the simplicity and happiness of the old General's associations with the children of 'The Homestead':

'Christmas in most homes is a very happy time,' she wrote; 'but I think in ours it was exceptionally so. One of the chief items of the day was caroling to the dear General when he was in this country at that season. Whatever plans we had made, this was always the starting-point of Christmas festivities.

'How well I remember on many a Christmas morning, our rushing across the garden with our instruments -- violins, guitars, and cornet, to The General's house -- the feeling of delight and excitement aroused by the cold and dark of the early morning, and especially when trying to creep noiselessly up the stairs to The General's bedroom door in order to take him by surprise.

We, generally had some new carol ready, but took great care never to miss singing his favorite Christmas song, "When Jesus was born in a manger," with the chorus, "To save a poor sinner like me"; and we always finished up with, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!"

'One Christmas morning, alas! our "stockings" proved so interesting that we missed the time. Imagine our surprise and consternation when we heard the loud rapping of a stick in the hall, and then The General's stentorian voice singing, "Christians, awake." Immediately we hid ourselves under the blankets; but The General came upstairs, and caused great amusement by poking the occupant of each bed with his stick, amidst shrieks of laughter from the whole company.

'The General has always been most anxious for us to be real Salvationists. No detail of our childish efforts as Soldiers was too small for him to show his interest in, or too passing for his advice. It was over the teacups on occasional afternoons when The General was at home that we have had some of the happiest talks with him on all kinds of topics relating to Army warfare. The doings of our little Corps were often discussed; and then The General used to help us on such subjects as a "Suitable text for Sunday night," "How to ask for a collection." I can remember on one occasion The General telling us of a Meeting of his in connection with Self-Denial, when the collection amounted to 120 Pounds. On the same day our Corps held a Meeting at a little village in our district, at which the collection was only 13s. The General, although occupied with many important matters, did not forget to ask us the result of our Meeting. Rather hesitatingly we told him of the small amount raised, but he was quick to see our disappointment. "I think that is very good," he said; "and I dare say that in the sight of our Lord there was more effort and self-sacrifice in connection with your 13s. than my 120 Pounds."

His example and words were constantly with her. As, for instance, when told that a certain building was cold, she replied:--

'How very remiss, not to have a fire in the Hall! No wonder there were so few people present. No doubt, they had gone to the Cinema, where they would find warmth. The old General used to say, "You can't have a good Holiness Meeting with cold feet." I don't know what he would say for a Salvation Meeting under these circumstances.'

As Miriam grew up she became an increasing joy and comfort to her grandfather. In her diary we find:--

'The General talks of my being of some use to him by reading his rough manuscripts. He sent me a charming note this morning, and 10s., saying that as I was his "prospective secretary" he felt some responsibility for my comfort. So sweet of him, and very acceptable to me!'

One of The General's pleasures was for Miriam to preside at his afternoon tea, when, sometimes, in later years, he conducted business at Hadley Wood. On one occasion he remarked to an Officer with him, 'We will wait a few moments. Miriam is coming to "pour out" for us.' The keen gray eyes took on a far-away expression; The General relapsed into meditation. Presently he remarked, 'Have you noticed her eyes? So like her grandmother's.'

Bright as a sunbeam, Miriam would join the little company, and with tact born of a heart 'through constant watching wise,' she made sweet and merry the half hour's refreshment.

Sometimes she fell beneath The General's displeasure. If she merited a scolding, she took it in good part, and promised to try and do better; but if she knew that she was not in the wrong, or had good reason to believe that someone else was likely to be blamed undeservingly, with shining eyes that would not be abashed, and a merry laugh, she would declare against The General, and no one appreciated a fair and square fighter more than he did.

Miriam followed The General's tours at home and abroad with keen interest, and she also made it her business to see him off and to welcome him home.

'He was most good-natured to us children,' she once said. 'When I come to think of it, the way he put up with our extraordinary demonstrations was fine. Whenever he went away, our "mob" used to see him off at the station down the road. A queer little lot we must have looked -- we all went barefoot in those days -- carrying a flag to wave. Grandpa and Papa would go a little ahead talking, and we would all come jabbering along behind. After we had kissed him good-bye and the train was moving out, we would wave our flag, and shriek for all we were worth. I wonder how many great men would put up with that!'

In her diary we find:--

'The General arrived home tonight after his long tour in America. He seems wonderfully well, although we cannot but detect that he looks decidedly older. We all felt grateful to God to see him safe home again. Of course, Papa returned with him. We had ordered a cab, but The General despised our "careful thoughtfulness," and walked up home almost briskly. Bernard, Cliffe, and I were at the station; Mamma and Cath waited for him at "Rookstone."'

When The General was on tour, Miriam supplied him with light-hearted messages which must have seemed as little flowers of love to the lonely old warrior. The following is a sample:--

'We have been reading in "The War Cry" of the wonderful times you are having; and the more we read, the more we groan to be with you. Especially for today and tomorrow, when you will be with Cath at Bath. We do pray you will have a blessed time in every way.

'Mary is away with Papa and Mamma. I am in a desolate condition without her, but am holding the fort at home and at the Corps. Our Adjutant is away on furlough.'

She concludes with the news that the cat has died; that 'Carlo' is splendid; that the children are having holidays, and that 'Yesterday I took them to the swimming baths, and they had a great time tumbling like fish in the water.'

In the 'Recollections,' before mentioned, Miriam wrote:--

'No grandfather, I think, could have been more generous in writing to his grandchildren than The General. Although so continuously at the battle's front, weighed down with many

burdens, carrying the responsibility of some foreign tour or heavy campaign at home, The General made time to send us messages of love and cheer, always written with his own hand.

'Once, from a foreign city he wrote to me' "We are having wonderful Meetings. Nothing to excel them of their kind has been known to me in the past. I wish you could be with me, and sing me a solo now and then; but that must be postponed to some other day. You will read the reports in the 'Cry,' and they only partly describe the impression made in the different towns where the Meetings have been held. Oh, what opportunities are before The Army in the future! May God bless you, my dear girl, and prepare you for the part which, I believe, the Master is intending you to play! I am leaving for Rome to-day. Oh, that I may be able to say something that will honor my Master and save somebody's soul!"

When Miriam entered the Training Garrison The General was very pleased. In her diary of this date occur many little entries such as the following:--

'Ran over to say good-bye to The General. He was very sweet to me. He spoke magnificently at his Birthday Meeting last night.'

In connection with the Inaugural Meeting of the International Social Congress in the early summer of 1911 -- on the eve of her illness-Miriam commented:--

'Was allowed to go and see The General at tea, where he was meeting the Social Delegates. He was very warm to me. I drank tea out of his cup and shared his bread and butter.'

Her illness was a great sorrow to her grandfather. When the child whom he loved so dearly, and of whom he hoped such great things, was laid low, it was pathetically sweet to see how the grand old man, now over eighty years of age, almost blind and fast failing, turned to be her comforter. Writing a few days after she was stricken, he said:--

'I felt I must send you a line by dear Mary, who I hear is to have the pleasure of whispering a word of love into your ear this morning. That pleasure being forbidden me, I sent a scribble to serve the same purpose. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to the Lord for His goodness to me. Bless His holy name! You must make haste slowly in the work of recovery. You have gone through a great ordeal, and it will require an amount of time and patience before you climb back to perfect health and vigor. But God will help you, and we shall have the joy of seeing you again triumphing at your old work of healing broken hearts, finding straying children, and saving souls. My eyes won't let me write what I want to. My love, darling.

'Your affectionate Grandpa.'

If leaving London for a few days he would send her a couple of lines such as:--

'I ought to have come and kissed you last night. Forgive me. I shall be back to-morrow, and hope to find you improved.'

Or again:--

'I imagine that you are very lonely tonight. Papa gone to Manchester and mamma to Ireland. Still, there are Dora and Olive to look in at you. Look up, my darling! I just want you to know I am thinking of you!'

Once, when the sufferer was passing through some spiritual conflict, he wrote:--

'Now is the time for you, dear Miriam, and for me also, to exhibit the faith we have talked about and sung about. And we will do it, I am sure you will, my darling, and I will struggle hard on the same track. God lives; I am sure of that. He is loving and merciful; I am sure of that. He cares for you, and will do the best for you in time and eternity; I am equally sure of that!'

He missed her sorely when she left home for a change of air, and sometimes an admission of this would creep into the letters.

'Dora and Wycliffe are coming to tea; but when is Miriam coming? But I should not ask that, for I know she has already asked that question many times. I feel quite lost here without you. It does seem curious that after waiting so long and so anxiously for you to turn the corner and get into a condition in which you can cheer one up a little indeed a good deal -- you should disappear. Well, we must be patient, and things will come a little more to our liking than they have been the last few months. I am sadly up and down myself, as far as my health and spirits go. I had a bad bout on the steamer coming from Flushing on Tuesday. Am just off to Tunbridge Wells for Sunday. Thank God, He can work by me notwithstanding my crippled condition.'

The General's last letter to Miriam was written by degrees, and penned shortly before the final operation on his eye. When he broke off he could not see, and needed to have his hand placed on the paper at the spot where he was to begin again. Miriam was suffering from a cold, and The General wrote:--

'I am forbidden "The Homestead," or I would so much have enjoyed a look in at you. I hope you will be rid of this fresh enemy by my return, so that I can see you. How often do we express ourselves as to the mysteriousness of our afflictions? Would it not be better for us to accept them as the will of our dear Lord, and that right away, and all the time? Well, I cannot help you. I can only inquire how you are, and rejoice when they say you are better, and groan when they say not so well. Yes, I can do more. I can pray for you; and that, I am sure, I do. Perhaps I want more faith. I need not say perhaps. It is too evidently the case. I will be and do better. Lord, help us both! Help poor me, by increasing my confidence in Thy care for her, and help dear Miriam, by making her better, and landing her in Germany* or somewhere else, at home or abroad, and making her a winner of souls. Good-bye. I cannot read what I have written, and I question whether you can either. Anyway, it will help to assure you that you are not forgotten by

'Your affectionate Grandpa.

'P.S. -- Love to Dora, and every other being about you -- well, the dogs!'

During the following weeks, Miriam's cup was strangely mixed with joy and sorrow. Adjutant Simpson came into her life when The General lay blind and weary after his operation, rapidly nearing Eternity, and of this we get glimpses in her letters to the Adjutant. Her first reference says:--

'You will pray, I know, at this time of anxiety for The General. He is just a little better this afternoon, but he has been very poorly. Mother has been with him all day.'

And again, later:--

'We are under a great cloud. It seems that the end cannot be far off. The darling General is not suffering, but the doctors say he will never be conscious again. He is just a noble warrior, slipping away to rest. I cannot realize that he is leaving us, but he will have an abundant entrance.'

A day or two after The General had passed away, Miriam wrote:--

'We all went over to take our last farewell of darling General last night. It was a sad, solemn time. Dear father was wonderful, and spoke to us as we stood around the lifeless form of the grand warrior, so dear to us all, not only as General but as Grandfather. He spoke of what The General's life had stood for -- of righteousness, and simplicity, and faithfulness to principle, and then he prayed, Oh, so beautifully! I felt terribly overcome when I realized I was looking at the dear face for the last time. I cannot explain the dreadful wrench it was. Death is very awful, and yet my faith was strengthened, because it is so different from life. That cold form is not our darling General. I felt with a great assurance that he has gone before.'

From her mother's office window, at 101 Queen Victoria Street, Miriam viewed the wonderful funeral cortege pass through the City, and afterwards, when she returned with her nurse to Hadley Wood, she wrote:--

'It has been very desolate here this afternoon. I had some prayer for them all at Abney Park, and those wonderful words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" came to me with marvelous freshness.'

The great Memorial Service led by our present General in the Congress Hall was the last public Meeting she attended. Before its sixth anniversary came round her father, from the same platform, had conducted her own funeral service, and Miriam had rejoined her beloved grandparents.

Of the wave of world-wide sympathy with The Salvation Army which accompanied The General's death, Miriam wrote a few weeks later:--

'This is a unique moment in the life of The Army. How I wish I could share in the opportunity afforded by the turning of all hearts towards us, so as to help in gathering a harvest of souls.'

While her illness prevented Miriam from speaking in public on the life of her grandfather, as she would have delighted to do, we have, in a brief outline prepared for Adjutant Simpson's use, notes which show not only her deep appreciation of his character, but also that she possessed the art of selection and of proportion.

'I would love to help you with your talk,' she wrote, 'and as there is little time, I will dash off the thoughts as they come to me. Have two or three main points, and stick to them, illustrating with plenty of incident. Don't gather too much material, or you will be overwhelmed, and not get through half of it.

'The last time you saw The General he said, "You must do better than your best." This might come in. How if you took three points?--

'1. The Salvation of souls was The General's great object in life. -- I was on a railway platform with him waiting for a train. Gentleman came up, evidently in a criticizing mood. Said, "General, do you believe in getting people saved by emotion?" His reply came in a moment. "I believe in getting people converted. As long as you get them really converted, I don't mind how you do it."

'2. The General's simplicity. -- The same when honored by kings as when the world sneered and scoffed at him. He was unspoiled by success. After a heavy week-end, great crowds, wonderful impression made, The General very exhausted, had retired. His bell rang, Officer went to him. The General was on his knees. He said, "Come and help me to sing 'Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears.'

"I always like to sing that when I have had a good time."

'3. Sum up: The secret of "The General's power. -- A good place to finish, unless you would like to wind up with. "The promises of God are sure, if you only believe:" Papa asked The General during his last illness what was the secret of his power. His reply was, "I made up my mind that God should have all that there was of William Booth."

'Get in all you can. Talk fairly quickly, and do not spend too much time on the introduction or first points. The end is the most telling and important.'

As we have seen, she was the first of his family to follow the beloved old Leader across the River. When the news of her death reached one Army home, the little son of the household listened in the impassive fashion of growing boys, then remarked, 'I suppose God would let the old General go on the door of Heaven today? And when he'd see Miriam coming, he'd go down the hill a bit to meet her, and take her in.' Differently shaped, according to age and experience, this joyous and comforting belief of glorious immortality -- of reunion, love, and joy beyond the grave, is with all Salvationists.

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11 -- IN SWITZERLAND

The lifting of the clouds in Miriam's illness was only for a little while. By invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Cadbury, she went for a time to their beautiful house at Wynd's Point, near Malvern, where she rejoiced in the pure, fresh air of the hills, and her general health improved; but the real trouble began again to assert itself, and Miriam returned home.

Acting upon the advice of specialists, who advocated sun-baths at a high altitude, The General and Mrs. Booth arranged for her to go to Leysin, a village in the Swiss Alps. Nurse Davis, a devoted Officer and trained nurse, accompanied her.

In being carried from the Channel boat to the high French train, the invalid, despite the care of the sailors, was landed in a heap on the couch of the compartment. Consternation was written on the faces of the bearers, who evidently expected a cry from the patient, and a scolding from the nurse. But when a pale face, with beaming smile looked up, and a voice said warmly, 'Oh, thank you! God bless you!' the men were nonplused, and the one who found voice, pulled off his cap and replied, 'Miss, you're a rael 'ero!' This speech became Nurse Davis' stock phrase when her patient was called upon to face some specially trying ordeal.

The village of Leysin is almost entirely given up to the sun treatment, for which patients come from all parts of Europe.

Describing the journey from the train, Miriam wrote to Adjutant Simpson:--

'It was a most wonderful drive up. How I longed for you to be with me, to look upon the marvelous views, peak after peak looming into our horizon, as we twisted and turned along the zigzag mountain road. The autumn tints were glorious; from every shade of the deepest purple, orange, and red, to the palest yellows and browns; and then, as we climbed higher, came the dark, stately firs; and higher still, nothing but jagged rock, with snow in the far distance.'

Of the place which was to be her home for some months, she continued:--

'Our rooms are in a little chalet. They are very small and simple, everything wooden -- the walls and low ceiling. There is very little furniture apart from the beds, just a cupboard built in the walls, and chairs. I have a nice piece of balcony.'

Miriam had been in the chalet only a few days when, all unconsciously, her ministry of love began. The petulant and often unreasonable demands of some rich patients, who found themselves side-tracked from the companionship and whirl of pleasure for which they lived, and bereft of many comforts to which they were accustomed, made the lot of their attendants anything but happy. Among the nurses was a one-time Salvationist, who, having turned aside from the Heavenly Vision, had lost peace in her own heart, and hated this place of restless souls and sick bodies. She was about to depart, but she gained new hope from the latest arrival. Sometimes in the middle of the day, with tearstained face and a torrent of French which Nurse Davis did not understand, she pleaded to see Miss Booth, 'just for one minute.' 'Yes, poor child, let her come!' Miriam would say. A touch from the gentle hand, a brief prayer, or an encouraging

word, and, soothed and blessed, the nurse would go back patiently to her work. After a time she gave herself afresh to God, and set her face toward cross-hearing for Jesus' sake. To the end Miriam kept in touch with her, and one of her last Self-Denial collections was a donation from 'Soeur Alice.'

For a time, a society woman who occupied a neighboring room resented the Captain's presence in the house, and seemed as if she chose perseveringly to do anything that would annoy the Salvationist. Often, though Miriam could not sleep till break of day, this patient would begin to sing at the top of her voice at five in the morning, and keep going until she was tired. Being remonstrated with she became defiant. At one stage of her treatment this lady needed to go to the doctor's establishment for a few days; but Madame was a heavy woman, and to move her was a difficulty. To Miriam came 'Soeur Alice' with a tale of woe. Here was the opportunity for which she and her nurse had waited. 'Tell Madame she shall have my nurse,' said Miriam. Nurse Davis went to the rescue, and upon her return to the Chalet no one could be more grateful or gracious to the Salvationist than Madame.

Her home papers Miriam would send to an English lady; a German 'War Cry' regularly went to a German lady; and she strove to help a lonely girl from the borders of Russia.

The landlady, sometimes almost driven to distraction in her endeavors to please a house-full of invalids, found Miriam's room a place of green pastures and still waters; and to the amusement, though not always the pleasure of the nurse, thither she would resort to pour out her troubles and shed her tears; she always went away comforted.

But Miriam's sweetest ministry in this varied household was the love she showered upon the one child there -- the landlady's grandchild. His mother and grandmother were always busy with house affairs, his father was much occupied with outdoor work; and the little lad spent many lonely hours.

On learning that there was a child in the house, Miriam asked to see him, and from then on, whenever she was able, Henri had to pay her a daily visit. Early in the morning the little boy would post himself on the stairs opposite her room, and when the door opened, he would call in a musical voice, the first note high and those following lower, 'Bon jour, Mademoiselle!' To which Miriam would respond in the same tone, 'Bon jour, Henri!' The last thing in the evening the child would call, 'Bon soir, Mademoiselle!' and receive Miriam's good-night. From the French 'Young Soldier' she would read Henri the stories; and on Sundays he had a special treat, for she held 'Juniors' with him, giving him the Bible lesson which The Army children all round the world were studying. The little lad was quite dark on spiritual matters; but under the shining of her love, his soul began to unfold, as a flower of his mountains before the summer sun, with love to the Saviour. On the Sunday before Christmas, from Miriam's lips he first heard the story of Baby Jesus.

A young British military officer called at the chalet during Miriam's stay there and remarked to some one, 'What hard lines to be ill in such a dreary place!' But Miriam saw things differently. To a friend she wrote:--

'This is a glorious country. Oh, the mountains, the mountains! They are a feast to the eye and the soul. So mighty, so calm, so massive! They always speak to me of God. There are magnificent views from my window. Snowy mountains towering above rugged, rocky peaks, the hills lower down, clothed with the dark somber fir trees; and last of all, the grassy slopes, wooden chalets, and other signs of man. You would just love it all. Nurse Davis is with me. She is such a dear, and a comfort. So you see I am all right.'

As autumn gave way to winter there was much to try her patience. Snow and rain storms succeeded each other for weeks at a stretch. Miriam wrote:--

'The weather continues bitterly cold. A snowstorm is raging. The real thing! Everything outside is cold and white, and inside everything is cold if it is not white. We have to invent all sorts of dodges to keep warm. The milk and water froze in my room in the night.'

Her treatment was much hindered by the absence of sun, but despite her disappointment she would not give way to gloom. There was so much for which to be grateful, and God was so good. Prisoner though she might be herself, she loved to see others happy. On a better day she wrote:--

'The people passing have such a bright, crisp look. Some schoolboys have just dashed down the steep slope in front of the chalet with two sledges. Just as jolly as schoolboys can be! The shouts that reached me after they were out of view told of a mighty tumble.'

And again:--

'The sleighs and sledges are passing along so merrily; it is so much easier for the horses than drawing the heavy carts up these steep roads.'

Delighted for people to have a good time, she was grieved when they forgot God, and the letter continues:--

'On Sunday there are bob-sleigh races. Crowds of people, bands playing, and brilliant sunshine. Such a gay affair! And yet, being Sunday, it was all so sad to me. I wonder how many had any thought of God?'

Christmas passed while Miriam was in Switzerland. Weeks beforehand the preparation of a simple folding card, bearing The Army crest and the words, 'That which I see not, teach Thou me,' from Job, gave her much pleasure. This text was her own heart-prayer, for, though struggling hard to regain her health, she did not neglect her spiritual well-being, as the following extract shows:--

'It is one of my failings not to do things soon enough. It takes just as much time to do it later, and yet generally speaking, it is not so effective as if done at the right time. My brain does not seem to work quickly enough. I remember some one's birthday the day after, instead of the day before, and I think of a note which I might have written when it is just too late to give the

pleasure and comfort it might have conveyed. However, I am trying to cure myself, and knowing one's faults is half the battle.'

'I am writing on the balcony, and the view is magnificent, the sky's deep blue, the white mountain peaks standing out with such clearness of outline against it. The ground is white with snow, but owing to the thaw it has all melted off the fir trees, so that they look so dark, and more stately than ever.'

'My room,' she goes on, 'looks quite gay in its decorations. We have put a shelf up for our cards, and have some mistletoe; so all around I see little tokens from those whom I love, and who love me.'

On New Year's morning she wrote:--

'There was a great wishing of "A happy New Year." I shook hands with the maid who brought up my breakfast, and sent my greetings to the cook and the little scullery maid. To our surprise, they both came rushing up to return the compliment. It was the first time I had seen the cook. Poor old soul, she was so pleased to have been remembered. The servants are very nice to us, but we have been able to do little for them except to speak kindly.'

Miriam had few visitors during her stay at Leysin; but Commissioner Oliphant, then in charge of The Army Work in Switzerland, called to see her when visiting Aigle, the nearest Corps to Leysin, and refreshed her spirit. She mentions, too, in a letter the visit of the Corps Officers.

'They came to the village yesterday,' she wrote, 'and had a Meeting, but we knew nothing of it. They will come again next month, and then Nurse must "go in force," taking several from here. The Captain is a nice little soul, and is doing well. I have linked up the French nurse, and told the Captain she must make her into a Soldier. After prayer in French and English, and receiving our collection, they went off so cheerily. Their visit did my soul good. Isn't the comradeship of The Army wonderful?'

Speaking of her time spent with Miriam, Nurse Davis says:--

'I count it the greatest honor of my Army life to have been with her. She was good through and through; there were no heats and chills in her spiritual life, but a blessed sunny atmosphere all the time. She really lived near to God. She seemed to have no element of selfishness about her.

'In spite of the hot-water pipes which were supposed to heat the rooms, I felt the cold severely. Miriam was always inquiring about my comfort. "Nurse, are you warm? You must have a hot-water bottle in your lap when you sit down. Now, put it to your feet," and so on. Then she wanted to know all about my people, and to send her love to them when I wrote.

'In the evenings we read together, "Leaves for Plucking," from "The Soldier's Guide," and used to pray in turn. Sometimes when her temperature was troublesome, and she had had a

bad day, I would say, "Now I will take your turn." But she always refused, and would pray so beautifully.

'Oh, how she loved The Army and The Army work! If she knew of any one in trouble she would take infinite pains to write a helpful letter, and then how she would pray for that one! She would talk for hours about her poor people, the souls for whom she had worked in Barnet and Tottenham and Shoreditch. Her hope was to get well and join Adjutant Simpson in his work; and it was beautiful, but, Oh, so pathetic, to hear her plan for the future. "I don't want to have only ordinary people at my wedding," she would say. "Now I will tell you what I would like." Then so charmingly would she describe how she would fill the Congress Hall with old people from our Eventide Homes, the Slums, those she loved in Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, and the children from The Army Homes and Hackney Wick. "That would be the party I should love to have at my wedding," she would say; "and now you and I have got to work hard to get me better."

'For a time it seemed that our love, and hope, and prayer would be rewarded; but by degrees I began to fear that in her case the treatment was to be a disappointment. There was a sweet confidence between us, and I understood that Miriam felt so too. She became quiet and thoughtful. I knew that she was fighting her big battle, and that, except by prayer and silent sympathy, no one could help her.

'One day she told me she had made a discovery. Henri's father had been out mending the roofs in the village after a storm, and the little boy told Miriam of it. "But this house never leaks, why is that?" she asked; to which Henri replied. "My father built this house, and the work that he does never goes wrong." "You know, Nurse," Miriam said, "I came here to get well. Perhaps it is not to be. Now little Henri has taught me that nothing my Heavenly Father does can go wrong, and I am in His hands."

She had entered into the experience of which Faber wrote:--

'Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.'

It was not long after this that the doctor, convinced that the treatment was not succeeding in Miriam's case, advised her immediate return home. Major Catherine went to Leysin to superintend the removal.

She was far more ill than when she left England, and the return was so different from that she had anticipated; still, there was not a cloud upon her spirit as she faced the difficulties of the journey.

A motor was to convey the party to Montreux, from whence they were to join the Paris express; but word came through that, owing 'to storms, the road had broken away, and the motor was held up. A snow storm was raging; the arrangements for trains and boats were fixed, and it

was feared that if Miriam were not moved at once she might be unable to travel later, so it was decided to proceed. The doctor sent his 'Victoria,' and Miriam lay on a stretcher that rested from the driver's seat to the hood at the back. She was supported on either side by Major Catherine and the nurse; and so, on that dark, snowy night, they slowly made their way up to the little mountain railway station. All through the swinging, jolting train journey, so conducive to train sickness, the peace of God that passeth all understanding kept Miriam's heart and mind in sweetness and calm.

At last 'The Homestead' was reached in safety, and nestling there, in the love of her dear ones and in her own sunny room, Miriam was happy, and at rest. She had come home to die; but the Valley of the Shadow was to be a very long one.

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12 -- IN THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION

After the excitement of home-coming had subsided, it seemed that Miriam must slip away to Heaven from sheer exhaustion. But months passed, and still she lingered. She had faced in Switzerland the possibility that she might not recover. Few have loved life more than she, or desired it more unselfishly; but if God willed that she should lay it down there should be no rebellion in her spirit. An even deeper trial than a quick Home-call, however, awaited her; and it is in the hope that this life-story may help others who are tried in affliction's fires, that we dwell on many details which might otherwise be passed over.

By degrees Miriam began to realize that she might lie for years a helpless invalid, With her quick power of discernment she saw at once what this would entail. First, to put things in the order of their least values, a continued and great expense. Already in her efforts to restore her daughter to health, Mrs. Booth had spent from her private means a sum quite out of proportion to what she could reasonably afford. Again, to see Miriam suffer would mean a constant strain on the strong affections of her family. But, most distressful of all, an invalid's life involved the abandonment of the cherished hopes of herself and her beloved. Every day they had kept in close touch by correspondence, and their letters breathed a wealth of affection. But now her unselfish soul gathered its forces in order to make a sacrifice which she felt duty demanded. Only One above knew what it cost her to write to her Adjutant, telling him, very tenderly but very firmly, that since there now appeared no immediate prospect of her recovery, she felt that 'for the sake of his future in The Army' she should release him from their engagement.

No one who has been permitted to read even a little of their correspondence could have two opinions as to what the Adjutant's answer would be. To turn from her love and friendship because of her suffering was unthinkable. In words of tenderest affection he replied that his choice could know no change. When, a little later, he visited Miriam, she again returned to the subject, and begged him to look at things from every standpoint. On finding, however, that he was determined to share her joys and sorrows 'till death them did part,' her love expressed itself more beautifully and freely than ever before.

A few days before her last operation Miriam once more urged the Adjutant to reconsider matters. Her continued illness could not but be a great tax upon him, and who could tell whether the future held any promise of improvement? Was it not his duty to disengage himself? The Adjutant replied that while the future was not his, the present was; and he counted it his joy and privilege to be with her in sorrow, still hoping that their patience would be rewarded.

In spite of the darkening future which Miriam was now called upon to face, she neither extinguished hope nor allowed any earth-born cloud to dim her soul's bright vision. Her eager, alert spirit, waited continually upon the Lord in submission, asking, 'What wilt Thou have me to do, or suffer?' As Colonel Lawrance so well put it, 'She was always ready to salute her Lord, and to obey each fresh revelation.'

Though she walked in the midst of the furnace, there was no 'smell of the fire' upon her, and many worshipped, as they realized the presence of the Son of God.

Her aunt, Commander Eva Booth, truly wrote of her that:--

'Her religion did not fail her in the everyday trial; it revealed no flaw under the test. It was no plank that she trusted to in the rushing tide. It was a rock. It was a harbor. It was as the wings of a bird bearing her up above her afflictions both large and small, day by day, through six long years, and at last to the bosom of God.'

The nature of Miriam's illness was exceedingly painful. At the onset, an abscess formed in the region of the appendix. This, when operated upon, needed to be kept open by a system of drainage. Then, owing it seemed, to a form of blood-poisoning which baffled the skill and knowledge of the highest medical authorities, a succession of abscesses formed, all of which needed in their turn to be opened and drained. Did the doctors decide to induce the wounds to heal, and for this purpose removed the tubes, immediately poison began to accumulate, causing high temperature, sickness, and other dangerous and distressing symptoms. Finally, there were five deep, open wounds, excruciatingly tender, which required probing and dressing twice daily, while to relieve the system she endured the exhaustion and distress of tapping over thirty times.

I have asked Mrs. Booth's permission to give these details, for the reader, without some idea of her sufferings, could not realize the triumph of grace which enabled her during those long years of pain and weariness, interspersed with frequent times of intense agony, to maintain a calm, trustful, rejoicing spirit. One of her nurses, not a Salvationist, says:--

'From my experience as a nurse, I know that for years she can never have been out of pain. Her sweetness, patience, and unselfishness were nothing short of marvelous. I never saw any one who so met my idea of a perfect Christian.'

No one could be with her and know the nature and extent of her sufferings without marveling at the power of God seen in her frail body. One friend wrote to her:--

'I could be a lovely invalid if I just had a back that wouldn't sit up, or legs that wouldn't go; but to suffer and suffer as you do, and triumph all the time, makes me adore the grace of

God. Oh, never feel that you are not doing much; you are testifying to the whole Army of God's power to save and to keep to the uttermost!

Often, when the pain became so intense that the doctors wished to relieve her by administering morphine, she would beg them to refrain. She knew that many poor women in the battle of illness or loneliness had fallen victims to the drug; and, while she had no fear of such a calamity for herself, she was unwilling to receive relief from a source which had proved the undoing of weaker souls.

An evidence of how patiently she viewed signs which meant for her a period of more than usual suffering and distress is supplied in the following brief extract:--

'A further abscess has formed; very high temperatures and great weakness. I feel quite restful in myself. I think the Lord is teaching me more than ever what it is to have the "peace which passeth all understanding."

Though never exacting, as some invalids who complain if they fail to receive what they consider their due share of attention, Miriam kept her heart open to all interests around her, and welcomed every particle of service that came her way.

By nature she was no recluse. Crowds oppress some; they inspired her. Fellowship with all sorts and conditions of people wearies self-centered souls; to her it was the wine of life. People! Nice, clever, crooked, stupid, high or low, rich or poor, all delighted her. With her grandfather she loved the whole world of people. Every national type was a fresh study, a new revelation; and yet, while the great Salvation Army Congress of Nations met day after day, during the summer of 1914, in the Strand Hall, the Albert Hall, or the Crystal Palace, for Solemn Assemblies, Band Festivals, Missionary Meetings, Trophy Demonstrations, Thanksgiving Services, or Officers' Councils, the brave, broken little warrior lay in her room at Hadley Wood, in pain and weariness without a murmur.

Nurse Davis, who remained with her till her own marriage, says:--

'Sometimes she would be very quiet, and sometimes -- very rarely -- I detected that a tear had rolled down her dear face, but even to me she uttered no word of regret nor complaint. And when in the evenings the family came home, you would have thought by the welcome she gave them, her interest in the events of the day, and her anxiety lest her dear ones were over-tired by the long Sessions, that it was she who had been having the time of her life!'

Miriam was most happy to have at this time visits from her aunts, to whom she was tenderly attached -- Commander Eva from U.S.A., and Commissioner Lucy from Denmark -- and also to see Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker and a few other very special friends from abroad.

Her description of The Army's work in connection with the explosion at Silvertown (early in 1917) is typical of the live interest she manifested in every department of Army work:--

'Don't be alarmed at the paper! But I anticipate writing a long letter, and my other block has not many sheets left. On Friday evening Nurse was with me when we heard the terrible explosion. My bed literally shook, and the sound was like a roar of thunder. I felt at once that it was an explosion, and my first words were, "Now, Nurse, we must be ready for the next." I remembered that Ber. said if the works at Enfield exploded, there would be no Hadley Wood left, and I thought that was probably the beginning. The postman emptying the pillar-box said he saw a huge tongue of flame in the Enfield direction. Later we heard North Woolwich, but thought it must be only a rumor; then from the Training Garrison we heard Silvertown. They had been informed by the police, and Staff-Captain Colbourne and some sergeants were already on their way.

'The news we have had since is all very distressing. Five streets are completely demolished, whole families have perished, friends and relatives looking for one another is a pitiful sight. Parents have lost children, and children their parents. There is a lad-Officer alone at Silvertown, and Cath says he has been just splendid; was on the spot at once, and helped to get out the first three people from the burning buildings. Our Hall, right in the center, is very little damaged. They say the people are just worshipping this lad-Officer; he was up all Friday and Saturday night, working as hard as he could go. They are serving tea and food in the Silvertown Hall for the poor things who have to come to identify bodies. Cath says the people are so grateful; it is simply touching how pleased they are to have The Army to help them.

'The man at the head of the London ambulance (I forget the name) rang up Headquarters this morning to say he had been to Silvertown, and was appalled by the distress; but so delighted to see The Salvation Army "lasses" already on the spot, "evidently organized," and doing a fine work. So he was sending 10 Pounds himself, and a lady he had spoken to wanted to send a motor-car full of food. Who should we send it to? Brigadier Freeman told him The General's eldest daughter was in charge. So it is being sent to Cath at Silvertown to-day. Cath says the Silvertown Officer ought to have a special medal: I don't know who he is. Twenty of the flat panes in the Congress Hall roof were smashed. Fortunately there were no people in the Hall.'

Miriam's sense of loyalty to the Flag and honor of her profession was as pathetic as it was beautiful. On several occasions she had with her a nurse from our Mothers' Hospital. Once, when Nurse Mann came to supply while her regular nurse was on her holiday, she said:

'O Nurse darling, I am so glad you have come again! You understand, and now I can have my holiday, and do a good groan when I feel like it. It would never do to give way before people who do not know The Army. They would think that I was no Soldier at all.'

Nurse Mann continues:--

'She was so clever, and would have been brilliant in public, and some who shine in the limelight crumple up in the fire; but she just grew sweeter and sweeter all the while. She expressed her thanks so gratefully for the smallest services, which most people would accept with a mere formal acknowledgment.'

Her continued illness caused her younger sisters Olive and Dora to hesitate about entering Training. 'We cannot leave home while Miriam is ill,' they would say to their mother. But Miriam divined their thoughts, and was quite decided on the point. 'If you don't want to grieve me, go! It's bad enough for me to be here useless when there is so much to be done; but if you allow me to hinder you, I shall be sad indeed. Go, darlings!' she pleaded. So, one by one, she saw Bernard, and then the two remaining sisters, and last of all Wycliffe, the youngest of the family, leave home for Officership in her beloved Army. 'The Homestead' was very quiet then, and save for her nurse and the helpers in the house, Miriam was often alone. But lonely! she would never admit that. Had she not the battle-fields of all her loved ones to watch, to pray for, and rejoice over? With Catherine and Dora in the Training Garrison, Mary in France, Bernard at his Corps or traveling with The General, Olive and Wycliffe at their Corps, and 'the dear Father,' as she loved to call The General, and 'darling, precious Mamma' on their journeyings she found ample occasion for prayer and praise. And, added to these interests, had she not the fortunes of the whole world-wide Army to love and follow, and to glory in, to her heart's content!

Miriam's night attendant was one who had well-nigh sunk under waves of sorrow before she found refuge in God. She says:--

'I never saw any one suffer as she did, and yet be so sweet. Some mornings I would say to her, "Dear Miss Miriam, you have had a dreadful night. I couldn't be patient like you." "Oh, yes, you could," she would say with a smile. She never thought of herself as wonderful. The most unselfish soul I ever knew!'

This attendant had a remarkable memory for Army songs, and when Miriam could not sleep at night, they would often sing softly together. Major Catherine remembers waking one night, and hearing song after song. steal out on the still air. In the morning she asked her sister if she had not tired herself. 'Oh, no,' she replied, brightly; 'I could not sleep, so _____ and I had a lovely Prayer Meeting.'

Captain Mason and Sister Butte, Mrs. Booth's helpers in her home, carry sweet memories of Miriam's sunny patience, and of her continued interests in the Barnet Corps. The Captain is the Corps Young People's Sergeant-Major, and Miriam made frequent inquiry as to the progress of the children's work. Sister Butte is a Songster. 'When we had learnt a new song,' she says, 'I always had to sing it to Miss Miriam, and afterwards she would sing it with me.'

The song birds were a great joy to Miriam. She wrote during her last spring on earth:--

'The larks have been singing most beautifully today; one after another they have gone up to the sun, their notes falling to the earth like glittering rain. I think, of all birds I love their song the best. They sound so full of hope and wonder, and glorious freedom; and, shall I say, the zest of life, and praise and exultant adoration? Indeed, it depends upon what mood one is in, the way one interprets their song to one's own heart. To me the larks are one of the brightnesses of my bad springs and summers. After a weary night follows the gray, cold dawn, bringing with it that awful feeling of exhaustion which so often comes to the real sufferer -- and then up go the larks!'

In great indignation, later in the year, she wrote:--

'I am so distressed because I find I have eaten larks. Some one sent them to me, and I thought they were quails. It seems so wicked. I thought it was against the law of the land to eat or kill singing birds.'

One of Mrs. Booth's special anxieties for Miriam during the last year or two of her life were the air raids, often particularly severe in the vicinity of 'The Homestead.' Once when The General and Mrs. Booth were both absent from home, Miriam allowed herself to be carried downstairs, because when the danger seemed imminent she could not persuade her nurse to leave her. After this, by common consent, the household gathered in her room on raid nights, and Miriam herself was perhaps the least affected by the trying experiences. 'Weren't the guns magnificent!' she wrote to a friend. 'I was so glad that The General and Mamma were away from home. I am always anxious for them, but it really wouldn't much matter if anything happened to poor cracked me!'

Describing to her mother a zeppelin raid in December, 1916, Miriam wrote:--

'Darling Mother, -- We had the most thrilling zeppelin experiences last night. We heard the first of Zepp engines just before 2 a.m. It was a misty night; we could see nothing, but the thud of the engines was over us for twenty minutes exactly. I can only think there must have been two or even three ships. At one time, for a few seconds, there was a strange creaking, crackling, and yet flapping sound, which I can only compare to the creaking and straining on a boat sometimes when it starts. The sound was very distinct, and we all said, "What's that?" and I began to wonder if it were coming down. However, it passed over, and there was a few minutes of complete silence.

'Thinking the danger was passed, and feeling greatly relieved after the strain Of listening to the engines -- that seemed an eternity -- we were beginning to think of something to eat, when a terrific bombardment started. We waited breathlessly, then every few seconds came a terrific boom! very clear and distinct, and I realized that each boom was nearer, and knew they were bombs that the Zepp was dropping.

'They came nearer and nearer until again we heard the sickening grind of the engines; every five seconds I should say, a bomb dropped. Then we heard what I felt to be the most frightening of all, the strange screaming whizz or whistle of the bombs, with the terrific boo-oo-oom at the end. I have read about it, but never thought I should hear it. It was almost like a wailing scream, starting very high up, and going down the scale, the boom at the end getting louder every time. I think that was my worst moment. One could hear the engines drawing nearer, and it seemed we must be prepared to be hit.

'We got out towels for gas. I asked the others to go downstairs, feeling quite willing to be alone, but they would not hear of it. I was praying all the time, and once or twice said a sentence aloud. I began thinking I ought to leave you some message, somehow, in case we were smashed; and then, just after one of those weird wails, a tremendous glare lit up the room. Out of my side window the whole sky seemed alight. Zazzie was looking out of the window. I said, "What is it?" But she was so fascinated she could not speak. Then I said, "Can you see the Zepp!" and she

said, "Yes." That somehow relieved me; I felt it was not right over us. Then Zazzie said, "I can see one on end; it must be on fire." I said, "Thank God." Then there was terrific shouting, men's voices far and near. Zazzie felt she could not go on looking, and told me afterwards that to her it seemed as though we could not escape being set on fire, and her agony was how to get me out. There was a final boom, and the dead stop of the engines and complete silence, except for people outside running, told us it was the end.

'God wonderfully helped me to trust in Him. I did not feel as bad as I thought I should have done.'

Sometimes the furnace of suffering became so intense that to as close a friend as Miss Asdell Miriam would confide, 'O Zazzie, darling, I feel almost as if I must give up, and I wish it were all over.' 'But, Mira, darling, think of the great blessing you are to us all,' her friend would tenderly reply. 'But sometimes I am so tired, so weary of the pain, weary of trying to be patient, weary of everything.' Then, in a moment, she would recover her marvelous self-control, and finishing her sentence with, 'but I have so much to be thankful for,' she would resolutely turn the conversation away from herself.

Perhaps the most severe trial of all came to the Captain on the subject of Divine healing, and here many still called to endure and suffer will find common ground with her. The matter exercised her greatly, and she studied it carefully. She desired life, that she might offer it to God as a living sacrifice; and, surely, there were the promises that anything asked of God in faith would be granted. That He was Almighty, and had healed many, she was sure. Faith, loving, sincere faith, she possessed unquestionably. Then, she would ask God to heal her also. This she did. But she was not healed. Surely the fault must be with herself? She went over the whole question again, very carefully, very reverently, and again asked that, for the glory of God, she might be healed. Her petition remained still ungranted. In perplexity of spirit she asked herself was she lacking in spiritual perception? Was she in any way grieving God? If not, why did He withhold His healing touch from her? Was not her continued suffering and helplessness -- when she might be up and doing for Him -- a reproach to the whole Army; indeed, to the Church of God? For awhile Miriam endured great conflict on these questions; but at last He who was made perfect through suffering led her into the calm and rest of a perfect resignation.

So she wrote to Adjutant Simpson:--

'I can only feel that God is teaching me that the highest form of faith is to trust His will and His love to be the best, and to submit myself to Him. This is the only way to true peace, the peace that passeth all understanding. I must leave the matter there.'

Eight days from writing these words she had passed to the Land where all mysteries are made clear.

If Christ would conquer the world, thought the disciples, He must necessarily set up an earthly kingdom. But, instead, His Father held to His lips the cup of agony, which He drained to the dregs. Some in The Army believed that God's glory would best be shown if Miriam were restored to health, so as to spend her life in active efforts to bless the world. But 'The Kingdom

of God cometh not by observation,' and the Heavenly Father knew that His dear child would best show the wonders of His peace and power by drinking the cup that He gave her.

Among those who early realized this truth was Commissioner Ouchterlony, the Swedish lady of great spiritual perception who was the first Salvation Army Officer in Scandinavia, and who wrote as follows to Mrs. Booth at Miriam's death:--

'I used to think that by her great suffering she was being prepared for a wonderful service in this world; but when I prayed about her restoration I received no assurance that my prayer would be answered. Now the dear Captain has gone to Glory. What she could not fulfill by working, has been accomplished by her beautiful spirit yielding to God's revelation to her soul. Surely, much more grace is needed to follow Jesus in suffering than to endure hardness in work! I believe that her influence has helped many to take up their cross, and do the work she was unable to do.'

Miss Sarah Robinson, whose work among Service men is so well known, an old and intimate friend of both Mrs. Booth and of Miriam, also wrote at the same time:--

'It makes me very happy now to think of her in the nights, when I seem to get nearer to the Throne of Grace and mention people's names. I still mention hers with exultation and thankfulness. You cannot tell God's reasons for His dealings; but you can, and do, accept His "good, and perfect, and acceptable will." And He deals with you, doubtless, for the good of others, the thousands upon thousands in The Salvation Army. I remember how strongly I felt this at the time of Mrs. Booth's last illness. What an anguish that was to all our hearts, asking why? why should this be? There were many who were positive she would be cured in answer to prayer, and what they thought was faith. We saw later, that had the Lord restored that dear saint, The Salvation Army might have gone off on the line of faith-healing, and so its real purpose and usefulness might have been checked.'

In Miriam's room hung a little motto. 'In His will is our peace.' The words spoke to her heart every day; and her life speaks to the whole Army of a greater miracle than the mere raising of a suffering body. It tells of a spirit pulsating with life, energy, and ability, being content to lie still and suffer, yet rejoicing in the Lord. How similar is the experience of true religion in all ages! Miriam could say with Habakkuk, who wrote more than twenty centuries ago, 'Although...' -- every prospect of sustenance and comfort should fail -- 'yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

It is manifestly impossible to enumerate the many members of the medical profession who showed Miriam consideration and kindness during her long illness, but the following should be mentioned: Dr. Elam, of Burner; Dr. Ede, of Molesey; Dr. Russell, of Finchley; and Lady Barratt.

* * * * *

Although but at the threshold of her career as a writer, Miriam had already gained a large circle of readers. And both they and the editors of the various Salvation Army publications looked forward with joy to the great things they believed she would accomplish for God and the world through her pen. In addition to marked ability and ease in the use of words, she possessed several of the essentials to real literary success -- the power of description, a sympathetic touch, and, most important of all, the capacity for taking infinite trouble with herself. Far from resenting criticism, she welcomed it; and if an Army writer visited her, she would say, 'Do tell me how you write.' Receiving, perhaps, a general or evasive answer, she would continue:--

'But really, I want you to talk to me about your articles. Do you find writing easy? Have you to rewrite often? How do you get your ideas? You see I am only a beginner, and get so seized with terror after I have written a thing, that I do not know how to go on.'

Once, when she had induced a comrade to talk along the line she wanted, she listened eagerly, and said:--

'Oh, thank you; that helps me! Now I know that "old hands" have to suffer and slog; I can go ahead on the same lines.'

Like most others who have succeeded in literary work, she began to write, not with any idea of publication; rather it was with the thought of giving pleasure to her mother, by recalling some of her experiences as a Cadet. She called this series of cameos, 'Why I am a Salvationist.' They first appeared in 'All the World,' and from them we extract the following:--

'It was a bright, frosty afternoon. I was hurrying along one of the main roads that run through the vilest slums of the East End of London.

"'Hallo, Sister!" said a little voice beside me, in the familiar "Cockney" accent.

"'Hallo, little one!" I answered, and immediately a grimy hand was thrust into mine, and a frail, ragged girl trotted along beside me with an air of perfect confidence and absolute right. It was but for a moment, for with a familiar "Goo'-bye" my little acquaintance was gone.

'But I soon heard a pattering of feet behind me, and there again was my little maid, dragging by the hand her chubby little brother -- like herself, ragged and cold. " Please, Sister," she said, panting for breath, "you niver -- you niver said 'Hallo!' to 'im."

"'Hallo, little man!" I instantly responded, and patted the tousled head; "how are you this afternoon?"

'It was enough. The faces of both the children were wreathed in smiles, and with an expression of the most complete satisfaction they ran off, turning back to give me a nod of triumph before they were lost to view in the busy throng.

I also went on my way, but my heart responded. "O Lord," I said, "if only to make the children feel The Army belongs to them, and that they belong to The Army, I thank Thee that I am a Salvationist!"...

I was visiting from house to house in a poor district. The street had a respectable appearance, and there were no immediate signs of abject poverty.

My knock at one house called forth a not unfriendly "Who's there?" from within. I took courage, and pushing through the opened door, stepped into the passage.

A woman came to meet me; she was enormously stout, and, being crippled with rheumatism, found a difficulty in moving; but she had a pleasant expression, and seemed by no means displeased to see the familiar Army bonnet.

We quickly got into conversation. "So you go to the mission?" I asked. "Yes, my dear," she answered, in no undecided tone of reproof, "I goes to Church (with strong accent) reg'lar. Mr. _____ says the plice wouldn't be the same if I wasn't in my seat; and no wonder, after me been a-goin' this thirty year."

I expressed my pleasure and approval at this statement, and after a few words on the importance of assurance of Salvation, I asked permission to pray. But there were tears in the eyes of the old lady, and I could see there was something on her mind she wanted to tell me.

I waited. She hesitated. "I've got a daughter, Sister," she began; and then came the story. The girl had lately married; her husband was a worthless fellow, now out of work. His wife, whom her mother took infinite pains to impress upon me "was a good gal, yer know, Sister, a very good gal," had, in her sorrow, taken to drink. She was living in the neighborhood. Could we, The Army, do anything for her... Let us pray for her," I said; and we knelt in the dark doorway, and asked the loving Father to save the wandering daughter.

Promising to do our very best, and thus cheering the weeping mother, I took the address, "Mrs. N_____ 82_____ Street," and hurried home.

My companions were in before me, radiantly happy, and eager to tell me all their news.

"Such a beautiful case!" incoherently began the one Cadet. "So sincere!" chimed in the other.

"Yes, I believe she got really converted."

"Where was this?" I asked; "we must look her up."

"Oh, yes," they answered; "it was _____ Street, a Mrs. N_____."

"No. 82?" I cried.

"Why, yes!" was the reply. "How did you know?"

It was my old lady's daughter! Our prayer had been answered!

If only to belong to the people who were the means of bringing back to the fold this one lost sheep and wayward girl, and of soothing one mother heart, I thanked God that I was a Salvationist.

He was eighty-two, and had been a cripple thirteen years. She was seventy, and had only one eye.

They lived in one room, and had 4s. a week; 2s. was for rent, 1s. for firing, etc., and 1s. for food.

"It ain't done so bad," the old man said, "has it, Sister?" and he stroked the once black -- now green -- sleeve of his old coat. "I have worn it this twelve year, and it ain't done so bad."

"Certainly not," I replied, and warmly commended my old friend on his care of the clergyman's cast-off coat given to him twelve years ago.

He smiled at my compliments, a faint, weary smile, and then returned what was almost a complaint about the cold weather. The little fire was smoking pitifully, and he hobbled up to it, but the old lady gave him a gentle reproof.

"We have so much to be thankful for, John," she said. "God is so good; we have got each other, you know. That's a great deal, isn't it, miss? There was a little sun today," she continued, "and there may be more tomorrow."

A meager, dirty tortoise-shell cat jumped on to my lap. I stroked it, and it responded by purring and "making bread" vigorously.

The old man really smiled this time. "He always has the same as what we get," he said, almost eagerly, and with quite a sparkle of humor in his eyes; "he belongs to the 'firm,' you know!"

I thought it was time to produce the little gifts I had brought -- a pink-and-white-striped shawl for the old lady; some tea, sugar, and a tin of condensed milk especially pleased the old man.

The old lady explained that they could only have tea and sugar on very special occasions; the "firm" could not supply such extravagance on 1s. a week.

She beamed when I wrapped the shawl around her, and blushed when I chaffed her about being vain, and asked her old man whether he were not proud of his Jeannie!

'We read the familiar words, "Let not your heart be troubled," amid the comments of the old couple -- "Yes" -- "Amen" -- "That's it, that's it" -- "Ah, many mansions, many mansions," and so on.

'Then we sang:--

"What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear."

And they joined in, both of them, with their cracked voices. But it was music for the angels!

I prayed, and the old man shed a few tears as I got up from my knees.

"But He's good to us, John," began the old lady, encouragingly, and perhaps a little reprovingly, "and we've got each other, you know."

I told the old man to "look up," and, reminding the old lady again of the "many mansions," stooped to kiss her poor, wrinkled face. "Oh, thank you a thousand times, miss!" she cried. "Do come again -- do come again!"

It was in the middle of the night and all was still. The old man was cold, and wondered whether it were not time for a cup of tea.

"Jeannie," he called, but Jeannie did not answer. He touched her, and somehow he was frightened. In much trouble he struck a light with his trembling hands, and gazed in despair at the deathly face and cold form.

Jeannie had gone to the "many mansions." He would no more hear her voice, saying, "We've got each others you know, John; we've got each other." He was stupefied, and, dropping the glowing match, sank down by the bedside, where he remained until the day dawned, and then he asked the friendly neighbors downstairs to run quick for the Captain. She came, and performed the last offices for all that was mortal of Jeannie, and she comforted John. "God is still good," she said; "and you still have each other, you know, for are there not 'many mansions'? You must 'look up' a little longer."

'If it were only to bring a moment's joy to the heart of one of His saints, and to comfort the heart of one of His mourners, I thanked God I was a Salvationist.'

'We had a splendid crowd that night outside the _____ tavern. They had stood in what seemed a solid block, with scarcely a move, for nearly an hour. Conviction was clearly discernible on many a face, and as we knelt in the road, and one after another prayed earnestly for the Salvation of the people, there were tears in many eyes, and a strange silence fell on the usually noisy street.

For a few moments I urged an immediate surrender, and asked those who wanted to give their hearts to God to kneel in our ring. We sang the old hymn we have learned to love so well,

"Rock of Ages," so as to give every one an opportunity. No one came, however. We closed our Meeting. The crowd melted away.

'My Comrades were forming up for the march back to the Hall, when I noticed a well-dressed man who had listened intently through all our Meeting, and he had not listened unmoved. He made no attempt to walk away, but stood where he had been for the past hour, and was gazing into space, misery clearly written on every line of his strong face. I invited him to the Meeting, and said a word about the importance of Salvation.

"Thank you," he answered, "every word you have said is right; I ought to have been the one to kneel in your ring tonight." And then, with the bitterness of a man who sees his own righteousness to be but filthy rags, he added, "I see it now: I'm wrong, all wrong."

"God can put you right," I quickly answered. 'He raised his hat -- "Good-night!"

'The little procession was already on its way. "I do believe, I will believe," with the tambourine accompaniment, resounded on the air. I ran to overtake them, saying in my heart:--

"If only to have roused the conscience of one sincere soul to a knowledge of his own guilt, I thank God that I am a Salvationist."

These pen pictures, so graphic and true to life, were most warmly received, and, commenting on the chorus of approval which they evoked, the old General wrote as follows, adding, however, a word of caution in his dry, humorous way:--

'I hear very kind things about your paper in "All the World." As soon as ever you are better you will be beset and badgered for more of the same kind. Turn a deaf ear to all their entreaties until you are quite well! Good-bye. Look up!"

But Miriam was not over-elated by her success in her new field of service. Her humility surpassed her ability. In reply to an appeal for a contribution she wrote to the Literary Secretary:--

'Many thanks for your note with regard to my writing a short spiritual article monthly. I should very much love to do it, but I am afraid I might not be able to keep it up. If I had a bad spell, and had to miss a month occasionally, should I be seriously letting you down? Then again, I am wondering if I have enough ability. I have felt I could describe what I see, or apply incidents that come my way, but I am afraid I am not a creative writer -- if you understand me -- and in my present circumstances, I am so out of touch with the world which in the ordinary way would be "my pool to fish in" that I fear I shall feel rather stranded for material.

'However, will you let me try one article, and tell me candidly if it is any or no good, leaving open for a short time the question of my doing it every month? I hope this will not be putting you to too much inconvenience.

'Many thanks for your thought of me.'

Many people, while appreciative in heart, are slow to express their gratitude for help or services rendered to them. Miriam was not one of these. Indeed, she fully realized the wrong impression that silence often creates. On this subject she writes to Adjutant Simpson:--

'Yes, I think it is such a pity that people are so reserved. There is far too little real feeling shown in the world. Perhaps it is partly because there is so much sham, that people hide what is real. But that must be a great mistake. We must both do better at it. My greatest joy is to feel that we can help one another in spiritual growth. I am so conscious of ignorance and slowness and imperfection. Oh I may the Lord teach and quicken and strengthen us both.'

A letter of her own to the Editor of 'The Officer' shows her quickness to tell of blessings received.

'I do hope,' she writes, enclosing a short paper on 'Knee-Drill' (the Sunday morning early Prayer Meetings), 'that you will not think it altogether too incongruous for me to write on Knee-Drill, considering that for the last four and a half years my Knee-Drills have performed been spent in bed! But the Spirit moved me, and so I wrote. Good, bad, or indifferent, here is the result.'

'I do believe in Knee-Drill, and even in my short experience I have been in some blessed Meetings at Knee-Drill.'

'May I take this opportunity of saying how much I appreciate "The Officer."* [*A monthly magazine, of private circulation, for Salvation Army Officers only.] I am struggling away at rather a hard "appointment," but the articles and interviews in "The Officer" have brought me help and cheer and comfort more often than I can say. Thank you for it all!

'Yours with sincere gratitude,
'F. Miriam B. Booth.'

She was an enthusiastic reader of Army literature.

'How fascinating it is!' she writes. 'I am struck with the fact every time I pick up any of our papers. I find I do not want to put them down until I have read them through. Although such a helpless individual, in bed, the glory of being part of this great concern thrilled me this afternoon. How I long to be up and at it once more!'

She loved to introduce helpful reading to others, and continues:--

'So glad you have enjoyed Matheson's "Studies of the Portrait of Christ." I, too, think his writings very beautiful. Have you read his "Representative men of the Bible"? Also a book of short readings, "Rest by the River," I think it is called I have found all very helpful. Do you know Stalker's "Trial and Crucifixion of Christ"? I have greatly enjoyed that lately, finding it very clear, and easy to read.'

Her own devotional books, her Bible, Song Book, and one or two volumes of daily readings, are underlined and marked in a way which indicate the great importance she placed upon private prayer and spiritual nourishment as a necessary aid to the healthy life of the soul. Numberless references such as the following occur in her letters:--

'My subject text in the Counsellor last night was this, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness," Isaiah xlv. 3. Wasn't it beautiful? Just when everything seemed so difficult and muddling, it came as a real message to my heart.'

One evening, after hearing her nurse read a verse of Scripture and a short poem from a birthday book, Miriam lay quiet for a while, and then said, 'Nurse, we haven't got a birthday book. Wouldn't a Salvation Army one, with quotations from The General's (her father's) writings be fine? I'll ask him if I can prepare one.' Then merriment and generosity, like two joyful sprites joining hands in a new idea, danced in her eyes, and she added, 'And you'll feel nice when you receive the book "With the Compiler's compliments," knowing that from your little book came the germ of mine!'

From that time, which was early in her illness, she worked upon this book, as her strength would allow. For one in bed it was a difficult task, but she took the greatest pleasure in it, and the book will be welcomed in Salvation Army households the world over. It was ready for press before her promotion to Glory, but the high prices then prevailing threatened to place it beyond the means of the average Salvationist, for whom she specially prepared it; and so, while admitting her disappointment, she was content to defer its publication to a happier day.

In her busy, practical life, while she had her health, poetry possessed little attraction for Miriam, but in the solitude of her illness choice poems brought peace and refreshment to her spirit. As she roamed far and wide among 'the sweet fields of the poets' the thought occurred to her that she might gather some of the rarest flowers, and send them to refresh not only her busy comrades on the battlefield, but others, like herself, in enforced retirement. The General heartily encouraged the suggestion, and a book of selected verses entitled, 'In Joy and Sorrow,' is the result.

During the last year of her life, Captain Miriam wrote the series of short articles on the Life of Holiness, which she had, as we have seen, so hesitated to commence. They were of great blessing in many lands, and the first of them, which we reproduce here, she called, 'The Will of God.'

"'Doing the will of God from the heart.' -- Ephesians vi. 6.

"'I delight to do Thy will, O my God.' -- Psalm xl. 8.

'It is so much easier to be working than to be suffering; to be up and doing than to be standing still waiting. And yet what a wonderful thought it is that our circumstances cannot in any way hinder the doing of the WILL OF GOD in our lives! What comfort, what joy in this knowledge! Doing God's work -- yes, that is a great thing; but doing God's will is even a greater.

'We are often tempted to want a different kind of work; we sometimes feel that we are so much better suited to some other post than that where God has placed us -- not realizing that the vital matter for us to seek after is not so much the accomplishing of some mighty task, as the doing of God's will; that is, the fulfilling of His purpose for us. Thank God, we can do this in the small place as well as in the large, as well behind the scenes as in the limelight, if it be there He has placed us.

'You, dear comrade, who have been feeling you were of no use, or that your work was of such little importance that "any one could do it" -- shut away in an office, perhaps, when you long to be in actual contact with soul-saving work; bound to the drudgery of the kitchen, or the daily duties connected with the care of little children; or even you, helpless sufferer, who feel only a burden to those around you -- here is a little oasis for you in your desert of monotony; you can be doing the will of God. And if you have "this testimony," then you are of as much value to Him in His great plan for the Salvation of the world as are those who stand at the front of the battle.

'Remember, it is not where you are, but what you are, that makes the difference in the sight of God.

"For one shall grasp and one resign;
One drink life's rue, and one its wine;
And God shall make the balance good.
O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! Ye are one;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still."

Heaven will only be Heaven because the will of God is perfectly done there. In this sense, then, we can all have a little heaven.

"I am more than ever determined to make this musty, fusty office a sanctuary." So wrote a friend to me the other day. And what is her secret? Surely this, that she is resolved more than ever to accept God's will for her, although possibly, far different from what she would have chosen for herself. With this knowledge in her heart, even the tick-tack of the typewriter will be music in her ears!

'It may be the same with you, dear friend, wherever you are placed; the kitchen, the office, the nursery, the sick-room, may become to you, also, sanctuary- Heaven upon earth -- because you are "doing the will of God from the heart."

'Oh, the joy and peace that this will bring into your life! Discontent and complaint will find no place there; even in the midst of suffering and loneliness you will still be able to say, "I delight to do" (or suffer) "Thy will, O my God."

The last of these papers was written only a few days before she left us. It was entitled, 'Joy in Sorrow,' and is given below:--

"Your joy no man taketh from you." -- John xvi. 22.

'How wonderfully time flies! Here we are again on the threshold of December, so this must be a Christmas message. Yes, and in spite of the heavy burden of sorrow that is upon the world today, I want us all to look forward to a festival of true joy; to the kind of Christmas that was in the heart of God when He sent that detachment of the Heavenly host to earth with the message of "Great joy which shall be unto all people."

'Because Jesus bore the sins and sorrows of the whole world, we are apt to think of Him only as "a Man of Sorrows"; but it would help us to remember that He was just as truly a Man of Joy. He brought us a joyful religion. How often we hear Him saying, "Be of good cheer!" He loves to see us happy. The joy that Jesus wants to give us is a lasting joy; nothing can destroy it.

Sooner or later, sorrow and trial come into every life; and, alas! with many, when these experiences overtake them, all their brightness is swept away, for it is at the mercy of the happenings of life. But that is not the joy that Jesus gives. His is a joy that no man and no grief can take away. Misfortune and adversity cannot touch it. It was just before His crucifixion, with all the agony and humiliation before Him, and -- what perhaps was harder for Him to bear -- a full knowledge of the bitter persecution and tribulations through which His disciples were to pass, that He could say, "These things I have spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." And to make the beautiful fact doubly sure, He added, "Your joy no man taketh from you."

'I have heard a story told of a sweet mother who was "chosen in the furnace of affliction." Her daughter, who saw her suffer great agony, said to her, "O mother, how can you endure it all so patiently, and with such cheerfulness?" "Ah," she replied, "the wells of my joy flow deeper than my pain."

'How is it with you? Are the wells of your joy deeper than the circumstances of life? With some they seem not to be wells at all, but pools, as shallow as petty annoyances. An imagined slight or misunderstanding quickly finds the bottom of the spring!

'To many this Christmas will bring sadness -- sadness intensified by the remembrance of the great happiness of other years. Loved ones are missing from the family circle, some for ever; others are suffering, and many will say, "Oh, Christmas can never again be the same for me!" But for all who will hear, in the midst of the darkness and loneliness of sorrow and bereavement, come His blessed word, "That My joy might remain in you," and "Your joy no man taketh from you." Yes, it may be your experience that "the joy of the Lord is your strength" -- the joy that springs from the knowledge of God's smile and approval, and from sacrifice and service for His sake.

'This joy will give you strength and courage, and of it nothing in the whole world can rob you. It is an old, old joy that has stood the test of centuries. Away back in Habakkuk's day we

find him triumphing in these words, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation."

'In the light of this thought, from my heart I wish all the readers of "The Social Deliverer" a Happy Christmas!'

It was of this paper that one of the Captain's humble readers wrote to Mrs. Booth, after her promotion. 'I am so glad,' she says -- and we give the letter in all its simplicity -- 'that she wished us all to have a happy Christmas. It seems as if she knew you were to pass through a great sorrow, and she wanted to prepare you for it. God bless you, and may in your heart be peace and joy that she wished for us all, in spite of our sorrows.'

* * * * *

14 -- MINISTRY IN SUFFERING

Of Miriam's religion one of her nurses said, 'It was a life of love,' and the active aspect of love expressed itself constantly in many and varied forms of service.

She was always interested in the spiritual welfare of her doctors and nurses. Of one Of the former she wrote:--

'I had quite a long talk with the doctor about religion the ether night. Poor fellow! Full of doubts and theories. I did my very best, but it is difficult to help these skeptical people. I did thank God in my own heart for the Light He has given us, and the faith and confidence that are ours. I am quite sure that the poor doctor wishes he could have the same. He has gone off this morning with ray pamphlet.* [*The 'Cameos' already referred to, and reprinted in booklet form.]

'Later. -- The doctor seems really pleased with my little pamphlet, and has passed it on to the servants, who now express a wish for "The War Cry," so he chaffs me about revolutionizing his kitchen!'

One of her most fruitful ministries was letter-writing. Not until she had gone 'Home' was the full scope of her correspondence realized. She received letters from people differing as widely from each other as did the daughter of a millionaire from the lonely little servant maid; the man of science from the navy.

'Somehow she seemed to know just when to send a letter,' recalls one of her fellow-Cadets, now an Officer. 'I remember one heavy, disappointing day; it had been a stiff fight for me, and I returned to my Quarters cast down in spirit; but I found some lovely roses waiting for me sent by Captain Miriam, and with them a sweet, encouraging letter which just supplied the refreshing touch I needed.'

Another young beginner in the service of God says:--

'I was never afraid to be quite myself with her. If I was miserable I wrote her a miserable letter; if happy, a happy one; if perplexed, I asked her advice; and if rebellious, I would tell her everything. She loved the good in me, and had patience with the unworthy parts. She always sent me back the right word -- sympathy, encouragement, or rebuke. Once I was all in a flurry, feeling I had been unjustly treated. I expressed my views warmly to my employer, and then wrote and told Captain Miriam all about it. She replied very sweetly, but told me plainly that I had acted unwisely; that a conciliatory (meek" was her special word) course is the wise as well as the right one: That it is foolish to say the last word first. I should have said. "Do you not think there has been some mistake?" rather than to "blow off" indignation.'

In the stream of messages of condolence which flowed from all lands after "her death the words, 'I shall always treasure the letter she wrote to me,' recur over and over again. Her nurses tell of the special pains she took to answer those in trouble of any kind. She wrote a clear, graceful hand, which the most illiterate could read without difficulty, and she possessed the gift of expressing, in a few words, something that would touch the heart-strings with a note of warning, or inspiration, or comfort.

She wrote to Officers passing through seasons of joy or sorrow; to lonely strangers, and to the sorrowing people who had been blessed by her writings; to her one-time fellow-Cadets; to the 'old boys' from her class in Barnet, now grown men on military service; to desolate widows, and to Corps Cadets. And to one and all, her letters, like white-winged messengers, carried blessing.

An Officer on foreign service wrote to Mrs. Booth, after Miriam's death:--

'What she was to me, only my Heavenly Father knows. She saved me from giving up at a very trying moment. I had been tempted to feel that I was misunderstood, and that it was better to leave the Field to others, then came her words, " Stick to it; right always triumphs in the end." How I loved her for her message!'

Nor was it only by her own pen she endeavored to bless. A letter to a friend says:-

' _____ is passing through a great sorrow, and I fear few will remember her. Would you send her a loving line and remind others to do the same? I am sure this would comfort her.'

It was not always easy for Miriam to write, as the following extract will show:--

'I fully intended to write to you long before this, but really my time has seemed so full of "duty" writing, that I have had very little time for the "pleasure" kind. As I sometimes say, the life of an invalid is a very strenuous one, and it is amazing how short my workable days are.

'I have had several interruptions, too, just lately. One afternoon that I had planned for writing, one of my "boys" home on leave came to see me. He used to be in my Company at Barnet, and is now a sergeant in the R.G.A. I had a victory with him, and got him to pray aloud by my bedside. At first he shook his head vigorously; but after I had prayed I think he had gained

courage, and began in a trembling low voice, but so sweetly. So, although my letters had to go to the wall, I felt it was well worth while. On another afternoon I had to see a specialist unexpectedly; and two other days I had planned for writing, I was so ill with pain that I could do practically nothing.'

But such interruptions as visits from her old 'class' boys when they came home on leave from the Front were very welcome. Of one who had been wounded, and called to see her before his return, she wrote to her Aunt Lucy:

'He was so tall that he had to bend as he came through my door. Kneeling by my bedside he told me how he had faced death again and again at the Front, and how he had got beautifully saved. O Auntie, he was one of my most bad boys! I felt so happy after he had gone that had my poor body allowed it I could have jumped out of bed and danced round the room!'

The circle of her own family had, of course, the first claim upon her pen. With her sister Mary she kept in constant correspondence. The two were like twin souls. From their childhood until the elder sister went to the Training Garrison they had had hardly a thought apart. All their plans and work were interwoven. That they were not able to enter Training at the same time, and later to work together, was a mutual disappointment; but, though separated because of the claims of the war, they remained one in spirit. Speaking of her sister since her promotion, Staff-Captain Mary says:--

'My love for Miriam went deeper than even a sister's love. Although I was the elder, she was my leader and inspirer even from our baby days.

'When I became an Officer, what Miriam would think of a victory was my greatest pleasure in it; that she would sympathize with me in a sorrow or defeat was a world of solace to me, and in difficulty I would ask myself, "How would Miriam act?" I received real help from weighing things in that light.

'That there is no Miriam at home now for me to send my joys and sorrows to, has left a blank in my life that I could hardly bear, but for the knowledge that He who took her away loved us both. I shall always have the inspiration of her love and her example, and -- we shall meet again.'

Miriam's pride in her sister's work was very sweet. Mary had once given her an Army Flag, which hung at the head of her bed all through her illness. Whenever she needed to leave home for special treatment she took the Flag with her as a silent testimony to those she met of the principles it declared -- those principles she so believed in and loved -- Salvation by faith in Jesus, purity of heart and life, and the Holy Spirit's empowering for service.

A friend once giving her some money to use as she pleased on her sister's work, she was able, to her great delight, to send Staff-Captain Mary a large Army Flag. She said to a comrade, 'You know, many of the men get saved before they "go up the line," and I want Mary to "swear them in" under the Flag. She also had two large texts made for the Huts. Staff-Captain Mary chose for the one the words, 'Jesus, the same yesterday, and today, and for ever.' Miriam's own

choice for the other was, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, DO IT.' She had the joy of hearing of at least one great sinner being converted by the silent message of the words upon the wall. Not a little of the Staff-Captain's success in her labors was due to the prayers and interest of the sister who lay sick and wounded 'behind the lines.'

After their last parting in the summer she wrote a letter to her mother, from which we are allowed extracts:--

'Darling Mary went off yesterday. We both felt very bad. I don't know how it was. I have never felt so awful before at parting from her... She has been so sweet to me in every way, I don't know what I shall do without her.

'Papa came to breakfast with me and Mary-his own suggestion on the Saturday morning. It was so dear of him! Mary left at 12:30. Papa went to the station with her. It has been nice to have dear Zazzie here for the week-end.

'Papa has been in to tea this afternoon, and seems in fair spirits -- talked a lot of you, and said this morning he had to go and fetch your photo that he always carries with him; he felt he must look at you! I think he is just longing for you to come home.

'My temperature has been keeping good, although in other ways I have felt very poorly. Backache very bad in the night and today, so I am not feeling very fit, and am a bit down. Thunder and streaming rain here, and altogether a wee bit dismal. But I am trying to trust in the Lord. He will give me grace; my own powers of endurance are at an end, and I sometimes wish I could go to Heaven!

'Tender love,
'Your own Mira.'

On the same subject she also wrote to a friend:--

'I felt dreadfully bereft after Mary had gone. But, of course, I would not hold her back from the glorious opportunity she has of helping the "boys," and, as you say, I feel so proud of her.'

As Miriam was the inspirer of her dear ones on the battlefield, she was also the joy-maker for those remaining at home. Her room was a center of sunshine. There the family gathered and shared their joys; none had a merrier or more generous heart than she; and it was big enough also to take in sorrows and to pray over them. 'She made Christmas and our birthdays for us,' says Mrs. Booth. 'Weeks beforehand she would plan the arrangements; no one in the household was forgotten.' Her nurses tell of the fun she would make in hiding all trace of these preparations. A piece of embroidery made a pleasant change from pen work. The blending of beautiful colors under her fingers was a great delight; but her mother was the only one for whom she allowed herself the luxury of doing 'fancy work.' For Mrs. Booth, however, several exquisite gifts were planned and executed.

Miriam looked forward eagerly every year to collecting for the Self-Denial Fund. Her activities were restricted to writing letters to friends. The year after the old General's death, remembering that the Corps at Darnley would suffer by the loss of his yearly donation of 10 Pounds, she determined to make this good, and succeeded. Year after year she set herself a Target, and often had the pleasure of helping others whom she knew were having a difficulty in realizing their desired amount. That Miriam believed in practical personal self-denial, a little note of thanks to a friend shows:

'The oranges are delicious. I have just had one for tea, and I especially appreciated it, as otherwise my tea, being butterless and sugarless, was not very appetizing. But Self-Denial Week is nearly over! I am so delighted with the 10s. for my card. It came as a lovely surprise. I have not quite come up to last year, but still I am believing for more in answer to some of my letters.'

The flowers of spring and summer were an unspeakable delight to Miriam, and bunches from her own garden went in many directions, with accompanying messages as sweet and cheering as the flowers themselves.

Friends also remembered her in this way. Writing her mother she adds as a postscript:--

'Lady Whitla's poppies have been such a glory! They came out beautifully.'

With the poppies came a letter, in which Lady Whitla wrote, referring doubtless not only to world affairs, but also to the condition of the Captain's health:--

'My Dear Miss Booth, -- I thought of you as I looked at our bed of poppy buds, so got a box, and am sending them on quickly for you to put into a bowl of water as soon as they reach you, and you will have the joy of seeing them unfold. I hope you are gaining strength. Sir William is away to Dublin! There is only one word that covers our present day difficulties. I found it in the Athanasian Creed, and it is "Incomprehensible."

'With love to your mother.

'Believe me,

'Sincerely your friend,

'Ada Whitla.'

Sir William Whitla is one of the eminent medical authorities who came as a friend to see the Captain on more than one occasion, giving her case the benefit of his great experience. In this sweet way of give and take Miriam brought a touch of brightness to many lives.

Papers and magazines were passed on, books that gave her pleasure were introduced to others, stamps and post cards saved and sent to children, even an empty Kodak envelope would be used to hold some pretty trifle for a child.

One of Miriam's ministries held in dear remembrance by many was her 'visitation.' Not that she could go to people, but she received them at her bedside, and none but received blessing

in the influence of her presence. She could not wear the beloved 'uniform,' but on her collar were embroidered red S's, and above her head hung the Colors, with Army emblems from various lands about the room. Turning the corner of the draught-screen which sheltered her bed from the door, the visitor was immediately held by the pale, refined face, lit by the luminous hazel eyes, in which played the lights and shades of a great soul. Her hands reached forward in a warmth of welcome, and her greeting was given in a clear, sweet voice. She was 'so glad to see you!'

'Illness did not spoil dear Miriam,' writes her Aunt, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. 'Suffering is a fiery furnace, and many do not come out of it refined as gold. If selfish before, they seem to become a thousand times more selfish, and can talk of nothing but their aches and pains, their isolation and trying circumstances. It was never so with Miriam. Directly we were in her sick chamber we seemed to forget we were visiting an invalid, but felt that it was she who was visiting us! She was so eager to enter into anything touching our work or life; not a word about herself.

'When I was in England, during the final weeks of the old General's life, I used often to slip across to "The Homestead" for a chat in the garden by her couch-bed or in her own sweet little room; and though she never spoke of that great break right at the start of her happy Army service, I felt that she knew that I knew and understood. Thus that silent mutual sympathy strengthened the sweet bond between us. In one of her letters she wrote: "Oh! if this awful war was over, and you could come over again, darling Auntie, what a time we would have in my little room! What a heart-talk we would have! Perhaps a few tears would be shed; but there would be so many bright smiles to cover them; and how I should love to hear from your own dear lips about your battles in little Denmark."'

Did a child spend an hour in Miriam's room? She, too, was a child, finding out the lessons, games, everything that he liked; and the little one went away adoring the Captain, and determined to please her. One turbulent little man, the despair of his mother, became as an angel in Miriam's room. Very gently, when she had won his confidence, she asked him why he did not say rude things to her. He looked up amazed, and replied, 'Because you don't say them to me.'

Captain Olive Booth found at her Corps a poor woman dying of cancer. The woman's husband was an interned German, and she was in great distress, not knowing with whom she could leave her little girl. Captain Olive interested her mother in the case, and after the woman's death Mrs. Booth received the motherless child into her own home until permanent arrangements could be made. Miriam comforted and took the little one to her heart, and after her death a beautifully carved and mounted marrow-bone arrived, sent to her by the father of the child as the only token he could obtain upon which to engrave his gratitude.

She had great faith for Corps Cadets, and was keenly anxious that they should be careful of their health, so that they might give good service to God and The Army. Those who visited her went away longing to be like her in spirit.

Some of her visitors found it difficult to remember that she had troubles of her own! One of these poured out upon her a flood of woe, all centering round some solitary incident.

'How can one hide one's feelings!' she wrote to her Adjutant. 'I was laughing, talking, and sympathizing, and all the while my own heart was numb and sick with the realization of the difference between her circumstances and mine. She has so much -- so much of the joys of life and opportunities of service -- and yet one trial fills her horizon with gloom. I was thinking, if she and I could but change places I would see little cause for repining!'

Of one who was dissatisfied with her work, she wrote:--

'Perhaps if she had had my experience to pass through she would be only too glad for "figures," "foreign service," or anything else that would give her a chance to help the War. What do you think? Some folks' idea of consecration seems to me rather more of the "pick and choose" than of the "I'll go where I'm sent" quality!'

One of Miriam's most valuable services to The Army lay in the constant sending of her mother from her side at the call of duty. 'Go, Mamma, darling; I shall be all right,' she would whisper; and Mrs. Booth would turn from her bedside to fulfill an important engagement or to start on some long journey or voyage, uncertain whether all might not be over before she returned. All that these partings entailed to both mother and daughter only the loving Father-Heart could measure or know.

'I wish I could have been more with you, my darling,' writes Mrs. Booth just before the International Congress of 1914, 'but it was felt best at the time... and I am still hoping to have quite a few hours with you before the I.C.C. If you are a wee bit better, perhaps I can read my notes to you.'

We have said little in these pages of the three-fold bond of tender sympathy, understanding, and trust, by which Mrs. Booth and Miriam were united. The subject is so sacred that more than a passing allusion is impossible. It is, however, no exaggeration to say that during all those years the thought of Miriam was never really absent from her mother's mind, nor the burden of suffering lifted from her heart.

One of the many treasured letters from Mrs. Booth's pen begins:--

'My Precious Miriam, -- I thanked God for your message this morning of a "fair night." Papa is settling into work, and so I must not let myself think about you too much, as I grow unsettled...'

And again:--

'Thanks for your dear note. Your brave words "I feel I ought to get better" did me good, and I am so praying that God may guide us to the right thing. I cannot help feeling that somehow you are gaining. The doctor seems to think that Nature is slowly winning...'

Upon every demand Miriam bravely sent her mother from her; but with intense joy she welcomed her back; and before Mrs. Booth had even unfastened her traveling cloak or bonnet she would hurry up to Miriam's bedside, knowing how eagerly her return was awaited.

Until the end, one of Miriam's chief pleasures was to have a book on hand from which her mother would read to her as occasion offered. During her last months on earth her interests were greatly drawn out to China; and, as well as closely following the doings of our pioneer party there, she much enjoyed hearing her mother read the life of Pastor Hsi, the Chinese scholar and saint.

'I am so enjoying the book,' she wrote, 'and am full of longing now to go to China. But, I think, I realize more than ever I have done, the importance of prayer. And that is a service I can render.'

It may well be that the greatest service Captain Miriam rendered to The Salvation Army was that of prayer. When all work dropped from her frail hands, she would lie still and hold up in earnest believing petition The Army and individual Salvationists before the Lord. Only eternity will declare the fruit of that intercession, sanctified through suffering.

To quote Commander Eva Booth:--

'Her ministry was brief, but it was marvelously rich and far-reaching. Her physical sufferings were great, but her spirit rose above them in self-forgetting zeal for others. The treasure of her presence is taken from us, but through her consecrated life her influence can never grow dim.'

* * * * *

15 -- THE HOME CALL

'Fire a salute for a warrior Home!
Lift up the Flag for a battle won!
Satan's host retreated,
Death and Hell defeated,
Gone to hear the great "Well done!"

In her last New Year's Day, Captain Miriam wrote to Adjutant Simpson:--

'How I wonder what 1917 holds for us! These years of inaction and illness seem to have made a great blank in my life. Such valuable precious years, in which I could have done so much for God and His Kingdom! This is, perhaps, the greatest mystery of all the many mysteries connected with my illness. But I must not let doubt creep in. "He knows, He loves, He cares." One of the verses in "The Counselor" reading last night was, "I have heard their cry... I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them." So we must face the New Year in trust and hope.'

During the succeeding months, while in some respects she seemed stronger, and her mental vigor was undiminished, new and particularly distressing symptoms asserted themselves, and gave rise to fresh anxieties, in the late autumn a new treatment for wounds, advocated by the

best medical advisers, was brought to the notice of The General and Mrs. Booth, and when it was decided to give the treatment a trial Miriam welcomed the move as a last hope of recovery.

With methodical care she began at once to arrange for an absence from home. That, at least, was something she could do! She drew up lists of all she would require in the Nursing Home to which she was to go. Her chest of drawers, always in order, was gone through. During her absence her room was to be freshly color-washed, and she superintended the stripping of her room, and the packing away of little love-tokens.

'Ellen, don't hang up "Hope" over the mantel-piece again,' she said to the housemaid, the day before leaving. 'I am tired of hope, I am going to have Certainty.' During all her years of illness Miriam had rarely spoken of death, she was so full of life; but shortly before this she had mentioned the subject -- apparently in passing -- to her brother Wycliffe.

'When I die,' she said, 'I would like the day to be regarded as a birthday rather than one of death and sadness. It would be the beginning of a new life, without any of the sorrows and trials of this one.'

During her stay in the Nursing Home, Miriam suffered one of those fierce attacks of pain and high fever to which she was subject. One night when she could not sleep the nurse, becoming alarmed, called the matron, Miss Bennet, who tells us:--

'Miss Booth was greatly distressed because I had been disturbed. I know it is much to say, but in all my nursing experience I have never had a patient like her. To see her bear most terrible pain, striving to make no sign, really vexed me. "Just have a proper cry and groan, it will do you good," I said to her one day. "O Miss Bennet, I couldn't! What would these nurses say of The Army?" "Bother The Army," I replied; "just you groan to please me." Such loyalty to high ideals, such determination not to dishonor her Saviour in the eyes of any who did not experience her sense of His comforting presence, I have never seen!'

During Miriam's stay in London she felt a great hunger to see her sister Mary, who was still in France, once again; but with her practical unselfishness, and suspecting no immediate change in her condition she wrote, 'But there, darling, I think you had better wait till I get home, so that we could really have some time together.' The meeting between the sisters, so eagerly looked forward to by both, is still to come; but in that Land where not 'some time,' but an eternity will be spent together.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker were waiting an opportunity to leave this country for India, and receiving a hurried notice to embark they managed to pay a good-bye visit to Miriam. She was warmly attached to her uncle, and referred afterwards to his beautiful farewell prayer with her. 'Such a wonderful, picturesque mind as he has,' she remarked.

At a certain stage in the treatment an operation by one of the most eminent surgeons of Europe was considered advisable. During the course of her illness no step had been taken but

with Miriam's full sanction, and now, while shrinking from all the proposal would entail, she decided, 'Yes, let us go right through with it.'

It was on one of these her last days that, with her quick fellow-feeling for others, she wrote to a comrade-officer, himself dangerously ill, as follows:--

'I have only just heard that you go into hospital for an operation on Monday. I know something of how you must be feeling, and do want to assure you of my prayers and sympathy. The Lord will strengthen you, I am sure; the Everlasting Arms are underneath. I have been very ill the last fortnight, and also go into hospital on Monday for an operation, so we are indeed comrades in distress! I have been feeling very terrified at it all; but the Lord will give me courage. I am trusting in Him.'

To obtain the services of the surgeon referred to, Miriam was removed to the hospital. As she traveled in the ambulance with her mother and nurse, glancing westward she said, 'Look, Mamma, at the glorious sunset. It seems like a message from God!' and so it well might have been.

When Mrs. Booth saw her daughter in a ward with many other sufferers, and noticed on every hand evidences of institution life, her heart failed her. Until then she had at least been able to protect her beloved sufferer from the din and turmoil of the troubled world. 'I cannot leave you, darling,' she whispered. 'Oh, yes, you can, Mamma,' Miriam replied with soldierly cheerfulness; 'let me stick it!'

The doctor gave comforting assurances that nothing untoward was anticipated, and that Mrs. Booth might make arrangements to take the patient home a couple of days later. On Wednesday afternoon the operation was performed. Miriam's strength seemed to be well maintained, and with great joy her dear ones looked forward to the return planned for Friday. Her mother was with her on Thursday evening; and with glad heart the following morning she took train to London. She was about to bring Miriam home!

For years it has been Mrs. Booth's daily custom to commit some verses of Scripture to memory, or to refresh her mind upon others. As she traveled from Hadley Wood to Finsbury Park she read in her Testament, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' The words seemed to stand out upon the page with strange significance. She re-read them. Then the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, who had been so near and so precious to this mother and daughter during their years of trial, drew near and suggested to her heart that these words might in some way have to do with Miriam. For the first time there shot into her soul the fear, 'What if things are not well with Miriam?' So absorbed was she with this question that she reached Finsbury Park Station without knowing it, and was still pondering over the verse, when a messenger reminded her that she was to alight. With all haste she made her way to the hospital. As soon as she saw Miriam she realized the meaning of the words she had read. In a short time the specialist arrived and confirmed her fears. Heart failure had set in. Miriam was sinking!

Major Catherine and Ensign Bernard soon joined her, and The General and Adjutant Simpson were hurriedly summoned. The General arrived while Miriam was still able to speak

with him; but as she attached no significance to his presence there at that hour, to Mrs. Booth fell the duty of breaking the news to her daughter. 'Darling, you are going Home today; but not to Hadley Wood, to Heaven,' she said. 'Oh, I am so glad, so glad!' came the answer. 'How soon?' 'Quite soon, I think, my darling!' Miriam turned to Catherine, 'Gordon?' she whispered. 'He is coming, love.' 'Dear boy!' she said, and smiled. The Adjutant joined the little group as the feet of his beloved entered the lonely way. With a wonderful joy shining in her eyes she turned to her dear ones, and smiled her farewells as she receded down the Valley of the Shadow. 'Miriam, darling, you are ours for ever,' said The General, deeply moved. She smiled again -- went a little further -- and the sorrowing group was lost to her earthly vision.

Her father committed the precious spirit to the keeping of the Eternal Father. She closed her eyes upon earth, and awoke -- to behold the King in His beauty.

In a peculiar way Miriam was a daughter of the people. She loved them so truly that her greatest desire was to spend her life for and with them. And in God's order she went to Him in the very Way that, perhaps, her warrior-spirit would have chosen -- from the open battlefield of a great hospital. To her mother-as every mother will understand -- the circumstances of her darling's death, away from home and among strangers, seemed to fill her cup of sorrow to the brim. In the midst of her first great grief Captain Olive brought a touch of comfort as she told how, while waiting at the door of the hospital ward, she had been able, out of her own sore heart, to speak words of consolation to a poor widow, herself in the anguish of fresh bereavement.

The word of God is sure. 'All things work together for good' to them that love Him. Already some begin to see how, from that unlooked-for experience, good may flow; for the world is filled at this time with sufferers separated from home and dear ones in their hours of greatest need; and those linked by the tenderest ties have had to resign their beloved sick to the care of others, to take their last farewell in strange and difficult surroundings, or even never to know how the last hours were spent. To these scattered throughout the world the thought that Captain Miriam, after her long years of seclusion, went in the end by the same rough road, binds her yet more closely to Salvationists the world over, and to the 'people' she loved so well.

At the Congress Hall, the place of all others that Miriam loved best -- where as a babe she had been dedicated to God and The Salvation Army, and where later she had herself consecrated her life to the Holy War -- they laid her form, awaiting the last farewell of her comrades.

The room in the old building prepared by Major Catherine for her beloved sister is known as 'The General's room.' Here our Leader rests, and works, and holds interviews between the Sessions of Meetings held at this chief of Army Halls. Here also their glorified Grandfather had rested. 'We have done everything as we felt she would like,' said the Major, as with self-forgetting love she led the way to the hushed room. What 'Miriam liked' meant arrangements of the utmost simplicity, with the distinctive mark of the Soldier.

Around the room The Army Colors were draped, but there were no flowers. Much as she had loved these in her lifetime, she had been grieved when people spent money on them for her

pleasure; and she would have begged that, in her last sleep, their price be devoted to the alleviation of those in distress.

Very lovely the Captain looked in the dignity and peace of death. Her delicately shaped hands were clasped above her beloved Flag, which enfolded her. Once she had expressed a wish that her Sergeant's stripes, emblem of her last and fullest public service, should be placed in her coffin. These had not been forgotten.

Upon her broad brow seemed to be written signs of promises fulfilled and of complete victory. As we gazed there came to us the full meaning of the words, 'O death, where is thy sting?' Then followed the exultation, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' What mattered now the long battle? Christ had supported her in it, had brought her through more than conqueror!

On Thursday afternoon, December 13th, Captain Miriam was laid beside her grandparents and other of our holy dead, in that spot sacred to Salvationists the world over -- Abney Park Cemetery. Prior to the funeral, a Service was conducted by The General in the Congress Hall, in which several members of the family took part. The gray old building was filled with a hushed sympathetic throng, and a crowd unable to gain admission spread far down the street.

Out of doors on that winter day the trees lifted their stripped arms to heaven; but upon their branches were found the promise-buds of spring-time, while within the Congress Hall those thousands of people dried their tears, as in faith they anticipated and sang of the day when--

'With yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.'

The procession, with its appeal of music, Flag, and uniform, and the solemn, silent symbol of the uncertainty of life -- the unadorned coffin, on which lay the promoted Warrior's bonnet and Bible -- gave its message to thousands of sympathetic spectators. When Abney Park was reached daylight was rapidly failing. A vast crowd partly encircled the spot on which, in the "never to be forgotten" past, Services had accompanied the laying to rest of The Army's Mother and Founder.

Praise and not mourning gave the predominating note to the songs and petitions of the short Committal Service.

In concluding, The General stood forward, pleading that every one present would reflect upon the thought that there must be some lesson in all the visitations which God permits.

'I have been asking myself,' he continued, 'What is that lesson for me? What is that lesson for her mother? What is that lesson for us as a family? I ask you to inquire of your own heart, no matter who you are, "Is there any lesson here for me?"

'From the moment Miriam was smitten down I heard no word of repining from her lips, but always those other words, "If only we could do what God wants, then that is everything, is it not?"

'I say to you this afternoon, it is everything to do what God wants; to walk with Him in that intimacy which enables us all the time to say, "Thy will be done."

In the gathering mist the precious body was committed to the grave, Commissioner Howard, the Chief of the Staff, pronouncing the benediction.

On the Sunday night following the funeral, The General conducted a Memorial Service in the Congress Hall. Again the Hall was filled, and again Captain Miriam's life appealed from the platform to thousands of those whose souls she had cared for and sought to bless while on earth. Her loved ones were present -- father, mother, brothers, sisters, and her betrothed--not as silent mourners, but as those who look forward in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection and reunion, and who feel that the remnant of life in which they may seek and serve becomes more precious as it becomes less. Ere the prayer-battle concluding the Meeting had finished, one hundred souls had wept their failures, their sins, and their desires into the ear of Miriam's Mighty Saviour. And who shall say that she did not know and share in the rejoicing?

* * * * *

16 -- FATHER AND DAUGHTER

Once, in an Officers' Council, when referring to his promoted daughter, The General thanked his hearers for the help they had given her. 'My Officers greatly blessed and enriched her life,' he said. He might have added that, while her mother shaped her spirit, to himself, more than to any one else, Miriam owed that inspiration which taught her hands to war and her fingers to fight on The Salvation Army battlefield.

Between father and daughter a rare bond of sympathy existed. From her childhood The General found in Miriam a companion spirit.

She was always full of surprises, and in this respect a study of never-failing interest to her father. One day he would smile tenderly to see his mother still with them in the guise of the child; later he would be laughing over her mimicry and fun, which brought memories of his own boyhood; and again, evidences of the spirit of one or other of her grandfathers, who had bequeathed to her their forceful characteristics, caused him much amusement. Wholly unconscious of possessing any unusual ability, she discussed things of world-interest quite naturally with her father, and in a sense shared his burden, as far, at least, as participating in his desire for the Salvation and uplifting of the people. Quite early she recognized many of the problems of human life, and as she began to visit among the poor, the unequal conditions

prevailing -- the bad pay, bad housing, and troubles caused by drink -- distressed her sorely. She would fly home to her father boiling with indignation. 'O Papa, do something!' she would exclaim with girlish impulsiveness. 'Can't you get on this job in a way that will make it possible for people to live decently?'

As a 'discerner of spirits' Miriam appealed to her father. Intuitively she seemed to understand how to weigh and estimate conduct by motive. Generous in her estimates, she would never quench 'smoking flax,' and where lack of training and inherited weakness was evident, would plead for patience with the worst. But she believed in fearless and outspoken dealing with those who deliberately refused to walk in the light, or were making a mistake. An example of this is found in a letter to a comrade, concerning a young Salvationist on the verge of a foolish marriage:--

'He has been so frank with you,' she writes, 'could you not talk to him very plainly on the matter?' Try and make him see that he should not contemplate marrying one who is not a Salvationist. The fact that he thinks she would "come in," if he asked her, seems to show that she does not understand The Salvation Army spirit. Could he but see that, if he is to have a successful career in The Army, his choice of a wife is an all-important one. He should seek a comrade "in the War," one to whom he can look for help in every way, one whose faith would be strong when he would be inclined to waver. A wife who would not be a drag upon his efforts and spirit, but ever be the one to point further on, and say "Forward!" One grounded in Salvation Army principles an Officer herself, from conviction. Point out to him that many of our young men fail by not choosing a wife who is a fighter, an inspirer, who in married life puts God and The Army first.'

But her father was not blind to Miriam's shortcomings, and in her early years he saw in her some of the faults of her qualities. Her highly-strung, sensitive nature inclined her to magnify and exaggerate whatever she spoke of; the troubles of the world and herself included.

Until she learned the 'more excellent way' mentioned in an earlier Chapter, she was ready for those who were ungenerous enough to try and 'take it out of her' because she was a Booth, and she brought them up with a quick turn! Later she discovered how to win over such till they became her fast friends.

Miriam had also a certain contrariness of disposition to fight against, as well as an inclination to monopolize for herself; and these weaknesses might, but for grace, have developed into unreasoning obstinacy and selfishness. But with great joy her father watched how, in the Divine strength, these tendencies were overcome.

But it was in Miriam's Salvationism that The General found, perhaps, his greatest satisfaction. She believed in deliverance through Jesus Christ for the most wretched soul on earth. She longed for Him to rule and reign in every land, and believed with all her heart that The Salvation Army could help to bring His Kingdom on earth. The following extract from one of her letters might almost be an echo of her grandmother's voice:--

I am just with you as to the motive and purpose of our Open-Airs and other Meetings. Oh, that we could make all Salvationists understand this! It would give eyes to see to those who are blind, ears to hear where now they are deaf; devotion, enterprise, originality to those whose spirit is that of the "hired servant," and whose methods are flat and ineffective. Oh, that God would give us more than ever the passion for souls, which to my mind is included in true sanctification of the spirit!

She was a Salvationist every inch -- every ounce of her. In this connection The General delighted to see her adaptability. She was equally at home with all classes, and a living embodiment of Commissioner Railton's lines:--

'Whether I march in the front or last,
Whether I have plenty to eat or fast,
Whether I fight on the land or sea,
Saviour, I am pleased to go with Thee.'

And her father to Miriam was as a rock in a weary land. She flew when perplexed or distressed to him, of all the world, assured of his love, his patient interest, and his ability to help her. In writing for one of The Army papers on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, she says, tracing his influence on her life from its earliest days:--

'When I come to write about The General, I feel that instead of one man, I could write about ten! Leader, writer, preacher, organizer -- The General is all these and many more besides to the great Salvation Army under his care. But I think all will agree with me that the position in which I know him best is that of a father. Father, not only to the small family at home, but as taking a father's place also to that big world-wide family -- our beloved Army.

'It was our father, The General, who first taught us at home the importance of caring for all weak and helpless creatures, especially those dependent on us for their comfort and welfare. He pointed out to us the beauties of the pet rats or rabbits that he brought to us, and carefully explained how to house them comfortably and feed them well. And it was father who was neither too sleepy nor indifferent to come down in the middle of the night to attend to a poor little guinea pig wounded by a hedgehog, treating its wounds himself night and morning with the happiest of results.

'And has he not been just as truly father to his big Salvation Army family in seeking to teach them the same lesson? It is he who tells us over and over again that the shepherd is no use unless he cares for the sheep. The suffering, the sorrowing, the wounded in the battle of life, these are to be our first claim. It is he who bids us, lovingly bids us, tend the homeless and friendless, the aged and the sick within our reach. This is what we hear from his lips at the Officers' Councils, Local Officers' teas, and Soldiers' Meetings. We must shepherd those whom God has put under our care, loving them with hearts God has touched, and serving them as Jesus would have us serve. And it is our father, our General, who sets his Army the great example, and is himself a "servant of all."

'Father loves us each one dearly, but his love is not for the physical only, not merely the intellectual and the outward -- that in us which is temporal; but he loves us for that in us which is eternal -- our souls.

'For several years before I went to the Training Garrison it was my duty and my pleasure to call my father in the morning with a cup of milk and water, and on these occasions we used to have a little talk on all sorts of subjects. I have the happiest recollections of those early morning chats, but what stands out most vividly in my mind are the times when he would talk to me about the highest spiritual things. As I knelt by his bedside to pour out the milk and water for him, he would say in his direct yet tender manner, "Mim, how are you getting on in your soul?" or, "Do you think you pray enough?" When I was lying in a nursing home awaiting a critical operation my father came to see me. He talked to me, cheered me, and encouraged me; but that was not all! He prayed with me, and asked, not only that in the Lord's good will He should spare me to come safely through the surgeon's hands, but he prayed that my faith should not fail, and that in my own spirit I should still be more than conqueror.

'And with his big Salvation Army family he is the same. It is the souls of men our General is after. Nothing is too hard to be borne, no difficulty too great to be surmounted, nor opposition too bitter to be faced, if only souls can be won for the Master. Our General is not merely content with feeding the starving, comforting the sorrowing, or even reforming the wrongdoer. No, it is for the souls of men he is spending his life; and he bids every Salvationist do the same. "Come," he says, "join the Deliverer. He is out to save no matter what it costs." It is The General who urges us to seek out the weak, the worst, the helpless, and the hopeless. And it is he who impresses on our minds and hearts the need of the Christless millions still dwelling in darkness in India, in China, and other lands.'

Miriam's letters, written during her illness, abound in loving references to her father's kindness. 'Dear Papa got home early and had tea with me in my room,' she would write. 'Quite a festive time!' Or, 'Last night I had fearful toothache, and dear Papa came and so tenderly painted my tooth with oil of cloves. It eased the pain wonderfully.'

And truly, during all those years, in spite of the world-wide claim upon him, Miriam was never far from The General's thought. An Officer tells that once when engaged on some work he suddenly started and pulled out his watch. He looked at it for what seemed a long time, then turned an anxious face to his helper, and said gravely, 'The doctors are just now holding a consultation over our dear child. Do pray for us.'

Was he in the train and feeling the heat oppressive, his thoughts would be with the invalid at home, and a little note would be posted on reaching his destination. Once The General found some one in trouble, and after the Meeting he sent the following: 'I want to talk with you when I come home about writing letters to certain people, to whom I am sure you could bring some blessing and help.' By such methods he constantly helped Miriam to feel that she was still a fighting unit in our great Army. In one of his New Year letters he writes:--

'My Darling Miriam, -- I do love and pray for you, that this year may be the time of your deliverance from these trying bonds of weariness and suffering. A year of love and peace and strength renewed day by day! You are a blessing to us all. So a happy New Year to you by God's good hand upon you! With all a father's love.'

In the midst of the great International Congress of 1914, when sessions and interviews occupied him almost every hour of the day, and far into the night, The General stayed for some days in London; but he never forgot the sick one shut away from the joyful gatherings, and between the Meetings contrived to send her many tender messages with his own pen, such as:

'Just a line of love. We had a very beautiful procession and such crowds that the police could not deal with them.'

Again:--

'We had a wonderful time yesterday, Mamma was splendid in both Meetings. The Spirit of God helped her. Thousands of people shut out of the Strand Hall. I spoke to a crowd of some thousands on the front steps at 9:30 and 10:45. Hallelujah for our opportunity!'

Or, once more:--

'This morning the Canadians. It could not but be sad* [*In consequence of the recent Empress of Ireland disaster.]; but there was a fine influence, and thirteen or fourteen at the Mercy-seat. The excitement and curiosity are against us for the Penitent-Form. But God will help. Pray for us. Darling, I hope you are having better days. You can't think how I have thought of you and loved you and wanted to have you with us. Enclosed I hope to send you a newspaper with an article about Saturday. Really very good. I have had some nice letters and some deliciously funny ones about the Congress.

'With all a father's love,
'W. B. B.'

But it was in her hours of fiercest conflict that Miriam sounded the full depths of her father's sympathy and help. All who have passed through suffering know that there are times when trials and darkness press hard upon the bravest spirit. Then The General would give all his heart to understanding her trouble, whether physical, mental, or spiritual. And it was doubtless to her father's influence and faith at these times that Miriam owed some of the deepening experiences which came to her with every fresh disappointment. Two extracts from letters written towards the close of her illness show better than any words of ours could do the ripening of her spirit.

To an Officer whom she had known in the Training Garrison, and who had broken down in health, she wrote:--

'By your last letter, I felt you were a bit "Manky," poor girl! I do so sympathize with you having to come out of the Field. I have had so many disappointments to face myself during the

last five years that I think I am able to enter into those of others. I pray that God will make up to you for the loss of what must seem to you so precious. Do pray for me, that I may be patient. Sometimes I have such a big longing to be well and "at it" once again; and yet I do want to be willing to go God's way and wait His time. How I wish I could have been at the I.H.Q.* [*International Headquarters -- when The General meets his Staff for spiritual refreshment and fellowship.] Day! I can imagine how you enjoyed it. My soul feels very, very thirsty sometimes, and I just long for the refreshment of a Meeting, although I don't know what I should do. I think the joy of it would overwhelm me. Your letter was a blessing to me, and I made up my mind to try and make this room more of a "sanctuary."

'I think I have realized more than ever just lately that the great thing is to be doing God's will; that is of far more importance than doing His work. In some wonderful way, we are all in His plan, and no particular work is of more importance to Him than any other, so long as we are doing or suffering His will, being faithful just where He has put us.

'Do you know Whittier's poems? He has some beautiful lines on this very thought. For example:--

"For one shall grasp, and one resign;
One drink life's rue, and one its wine;
And God shall make the balance good.
O, power to do! O, baffled will!
O, prayer and action! ye are one;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still.
And good but wished, with God is done."

'Not that I altogether agree with the last line; but I think we are sometimes tempted to hanker after this and that kind of work. Oh, how much I have done this; not realizing that we are most useful to Him when we accept His will just where He has placed us.

"O, prayer and action! ye are one,"

and we can still accomplish that "harder task" for Him. Remember, no one can make us machines; not even _____ for you, nor the invariable doctors and nurses for me, so long as we keep our spirits free to wait upon the Lord.'

And again, when writing on the subject of faith, over which she had, as we have seen, such fierce conflicts:--

'I do feel the need of more faith. What a wonderful and glorious mystery it is, that "the prayer of the righteous availeth much"!

'This morning I opened my Bible on these, words, "To you it is given, not only to believe, but to suffer." I began in my own spirit to say, "Why, O Lord?" and the Lord brought to my mind that verse in Hebrews: "It became Him to make the Captain of their Salvation perfect through

suffering." If in some altogether incomprehensible manner even Jesus Himself was made perfect through suffering, then surely there must be much, so much for me to learn... But it is a difficult question. I have been very much helped through reading Hebrews xi. It seems to me that in all those wonderful instances of heroes, given to us as examples of faith, we find that it was manifested more in following blindly (verse 8), in implicit obedience (verse 7), in suffering affliction (verse 25), in endurance (verse 36), and in other similar ways rather than in pleading with God to alter their circumstances in any way... So I think the test comes to us -- in things which seem almost to contradict God's very nature, when the thing we long and pray for seems as though it must be for His own glory and honor, and the fulfilling of His own purposes; and yet it is denied to us. Then, can we still trust Him, still have faith in His wisdom and love, still believe that in His own way and time His promises will somehow be fulfilled? This is the faith which Jesus had -- the request, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me," and the supreme act of faith -- "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done."

Notwithstanding the long and trying ordeal of her illness, The General, buoyed up by favorable medical opinions, and recognizing her gifts and public abilities, might well cherish the hope that he would one day see his daughter swaying thousands with the message of Full Salvation, as her grandmother had done before her. Something of the agony he experienced, therefore, when called suddenly to part from the daughter who in many ways was the light of his home, will be understood. But in her death The General set his people an example of unquestioning resignation to the will of God. He stood among them both at the Congress Hall and by the graveside, not as The General of a world-wide Organization, so much as a father sorrowing and turning to those he loved and trusted that they might sorrow with him. His attitude and that of his family throughout the sad days of mourning spoke louder than words could do of the Saviour who is the Great Healer of wounded hearts, and declared afresh that in His will is found our peace.

The following extracts from The General's address at the Funeral Service give a fitting 'amen' to this brief, beautiful life:--

'My dear girl has been, as you know, more or less an invalid for the last six years; always, until quite recently, with the highest hopes and fullest expectation of being restored to health, but nevertheless always under the great limitations of trial and suffering. And yet, in spite of it all, she has been able to manifest a wonderful realization of the spiritual and divine.

'The chief lesson of her life has been the illustration she has afforded of the power of high purposes, high thoughts, noble ambitions to enable the weakest and feeblest -- so far as material things go -- to triumph over difficulties and accomplish something for God.

'Whenever we approached her, no matter what might be her physical condition, there has always been the manifestation of her complete absorption in and consecration to higher things. She had been helped in this by the definiteness of Christ's work in her own soul. She was truly given up to God, truly apprehended of Jesus Christ. And she knew it. She had a conscious and unwavering assurance of her own Salvation.

'She has been helped, too, by the fact that she conceived of life as being something which she could give to God for the service of others, so that she might be used, rather than be useful to herself; so that she might be able to give, rather than to receive.

'I would say, therefore, to every one here, let your faith be strengthened by this life, seeing that, in spite of the unfortunate and undesirable conditions under which that life was lived, it was a life of victory, witnessing to the highest devotion to the Kingdom of God.

'Our loss is great; this is the first break in our family. It is, perhaps, a little difficult fully to apprehend God's purposes when we see this choice flower gathered in almost the morning of her life. But we believe in a Higher Service, as well as the service here on earth; and our dear girl has gone to serve God yonder in the furtherance of some great end which He in His wisdom sees to be best.'

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17 -- AFTER THOUGHTS
By Major Catherine Booth
(Reprinted from 'The Officer')

Miriam -- born June 18th. Even small details of the day are clear to me, illumined by the light of the great surprise it held. I can review them still; and, with the baby eyes of less than four years, I see my grandmother, to whose house I was come, seated at the head of the table with her back to the window -- her calm, loving face crowned, it seemed to me, by her cap, making her to my baby mind at once distant and different from all others. Myself, enveloped in a napkin, seated on her right. Opposite an uncle, who teases me in a friendly way. I hear my grandmother's refusal to give me a piece of meat at my uncle's urgent request, and the soft, but firm words as, pouring gravy over my mashed potatoes, she said, 'Cath darling shall have gravy, but never at my table what her mother would not give her.' Myself too shy to make any response, but glad to attack the potatoes, spoon in hand.

And then a little later, the entrance of my auntie Emma, who, finding me at play, kneeled on the floor beside me, and drawing me close to her said, 'O Cath, such a lovely thing has happened! God has sent you a little baby sister. Would you like to come home with me to see her?'

I cannot remember giving any answer, but only know that a feeling of awe, amounting almost to a pain, thrilled me, and that had I been told I was about to enter Heaven, I could not, I think, have run with more eager expectation or wonderful imaginings than those which kept me company as I trotted along to Darenth Road and climbed the stairs, and was finally lifted by my aunt over the edge of the muslin-draped cradle to peep at the sister sent by God. She was named Miriam.

These few pages cannot hold the story of my sister's life, much less the story of my love for her. Circumstances made us as a family entirely dependent upon each other for those associations and friendships most children find in playfellows and schoolmates. We were

perfectly content with each other, and lived our lives sharing all with all. I watched her from the height that belongs to the 'eldest,' strengthened by the seniority of four years, and saw her grow from the jolliest, roundest baby to the brightest and most imaginative companion.

It became easy to think of her as likely to do 'great things.' That she would talk so as to make men listen and want to listen again; that she would manage folk; that the poor and weakly would count her their champion, we knew: these things had already come about at the little Corps, whose life to a very great extent was our life. All our day-dreams were of The Army and of the people.

All our ambitions bent to the one end, and so we rejoiced with her in every token of success, which was to us a foretaste of what we hoped would be. Who could have sown a seed of doubt in those happy days of hope and enthusiasm? Clearly to us, Miriam was 'ready made,' so to speak, for her God-appointed task. No one, I think, who saw her enter the lists in her first attempts could question her inborn capacity to excel in the life to which she was called and that her heart had chosen.

God left her in it, it seems, just long enough to establish all hopes concerning her, and to give her a taste of its joys, and then He spoke as of old 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways... For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.' And so it came to pass that God's way for the little sister He sent us was to test her courage by pain. To isolate her friendly spirit by imprisonment in the sick room. To curb her quick enthusiasm by long nights of trial in which only patience could win. Her keen thought and eloquent words charmed the companion of her night watch, or the stray visitor to her bedside, instead of moving the multitude as we had fondly hoped.

Looking merely from the human standpoint, it would seem that every natural gift was dammed up at its springing forth, and she was called up to glorify God in the very ways for which she was naturally least fitted. Yet in how precious and perfect a manner were the words of the promise fulfilled before the eyes of us who watched her: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be... For My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Her short life with us was a living illustration of these words.

Naturally of a most active, energetic, vivacious disposition, she became more patient in waiting than we knew how to be patient for her. With interests reaching half round the world in plans for Army warfare, the enlightening of man's darkness and the comforting of hearts, she learned to limit her attention to the passing disappointment of the moment -- in the failure of the postman to bring her nurse a looked-for letter, or a problem connected with the housekeeping of the charwoman, which reached her by proxy from the kitchen.

Skilled to rule, she lived those years under the rule, often, of what seemed to her merely the red tape of medical custom or personal fad, and so ruled her spirit that few ever guessed the difficulty of it. Buoyant in hope to a degree that made her even in sickness one of the joyfulest companions, she saw hope deferred long enough to break most hearts, without sinking into melancholy repining.

How often, more often than I can count, have I left her room and hurried to some spot where I could cry aloud in the anguish I could not bear -- anguish to see merely what she had to bear. And in it all, her thought was for us. If for the moment she was cast down in our presence, how often a message or a note would come to say she was sorry, and it was only a passing shadow. If in times of great pain -- and I have sat with her at those times as often as any, from the beginning to the end -- if then some groan escaped her, how often, when she could hardly frame the words, she would look up and tell me she was sorry to distress me. I know she was not physically courageous; sensitive to a fault, she shrank in anticipation from every renewal of pain, but she bore it without flinching.

Hers was a life so heroic in every way that makes for heroism, and yet so hidden and cumbered, that it is a temptation to question. How gladly she, and we, would have suffered all, could we have seen the harvest, the blessing, the hand of God; and yet is not this the very bitterness of martyrdom always? Not the death, but the great sense of hopes cut off, plans unexecuted, promises unfulfilled. The pain is not that a life should be poured forth, but that it should seem to be poured forth in vain. The hour of the martyrdom is the hour -- true, the passing hour, but still the hour-of the tyrant's triumph. It may be centuries before the halo will be upon the martyr's head, or his suffering and death be seen as a glory.

I do not want to claim for her any special crown in likening her sufferings and triumphs to those of the martyrs; yet in this sense there is to me a similarity; and is it not a likeness that touches many of our sacrifices, our sufferings, our nights of anguish and days of loneliness, our sense of gifts unused and hopes cut down -- it seems to be for naught? In fact, as for her, so for us, other issue had been so profitable to the Kingdom as well as to ourselves. How easily, it seems, God could have answered prayer and healed her. The world needed her; she was given, body and soul, for The Salvation Army and the people, but again come the words: 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways.' To which the believing heart may add:--

'God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.'

Yes, dear comrades all, here is the word without which, unless we receive it, life itself is death: 'Let not your heart be troubled... believe!'

Sitting alone beside the sweet whiteness of her face in death, my soul knew that faith is Lord of death. I knew it not as the eye knows the light, nor as the ear knows the sound of a familiar voice, nor as the mind knows how to solve a problem, but I knew it as I know that love is stronger than greed, and the truth than a lie. I knew that faith in the Lord Jesus is the comfort and strength and hope of life in death. And I knew also that as she failed not in faith, whether in life or in death, I must not fail.

Her life has been a triumph of the saving grace of Jesus, though not in the way we looked for. The truly superhuman triumph of her spirit was that all through the days of waiting and suffering, she did not waver in faith or in the service of submission to God's will; and for this His grace was sufficient.

Oh, may one of the calls her life and death give us, be the call to that trusting in God's grace that shall enable us to triumph in the particular circumstances we call ours! May our lives, too, witness that He is alive for ever, and that whether in health or sickness, loss or gain, good report or evil report, in life or death, 'We have believed in Jesus.'

She came to us in June, part of the summer's beauty and music, and in December her sunny spirit was taken from us home to God. His purpose in it all, who can tell? To our brave-hearted mother came in those winter days these words: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

Lord, increase our faith, that when Thy ways shall be made known to us, we shall not hide our heads for shame that we trusted Thee so little.

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THE END