Just One Blue Bonnet

The life story of Ada Florence Kinton

Sara A. Pendleton

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To

Commissioner and Mrs Coombs

with best Wishes for a

happy Xmas and a

prosperous Newyear.

Staff Capt. and Mrs McLean

"

N. C. D. 1904

WINTER SCENE IN HUNTSVILLE.
Chalk sketch by A. F. K.

Just One Blue Bonnet

THE LIFE STORY OF

Ada Florence Kinton

Artist and Salvationist. Told mostly by Herself with Pen and Pencil.

EDITED BY HER SISTER

SARA A. RANDLESON

Via crucis, via lucis

TORONTO :: 1907
WILLIAM BRIGGS

To Salvation Army Officers

Like herself, educated and talented,
all over the world, who toil without
hope of money or fame for the
betterment of humanity

is dedicated

this life of their faithful comrade.

PREFACE.

It has often been said that if any person, however commonplace or insignificant, could tell out, without reserve, his or her whole heart's history, the interest of such a revelation to others would be extreme. Florence Kinton might be regarded as insignificant and unknown to the world, but commonplace she was not! Most *uncommon* is a character such as hers, in which the love of beauty was so strong a passion, so delicately expressed; and pity for the lost a stronger passion still, expressed in self-renunciation. A spirit high and rare was hers, seeming almost too good for earth. Yet earth needs just such to teach of the possibilities of this humanity of ours. It is thought that many, outside her own circle of friends, might be interested to trace this life, which on those who knew her exercised so strong a fascination by its literary and moral charm.

Florence had one friend, knowing her most intimately from birth to death, understanding and appreciating the mingled sweetness, elevation and simplicity of her nature, treasuring every penned or pencilled revelation of her character, in the shape of letters, journals and articles written for the press. Slightly linked together, these form the present volume.

They reveal a unique and charming personality, one that takes strong hold of every kindred soul that comes in touch with it. Unconsciously the writer put herself into everything she said or set down, and it is hard to say whether the beauty or the nobility of the disposition is

most marked. The exquisite and delightful funniness of her it is impossible to reproduce. These things evaporate in the telling.

One rarely reads more tender and true vignettes of nature than are to be found in that first diary. They show poetic feeling and a fine delicate fancy, combined with absolute artlessness, reminding one of the perfume of the white swamp violet. Through every page of the diary runs the sweet, attractive personality of the writer, a true child of nature and a lover of all her myriad wonders and beauties. Later in the workaday world the fancy is subdued; but a deeper note is struck, and as the varied pages are turned one sees the character developing on richer, broader lines.

This life-story should be read straight through, like a work of fiction, not merely dipped into. It has its crises and its climaxes. The long previous hesitation and the final resolve to work in the ranks of the Salvation Army cannot but excite the deepest interest, even of those who might think this decision a mistake. And when Florence Kinton's brave, bright life draws to a close, and she faces death with eyes wide open and undismayed to the last moment, who but must feel that, not the materialism of our age, not the search for pleasure, wealth or even honor, but, like her, to live always aspiring, helping and loving, and to leave behind a world sweeter, better and purer where our feet have passed, is the best purpose to which our own brief life can be turned.

These are the thoughts that have induced me to put this record of my sister before the world, that others may know her and thus perhaps catch some helpful inspiration before the swiftly gliding years shall have swept her into oblivion.

SARA A. RANDLESON.

HUNTSVILLE, October, 1907.

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INTRODUCTION.

In looking back over a friendship of some twenty years, unbroken even by long intervals of suspended intercourse, it is impossible not to feel the difficulty of presenting to those who never knew Florence Kinton the varied and seemingly almost incompatible qualities of an exceptionally noble and charming personality. For she was one of the rare and finely constituted spirits that combine, with great sweetness of disposition and a most loving heart, a strongly marked individuality and strength of character which makes an impression not easily forgotten. Gifted with the genuine artistic temperament, most sensitively organized, and delicately responsive to every phase of external beauty, and seeming at times almost too dreamy for the more prosaic requirements of ordinary life, she showed herself at least equally responsive to the nobler moral beauty which appeals to the soul alone. Reviewing her life as a whole, as revealed in her diaries and letters, which in their graphic simplicity and naïveté recall those of Eugénie de Guérin, it seems as if its earlier years had been one long, half-conscious conflict between her passionate love of external beauty, in both nature and art, and the "hungering and thirsting for righteousness" which she did not know how to harmonize with the former, yet felt that she "needs must love the highest when she saw it"—must choose the better part, and hold it fast.

Abundantly endowed with "the love of love"—readily stirred by emotion, ever willing to sacrifice herself for those she loved, and shrinking sensitively from adverse

criticism or disapproval—she nevertheless, with all her exceeding gentleness, combined the firm courage which can hold fast to its own sense of right, decide on the course (however unconventional), which her "reason and conscience" approved, and, in following it faithfully, face all opposition, even that of friends much loved and esteemed. Her generous power of loving and her ready sympathy with others often threw the shadows of their sorrows over her naturally sunny yet pensive nature; but she could equally share the happiness of her friends; and a quaint and graceful play of humor rippled naturally through the tenor of her daily life like the glinting of the "netted sunbeams" on the softly gliding brook.

She delighted, with all her heart, in the manifold loveliness of Nature, enjoying intensely the ever-varying beauty of wood and rock and stream, of English lanes and flowery meadows, and of wild Canadian lake and forest; and she could fully realize the truth of the words:

> "To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell,
> To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,—
> This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
> Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
> stores unfold."

Her first experience of picking primroses was a delight to be recorded and unforgotten; and not seldom did it happen that flowers would awaken in her mind "thoughts too deep for tears." Her vivid imagination and playful fancy often prompted her to read into their passive life human feelings and emotions, resulting in graceful little parables, which she wrote with as delicate a touch as that which characterized her drawings. This habit of mind would come out frequently in talk, as, for instance, when on a country visit in June she referred lovingly to a "conscientious little lilac," which had unfolded its first snowy bloom at an age when such an effort could hardly

have been expected of it. That shrub is still distinguished by the epithet which she then bestowed.*

It goes without saying that Florence loved children and animals, reading their natures and emotions with a quick, responsive sympathy which drew them towards her whenever they came in contact; and her consideration for the dumb creation exercised a most happy influence on the children who were at times under her care, as is manifest from some of her letters. Cruelty—inhumanity in any degree—was distressing and revolting to her tender spirit; yet, with nerve surprising in one so sensitive, she prepared herself when wandering with her young charge in Australian woods to resort to the most "heroic treatment," should it become necessary, in order to save a child's life from the deadly bite of a poisonous snake.

But much as she delighted in Nature, and in country sights and sounds, and fully as she appreciated the "pleasure in the pathless woods" (all of which she could depict so charmingly with pen and pencil), Florence Kinton was, by birthright, essentially a child of the city. Her nature was perhaps too pensive for continuous solitude or a life of quietude and contemplation; at any rate it was clear that it craved the stimulating impulse of the full throbbing tides of human life, and that in a career of active and loving service to God and humanity she could best find the realization of her own truest and happiest self. Even the art which she loved and found so absorbing—whether as student or teacher—seemed to require the stimulus of human fellowship, as may be noticed in

* Of all the many exquisite blossoms which Florence loved and idealized through her large gift of sympathetic imagination, the nearest to her heart were the Passion-flower and the pansy—the Passion-flower reminding her of a suffering Saviour, from whom she always drew her deepest inspiration; the pansy for the heart's-ease which she found only in following Him.—*S. A. R.*

her frequent references to her beloved South Kensington; and even then—as one can read between the lines of her diary—it did not fully satisfy her heart. Her soul was ever half-consciously struggling towards the higher service to which she felt, at last, that God had called her, and in which alone she could find rest and peace.

Warm and earnest as her early religious faith had been, she had not escaped the restless, questioning spirit of the age, and had been apparently drifting away from her earlier moorings, out on the troubled sea of perplexing doubt. "You will have either to realize your faith more, or lose it altogether," said a friend to her not long before she made her final choice. In the ministering service to which she devoted herself she did realize it; and thus,

> "Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last she beat her music out."

coming gradually to "find a stronger faith her own," and to realize the truth that he who "willeth to do the will of God shall know of the doctrine"—enough at least to lead him to the still waters of eternal peace.

Even as a child Florence Kinton possessed the strong sympathy with the masses, suffering from hard and bitter poverty, which eventually shaped the course of her later years. In some of the brief reminiscent glimpses which she would occasionally give her friends of her life in London, as the motherless child of a studious professor, always held in tender and revered remembrance, a friend of George MacDonald and Matthew Arnold, she seldom failed to recall the pain she often experienced from the sight of some of the want and misery too abundant in the great metropolis. During her official connection with the Salvation Army, in addressing a meeting on behalf of the needs and claims of the "Submerged Tenth," she described the impression made upon her as a child by the

sight of the ragged, half-starved children in the London streets; and told how she had regretted the waste of the material put into the flounces of her own frock, which, she thought, might have made a whole frock for one of these half-clad little girls. This tendency to "consider the poor" and their needs, spiritual and temporal, abode with her throughout her life, and, as her diary will show, was one of the influences that finally drew her into the ranks of the Salvation Army, by whom, she thought, the poor were more considered, and through whom the Gospel was preached to them more effectually than by any other organization.

The attraction which its generous crusade against vice, misery and degradation possessed for her, in common with many other earnest souls, was strongly felt even in her earlier days in England, when, as her diary records, she had special opportunities of seeing something of General Booth's interesting work at Clapton, circumstances which she felt it right to consider then preventing her feeling from taking outward shape. But this admiration for the spirit and work of the Army remained strongly rooted in her heart. And when, years after, notwithstanding the success and prestige she had achieved as a teacher of art, she felt still unsatisfied with her work and aims—distressed by the practical heathenism of the neglected poor—repelled by the worldliness of too many churches and professing Christians, and their indifference to the duty of "rescuing the perishing,"—she decided that for her there was no other course but to cast in her lot with those brave "soldiers," who, in the spirit of their great Captain, were so earnestly striving to "follow in His train."

The final step was not, however, taken without the sacrifice of many natural feelings and preferences. She used to say that her resolve was made during a particu-

larly dull sermon and an uninspiring service. Her first intimation of her decision, to the writer, was contained in a letter countermanding a request she had made about the sending of two small water-color drawings to the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. After asking that they be *not* sent, she added, "This is what I am going to do"—and in a few words stated her determination to enter into the work of the Salvation Army, relinquishing a competent salary, with growing success and prestige, for a humble "niche" in what she felt to be a great work, with a bare livelihood. And she had counted the cost. In the external features of the organization she entered there were some things which were repellent to her naturally refined tastes for dainty and beautiful surroundings; but where her conscience and judgment approved the general method—where her mind was fully and worthily occupied and her heart found full scope—she could dispense with adventitious advantages, and be happy in the "simpler life" of the Army. She was convinced that in it she found work more worthy of her highest capacities than in that of "helping a number of young people to draw a little better than they otherwise might," as she herself put it. Of this she was satisfied to the end—whether that work was found in its most self-denying form, in the humble "Rescue Home" for intemperate women (where she willingly submitted to much that was naturally painful and repelling), in the overflowing compassion with which their hard case inspired her; or in the "Refuge for Neglected City Waifs," whose starved and stunted childhood was sad to see, until tender Christian care had rounded into health the pinched baby faces and meagre limbs, and planted the little ones in happy homes; or in the "Prison-gate Shelter," where men who had sinned and suffered came for the chance of rehabilitation as honest workers. In each and all of

these she found much to stimulate her imagination and sympathy and make her feel that she was really doing something "to help push on" the work of mercy that lay so near her generous heart. And, as she said in some of her letters, she found not a little spiritual help in the simple but earnest devotional meetings, and not a few "beautiful spirits" among her fellow-workers, with whom she loved to labor, and from whom she received real spiritual impulse.

Nor did she shrink from the difficult and distasteful work of aiding in the collection of funds, since, as she used to say, the work could not go on without money, and "some one had to do it." The writer well remembers a little collecting expedition made with her in the course of a country drive, and the almost amusing obtuseness of the average laboring farmer to the appreciation of the objects for which she sought (vainly in several cases) to excite his sympathy, because so entirely out of his experience and reckoning. However, her earnest, gentle pleading was not altogether in vain, and she was happily content with comparatively small results—in cash, at least.

But it was in the editorial rooms of the *War Cry*, in Toronto, that she seemed to find her most congenial work. There her literary as well as her artistic gifts were stimulated to swift and effective exercise—always urgently needed—and often bringing appreciative recognition, as when her articles were copied into other papers, and sometimes even translated into other languages. It was an important niche that she filled there, and her letters show that she filled it happily and well, finding congenial colleagues as well as most interesting and engrossing work; and there, as elsewhere, she realized the inspiring presence and sustaining strength of the Great Companion.

The comparative separation from her old friends and natural social circle, involved in her unusual career, was

one of the privations she felt most keenly. Some of her early friends never quite overcame what she felt to be their prejudice against the course she had pursued, while others accorded a half-compassionate sympathy. Few really appreciated either the rewards or the privations of her work; and her sensitive heart could not but feel the unavoidable isolation from many former intimates. From ordinary social intercourse, as well as from the gratification of some most innocent tastes, she was in a great measure debarred, both by her engrossing occupations and by the necessity of wearing her uniform, which she would never discard except when on a country holiday—and a well-worn uniform it often was! On one occasion, when she desired to hear a friend read a paper before a Woman's Art Association in Toronto, she ventured as far as the door of the place of meeting, but on catching sight of the fashionably attired assemblage within, her fastidious sense of the fitness of things overcame her courage, and she precipitately fled, not, as she afterwards confessed, without some natural tears. "It seemed," she afterwards wrote to her friend, "as if I had caught a glimpse of a charming world, to which I once belonged, but in which I could no longer claim a place."*

But if she had privations, and felt them, she had also great compensation over and above the approval of her own conscience—the "joy of doing good"—the sunshine of a settled faith—and the sense of the Divine Presence as her unfailing Guide. The new associations into which her work led her, as well as the new experiences, enriched her mind and widened her horizon. Her long sojourn in Australia—notwithstanding some trying experiences and the task of writing "millions of letters"—also opened up many new and glorious glimpses of tropical Nature, which

* She said she "felt like a speckled bird" when she did venture into such society.—*S. A. R.*

profoundly impressed her, stimulating her interest by the multitudinous development of teeming and luxuriant life, on which she afterwards loved enthusiastically to enlarge. Visiting the writer not long after her return, she riveted the attention of two intelligent children by her graphic descriptions of the wonders of vegetable and animal life she had observed, which, after years of travel of their own, they still vividly remember. In the children who were her charge in Australia, and afterwards at Evanston, Ill., she found one of her great joys, her heart being so closely drawn to them that she could hardly bear the subsequent separation from them any better than they could bear theirs from her.

Perhaps she continued too long at work, in a climate doubly trying after the Australian warmth in which she delighted, and should have sooner sought the rest and quiet of her Canadian home. Only the doctor's imperative mandate forced her to this at last; and the suffering she endured so patiently during the last two years of her life was inexpressibly painful to the loving hearts that tended her to the end. But if the Captain of our Salvation was "made perfect through suffering," the soldier may claim no immunity, however strange to us may seem the mystery of pain. To her friends her life-story seems to have closed too soon—so far, at least, as this world is concerned. We may not trace its continuance, but we know that she fought the good fight and overcame, and to her was given to eat of the Tree of Life which is in the Garden of God.

It was a happy inspiration that led the preacher of her funeral sermon to take for his text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

KINGSTON, October, 1907.

Just One Blue Bonnet.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS AT HOME IN ENGLAND.

Born into a Methodist home, where music and literature were the handmaids of religion, Ada Florence Kinton exhibited from her birth only such things as were pure, lovely, and of good report.

Florence's Cradle.
Pencil sketch by herself.

Her parents, John Louis Kinton and Sarah Curtis Mackie, first met as students in training under David Stow, at Glasgow. In a family of four surviving children, Florence was the third. She was born at Battersea, April 1st, 1859, the same place and year as John Burns, the eminent Labor leader.

Her father, J. L. Kinton, said of himself (like one of Chaucer's characters), that "gladly would he learn, and gladly teach." He spent his life as lecturer on English literature at the Westminster Wesleyan Training College, finding associates and friends in Matthew Arnold, George MacDonald, James Smetham, Dr. Rigg, and many less known but not less noble men, including Rev. J.

Hickling, the last of Wesley's preachers, and full of talk about him.

Florence's character was of singular purity. Never, even in the intimate familiarity of sisterhood, through so many long years, did I know a taint of any vice to soil it. Memory brings back from those early days the picture of a merry little girl, bright with happiness, whim-

FLORENCE KINTON
(At the age of five.)

sically funny, tenderly loving, overcharged with activity, quick to learn, delighting in all beautiful things.

An intensely determined will was hers; and memory also recalls (if she was thwarted or contradicted) stormy fits of passion, when she would just sit still and scream,

holding her breath till in danger of suffocation. Our mother set herself to cure this wilful temper, teaching obedience, subduing the will, and making conscience and duty paramount. Florence long afterwards wrote for a children's paper an account of one of these fits of temper. (See page 26.)

In 1868, a most interesting visitor at our home was Mr. Touza bro Hayashi, a clever and polite young Japanese gentleman, then staying with cousins of ours, by whom he was much liked. In later years he was known to the world as Viscount Hayashi, the ambassador who negotiated the treaty between Japan and Great Britain. But he never forgot or neglected his old friends. This acquaintance seemed to give us all a personal touch with the wonderful new country, Japan.

Her mother died when Florence was in her tenth year. How great the sorrow and loss was to the sensitive little girl needs not to be told. Happily she had already learnt the lesson of the Gospel of Jesus, partly in the little Methodist chapel and Sunday-school, but chiefly from the ever open Bible at her mother's side. In after years that Bible opened of itself at the 14th chapter of John's Gospel. Henceforward I was all the mother she had. The Rev. C. H. Kelly was our minister at that time.

The days of childhood and youth sped away all too fast. Study at home, visits to relatives in the lovely Thames valley scenery of Maidenhead, or on the chalk cliffs of Kent, girlish friendships, and letters from Canada, whither her two brothers emigrated, gave these years their character.

In 1876, Moody and Sankey visited London, and Florence shared in the blessing of these times of revival under the ministry of Rev. Darlow Sarjeant.

Rev. E. Hawkin writes of her as she was in her teens: "The one prevailing memory I have is of a sweet, bright

and gracious girl, whom it was a privilege to know, a member of my society class, sitting with the others, some much older than herself, as Mrs. T. P. Bunting; others more her own age, like Elsie Olver. I remember how slight and almost fragile she was in person, more soul than body; the wistful look through her glasses; the longing to know, and to be able to do; very winsome and attractive, yet chastened with sobriety."

Florence attended a High School, but did not find it congenial. Abstract study did not appeal to her. Her strong bent was to music, poetry and art, talents inherited respectively from father and mother. She played Beethoven's sonatas almost by ear. She read Spenser's "Faerie Queene" right through for pleasure. (I think Ruskin and Browning were her favorite authors.) Constantly with pencil in her hand, producing exquisitely pretty pictures without any teaching, it became evident that the South Kensington School of Art, near her home, was the proper place for her. There for five years, from 1877, she worked most diligently, passing examinations and sending up studies, till finally she gained the Art Master's certificate, qualifying her to take charge of an Art School herself. This was a very severe course of study, completed by few students.

Those were happy years of work and companionship. Jewesses, Roman Catholics, Methodists, agnostics, some very rich and some very poor young ladies, were among the students whom Florence counted friends. She was one of a group who called themselves brothers and spoke of one another by boys' names. Florence was "Bob." Later she taught all her nephews and nieces to call her "Aunt Bob." I believe she must have exerted a very beautiful influence at the Art School, though sometimes the old wilfulness cropped up, to the horror of the other students, when she would suddenly tear up one of her

nearly finished pictures if it did not quite satisfy her. A niece of General Gordon's was one of Florence's friends. She wrote very touching letters to Florence at the time of the death of General Gordon, whom one hardly recognizes as "Uncle Charley."

In spite of her absorbing work, Florence found time to be a tract distributor and district visitor. With what delight did she carry dinner to a poor family on Christmas Day; and later, when a baby boy of that family was burnt to death and was to be buried by the parish, she collected enough money among her friends to pay for a private funeral. Small wonder that when the mother was in a hospital, for an operation, she was always calling for "Miss Kinton."

The following from Florence's pen, many years later, refers to about this time:

"Once, long ago, in the writer's earlier days, a trifling incident chanced that was fated to leave her with senses ever keenly on the alert to the presence of evil abounding in the child-world. In one of the poorer streets of London, a little way past the archway entrance to a slum, so bad and vile that it was known to all the neighborhood around as 'Little Hell,' there suddenly appeared a small, half-clad urchin, shoeless and with pale set face, who came painfully limping along, for a careless step on some shattered fragments of glass (maybe a drunkard's broken bottle) had gashed the poor little foot, and cut through the coating of dust till it left an open wound. Then, as I watched, I saw the trail went down toward 'Little Hell,' and there vanished away. But the memory remained, and from that day the thought of the small, blood-stained footstep, trodden in vivid brightness on the dull, cold grey of the stone-paved streets, haunted and followed me until it conjured up a vision; and troubled fancy dwelt long amongst a multitude of neglected children, whose feet run to and fro through the streets of every town and city and leave no trace or sign to tell the tale—only you surely know they go *hellward!* And so through all the years that have followed, at each suggestion of the pierced and

bleeding feet of a crucified Saviour, there came, curiously blending, the memory of the spot of pitiful crimson and the printed footmark of the suffering child. But alas for the footsteps that leave no trace; and alas for the lives that must not be written!"

Thus was Florence's ruling passion of pity for the lost even then taking possession of her.

In the summer vacation of 1880, we two sisters crossed the Atlantic to visit our brothers in the charming backwoods village of Huntsville. The romance and excitement of this expedition into the New World cannot be told. Florence was too taken up with absorbing new impressions to make any record of it, except by a number of pretty pencil sketches of pioneer life.

Two years after, in 1882, the heaviest trouble of Florence's life fell upon her, in the death of her father, who was, probably for all her life, her best beloved. She was remarkably like him, both in character and physique. The sympathy and understanding between them was as perfect as might be with the difference of years that lay between them.

One dark morning in December, when a black, suffocating fog had settled down upon London, that cruel, relentless visitor, the Death-angel, forced his way into our home and took our father from us, after only one week's illness. This was at Oakley Street, Chelsea, December 20th, 1882.

The blow of her father's death was almost paralyzing. Florence's health—and life, even—seemed to hang in the balance, and only the sustaining power of religion helped us to endure the severe bereavement. Miss Leonard, an American lady, had lately been holding meetings for the promotion of holiness, which brought great comfort to our troubled hearts. Our eldest brother, Edward, receiving

the news by cable, came swiftly to us by sleigh and steamer—the tears freezing on his cheeks in the bitter winter cold. We decided that the home should be broken up, and he shortly took Florence back with him to Muskoka.

J. L. Kinton and his Son Edward.

Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P., wrote of J. L. Kinton as follows:

"We knew him as a kindly, courteous, wise, helpful, faithful tutor, and a loving, tender, noble-hearted, true gentleman. Some of the happiest memories of our College days are associated with his name; he was ever our friend and counsellor,

teaching us much by precept, and more by pure and shining example. His wise simplicity of heart, unfailing courtesy of manner, his culture, his affectionate guidance, we cannot forget. It is impossible to express how much we loved him living and revere him dead."

Thus also, and more, did his children know and love him, and life's best chapter seemed closed when he died.

What follows is from Florence's pen, written long afterwards (for a children's paper), about herself when a child of six:

Pencil sketch by A. F. K.

Oh, most exceedingly, most excessively self-willed was a certain young sinner that day. Her pinafore was white, and white were her socks, but her heart was black—black as soot, black as ink—whilst her cheeks were scarlet with temper and fury and passion!

This child knew she was naughty, and naughty she meant to be—cane or no cane; so naughty she was, without doubt. I regret to state that this young lady resolutely yelled and screamed in a most unladylike manner.

"Yes, I shall," she decided; "I shall choose naughtiness; I shall be wicked all my life; I shall scream at the top of my voice, till all the people in the street can hear me; I shall shriek till the neighbors next-door-but-one will say, 'What can be the matter with that poor child?' And then they will think what a shame of mamma to punish me so—and so I shall punish mamma."

Then Miss Defiance screeched, with her head well back, her mouth wide open, and her eyes tight shut. No training seemed needed in the art of voice-production. With many a tremulo, quiver and quaver; with many a demi-semiquaver; with many an artistic flourish in majors and minors, she

ascended the scale. Her upper G was touched with a piercing and ear-splitting yell.

Now, a dear, long-suffering mamma had decided that this would not do. The nerves of the household should endure the noise no longer. If her daughter had determined thus to cry she must cry in the coal-cellar. So into the coal-cellar went Miss Screamer—screaming still.

This *pro tem.* prison was deep and dark when the door was shut. The curious shadows among the coal looked queerer still with one ray of bright light slanting in from a hole in the wall. This hole was caused by the removal of a brick into an adjoining field.

What a "Study in Black and White"! With one long ray focused upon her clean white pinafore, that little heaving, sinful, wilful spirit was about as black as inborn depravity could make it. Oh, the soul of a child!

Right well this little one knew there was war in her heart between heaven and hell, between right and wrong. Well she knew it was in her power to choose eternally between good and evil. Alas! she resolved to keep the devil, and shut out the angels!

But a sudden reinforcement appeared on the angels' side. A voice softly whispered the name of the coal-cellar captive. Through the hole in the wall there was thrust a hand, and in the hand there was an onion. The hand was the hand of a boy; for this little girl had a brother—a big brother—fortunately for her.

Some elder brothers might have jeered, and scowled, and teased her, and so made her naughtier still. But this brother liked his sister; so, instead of playing the Pharisee and joining in the chorus against her, he cast about in his mind to find out a way to help her. With the instinct of the social Salvationist, he visited the hardened prisoner. With depths of sympathy in his voice, with a mild and juicy onion in his hand, he held out a peace-offering.

Strange to say, that onion turned the scale on the side of right. Gratefully grasping the gift, freshly gathered from the field, Miss Screamer sat down on a lump of coal and screamed no more. As she chewed away at the peaceful onion, with the appetite of an infant ostrich, the heavenly music had a hearing. A new current of thought arose; sweeter, softer wishes crept in. With the final fragrant bite

a fresh resolution was formed—a resolution that influenced her action for ever and ever after, all her life, and influenced all her toil as an Army officer.

"Well," she concluded, "since God has given me such a nice big brother, who likes me even still, why, perhaps Jesus loves me too, and perhaps I had better turn right round and start to be good; and I shall tell my darling mother I am sorry, and perhaps I had better pray."

Who can doubt that the prayer among the coals was heard? Though the white pinafore was many shades darker, there was new light and brightness in that resolute young heart.

Did the praying mother wonder what had wrought such a quick change?

Little she guessed it was an onion. Oh, no; it was the practical, brotherly sympathy behind it. Oh, little human hearts! Why do we pass by their questionings so lightly? Why do we so faintly estimate their infinite capacity for things of the spiritual kingdom?

The following series of resolutions were written when Florence was still a very small child and were well kept until her life's last day:

With God's help I have resolved to keep these nine things:
1st. I will never go down in the morning without praying.
2nd. I will allways read my Bible in the morning if I can.
3rd. I will allways do what A— tells me to at once.
4th. I will never touch anything that is not my very own.
5th. I will allways be kind to M—and never quarrel.
6th. I will allways tell the exact truth whatever happens.
7th. I will allways be cheerful and look on the bright side of things.
8th. I will allways do lessons well and help M— to do his.
9th. I will allways be indus-tryous and not dawdly.

(*A letter written at the age of sixteen.*)

MARGATE, KENT, 1875.

My Dear Papa,—

I think I wrote to A— last, so I will address this to you, though it does not matter much, as mine are family letters, more to be read by everyone who chooses when they do come,

—they are something like angels' visits, I fear—but I do hate letter-writing so—"dislike" is not strong enough! I wish I could describe well, or if—better still—my eyes were like the photographer's camera, and what comes before them would stick there. How nice my face would be to look at—what expression!

Ah, the beautiful green fields stretching for miles away, dotted with trees in little clumps, and a low thatched cottage here and there, and cows and sheep restfully enjoying themselves, while birds hop round them, and even on their backs sometimes.

Then in the distance the glancing, sparkling sea, with its ships and its cliffs, their dazzling whiteness relieved in parts by the dark green bushes which have straggled down the rugged sides. Sometimes the cliffs cease, and the land slopes right down to the sea, till the grass and the waves, mingling, form the pretty confusion one cannot help enjoying. Shells are left right among the very flowers—flowers I know nothing at all about, except that they are very charming. Large bluebell flowers are very thick down by the water, and some tiny white star-like blossoms, looking right up into the blue above. All this I have seen, and more, in my walks with Cousin Louis Stokes about Kent. How I have enjoyed them, and coming home tired, hungry, and brown and happy, delighted with the world in general and Aunt Jessy in particular.

(Christmas Day, 1882, two days after the funeral of Florence's father.)

It is Christmas Day, and the table is bright with shining ruddy apples, and golden oranges, and the rattling brown nuts, all piled up on the old china plates—what a pretty sight it is! How the fire crackles, and how quiet the street is! But my soul was too restless and sorrowful, thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking of a dear dead face that had always before been the brightest sight of Christmas Day to me—thinking of this strange conglomeration of pain and woe and joy and pleasure that we call "Life." Too dissatisfied to rest quietly. Even the Christmas *Graphic* has lost its power to soothe. What shall I do to get rid of this "perturbed spirit"? Ah! I will go for a walk, and see how the world and

his wife are getting on to-day—see what they think of Christmas. The streets are not very cheerful, certainly; the afternoon is already beginning to grow dusk, and the fog is creeping down and round the gaunt terraces, wrapping the whole scene in a sort of yellow twilight, weird and dismal. All the busy traffic of Christmas life is over now. All the flaring gaslight of the shops is put out, and the shutters cover the windows that were so crowded with gay shows last night. All the bunches of mistletoe and stacks of holly and evergreens that framed the greengrocers' shops are gone, and the perpetual procession of care-worn and contented faces has ceased. Yet there is a certain atmosphere of peace about. What sort of peace is it, though? Is it the peace that comes because Jesus Christ was born on earth eighteen hundred years ago; or is it because there has just been an immense quantity of turkey and plum pudding consumed, and the inhabitants of London feel sleepy and uncomfortable? How many people are getting drunk just now? How many doctors will be called in to-morrow? Echo answers, "Many."

(*Written on the second visit to Canada.*)

FEBRUARY 6th, 1883, *S.S. Sarmatian.*

You will be sorry to hear that we have had a very rough voyage. It is said to have been the stormiest that the *Sarmatian* has ever had. As soon as we got away from Liverpool, almost, the fun commenced. We had eight lady passengers, and we were all sick in our berths before Thursday dinner-time. Then for about a week we had a real merry time. The captain told someone that we "were just in the nick of time to catch the whole of the storm." A storm at sea is certainly a fine sight, particularly to anyone who may be reclining in their cabin. On Sunday there were only three gentlemen to dinner—I won't try to describe how the rest of us felt. Suffice to say that we were knocked and whacked and banged and battered about until we were just worn out, even after the feeling of deathly nausea had passed away. The universal cry was for rest, just a little rest—just one half-hour of dry land.

For a week I lived mainly on ice and oranges. I didn't

grow much fatter. It was greatly amusing to hear the sea coming over the deck and down the stairs and past the cabin door, hissing and seething and fizzing like champagne in a passion. Once the stewardess could not get to me unless she waded knee-deep in water through the passage. And the doctor was taking a mustard plaster to a patient, and fell and dislocated his knee, and a passenger slipped on deck, cut his head open and knocked himself insensible.

HUNTSVILLE, February 12th, 1883.

I am happy to say we have safely arrived at last, after being on the journey, on the cars and in the sleigh, from Tuesday evening until Sunday morning. We have just been two days short of three weeks, since we left home; but it has been very nice and pleasant. I didn't seem to mind the jolting of the train nearly as much as usual. I suppose it was the dreadful shaking up we had in the *Sarmatian* in the storm.

We landed at Halifax on Tuesday, and got straight into a Pullman. There was quite a happy little party of us from the ship, and no strangers; about half a dozen young men and Mrs. Hooper (my cabin-mate) and I. We had the train to ourselves. There was only the Pullman and the mails and the luggage, so it was very cosy and select, and we were quite like brothers and sisters together, after the rough time we had had at sea, and we walked about and talked. We stopped at meal-time at different stations, and ate steadily for twenty minutes. At Montreal we changed cars, and from there to Toronto we met with all sorts of disasters. Amongst other things we got snowed up and had to wait patiently till we could be dug out—that was in fifteen hours. It was breakfast time when we started, and happily we had a dining-car attached. Eddy teased me so about eating sausages at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Then we met a freight train off the track and had to wait for that. Then we heard there was a bad collision ahead of us. That took a long time to clear the track—two freight trains had run right into and over one another.

Next our tender broke, and we had to wait till we could get a fresh engine—five hours. Then we got to Gravenhurst, and I had my first sleigh-drive. I suppose I shall

never forget it. The horses frisked and skipped along like kittens, and their long tails and manes waved about so prettily. And oh! the "tintinnabulation of the bells," and the snow and the forest and the quiet midnight!

(*From a little pocket diary.*)

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Twenty-six miles' sleigh-ride from Bracebridge to Huntsville. Supper at little hotel; everyone silent, mutually afraid to speak. Don't want to show I'm an Englander. Sleigh again. Almost opprest with the beauty of the winter forest. Scenery gaunt and fantastic in the twilight. Saw grim, weird forms; wondered if there are any Canadian ghosts. Nice to look up, up, up, by the trunks of the slender, towering trees, and see the pale grey clouds lighted by the snow beneath.

Strange, lovely sleigh-ride, packed tight between Ed. and the driver, the stars winking at us; the silent trees; the bush-swamp; Lake Vernon, Huntsville; home in distance. Began to feel utterly done up, and began to cry, but had to quit it; could not manage it and struggle through the snow at the same time.

Arrived at the gate panting and gasping. Heard my brother Mackie's voice again. Kissed Kitty; too agitated to sleep; woke at last in my warm cosy wooden room.

Struck with the amount of comfort in this little Canadian village in the midst of the bush.

HUNTSVILLE IN 1883.

Color sketch by A. F. K.

CHAPTER II.

NATURE STUDY IN CANADA.

THE four months' visit to Huntsville which the following diary covers was spent chiefly in making exquisitely pretty water-color sketches of the village as it then was. These are carefully treasured by Florence's friends, and will be very valuable if ever Huntsville becomes a city. Considerable attention was also given to baby worship—a new thing in her life.

Huntsville is in Muskoka, Ontario, halfway between Toronto and North Bay, on the Grand Trunk Railway. In 1883 the railway had only reached as far as Gravenhurst. The life in Huntsville was an immense contrast to the life Florence had hitherto led in the West of London, a life literary, artistic, and religious. It was like a new world to her. To heighten the contrast she was receiving letters from me from St. Cloud, Paris, whither I had gone to work in the evangelistic mission conducted by the Rev. William Gibson and his family.

Huntsville in 1883 was a tiny village of about two or three hundred inhabitants. These people, though plain

and unpolished, sometimes almost rough, were sturdy, active, energetic and hopeful. Many had come out of the great world, and their mental horizons were wider than one might suppose from their aspect.

The village itself had only recently been hewn out of the thick encircling forest. It consisted of little more than one (so-called) street. There were no sidewalks, no street lighting, and few of the comforts of civilization. L. E. Kinton's was the first brick-clad house in Huntsville. It was looked upon as a model of elegance.

Most of the houses and the two or three little churches were built of plain pine, generally without paint, very quaint and odd. If you wanted another room you just stuck on a lean-to at the side, and there was your new bedroom or kitchen.

Yet Huntsville was possessed of many charms. It was beautiful for situation, following the windings of the Muskoka river; looking out from its hilltops over lovely lakes, lying mirror-like on every side, near and far. The air was of an exhilarating freshness and purity. The inventions and contrivances of pioneer life were stimulating and amusing for a time and as a change, and Florence enjoyed this trip amazingly.

Besides her brother Edward and his wife, and her brother Mackie, she found in their home three small Kintons (Florence, Walter and Frank), and their mother's sister, Nellie.

Their parents looked on these little people as a delightful joke, and gave them funny pet names. Hence, "Foddie," "Boyo" and "Hank" flutter through the pages of the diary like merry birds or butterflies. Hired help, whether in house or field, was treated with an easy friendliness generally unusual in England.

Florence adapted herself admirably to her new sur-

roundings, especially exerting an influence at this time on her eldest niece, which was never effaced.

The following diaries were written in the most artless style, intended for no eye but her own. No attempt has been made to change them in any way, except by a few omissions and compressions:

Thursday, Feb. 15th, 1883.—Made an apron for myself—felt proud. Miss the rumbling of the carts and carriages in the road. Can't seem to get used to the silence of the snow. Seems a long way from England. Too cold to paint.

16th.—Concert. Mrs. K. sang "Take Back the Heart." Very much struck with the ease and natural grace of some of the performers. Everyone kept time to the music, either with their hands or feet, and the interest and excitement was very great. Thaw on. Heard the sound of rain again—it sounded nice. Masses of loosened snow slip from the roof and fall with a soft crash and thud.

17th.—Cold wind and glare ice—*i.e.*, thawed surface of snow frozen over again—makes walking difficult. Village very picturesque and quaint in the moonlight, like a lot of miniature toy wooden cottages chucked down anyhow on the uneven ground, covered over with nice snow and just a light here and there to make it look pretty; and then all around a dark bordering of great hills fringed with forest; and through the village the river coiling, and under the wooden bridge to the lake; all steely ice except in the middle, where the current is rapid and strong, a dark inky blue bit of stream shows itself in a fitful, broken sort of way. Wonder where all the water-lilies have hid themselves? Been feeding on huckleberry pie, and crab apple jelly and cream, and hot biscuits, and hot home-made currant buns, and tea and toast—feel dreadfully ashamed of myself.

Great fun watching baby trying his legs for the first time. I don't know which shine the brightest, his eyes or his two teeth. Quite a new experience for me, walking one infant to sleep and hearing another say its prayers and such like. Tried not to laugh when Foddie said, "Pity my timbalitataty." Temperature about 20 deg. below zero. Letter from Amy—she seems to think of going to Paris. Boyo was dis-

covered sitting on his high chair at table eating his mother's newly-made sponge cake with a comb.

18th, Sunday.—Played all the afternoon with the babies—tried to explain some of the pictures in the "Holy War." Found it rather difficult. Church at night—had Mrs. K.'s overshoes on, so descended the hill ahead of the rest over the glare ice; pranced about bravely a little, but not much. Refreshing to get into a place of worship again. Been away four Sundays. Ed. played the harmonium and led the singing. A lay reader took the service, and read a sermon by Kingsley. It was nice and comfortable. The interior of the church is very simple; the Christmas decorations, still up, plentifully distributed spruce with the old dark green and the pale fresh shoots; the drapery scarlet and white and the walls, roof and floor warm, shining brown. Arrangement graceful and natural, coloring bright but not harsh. Not many people—roads too awkward.

20th.—Commenced to stump* Mr. Hooie's premises—hope I shall finish it. Snowing lightly all day. All the landscape pure and clean. Cookies and pancakes for supper. Theological discussion with little Foddie. "Hoddie want to doe way now to Heaven—Hoddie ast Dod to make her dood derl," quoth she, finally.

23rd.—Roofs of the village showing clearly out of white mist and fog. Sun shining on the surface. Sunday, no service—roads bad. Monday, mail from England—works both passed. A. decided for Paris.

Tuesday.—Mack's birthday. Made Foddie's pinafore. Intend to collect materials for backgrounds. Birds' old nests said to be easily visible in the bare trees in early spring, and violets plentiful. Bottle of scent from England, from M. Bark of trees good for backgrounds.

28th.—Up before seven. Early morning very nice—snow sparkling like crushed diamonds for acre upon acre. Walked across two next fields, on the top crust of the snow, to fetch some beech from the underbrush; but after going through the surface and floundering around for a while in an ungraceful fashion, thought it best to return. Wrote to Amy. Wonder what is to become of me or what I am going to do in the future. Amy suggests Paris, to paint in the Louvre; Kitty,

* Stumping is a kind of drawing.—S.A.R.

a cottage over the river here in Huntsville with Mackie. Possibly it might be Toronto. Probably London—hope so. Want to be up and doing.

March 2nd.—Bit of dry earth in sight under the window. Troop of Canadian sparrows attracted by the sight. Not much like English sparrows—smaller, rounder, prettier plumage, black and white and brown in a sort of check pattern, with a spot of deep crimson on the head just above the beak. Male birds have pink breasts. Walk along Fairy Avenue towards Fairy Lake Locks, past Beaver Meadow. Brush scenery entrancingly lovely. Forest primeval, giant trees "bearded with moss and in garments green," now hoary frosty bark, lichen covered—red willow—cerulean, azure, sapphire sky.

7th.—Fresh March wind, north-west. Newly fallen powdering of snow, swirling and coiling and eddying over the old snow, round and round, or resting in billowy drifts. Double play of surface lights, and constant movement.

9th.—Mrs. K. and I took a walk into the bush along the North Road. Impossible to walk upright and steadily. Great quantity of spruce, cedar, balsam and hemlock—pine rarer—tamarack all clear green. Perky, strictly symmetrical little Christmas trees along the way—fallen trunks, branches covered soft and thick with moss, fungus, lichens on the underneath and sides, on the top snow in solid circular or oblong blocks. Might be of marble, the purest marble delicately chiselled and carved—called "night-caps" when on stumps. Snags and half-fallen trees grotesque and fantastic, gnarled and jagged trunks and boughs—limbs hanging creaking and broken by the wind, or lopped down by the wood-cutter and lying on the snow in pathetic, helpless attitudes; tiny twigs and yellow and golden brown chips scattered all around. Marks of footsteps around—snow tramped down unevenly. Pungent scent of the cedar, pine, etc., bruised and lying around. Red willow, smooth twigs, recent years' growth, crimson red, about six inches long, nice warm mass of red brown, in the agreeable, dainty, tender, light brown beech, almost like a fairy tree beside the dusky, solemn, silent, towering evergreens, murmuring, creaking, cracking, and the summer leaves of the beech dried up and curled, fluttering and graceful, thin as poppy leaves, crisp and with crinkled edges, satiny light on the surface. Wonder

one does not read of it. Met several sleighs drawn by oxen with broad backs and self-satisfied air, rough, long-haired, tawny hide, and big rolling eyes. Sleighs mere boards on runners, close above the snow.

Went into Mrs. Godolphin's "shanty"—an odd, nice little wooden house, having a certain indescribable English air. Took tea, afternoon tea, English fashion. It reminded one so delightfully of home ways. It seemed quite a change to have tiny cups of pink china that felt like egg-shell in comparison, handed you to sip slowly, and slices of thin bread so delicate and small that they might have been the petals of a flower, and baked dough biscuits just a little larger and thicker than a dollar, cut in half and buttered, and passed round on one big plate, to hold between the thumb and finger, and nibble daintily, and dear old "Granma Dolphi" at the tea tray with a little brown teapot, asking if you "took sugar." It seemed so sweet and homely to me, but to K. the scraps of food seemed "aggravation" with her Canadian ideas of plenty.

10th.—Snowing heavily. Foddie flung her head at mine and broke my glasses a little—felt worse than toothache. A settler's little girl tramped in to get some goose-oil for the baby, sick with bronchitis. Goose-oil is considered very efficacious in such cases. Afternoon, went for a walk to meet Ed. returning from Burk's Falls. Didn't meet him and had to return on foot with the children. Boyo refused to walk and had to be carried. He looked quite picturesque lying on his back in the snow in his little crimson wool coat and cap, and scarlet socks, with arms and legs spread far and wide over the land, with his eyes screwed tight and his cheeks about as red and brilliant as holly berries, causing the forest to ring again with his screams and cries. There had been quite a heavy fall of snow and it was still coming down steadily, but the air was soft and mild, and the track well covered with nice elastic, sandy dry snow; so walking there was pretty easy. But coming back the falling snow was just as downy and soft and light and warm-looking as if it were the big blanket Ed. speaks of, spread over the old earth to keep it warm—all feathery—or like an ermine mantle, and just lightly sprinkled over every branch and shrub and tree. The silence almost appals one, and if you stand and listen, no sound but the almost silent beat of the myriad tiny

flakes as they fall with their little noiseless thud on the thousand trees around you, in a sort of faint musical tinkling, and yet not harsh enough to be a tinkle even. You may also hear a gentle tapping perhaps; and if you look right steadily up through the trees above, somewhere between earth and sky, among the exquisite Gothic arches formed by the branches and the slender trunks in this forest cathedral, you may see a woodpecker tapping at the bark for his "brekbux" as Foddie and Boyo say. Or, you may hear the jingle of some coming sleigh-bells—but that's about all on a day like this. We got home very wet and tired, but very thankful and hungry. Ed. came in soon after, after having been immersed in a vast buffalo robe in the cutter driven by Johnnie, a boy from Miss Macpherson's Home. One often hears of such in these parts—much superior life to that of a city Arab. The children are so pleased to see their father. He stoops down on the carpet (home-made), and they hover round him, fluttering their wings and twittering like young birds. He brought some big fungi home, and the moss enchanting wee mossy bird's nest, with about a foot of birch bark attached—white birch.

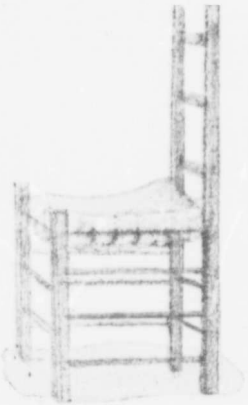
11th.—Strong wind, snow drifting and swirling about violently. Slight fall of snow—said to be heavy and strong "outside," *i.e.*, beyond Toronto. Sat on the lounge on the buffalo robe by the stove all the afternoon, knitting my first sock. K. and I gossiped steadily, and the babes ate taffy—sugar (maple if possible) melted and poured on to a plate of snow. First day of Wiggins's great storm. The new houses here look rather nice, about the color of thick rich cream, or light biscuit; later on they get older, well crusted with white sugar, little oblong blocks with slanting tops, with a window or two and a door. In the sunshine they get as golden as buttercups, and the pure snow gleaming on the roofs. The sunrise and sunset bring out some very pretty coloring (hot buttered biscuit) among the shadows, purple violets, blues and pearly grey, or every tint and hue, but "tender" and vague in tone. K.'s old home memories are very entertaining. The Harvest supper—all the friends and relatives invited after the harvesting to a grand spread—everything home-grown. Electioneering lively; ladies attend the political meetings, and wave their hands, etc.

12th.—Second day of Wiggins's storm. 7 *a.m.*—Bright,

soft, light morning. Pale, thin blue mists creeping up the hillside, veiling the trees halfway up in horizontal lines, and the smoke from the village chimneys crossing at right angles in steady perpendicular streaks. Multitudes of downy, oblique clouds covering the sweet azure sky, only leaving little peeps here and there, and the icy river mottled with snow and shot with yellow and purple and blue, but very delicately, and all over a general pearly atmospheric effect, tender and soft. This is the election day—the village is quite in a state of ferment. From the house groups of men are to be seen at the doors of the three hotels, and shouts may be heard in the distance. Down in the street teams and sleighs are constantly jingling in, filled with noisy voters bent on larking. These are mostly settlers from the surrounding clearings, strong, healthy-looking fellows, with vast overshoes and moccasins and felt hats. No drink is allowed to be sold anywhere during the voting time (10 a.m. till 5 p.m.), but after that in the evening the liquor trade is disgustingly brisk.

17th.—More snow in the night over forest and river—sun rising cloudily with subdued light above Cann's bluff. Concert at the grist-mill last night. Still reading Campbell—"Gertrude of Wyoming," "Theodric," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "Hohenlinden," etc. Pretty diction, good compound words. Darning for a change. *9.30 p.m.*—Silent night, but in the night no black darkness like in England; only deep twilight, the snowflakes descending softly, gently, lovingly on the pale untrodden snow, shadowless and windswept, and around and above only the white mist of the coming flakes as they fall between here and the quiet mountains and the bush, and the distant shore of the lake. All encircling the house a faint, mild, neutral, grey dome, and a sort of pattering swish on the window, and a murmuring wind blustering against the house, and a rush in the stove-pipe—the meeting of the draught from the stove and the wind—and a glimpse down the hill of the ice-prisoned river. *11.30 p.m.*—It is getting stormier. Now the lights are all going out in the village, and all the fences round the place and the bits of shrub and rosebush are the only signs of past summer to be seen, standing out sharp and dark against the whitening ground, and the winds begin to howl and wail. Everyone's to bed but me, and there's nothing to be heard

but the winds and the tick of the clock and the sound of the burning wood. Boxer is enfolded in a deep snoreless sleep—the sleep of a dog who has patiently borne to be pummelled and squeezed all day—to have his tail hung on to by two babies and his wavy hair hugged by a third—a rest-deserving dog—and so he sleeps in peace. The chairs, rocking and high chairs, stand round the room mute and severe, and with outstretched arms. It will soon be morning now.



Pencil sketch by A. F. K

Sunday Morning.—Not Sunday morning at home (?) with prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, over the water and through the fog; but Sunday morning in Muskoka, Canada, with breakfast at ten and bright fragrant daylight. One relishes daylight here after the valley of the Thames. The morning is sweet. Sometimes she gets up blue, and sometimes she gets up saffron; but I think I like her best when she gets up grey, like this one to-day, sunny grey, cloudy grey, golden grey!

Monday, 7.30.—The wind has swept the river clear of snow, leaving the broad irregular sheet of frosted ice with zigzag, broken-toothed edges, and the low rays of the sun shoot horizontally athwart the surface, making it one pale gold sheen. It is a very pretty sight. The shadows are all soft blue and long and narrow, and curved with the rise and fall of the land, pure white and velvety and glistening. *8.30 p.m.*—Mail from Paris and letter from Mrs. W. Attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament by dynamite. The children have had a little sleigh given to them by Johnnie Eccleston—a little hand-sleigh that they drag over the carpet with great delight, and quarrel about, and tumble off in sweet content. It has been a dazzlingly brilliant day.

The sun is sinking low now, and the shadows of the village are stretching out and undulating over the easily curving sides of the land across the river. There are some cows down at Mr. Hooie's, and sheep, and the sunbeams are so golden that the brown cows look like wallflowers and the sheep like clover blossoms. The shadows are so blue and pure and delicate, and the earth has not one taint of dust in sight—all spotless and clean. Boyo has just washed the window with a big crust of new-baked bread dipped in my tea—my sunset view, of course, is rather blurred. Went for a Wordsworth, and had a few minutes' sweet peace in the rocking-chair after my babies went to rest before supper. Ed. suffering from an epidemic influenza—quite a sickness.

Had a lovely walk in the village. The moonlight and the frosty snow make it a sort of fairy daylight, rather than night, and at every fresh footstep ten thousand little lights twinkle and tremble before you, and the trodden snow shrieks like a tin whistle.

Wednesday.—Ed. better. The Doctor comes jingling up the hill in a "cutter." It is like a perambulator on light runners. The sleigh proper is a long low box, shallow and close to the ground, and rough; the cutter has a row of bells. The swing from England is very popular to-day. Boyo repeats, "Ting giddy," and Frank's little plump feet in the red socks work vigorously. Sun going down golden again. River all snow, except a dark serpentine twist in the middle. Curious to see the way fields and garden are herringboned all over with the dog tracks, according to the vagaries of the canine mind. Feel sick with neuralgia—went to bed supperless.

Good Friday.—Bad night all round. No service—unlike English Good Friday—no noisy bank-holiday folks in front of the window to watch. No "rows" to the Police Station. No almond trees in bud or blossom—no women at the corners with baskets of violets and primroses to sell at twopence a bunch. No South Kensington Galleries, and no Art Library to go to and read Ruskin and Longfellow. No Papa at Cornwall. Why are things so nice when they are gone?

Made a discovery. Can make delicately pretty Easter eggs by etching with common ink. Going to try paint-brush to-morrow.

Sunday.—Easter Day. Roused late by K. Went to

morning service with M., to hear the Bishop of Algoma. M. retired into seclusion with his Lordship for a time behind the red curtain that serves as a vestry. *Afternoon*:—Went for a long walk with M. to Vernon Lake. Large clearings leave good vistas of distant hills and the bush and the bay and the lake. Thaw commenced—snow soft, and melted slightly on the surface. Large party of us to tea—tea-table loaded with good things—big bake on Saturday. The choke-cherry jelly-cake and cookies look so rich and golden with the blue glass service. My room is quite a picture all the afternoon, when the sun shines. The glare of the snow is so bright that the red curtains are always drawn, but the light is so radiant that the place looks like a blaze of fire, and the pink roses on the chintz quilt like lumps of glowing coals, and as a foil against the rosy wood, big bunches of myrtle-green hemlock and tamarack. The hemlock has a habit of pointing the topmost branch always northward. Saw a squirrel in the wood, and one or two birds tempted out by the mild warm air. No other signs of life yet. Went to church—large congregation, hearty singing. The Bishop preached eloquent, thoughtful sermons. A fine-looking man —from England originally. Told Ed. he would carry him to church if he would not go quietly.

Tuesday.—Still snow. Mother Earth seems to have freshened up her ermine robe to last a little longer this spring. Cold-looking clouds cover the horizon. Couldn't rest last night, so sat up and repeated Milton, and gazed out at the bush and the snow-lighted sky and thought of Milton's stars "that in their glimmering orbs did glow," until sleep came at last. Dreary day outside—sun shone out watery and pale yellow over the land for just a few moments at sunset time, making the wet snow look paler than before. Went to bed at nine and slept unbroken sleep all night.

Wednesday.—Spent the chief part of the day down at the office with my brothers, very quietly. Saw a new phase of village—post-office and store. Everyone very familiar with M. Funeral procession of a young man from Fairy Lake passed the window, about fifteen sleighs following—chief mourners with large scarfs of some white material tied round the right arm—mourning suits mottled and varied—none of the intense pomp and gloom of a London funeral. One man had a plug hat—rare occurrence here. Sketched

a view of the river disappearing in the bush, and the steamer *Northern* still sleeping. Not satisfactory—try paint instead of chalk to-morrow. Delicious light and shade on the snow all day, as bright and radiant as the petals of a jonquil all over everywhere. Past six and sun not gone down yet. Imitation rainbow reflection under the bridge. The big bluff edged with faint purple and fringed with russet trees; pale peacock green and rosy sky, shadows delicate fawn colored, all melting and blending together into a sweet glow. River gradually breaking through the ice. Comical to hear Johnnie amusing the baby in the kitchen—strange grunts and snorts and horrible sounds, enough to alarm any infant of ordinary nervous constitution; but Frank only seems to relish the gruesome sounds that this nice boy utters. Nelly is tanned a sort of pleasant Red Indian brown by the wind. The Algoma district has a considerable proportion of Ojibeway Indians to be missionaried—so the Bishop told us, in his lawn sleeves so picturesque and antique, on Sunday after service. Wonder how many there were in class to-night way over the sea. One of the cats was a kitten last summer, and Mrs. K. says that the little black creature would often be lugged out into the garden and planted in a puddle, and Foddie and Boyo, each armed with a rag, would sit in the mud by her and scrub till they thought she was clean enough. I used to wonder why she was such a melancholy animal and so easily scared. My yellow cat with the lemon-colored eyes is a very different creature—happier, cheekier. Wish I could be cheekier—it's horrid to feel shy. Baby is learning to walk—a sort of quivering, staggering totter, with widespread legs and arms, and open mouth, and triumphant air. Ed. whittles tobacco silently and puffs his pipe, and reads the paper with his back to everyone, but he is recovering slowly from the effects of the drugs he absorbed so freely last week. Christie & Brown's prairie biscuits for supper and Campbell's poems afterwards—both good. The

Pencil sketch by A. F. K.

stars seem almost different here—little trembling blue lamps hung up high to lighten the dusky night.

29th.—Down in the office painting all day. Pleasant and lively. This is the afternoon salutation: "Mail in, Mackie?" "No mail yet, Alice, 'Sissy,' 'Sonny,'" as the case may be. Big budget from England and France. The snow is oozy and slushy, and the street has a puddle down the middle—the unsullied purity of the land is getting spoilt and dirty. The pigs and cows wander up and down the village at their own sweet will, unrestrained, and the children play and the boys toboggan and the dogs of the town assemble in the street. The ox-sleighs seem natural to one now. Everything is very rough and primitive, almost everything is home-made, from the log-cabins to the spun yarn and knitted stockings. Even the hats will be plaited from home-grown corn straw—it seems almost like playing at keeping house in the settlers' clearings out of the town.

30th.—Glorious pieces of sparkle on the snow. The trees like Valenciennes lace—silver tracery—every little twig frosted. Working at the little sketch of the turn of the river in the office with "the men" all day. A little bit of fun in the morning about a beaver which had ventured down as far as the village, it being contrary to their usual habits to come so near civilization. It was seen on the river running to and fro—just a little black moving spot on the ice. A number of citizens turned into the street to get a view of this beaver, so audacious. Guns were fetched and snow-shoes, and some excitement prevailed. Aim was taken from the *Northern* and the creature dropped lifeless on the ice. Fisher and several others started on the track, but only to discover the dead body of Mrs. K.'s cat! Poor Blackie! The unhappy victim of roaming in the woods instead of staying under the stove at home. Saw English sparrow down town—rooks cawing in the ash tree. Necktie social to-night. All the ladies take two neckties, wear one and put the other in an envelope, and the enveloped ties are put together. Then the men each choose an envelope and then find the girl with the tie to match and take her in to supper.

31st.—In the office till five. Finished one picture, but much dissatisfied with it. Commenced another—rather better. Worked more thoughtfully, from principle—not anyhow, haphazard, slapdash, wasting paint and time—only

laziness, not taking the trouble to come to a decision as to the facts of the case—making up one's mind—taking a general view of the whole thing in all its relations and bearings, working it out as merely a scheme of light and shade, color and composition—and then leaving it, instead of washing out and putting in and stippling up and fussing. "Look before you leap." Mr. Crompton in the office—an oldish, white-haired man with bright, sharp eyes, formerly a Bible reader in the lowest parts of London and Liverpool—came out and settled here, and being a man of education and an eloquent speaker and various other things, at the wish of the Bishop he was ordained and is now a travelling missionary in Muskoka. Village life is pleasanter than I thought—more social than town. The sounds seem so musical and peaceful when one is at work in the midst. The whirr of the wheels of the gristmill, the occasional tinkling of the sleigh-bells and the scrunch of the runners on the crumbling ice—the "Good-days" of the villagers, and the village dressmaker next door singing at her work—Johnnie's clumping about and rattling the fire-logs, and the burning wood in the stove. At mail time there is a hubbub all of a sudden. Quite a big crowd collect in the lobby and gossip noisily while M. sorts the mail and hands them their letters, calling them out one after the other for the people that are there. Evening, after tea, revelled deliciously in my favorite Wordsworth for an hour or two, in the cosy warmth of home and the tranquillity of Saturday night up on the hill. Good-night!

April 1st, Sunday.—Thought of the birthdays when I had a currant cake and fancied myself the happiest little girl on the face of the sunny earth, among the flags and columbines of Clifton Villa garden and the radish fields around, and the birthdays at Kensington in the ornament room with my hot-house bunches of flowers and other nice things. Quiet day. Went out with M. toward Port Sidney. This is a most picturesque walk along a narrow sleigh track, up and down hill and dale, under huge, ancient, fantastic-branching hemlock and shining white birch, lustrous against the sky, so dark and intense a blue as to seem almost violet. At one place you look down deep among these grand old trees, step from the edge of the roadway into a great entangled network of fallen trunks and grotesque boughs twist-

ing in and out, and interlacing in the oddest, strangest fashion. Some way farther on there is a little bubbling stream singing over the stones, never freezing, but just a running stream among the snags and lichens and moss-covered stumps. Farther still there is a swamp where the tamarack and red cedars flourish. But finest and most graceful of all is the beaver meadow, and the frozen, snow-buried lake in the midst, embosomed in the thickest bush, shut in and encircled with mighty pines and birch and willow, with the prettiest clumps of young supple tamarack that artist could wish to see, burning brown in the sunshine, casting purple shadows over the level snow, that reminds one so of sheets of crystallized sugar. Bulrushes shoot up here and there in warlike manner, and bits of dried blossom of something or other, and withered leaves all round the edge, and countless masses of twigs as straight upright as an arrow, and no sound but the wind among the pine branches, or a low, distinct boom from the ice under one's feet, or a solitary bird up above, or a lonely chipmunk. Walked on the river, too, with Nelly, as far as Fairy Lake, where the little islands stand against the distant shore of the lake.

7th.—Violent headache—sketched quite a bit all day. Fall of snow in the night, nevertheless fresh signs of spring—pansy leaves fresh and green under the snow, and at twilight the first canoe appeared on the river.

Sunday.—Headache continued. Church at night—new parson preached. Young man—preached earnestly, but too much mannerism—rather in delicate health and has been staying in lumbermen's camp. Very hearty singing from the congregation. Roads slushy and dirty, and snow soft—felt almost suffocated when home was reached. Went straight to bed.

Monday.—Nelly brought in an unfolding pansy bud—no flower will be more lovingly greeted in Huntsville this spring, I think. Resolved, if paper can be got, to make a large and careful drawing of Huntsville.

11th.—Morning, rain on the roof, soft and spring-like almost here. "Chuckies" clucking, pigs grunting, babies very fractious. Pouring rain, pattering, tinkling in nice showers of wet drops on the moist, warm earth and quivering river, and hiding the hills and the lake and the shore in mist and cloud.

Friday.—I am writing at the front door, which has been closed all the winter, unapproachable for the deep snow, but now the snow is retreating rapidly and the door stands open wide all day. A warm, soft, balmy wind plays in and out, and the sunshine streams over everything and floods the patch of ground on the hill, and the cat and dog lie and bask in blissful laziness at my feet on the hot board outside.

Saturday.—Slight thunderstorm. Stumped the sky. Now I am sitting on a tree trunk of gnarled and ancient aspect. The rain has pelted away a lot of the snow from Ed.'s "park," and we scramble up the hill-side amongst big stones and rounded pieces of rock, half buried and grey and warm, moss-covered, and with tiny flowers nestling in the chinks and crevices—wild strawberries and blades of grass, and here and there a delicate fern that has been growing nicely, packed in snow through the long winter; and everywhere little quivering rills and bubbling springs, murmuring and babbling over the stones so lovingly, streaming in such a hurry down the hill, trembling and winking in the steady sunshine, rippling between the stones and under little groves of sapling fruit trees—lithe, supple young trees—and in and out between the roots of old stumps and snags covered with oddest forms of lichen and fungus and with rich moss, sometimes long and silken, like bright gold plush, and sometimes short and close and vivid emerald green. Then these tremulous wee rivulets meet a little lower down the hillside and become almost clamorous and noisy as the bank grows steeper, and quite a river. N. and I took a clamber down through the untouched bush by the house to the water. One has to go very gingerly, for this is just a tangled mass of trunks and twigs and forest debris, and one is obliged to hold on with hands and feet, and the descent is steep, and down at the foot the broad blue river flows by with a rush now, and brimming over, and the ground is very treacherous and uneven. Sometimes when you plant your foot firmly on the earth, as you think, you find it is only broken bark over matted twigs, and down into a hole of snow you plunge, knee-deep, perhaps, and bring up your boot filled with water and ice; and if you chance to fall, when you do get up again it is not until your hair has been dragged about, your face scratched, and your clothes torn in all directions. A few birds may be heard singing in the forest now, and many

twitter and call, and the chipmunks cry and excite poor Boxer. The babies are much better, and out all day.

18th.—Nice to wake in the early morning and hear the birds calling and singing to one another. Now the chief sounds are the sound of the axe and the crashing of the falling trees. It is rather a fine sight to see when some steadfast old giant falls prone into the river, carrying all the surrounding branches and all the little twigs along with it as it dies. All day there is the bang, bang of the guns as they shoot the muskrats, and a splendid echo doubles and prolongs each sound. Down in the bush by the river the trees are all astir with birds unknown to me, and each with its own peculiar note. None are such sweet singers as our English birds, but there are some pretty, plaintive cries that they repeat to one another all day long in a languishing sort of way through the still air. One says over and over, "Sweet, sweet, Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada," or as some people will have it, "It's hard times in Canada," etc. I was painting there—the day was warm and the air soft and balmy—it made one want just to sit and listen and breathe and dream the day away among the deep damp-scented moss and the bare tree trunks, and far below one's feet the eddying river and the tiny ferns uncoiling—the tapping of the busy and energetic woodpecker, the burr and whirr of the wild ducks hurrying overhead, and the solemn blue jays, and the blackbirds and robins, and sometimes a canoe or rowboat tugging hard against the stream or floating with it. The current is rapid now, so much melting snow has caused the river to swell considerably.

19th.—K. has been at the village most of this week, helping with the sewing for Mrs. B.'s funeral—the customs are very different here in this respect. Painting in the bush pretty fair. Peculiar sunset light suddenly fired up on the bluff and distant bush, causing it to seem like deep blazing gold, intense and vivid above the shadow of the hill, and, beneath, the dark rich brown of the forest, and the pale twilight, primrose and blue, and almost lilac tints of the flooded land. It reminded one strongly of Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat"—a little sparkling snow—bright moonshine brilliantly and brokenly reflected in the flooded meadow amongst the doubled stumps and fences.

25th.—Painting in the bush all day; improving a little,

but still muddled. Nearly lose my head sometimes—struggling with the blue river—trying to fix the playing light on the restless, fitful face of the moving waters, swirling and eddying along unceasingly, and always reflecting the sky, whatever it happens to be, whether the fiery blue of noon or the sunset's pearly faint and lovely hues. The air is deliciously fresh and pure. The dark canoes look very picturesque as they shoot out from the shadows of the bluff, leaving behind a long, quivering silver trail. The ice from the lake is coming down in big masses. A large flock of wild geese flew over the house, high in the hollow evening sky, causing the boys down in the village to yell and shout at them. The muskrats are having a lively time all day. A great row in the village caused us to regard each other in silence till N. told us there was a big fire down town—a man who has had his house burned three times already. Wooden houses blaze fast when they do catch.

THE BRIDGE AND STEAMER "NORTHERN."
Color sketch by A. F. K.

. *Sunday.*—I started for a solitary scramble or stroll through the bush. It was very pleasant under the graceful maples, so light and slim, and walking over the elastic carpet of dry brown leaves. I suppose there were beech, too, for there were quite a few chipmunks about—one dear little bright-eyed creature came and played round me with the nuts, and at last sat down at my feet. After dinner M. and I went down for a long row under the bridge to Fairy Lake.

The current is very violent where the Falls were; one shoots down a hill of water like small rapids. At night, church.

Monday.—Nell and I took the boat up to Vernon Lake, among the ice, rotten and breaking, making the wind cold. We landed on the rocks, where, among other treasures, we found a tiny nest about the size of a large cocoon. The aspen and poplar and white birch are quite like a young plantation on the shelving bank. It makes one sleepy gazing at and rocking on the sparkling, dimpling waters, listening to the splash of the dripping oar and the gurgling and lapping around the boat.

24th.—Washing-day—had a try at the washboard—rather hard work—took the boat out alone—played with the current up and down the stream. Rather cold and dreary upon the water. Knitting still—too cold to paint.

25.—Snowing slightly and cold. Out on the water after dinner with M. Couldn't get along far, current and wind so strong; worked hard, then ran the boat in by the right stump, after trying twice. Then climbed through the underbrush and sat and listened to one big half-fallen tree that rests and is supported by another and is forever murmuring and shrieking in the wind. Last autumn's dried maple leaves are still in nice preservation from under the snow.

26th.—Out painting a fallen hemlock all afternoon, till it commenced to rain and forced me to return. The rain turned to snow, and all the earth is white again. More geese flying north—signs of warm weather coming—wish it would hurry up. After lunch the air seemed milder and the snow had ceased, so at about four I made an attempt to complete my fallen hemlock, but got cramped with cold, so meandered about a bit in the pathless tangle of fallen trees and splintered boughs, damp leaves, and sprouting ferns and curious little four-leaved vegetation which is just appearing above the earth, with a few violet leaves—the only signs of spring yet. There is also a tall herb in great numbers about, with a withered spike of the autumn flowers—yellow, I think—and big thick leaves, like bits of blanket. It was oozy and soft and damp everywhere on the mouldering logs and blackened, crumbling, long, slanting tree trunks, slippery and rotting; but the wonderful growth of fresh-washed moss and lichen on stump and bark and stick and stone made it worth the discomfort of cold feet in damp rubbers. The

coloring on an old stump is a beautiful study of cold and warm and rich and pale, sometimes faint peacock blue and verdigris-green, light yellow-green, deep golden-green, and brown and purple, all arranged and broken and blending into strange patterns and shapes; and all the decaying rubbish is covered with filigree jewellery work of various depths and thicknesses, and here and there a group of golden crocus-colored lichen or orange-brown fungus like a touch of fire. But at last it commenced to sleet, and a hailstorm followed, so I stumbled through the mud home.

Saturday.—Up early again, and out in the chaotic wildness and confusion of my favorite piece of bush at the back of the house. The place is covered with a slight coating of crisp, frozen hail and snow. I enjoy the freedom and solitude and pure air greatly here, and the twittering birds and the cracking, rustling branches. Wish I could paint—can't study—my lesson-book is large and full, and close, small print. There is a white birch opposite which looks as if it were tied up with white satin, with a dazzling white light along it and reflecting itself in the tantalizing mirror here. There is a bird now with a cry like a cork being pulled out of a thin glass bottle.

30th, Sunday.—Went to church in the morning, and looked at the big Bible with the queer illustrations in the afternoon, and told the children the story of Moses in the bulrushes. Church in the Methodist building with M., and after that a walk over the bridge to the other wharf. The reflection of the dying twilight and the bush and the tamarack grove was calm and eerie and strange.

Monday.—Copying a child in meadow—finished. Toothache till late into the night. May Day—no hawthorn or sweeps, except in the house-cleaning way, which is all the fashion now. Sitting all day at the landing window painting canary's nest, and listening to all the vigorous and various and manifold sounds of the household. Day seems long, from before eight till seven-thirty, with twenty minutes to dinner.

Wednesday.—Painting dry beech tree in the bush after dinner. Commenced little promontory—someone being at work chopping my trees—but it began to rain again, and I was forced to return to the house, unwillingly, and regard the moist, steaming land from the wide-open doors and win-

dows. These warm spring rains are much welcomed here. It seems as if the earth were raining upward, as well as the descending and showering spray, sprinkling and bathing everything in warm vapor, and making the air so soft and balmy, and the grass so green. The stone wall dividing the kitchen garden from the grass is a source of some pride. Of course, it is home-built, and the stones home-gathered from the clearing where the lilies and other scraps of vegetation are just sprouting up.

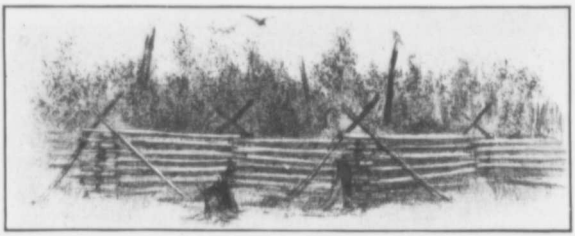
Friday.—Five men at work gardening, planting young trees by the fence. Went to bed restless with nerves. Big thunder-crash—seemed as if a piano had been knocked down overhead and all the keys set jangling and twanging—and flames of skating lightning. I had a splendid time amongst my pillows, except that some drops of rain came spattering on my nose from the roof. At last the rattling boomed away over the forest and the lightning played blue and gentle, and sleep fell on the house.

Saturday.—Tea in the kitchen alone, after carrying Frank about the park and watching the men at work digging, planting, and clearing, and continuing the stone wall. The ground on which the house stands consists of two or three fields, flower garden, lawn and great kitchen garden—about five acres altogether. Watched Nelly milk the cow, with Frank, then tramped and scrambled in the bush, where the wood-choppers have been at work hewing down my trees. There is something melancholy about fallen trees. The *Northern* passed up the river for the first time this year. Darksome and damp night fell on the sad and lonely forest and on me; and I returned to the cheery lamp-light and the stove and warm kitchen clean and still, with the Saturday evening hush that is so pleasant, with the prospect of a possible letter at the ten o'clock supper.

Sunday.—Soft sunny morning—a day to be spent in the open air—"most calm, most bright." M. got the boat, and Flo and Walter and we two went paddling and rowing over the dancing surface of the bay. Then Nell and I essayed to go under the bridge to the mill, where we landed, and climbed up to the silent machinery, and strayed among the great piles and mounds of nice sawdust and wood. Got back with hard work again to dinner; then up to Alan Shay's plantation on the hill-top, where the crags and the Virginia

creeper grow so lovely—a favorite haunt of the flitting canaries in the summer. Beautiful vista of mountains and water to be seen on every side. This is an enchanting country. Found the first spring wild-flower, a tiny pink one with red veins. Found a few old nests, and fresh moss in blossom. Descended over the fences and the road to the house, where Frank smiled alone in his cradle and Nelly slept in deep repose, so went farther after taking baby to his parents in the park. Had a pull up the river alone, and then another meander through my forest until supper, and then to church.

Monday, 8 p.m.—Here I am now in my bedroom in a hotel at the village of Burk's Falls for a few days' stay with



A Snake Fence.

Pencil sketch by A. F. K.

Mackie. This has been a very pleasant day in its own peculiar way; riding since 7.30 in the stage in the midst of six men, including the driver, Mac, and four bronzed, happy-tempered laborers or settlers; jolting and swaying up and down hill and dale, over stones unnumbered, through mud and mire; over corduroy bridges, and swamps waving with beaver grass; through the deep bush, sometimes with a long vista of undulating hills and water, sometimes densely walled in with mighty pines, and every other variety of tree of the forest, that I am getting to know so well; and the stump and stone-dotted clearings, and settlers' shanties, and log huts, and the blackened and charred spaces where the fire has been destroying the forest, and the ever-recurring wriggling lines of snake fences. We passed through Melissa

and several other little villages, consisting of a half-dozen houses—a general store, a church, a school-house, perhaps, and a hotel, so-called—all most amusingly primitive, everything of wood, of course, and everything home-made. We halted for dinner at Cyprus, and Mac and I went into the church, a pretty, clean little place, with about twenty chairs, rough and new, reading-desk the same, covered with red cotton; with little pointed windows through which broken bush scenery shows, forming lovely pictures to rest the eye upon, instead of altar pieces. Then to dinner in the odd hotel, not much more than a shanty, having the usual bare walls, low and slanting ceilings, with a few bright common prints on the sitting-room walls; strips of home-made carpet on boarded floor and rough wooden chairs and table; the clean, wholesome, plentiful supply of food on spotless table-cloth, with unpolished and only absolutely necessary surroundings, with eggs and bacon, mashed potatoes, tea, two or three kinds of cookies, biscuits and home-made bread, of course, and gooseberry pie. This is the usual meal, with small variations, in these backwoods stopping-places. It's very nice, I think. Then Mac. and I walked on a bit and gathered a branch of softwood maple in full blossom; this is exceedingly lovely, something like almond blossoms and something like hawthorn, only rose-colored and growing more perpendicularly, and higher, and faintly scented. At Magnetawan I lit on another curiosity at the side of a small cascade, namely, yellow violets. The ground in some parts is very thickly covered with pale lilac and white and yellow violets; not much scent, though, and small leaves. Another pretty thing was a large crimson bird, almost entirely red—back, wings and all—like a bright spot of animated fire among the dark and spectral tree trunks, and, just after, a smaller black and orange bird flitting about.

At Magnetawan we halted again. Weirdly picturesque and solitary scenery, especially on this cloudy day. Long glimmering streaks of hazy grey and yellow reflected brokenly on the dark, wide waters of the pine-girdled lake, and in and out among the beaver grass and flooded land. We almost all walked on ahead, as one cannot call it a road. While crossing the water one of the horses fell, and we had to wait quite a while until we set off again; and then came some heavy riding through thick mud. We were frequently obliged to

clutch the waggon desperately with both hands to avoid being flung out among the rocks and snags, but in spite of this, and a cold, bleak wind, and a slight toothache, it was a very pleasant ride. Though we crept along so cautiously, we finished the journey, namely, 28 miles, by sundown, about 7.30, and thankfully did we perceive the slanting roofs and wide verandahs of Burk's Falls. The dogs came out to welcome us, and the mail stage pulled up at the wooden platform before the large civilized-looking hotel on the hill, and thankful indeed were we for eggs and bacon, potatoes, tea, pie, etc. Then almost overpowered with fresh air and wind, early to bed, to sleep dreamlessly until aroused by the bell at 5.30 this morning.

Tuesday.—Mack slept till eight, and I sat and listened unwillingly to the talk of the river-drivers and shanty men, which is not nice. I amused myself by looking at their tents and cabooses on the river, and the river itself, and the rapids, or chutes, between the Falls, and the wonderful swelling bank of bush behind; and the billow-shaped hills, so dark and rich, behind and around, all scattered about so promiscuously and unexpectedly, in every position and direction. Then breakfast as at supper. Then a stroll down to the boiling Falls itself. This is a marvellous sight. It passes description in its boiling, broken, tumbling tumult of fall and swirling rapid; in its uneven channel, dashing foaming, frothing over sunken and jagged rocks, piling up its creamy heaps of amber foam; tossing showers of snowy spray, bubbling and seething, dancing a mad, frantic waltz in dazzling circles; roaring, raving, hissing, thundering, booming, rushing violently headlong downwards; shattering its troubled mass into quivering fountains, and fretting from side to side and to and fro between its rocky margin, till all the inky current is marbled over with yellow bubbling froth; and then hurrying wildly, deafeningly, away down in the coiling bed of the Magnetawan River, a long, narrow, quiet, steady stream; and away between the hills and along the edge little trembling ferns and violets grow in places. This fall is only about twenty feet, but it is very broken and uneven. Mac. and I followed the course until we came to the river-drivers' caboose or camp. This is a large floating raft, with a rough shed or shanty built on it, in which the men live on the water and follow the logs in their course.

Mac. got one of them to let me come on and see this floating palace. It was curious to see the great wholesale stock of coarse provisions; chunks of ham stacked up in one corner, and chests of tea, sacks of potatoes and flour. Here they eat and sleep and wash. The whole of the front of the caboose is open, with a large space of raft in front, on which their mattresses were airing. This seems a strange, romantic life, though coarse and rough; always on the water or disentangling the logs from the shore; or if there comes a jam, scrambling on the timber and freeing them with long poles, or pitching their white-looking tents on the shore, or tugging in their queer flat boats. They are a fine, healthy-looking, happy set of men, but alas! they are a terribly bad lot, drinking appallingly on land, and horrifying one with their talk. There have been a good many of them here at the hotel. Now they have struck their tents and departed, caboose and all, and the only sign of this boom left is one piece of red timber lodged athwart the rapids (over which the water leaps and dashes), and the holes from their spiked boots on the sawdust floor. There is another boom coming soon, with about seventy men.

Thursday.—Back at Huntsville. Sketched log canoe, with grass around; afternoon, sketched Fairy Lake and Scotch Bonnet Island. Nearly devoured by midges and mosquitoes. Marsh by the east road full of purple iris. Brilliant moon and fireflies again.

Friday.—Up stream sketching in the boat. Sun hot. After dinner headached too much to go painting. Getting tired of landscape painting, always unsuccessful. Mosquitoes a nuisance. Mac. digging stones in the Park. Frogs twanging, Canadian nightingale trilling; village resting in the hollow space among the dark, gracefully-curved hills. Magnificent night. Walk with Mac. over the bridge to the marsh where the irises grow so thick, to see the fireflies' tiny lamps gleaming low among the cool leaves, and the purple blossoms that seem almost to have a faint radiance of their own at night. Back again through the village street, so still, with the bright rising moon and Northern Lights and the fireflies to light up the hill.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

(*A letter to her sister.*)

HUNTSVILLE, June, 1883.

The summer is very beautiful here now, green, green, green (like me); all sorts of curious things in the bush, the pretty canaries and humming-birds, and "Apeechee, the robin" (as Mr. Longfellow says), and many another strange and beautiful bird and creature I meet in the pathless forest. A chipmunk came and sat at my feet once, to my astonishment, and ate nuts, and at the Falls a beautiful brown deer came and stood watching me a few yards away behind a tree. I was sure it was a wolf at first, for I could see only two gleaming eyes and a bushy tail, so I kept quite still for a while, then I whistled encouragingly and it came closer, and I knew I was not going to be eaten up, for the thought of the fate of Little Red Riding Hood had been running through my mind. They are not often seen.

Then the wild ducks and geese. I met a fine hare, too, and a "ground-hog" (this is a queer-looking beastie with fur); and also many other such oddities. The wild flowers are all different from the English blossoms, pretty and delicate, but with no scent; quantities of violets, blue, white, and yellow, but no smell. *You* seem to be in the midst of a great deal of interesting life, and *I* am just as solitary—strange, awful thoughts come to me as I sit painting hour after hour in the bush. Some days I take the boat and some dinner and pull up the river and moor in Hunter's Bay, or Belsom's Strait, under the birch and maple trees, and paint so—all, all alone, all the best part of the day.

Saturday.—Wrote to Mrs. W.; then took some lunch and set off for the bush by the bluff, hoping to paint some cedars with the early light shining on them, or else my pretty, red columbine; but going over the creek in the hayfield by the sawmill I found the sun was going to be unpleasantly hot, and in the bush itself the mosquitoes began to worry horridly. At last when I fixed my view and settled myself, the creatures began to look at one another and prick up their ears on all sides. Far into the dense wood and everywhere I could hear nothing but an ever-deepening and fiendish sound of triumph and joy, WZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z (this may be freely translated thus: "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the

blood of an Englishman" (or woman), and to my horror and alarm I could see approaching, to left, right, in front, behind, long columns of my enemy, bloodthirsty and malicious, and in a few minutes I was thickly surrounded by dense troops, and myriads more to follow. Wildly I flung about my arms and feet, and at last gathered my paint brushes and beat a shameful and hurried retreat into the open sunshine, which was now broiling, baking, roasting hot, and reached home bloated with bites and vermilion with heat.

Wednesday.—Started at 7 a.m. by stage to Bracebridge. Jolted past the usual snake fences, snags, stumps charred and blackened, bush and underbrush, with the lovely deep, dark, dense green shade; the maples and hemlocks that I shall never see again, perhaps. Dined at Utterson. Reached Bracebridge about four.

Took a walk to see the falls and rapids on the Muskoka. Men now begin to wear collars again, and even a tall hat at Orillia. Reached Toronto late in the evening and walked to the American Hotel. Very much exhausted with the two days' banging, but it felt pleasant to be in the region of civilization, of gaslight, of carpets, of Venetian blinds, of boot-blacking, and of many other comfortable things. A waiter led the way upstairs to my nice big bedroom, and brought me a cup of tea and lighted the gas, and thankfully I fell asleep, to be wakened by the bright morning and chirping sparrows about 6 a.m. Breakfast of trout in the hotel dining-room. People now begin to eat fish with fish-knives. Sat in the waiting-room again at the Toronto railway station. Amusing watching the people and their baggage. Started at last for a long, dusty, hot day's journey in the rocking, rattling, tearing cars, whizzing and shrieking along, banging doors and clanking brakes, making such a noise sometimes that it was impossible to hear one's voice; past myriads of marguerites and buttercups and clover. Twenty minutes' dinner at Kingston or Richmond. More meadows, deliciously waving in the hot wind, and more bush and lakes and hills and rivers, getting a certain Frenchy appearance here. Arrived at Point Levis and took the tender to the *Circassian*. The farewell excitement among the friends and passengers, and the lively but quiet bustle of the sailors and officials, would be very amusing if it were not

for the fagged-out, jaded state one is in after the cars. Straight ahead for old England now. Good-bye to Canada. Now past the Heights of Quebec and the French-Canadian surroundings, down the beautiful St. Lawrence, with the bush-covered mountains and tiny Arcadian villages and glittering waters and white-sailed boats. After six o'clock dinner we could see it distinctly raining on land, while the sun was shining brightly above the ship; lovely atmospheric effect.

ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

CHAPTER III.

BOARDING-SCHOOL LIFE, VARIED BY VACATIONS.

In June, 1883, Florence came back to London in good health and eager for work. I returned from Paris in time to meet her, but the coming back to the old scenes, where there was now no father, seemed acutely painful and bitter.

We stayed with friends in Battersea till September, cheered by the company of a dear and funny little boy, youngest son of the Rev. William Gibson, of Paris, and the sympathetic kindness of many friends. We had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Wesley Walker (our cousin's wife), at Maidenhead. She had the sweetest nature and truest heart, and spent them freely on us, lonely ones.

During her visit to Canada Florence had taken much counsel with her brother (who was a keen business man) as to the advisability of turning her art training to practical account. This was not at all her own natural bent. Her disposition was extremely poetic and sensitive, inclined to idealize everything, to shrink from hard facts and conventional bondage to custom. These characteristics came perhaps from her Welsh grandmother. From her Scotch grandfather she inherited extreme independence of nature, strongly objecting to be under obligation to anyone whatever. From the time of our father's death she always insisted on paying her own way. Hence she now resolved on obtaining a situation with a good salary, so as to stand on her own feet and carve out her own path. Answering a *Times* advertisement for an art teacher at a ladies' school at Malvern, in the west of

England, Florence was chosen out of eighty applicants to fill the position. While there she was deeply valued, both by teachers and pupils, for the sweetness of her character, as well as for her success as a teacher. One pupil continued to correspond with her to the end of life, sending beautiful copies of Royal Academy pictures.

FLORENCE KINTON.
(At the age of twenty.)

Life in a boarding-school seemed to Florence rather cramped and unnatural. She missed the stimulus of the society of the sterner sex, and she missed especially the many helpful religious meetings she had been accustomed to, but she tried to do all the good she could among her pupils as far as the school regulations permitted.

To the Royal Academy exhibition of 1884 she sent in one of her pretty water-color paintings—a dead canary

by a cage, with a bunch of violets. It was accepted and hung on the line, greatly to her surprise and gratification. But none of her loved ones were there to see it!

Florence continued her diary at intervals during her two years at Malvern. It is so intensely feminine in its incidents that only a few selections are given here:

September 23rd.—This time to-morrow I shall be in Malvern—the summer vacation has passed, and I am a sadder and an older girl.

Tuesday, at Malvern.—I have a pleasant, cheerful room, with full view of the hills, including the sunrise view over the long stretch of the Malvern Hills to the Cotswolds in the dim horizon; the tree tops, tinted gold and red; the cottages dotted here and there, and the rich green lawn covered with fallen leaves—so lovely! We have had a glorious month—the coloring on the hedges and hills wonderful, so rich and luscious. It has been quite a subject of discussion at the supper table. There was one tree towards Maddersfield that everyone either drove or walked to see. It went by the name of the "wonderful pear tree." It seems to have been something unusual in bright-colored foliage.

Saturday.—This has been a pleasant break in the midst of the usual routine of bells, classes, casts, models, blackboard, meals, and two-and-two walks. After prayers Miss Ovens read out a list of girls who were to go on a little picnic excursion to Gloucester. She ended by saying Miss Last and Miss Kinton would also go—quite a surprise to me. At eleven, after a slight snatch of lunch, we, a party of eleven, all told, started for the railway station, where we found a compartment distinguished for us with a big "engaged" on the window. It was a very merry set of faces that looked out on the flying landscape as we shot past fields, trees, hedges, hills, all soft and blue in the autumn cloudy light and the mellowing foliage, passing all the rosy, ripening loveliness of orchards, laden with fruit; past cosy haystacks, with rustic old English cottages nestling lovingly amongst them, warm homesteads, suggestive of the peace of Arcadia. English scenery is so soft, oh! so pretty. Past Upton, with the little grey church where Cromwell and his

soldiers stopped. Everything crowded with historical associations. Over the silver Severn, always connected in my mind with Milton. Over Shakespeare's Avon, with the wavy line of the Cotswolds on the horizon; through Cheltenham, on, till we came to Gloucester. After this to the Cathedral. As soon as one enters, it seems as if we plunge out of the present into the past, anywhere during the last nine hundred years. The curious preserved sort of atmosphere one meets in these old stone edifices, so musty and chill among the low Gothic arches and ponderous stone pillars of the crypt, the gloom just lighted with little slits of windows; and the broken, worn earthy floor under one's feet, and strange windings, the yellowish gloom, and mouldy, unearthly, yet earthy, creepy sensation conspiring to make you forget the nineteenth century. The little chapels, the tombs with the silent figures stretched so quietly on their backs, resting, resting, resting on through the hot fever of tumultuous generations; the gentle light from the colored rays of the great rich glass windows, the Gothic archwork like interlacing branches and boughs of trees straightened out and stiffened into lovely death. The "whispering gallery," with its mystic reverberations. The gallery where the dead and gone nuns once walked. The exquisite cloisters, the most beautiful in the world; the place where the monks (now turned to dust) once used to wash themselves like other human creatures; all of wonderful carved stone, with the broken light and shade so restful to the sense of sight, and the stained glass for a gleaming touch of color to brighten the quiet greys of stone and marble, yellowed with age. The brasses with the almost obliterated letters; the traces of design on the pavement; the bush, the echo, the hollow, cavernous sense of space, the rattle of our guide's keys, the signs of the mutilating hand of Cromwell's soldiers, all dead now. Then the afternoon service, with the glorious rumble of the organ and the echoing chants reverberating through the arches. Back at last to the region of gas and railway trains, and home to Malvern in time for tea.

November 23rd.—Malvern abounds in lovely china shops —Worcester china—in the freshest beauty of brittle crispness, and those delicious, clear, rosy, azure and creamy yellow colors that one sees in scarcely anything except sky and flowers. Iridescent and colored glass plaques, cups and

saucers, vases in every novelty and form. The Christmas and New Year's cards in their full glory inundate the stationers' windows. To-night I am writing in the drawing-room in the intervals between the scenes of the children's play—called the "Olympian Theatre"—the first play I have ever witnessed.

Saturday.—Long, busy day of teaching, ending thankfully and cosily here in my low chair by my warm fire and nice soft gaslight. How elegantly my light, long, blue dressing-gown corresponds with my purple hands, swollen with chilblains. And how the wind roars in the chimney, and how the clock does tick away my life!

Sunday.—Service as usual, except that I sat in the rail pew behind the choristers, next the altar. In the afternoon a row of apples hanging from the mantel-piece by strings might have been seen baking in the schoolroom.

Monday.—Letters from A. and farewell from dear Miss Leonard. Feel quite doubled up at the prospect of only meet-her in heaven again—felt like a pricked air balloon all day. Took Nellie for a drive in the carriage to Hanley Castle instead of a walk. The bare boughs, with a few brown leaves, are all that is to be seen of the summer now, with scarlet haws and purple bramble sprays along the hedges, and regiments of single file geese underneath; and the quaint old cottages, thatched, and with crossing beams of wood in front of the whitewash—these are the chief features of the landscape now, with the range of the Malverns always in sight.

Thursday.—Want to go home most dreadfully. Getting tired of the thundering quartettes and music lessons in the study. Forced from weariness of life to indulge in scraps occasionally of Andersen and Kingsley. Fine sunrise.

Friday.—Classes all day till tea, from which I have just retired to my fire in my room. This is Margie's birthday, so as well as the nice cups of tea and milk as usual, and the glass dishes of pats of butter and plates of brown bread and white, there were almonds and raisins and apples, and a vast white sugar-coated cake which crumbled very much as my little pet Margie cut it.

Thursday.—The day of the concert. Bitterly cold, long, frosty walk. I am getting to dislike the long up-hill, aim-

less walks very much, in spite of the quantity of evergreens and brilliant holly berries and hips and haws and hedges of laurestinus. Letter from A. again, and a fire in my draughty room again also. Servants, teachers and girls are all in a high state of excitement and turmoil. The dining-room, with its long tables, was already beginning to get ready for the grand supper, with quantities of vases of the superb chrysanthemums and other flowers that Mrs. B. sends from her conservatories. So we had a very noisy picnic tea in the schoolroom, some standing and without plates. What a hubbub girls can make! All the talk of the day now is dress and music. I feel quite sick at the thought of dress. I wish I could wear the red Salvation Army ribbon A. sent me. What a sensation there would be among the guests! I have some lovely white flowers to go with my black silk instead. Up till to-morrow morning in the midst of tulle, silk, satin and merinos, mostly white, and low-necked dresses and many other pretty but aimless things. Nearly eighty of us altogether in the drawing-room listened to the quartettes that I am so tired of, and the solos, and the songs, and the supper, and the waiters, and the smiles, and so on.

Friday.—Work irregular—great excitement prevails—agitated, flying girls to be met at every turn in the corridors and class-rooms. Miserably cold. Hate packing—nearly all over.

Saturday.—The packing all safely finished. The night past, the early morning with Elizabeth and the gaslight; the breakfast with the few girls, I taking the head of the table; the good-byes said; the happy party of girls starting, the reserved carriage, and then we were off—six of us, almost too happy to speak. Away through the wintry, brown, dry country, the cottages, the fields, the fences, the bare trees and hedges. Whiz! through the smoky town. Bang! rattle through the tunnel! "Oh, lovely wall!" say my carriage of bright-eyed schoolgirls, and many more aimless nothings, as they get more accustomed to the position. At Worcester I espied Mr. Tyrer [a friend of her father's] on the platform. At Oxford Lizzie got out to buy some toffee, etc. Here again Mr. Tyrer appeared. Still on, eating sandwiches and biscuits, huddling in very free-and-easy attitudes on the cushions, telling songs and stories. At Windsor we began to

look out for London, and here we sang "God save the Queen." Maidenhead and over the Thames. Ah! dear old Thames! A little longer and now we begin to gather ourselves and kiss good-byes. Paddington!!! All the girls were met at once, and shouts of "There's papa!" One would think they meant to spring from the window. I, too, even, was welcomed and looked after by Mr. T., who looked after my boxes and took my ticket, and we came together to Gloucester Road, and talked all the way home to Mrs. Warren's. Under the little ivy archway, down the step, leaving all the unrest of the world outside. Kind Mrs. Warren, sweet Jenny! Oh, the freedom, the unutterable sense of peace and thankfulness, and the lifted sense of responsibility. The sofa, the three rocking-chairs, the three cats, the light new bread, the strong tea in the old china, the cosy breakfast-room. Then A. came—how nice to have a sister! Then Mr. Randleson. Supper so sociable. The hymns with A. at the harmonium and Jennie and her brother singing Sankey's new hymns; then to bed to talk till late.

Wednesday.—Up late; breakfast after A. had gone, cosily with hot coffee and bacon in the spotless, snug kitchen, with the ivy round the window. Walked to Kensington, searching for a card to draw the sketch for Miss Sophie. Streets so very amusing to a stranger.

In her Christmas holidays of 1883 Florence went with me to the home of General Booth, to whose younger children I was then acting as visiting governess. Visits were also paid to the Army Training Home at Clapton, where I taught a class of children. This proved to be a very important moment in Florence's life. The lively and emotional religion of the Salvation Army, manifesting itself in vigorous efforts for the reclaiming of the lost, at once exercised a great fascination over her.

There was no mistaking the transparent earnestness and sincerity of the Booth family. Mrs. General Booth especially was a most noble and talented woman, to whom the Salvation Army probably owes more than to any other person. She seemed specially free from the self-conscious-

ness and egotism that mars so many fine characters. One could not help admiring her with all one's heart and soul. She had the courage to say what most of us only ventured to think.

MRS. BOOTH,
Wife of General Booth; often called "the Army Mother."

We saw little of General Booth. Occasionally it happened that Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Stepney, General Booth and my insignificant self would all start for our day's work from Clapton Common, at the same time and in sight of one another. The Bishop and the governess would be on foot, General Booth in his carriage —a necessity at that time for the Booth family, who were liable to be insulted if they used public conveyances.

BOARDING-SCHOOL LIFE.

Miss Emma Booth (afterwards Mrs. Booth-Tucker) was then in charge of the women's side of the Training Home, exerting a wonderful influence on the girls who came from all parts of the country to be trained as officers. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Eva Booth. These ladies just about realized Florence's ideal of true womanhood. In the schoolroom at General Booth's home there were two younger daughters, most lovable girls; also an adopted boy.

Another group of pupils (at the Training Home) were children of some of the soldiers, and there were some rescued children. We were still making our home with the same kind friend at Battersea, Mrs. Warren.

Diary.

Thursday.—Etching all the morning. Started on my travels again, this time for Clapton, underground to Aldersgate, then the tram to the Congress Hall. The great gateway was rather alarming, the building warlike, and everything looking as if intended to repel an invasion. Inside the gates a sentinel accosted me, so I asked for Miss Kinton, and he pointed a bell to ring, which was answered by a lassie who showed me a room to rest in. Soon A. came, and we went into the nursery, where the six little soldiers in their black jerseys, seated round the table, rose and saluted me. It was an interesting sight; the little black uniformed figures with their bright eyes scrutinizing me. Then we went into the large, lofty schoolroom to prayers with the kneeling, shouting cadets. Such prayers, such amens, such clapping of hands!

Friday I visited my old haunts at South Kensington, and wished myself back again, in spite of the alterations in the buildings, and the many new faces, and the absence of the old loved ones. Then a long walk along Sloane Street and Knightsbridge, looking at the brilliantly decorated shop windows, quite gorgeous with the Christmas wares, the candied groceries, the sparkling fruits and crisp brown cakes and bread and biscuits. The perfect avenue of holly, mistletoe

and evergreens and the perpetual procession of people make the place very entertaining to an exile returned from prison. Underground to Aldersgate; tried to walk to the Congress Hall, but was too tired, so walked only halfway. Went straight to the nursery to A., and found the young Booths had made her promise to go to tea, so, although quite late, we hurried off as fast as we could to the General's, over the same way A. and I went in the morning, and up the steps, where I see Georgie gesticulating and shouting to A. to "Fetch her in, fetch her in." He is a particularly refined and graceful little boy, fair and delicate. He, Lucy and Marie all wear the uniform, as do Miss Booth and Eva. They are funny, original, loving children, and they made a great fuss over A. and me. Georgie set his guinea-pigs to run about to amuse us, and Lucy let the canaries flutter down to the table, and all the time the musical box played cheerily. Supper in A.'s room after the holiness meeting in the immense hall. The band played and sang most ravishingly some Christmas carols in the midnight.

Saturday.—Sat and etched in the nursery some work which I gave to Eva afterwards. At dinner time, during the "ten minutes," a great shouting and tramping of men's feet suddenly breaking in at the entrance made us think that the "Skeletons" had broken in, and the cadets came flying along the corridor, and we found it was only the men cadets carrying Ballington aloft to see his sisters before starting to take command of something in the country. Many of the poor fellows were crying at bidding him farewell. Went into the "Free and Easy"—great fun; the girls are such a humorous set, coarse in feature, but bright and pure in expression. Eva came and had a cup of tea in the nursery with us; then train to Uncle Mark's; then back to Battersea.

Tuesday.—Christmas Day, turkey, plum pudding and dessert; long walk; kissed the nice soft green grass on the grave at Brompton, and got shut into the cemetery in the fog; soon let out. Peeped down into the areas and up into the parlors at the people keeping Christmas—so many pretty pictures. Sang hymns after tea till late; sad supper; longed to be a little girl again and creep into mamma's arms.

Wednesday.—Boxing Day. Funny afternoon tea with Miss Dabis; German artistic atmosphere; long perpendicular

vases of tall grass and bulrushes, with models of busts and heads with ivy over them.

January 22nd.—Soon, ah, too soon, the holidays are fled. I have been too happily and busily employed to write what I have been doing; now I am resting for a few hours at Mrs. Warren's before I plunge into my school life again. The last three weeks I have been spending vacillating between here and S. K. and the Congress Hall and Sankey and Moody's meeting. It has been very lively and steeped in interest. Here is a specimen at Clapton: Woke by the first bugle-call at six, and dress in the dark, rather cold and decidedly hungry, and eager to be at my work—my group of narcissus and oranges that I had had on my mind all night. Past the sentry, out of the gates, which bang to, and I am out in the world again. Is this my tram coming? Yes, a blue one. What a row of careworn, workaday world faces ranged inside! How dull and yellow and drear the daybreak in a London tramcar! What quaint, disreputable little rascals the newspaper boys are, hopping in and out like sparrows. The shutters are coming down from the shops now, and a stream of men, and a few girls here and there, hurry citywards to work and business. The coffee stalls and eating-houses are doing the briskest business just now. Jingle, jingle, go the tram bells in every direction. Down the steps to the underground railway—rattle, shriek, grind, and away past twelve stations to South Kensington. Oh, the dear, lively, light, artistic old school! Oh, dear, grim, clever, handsome Mrs. Casa! Oh, the lofty, girl-enlivened, spacious corridors! Grind away all day, not getting up even when the lunch bell rings. How the students do tease, grouping round when one is putting in a wash! The policeman always comes to turn us out too early. Into Horseley's for a sandwich. What a cheerful place a confectioner's is, and how contented people are when they are eating! Back to Clapton—the great, bustling, crowded city gaslighted now; to A. in the bright, comfortable little room, tea things still on the table, and the little Prince Charlie and pussy purring and winking on the mat. Service at eight in the great Hall. Shouting, clapping, even jumping—choruses repeated over and over many times; loud hallelujahs, amens, and other

ejaculations—great attention and interest on the part of the roughs.

23rd.—Back at Malvern—wish I was not. The journey down was through drenched, partially flooded fields, and past bare and well-washed trees and hedges and cuddled-up groups of homesteads and haystacks. Blustering wind, which blew our light out in the carriage and caused a stoppage on the line by blowing down some signal posts. Tired, sick and cold. Tea in the study with the newly arrived girls and Miss Thomas, the new teacher, Welsh, and pleasant-looking.

Shrove Tuesday.—Nearly half this term has sped away, full of anxiety and tediousness, and dreariness and homesickness, uninteresting walks and uninteresting work; cold weather with a few bright gleams to cheer up the watery grey of life.

Friday, February 29th.—Geraldine and I took a promenade up the hills, or rather a clamber; I felt almost hopeful again, the sunshine was so light, the air so fresh and bracing, the moss and thick, soft turf so nice to step on, the grey old rocks; the stunted, furry and stubby hawthorn bushes, so eccentric and untrammelled by cultivation; the silence of nature and the wide-spreading view. I really relished the blackberry jam and bread and butter at tea.

Sunday, March 2nd.—Another nice little unexpected excursion, this time across the meadows and through the lanes to the little village church of Maddersfield. I was longing for a little change of scene, or a good long walk, when the children burst into my room entreating me to go with them, so, nothing loath, I agreed. The spring is not come yet, but there are tokens already that the winter will not last for ever, and the sweetest sermon came to me from the damp earth and ivy-covered bank under the hedges, and the multitude of tiny pale-green, half-folded violet leaves, waiting so patiently for the sun, with here and there a starry celandine peeping, or a wee daisy, and the lane stretching in quiet, gentle, unobtrusive content before us and behind, in the sleeping afternoon sunshine with the shadows nestling purple round the thatched cottages and the haystacks and the hedges—all conspired to fill one's heart with thankfulness and trust, in spite of heartache and distasteful daily

duty, to commence on Monday morning and to go on till God shall please to alter it. Great excitement is caused, even here, by the attempt to blow up the underground railway station.

Thursday.—Lecture in the schoolroom. Life is frightfully uninteresting in this narrow, closed-up school life, and I am hurting my eyes by so much etching, and I cannot get the girls often enough to feel I am doing any good.

Saturday.—To-day has been a little out of the common. We woke in warm atmosphere for a different sensation, and after prayers there were rumors of Worcester and Cowleigh, and presently a party started off to the Cathedral and the porcelain works, and whilst I was busy teaching my class in the dining-room we were cheered to hear that we were all to make the expedition that everyone has been so anticipating, to Cowleigh Woods to hunt for primroses. Cowleigh Woods are rather more than two miles away, so we started immediately after dinner—each girl with a beaming face and a basket. It was a hot, up-hill walk, and long before we got there there were complaints of the heat and thirst. However, when we had at last succeeded in reaching and climbing the stile leading into the woods, all the discontent vanished in the midst of the bare trees, under the netted branches, among the long trails of bramble-sprays, stepping over the dry last year's leaves, stooping to the earth to grasp with avidity some sweet little pale gem of a primrose or delicate white wood anemone. I cannot say I have never gathered wild primroses now; and I must confess that it is a great loss to have lived so long without experiencing the delicious sensation of sticking one's fingers down among the coiled-up fresh leaves to find the end of the soft stalk, and then feeling the crisp, soft stem snap short, and the pale yellow gold is your own. But even primrose-hunting has its drawbacks, exquisite though the fleeting pleasure may be to children to fill their basket with such a mass of downy color, so fragrant and tender; yet the stooping makes an adult like me giddy in the head. I had a party of the younger ones to be responsible for, and I was a little afraid of missing them when I lost sight of them in the maze of the underwood, and I was very thankful to get home once more, almost too hot and exhausted for tea. There were

some dear, quaint little cottages struck my fancy very much. Such an indescribable air of simple home-likeness seemed to linger under the dipping eaves and peeping windows—one might imagine the diamond panes were winking at the outside world with a sort of drowsy self-satisfaction from under the thatch. Then the narrow little strip of flower-bed, close under the whitewashed wall, catching every scrap of sunshine, and cheery with daffodils and alyssum under the windows and the rustic porch and by the doorstep.

Monday, 17th. St. Patrick's Day.—The last three days have been quite a little oasis of warmth and sunshine in the dreary bleakness of winter. The doors and windows are all wide open, and the girls run in and out of the garden when they please. Yesterday was one of those long, delicious Sundays that seem as if every breath was a breath of peace and rest. In the afternoon, immediately after dinner, I started for Maddersfield all alone. It was lovely all along the lanes, among the joyous hedges, sparkling with the new green and bristling with celandine and daisies, but too hot coming back the two miles with the sun in one's face. The pretty little dot of a church seems almost a toy compared to the great elms that grow around it and are so populous and business like, with croaking rooks over big, scraggy nests, spiky against the blue sky. It just begins to dawn on me that I am going to spend another spring in the country, and in Old England, too, instead of among Canadian woods and lanes. It is a very charming idea.

Monday morning broke bright and warm again, and at nine o'clock came Mr. Hill, bringing a ravishing bunch of almond blossoms for me to paint. The china painting occupies four hours' time on Monday, and meanwhile I have scholars in the study at the two little tables. Maud and I escorted Lily from the railway station at dinner time. I love a railway station; there is something so bright and lively and full of activity there, and instead of feeling a poor isolated prisoner one seems to be in connection with the whole world. Managed to sketch in my glowing blossoms. Early to bed; couldn't sleep, however, but lay dosily and fancied I was in my wooden room at Huntsville.

Tuesday.—Up two hours before breakfast to paint—to find my pretty pink flowers almost beyond my brush. Wish

I could paint all day at Kensington, I do! I do! Wrote to get the form to send with my canary to the Academy—don't expect it to be accepted; not the slightest hope. In the midst of my class comes Eliza to summon me to the drawing-room, where I found Cousin George Mackie and his wife. I am going to see them on Sunday. Received the form from the Academy. Almond blossoms progressing, but slowly. Another visit to the fields with the little ones. We found quite a number of wild flowers along the edge of the meadows, under the hedges—particularly one little grassy sheltered knoll—celandine, daisies, dog-violets, sweet-scented white and blue fairy wood anemones and balmy primroses. Tea at six-thirty, and supper with only us younger teachers.

"What's that?" says Ethel. "My diary," quoth I. "Do you put down when I am angry to you?" asks a plaintive little voice.

March 31st.—Yesterday was Sunday. A little new bit of life came to my observation on my visit to Cousin George Mackie, namely, the style of life that Tom Brown led, only this was at the college here instead of Rugby. Afternoon tea was followed by service in the college chapel, where the Doctor preached to the white-collared, short-jacketed youths, lads and boys of every height, size and expression. We sat, of course, in the masters' pews, facing the boys—it was such an amusing sight. They all marched silently out to the "Dead March in Saul," played for Prince Leopold.

April 1st.—Funny having a birthday in a boarding-school. First, waking, hearing mysterious creeping in my room; then seeing funny little parcels on my table; then being hugged and kissed by some score of girls and teachers; then the embarrassment of seeing my plate filled with more mysterious parcels; then the agitation of opening the various envelopes. Ethel sent an atom of butter-scotch, wrapped in an old newspaper—it was too dangerous to open at the breakfast able, however. I had about nine small presents, and twenty-three cards, and four letters. A nice full day of work The girls are very eager at their shading; they seem to have such firm confidence in me, and they have made some very creditable copies of the casts. Sarah's egg-plant is a lovely piece of work. Pouring rain descends constantly—the dark

old hills and the creamy cherry blossoms are alike bathed in cold blue mist, while dapper and sprightly brown thrushes are tugging up delicious fat worms with great gusto from the dripping lawn. So ends the first of April, 1884, in the midst of the dining-room of romping young ones. A. wants us all to start off for Toronto with Mackie, who is coming to see us soon.

Monday.—It is the Oxford and Cambridge Day, so there has been much excitement and bantering among the wearers of the dark blue and light. At the news of the Cambridge victory the house was for a short time convulsed with agitation.

Wednesday.—Very busy; hurried up to Burrows to induce him to send down the works. Found Wood seated on a chair, surrounded by all the cardboard-mounted pictures, surveying them. He was quite warm in praise of them; among other things he informed me solemnly that "there were a good many artists, and a good many masters, but you are the best teacher in Malvern, Madam."

A great deal of flying up and downstairs among rooms, with floors and everything else in a wild state of disorder, with packed and unpacked boxes—a great deal of calling of "Miss Kinton! Miss Kinton!" a restless night, and Thursday is here. Great excitement, dashing servants, flying girls, agitated teachers, gushing farewells, the railway station, and away through the lovely green spring, the fields of primroses and cowslips, and past cosy homesteads among many orchards. Oxford, buns and Banbury cakes. Paddington! Here Mackie and I once more met and embraced, and then rattled through Hyde Park, past South Kensington, and all my old haunts, in a hansom, stopping at funny little rooms in an old house in King's Road. There is something very odd and queer about the sort of shabby genteel air of our rooms. The door of the sitting-room opens into our bedroom. They are decidedly overcrowded and poky, but the outlook is very amusing and lively into the King's Road. It is the evening before Good Friday, and the people are all busy getting in hot cross buns and fish. A. and M., it seems, are going back with Mr. R. and I shall be left alone.

Good Friday.—A. and I talked till the cock-crow that Peter heard, then woke at six with a queer sense of novelty and odd pleasure. At breakfast time stepped through the

folding-doors into the sitting-room, where the hot cross buns and breakfast were waiting us. How charming is variety! How much more interesting to take one's tea from a service of china, where every piece is different from the rest, where every plate has a history of its own, and all the furniture has its own tale. The windows are long and reach to the ground, with a balcony outside, and all the amusements of the busy traffic of a bank holiday to watch—rattling omnibuses, cabs, carts, in a continual stream, to say nothing of all the pedestrians.

Friday, 17th.—One week has passed, and has been very curiously unlike what I had expected it to be. To commence, after going to Chelsea Old Church with M. on Good Friday, we went to St. Paul's and heard some of Gounod's wonderful Passion music; and then we called on Uncle Mark, and got thoroughly fagged and caught cold, which has made me feel too heavy to care about anything except reclining in the armchair, looking out of windows, reading *London Society* and *War Cry*. There is something rather interesting about the excitement of A.'s and Mr. R.'s hurried departure. It is quite funny the different ways the news is taken: the conflicting advice of friends; the letters of comment; the surprise; the visits to the stores; the packing; the consultations; the late suppers and breakfasts in bed for me.

Monday Evening.—At last they are gone, and I am alone here in London. Makes one feel a trifle queerish, I must confess. We had two cabs to St. Pancras—it was surprising the amount of luggage they had between them.

April 28th.—Time is going, alas, alas, fast, fast!! I am staying with Emily Kinton. Poor little Emily is quite ill, but it seems very homelike here with Frank to cut bread and butter and make cocoa for. I enjoy the little journey to Kensington and back, and the dear school, and my purple and yellow pansies and brown jug—in fact I do enjoy everything now that I have my liberty, although I am so lonesome. On Saturday I favored the Doré Gallery with my presence.

Tuesday, 29th.—My picture is accepted at the Academy. I ought to be thankful, but I feel so sad without anyone to rejoice with me.

Monday.—Back at Malvern in Maddie's room—feel sick and miserable. First letter from A. from New York. I am shaking down here again. Nature is so consoling this sum-

mer, and quite hot weather has commenced. When I wake in the morning I see the sunny hills through a haze of delicate green and lilac blossom; then also the garden is rich in wallflowers, irises, apple-blossoms, etc. The meadows are like the ideal meadows one dreams about, ankle deep in flowers, appearing as if some hand had just shied quantities of snowy daisies athwart the softest, greenest grass, just radiant with light and the golden cups of the shining buttercups, and the wild hyacinths and orchids and cowslips. I am very busy with teaching and painting and walks, and get quite fagged by the end of the day.

May 20th.—Getting along fine with china painting—commenced a plaque with cowslips and bluebells; finished a landscape with Mr. Warren. Very busy, fairly content—should relish an omnibus drive and the sight of a lot of unknown faces. Want a letter.

June 4th.—Just finished five wooden frames for Miss Sophie's bazaar. Very tired and lonely. The fields are up to the knees in blossoms now—quantities of ox-eyed daisies and clover and hawthorn. Such a delight to wade about in the meadows. We found a robin in the hedge, sitting on her nest keeping two wee eggs warm. Whit-Monday witnessed Malvern alive with what Maud calls the "common people," excursionists from the Black Country chiefly. The town is in its beauty now, and the roads are simply bowers of blossoms, from the superabundance of flowering trees, pink and white hawthorn, laburnam, Guelder-rose, and great flaky creamy roses.

June 6th.—To-day has been a lively break, a holiday in honor of Miss Last's birthday. I gave Sarah a lesson in etching all the morning, till we were stopped by the quarter to one dinner-bell. After dinner a rush to the station—eight of us. We visited the Worcester pottery works and had explained to us the wonderful process by which we get our beautiful tea-things and porcelain. First the rough, hard, untractable flint and clay and bone, then up to a room where the great wooden heavy mills were grinding round and round, till it was ground to a fine liquid, something the consistency of thin porridge. After that the potter's wheel, then the gruesome, vast ovens; then the rooms where painting, decorating, glazing, burnishing, etc., were being performed

by men and women with clock-like regularity; then the finished delicate china porcelain ready for cottage or palace.

Saturday.—Drove in a waggonette to C— Hill with the girls. The earth curvature is very wonderful on the Malvern Hills. We climbed to the top of one peak, among the fresh emerald green, scented bracken and wild things, and slippery dry grass and stones and rocks, and took an extensive view of Herefordshire, and also the ancient Roman camp. The foxglove looks much more striking growing in clusters than gathered. We had a sumptuous tea, of which strawberries and cream formed one important part, in a solitary little inn called the "Wind's Point," near to Jenny Lind's house.

July 5th.—We went again to Gloucester Cathedral, and spent the whole day in the town. We spent an hour on the River Severn in two rowing-boats. It is a pretty little green stream, between steepish banks, with one or two ships on it at the city.

Tuesday.—The grand day of the picnic. Drove in carriages to Eastnor; were shown over the fine castle, the beautiful furniture, the armor, the tapestry, the family portraits, the carvings, and a lovely painting by Watts of "Death and Oblivion"—were all worth remembering; and the beautiful drive through the deer park. Then we were shown through the hothouses and vineries. Next followed a stupendous tea in an old-fashioned country inn, a tea consisting chiefly of piles of fruits, strawberries and cream. After tea we wandered according to our own sweet will. I went with a group of sketchers; twice we were interrupted, finally by Marion tumbling into a ditch and getting her light frock and petticoats in a frightful condition, so I marched her off to the inn to be dried and re-clad. The drive was very pleasant but for headache. I changed to the box about halfway along.

Wednesday.—The finishing day of the term's work. The dining-room crowded with excited and industrious workers from early morning till late in the evening. Went to bed with a swimming headache.

Saturday.—Two more days and I shall be at home—oh, dear no! in London. Oh, days do fly away—what shall I do all the two months? Poor little diary, I wish I could see what these blank pages will have on them.

Monday Evening.—The term has gone. To-day of course

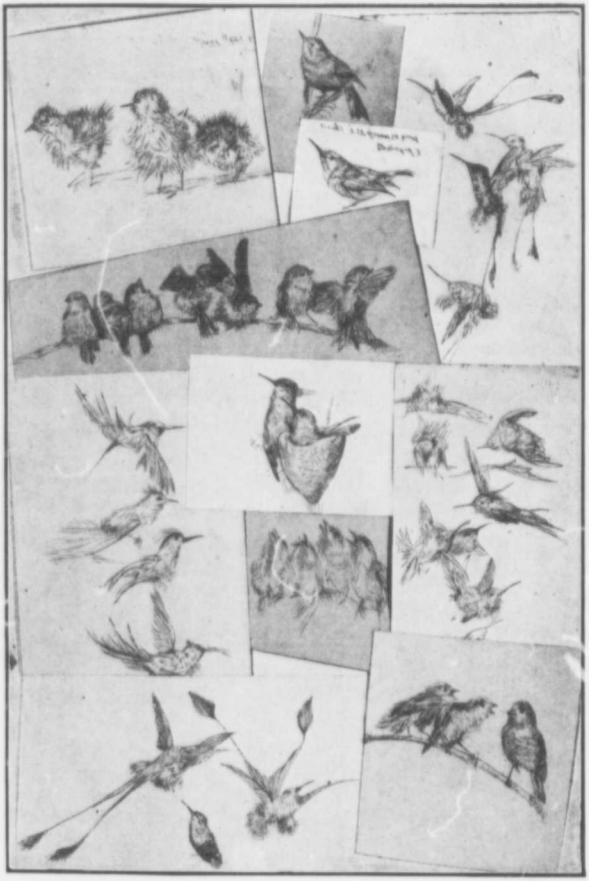
has been one of dashing excitement. Miss O. has been saying a great many kind things of the work and myself.

Tuesday.—Safe at Mrs. Warren's—one week gone. Quite too ridiculously swollen face to go out till Sunday.

Wednesday.—Day for delivering back the works of the Royal Academy. Took the omnibus there, and was told to go round to the back entrance, so went through the Arcade and down some steps to a dark underground, a cavernous, cellarage place, where men were carting away the pictures. It was very amusing and novel, the different people delivering their forms and signing for the work. Some of the great frames were being lugged away in the hands of the agent's men, and some were carefully carried by the artists themselves. There was a good deal of waiting while each lot was being fetched and let down from the rooms above by a lift. It was an odd way of seeing the Academy—just a little peep up from below as the lift of pictures came down. The artists were a funny, mixed lot, with a sort of submissive, humble look about them, which contrasted with the burly workmen, who eyed them with a kind of good-natured, contemptuous air, and well they might. Sighed sadly over my poor little canary. Shall I ever get another one in, I wonder; I must work desperately hard if I want to exhibit.

August 9th.—This week I have been at work making rough studies of the birds, faint or rather light sketches of the celestially lovely humming-birds at the department of the British Museum at South Kensington, *i.e.*, the Natural History. It is a fine building, with spacious galleries, broad flights of stairs, and big windows. I sit there solitary on my box in the midst of the silent stuffed creatures; birds of every species and size and kind; animals big and little; many skeletons, many bones, vast mammoth beasts—gaunt, and awesome, and solitary policemen roaming round with creaking boots. It is very nice though; even the boys looking over my shoulder don't disturb my peace and equanimity of mind.

I have put a good deal of study into the birds. They are so difficult—the featheriness of them. At the Natural History Museum I perch high at my easel in a corner, as much out of the reach of the public as possible. There are a great many people about now, because of the "Inventories," and the insatiable curiosity of the masses at the sight of a live artist at its native habits is intensely comical, if I were not too



SKETCHES MADE AT NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

busy and felt it rather a nuisance. My boots are the chief part of me visible, but in order to catch a further glimpse they will stretch their necks and peer up and round and under, and even squeeze themselves between the glass case and the wall. It is a dreadful bother, and needs great patience when one's nervous system is on the stretch."

About this time Florence received the news of my marriage. This seemed a very serious trouble to her just then She thought she had lost her sister, but as years went on she found she had gained a brother and another home. To this home she naturally always gravitated, and there at last she died.

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD-BYE TO ENGLAND.

While spending her vacations with relatives at Hammersmith Florence frequently attended the Salvation Army meetings. She found them very attractive.

She said she considered that the type of head one sees at meetings of the Salvation Army was the strongest justification of their peculiar proceedings, and all her sympathies went out to the work they were doing. She decided to leave the school at Malvern, and to state frankly to the Principal, Miss Ovens, exactly what was her point of view.

Florence left Malvern, Christmas, 1885, and spent the next six months in a post-graduate course at South Kensington. During this time she joined the Salvation Army as an Auxiliary (so called); attended meetings, spoke, etc., and found great satisfaction in feeling she was doing good. Since one must "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice," it must be owned that the Salvation Army is a mutual admiration society, and hence a very pleasant circle to enter. Whether this is wholesome or not is another matter. Florence says in a letter at this time: "Would you like to hear your sister speak, with the soldiers (fine fellows, some of them reclaimed roughs) cheering her on with shouts? I feel 'dreadful shy,' though, sometimes." The desire for appreciation which was a feature of her character thus received its gratification.

Meanwhile the authorities at South Kensington (Mr. Sparkes and Mrs. Casabianca and others) were urging

her to an extended course of training, and to look forward to a successful career as head of an art school in England or Canada, for which she was so abundantly fitted. Finally, in spite of leanings to the Salvation Army, Florence resolved to make her permanent home in Canada, where all her own family were now settled.

She made her fifth and last Atlantic voyage in June, 1886, and came straight to Huntsville, to which the railway had at last stretched its long iron arm.

She found eleven relatives to greet and welcome her, counting the new generation. This was a very memorable time, though no earthly meeting is perfect. We all longed to keep her in Huntsville, and with all our might we urged her to stay. But her indomitable independence of character and desire for a wider sphere of work and usefulness forbade such a circumscribed life.

After a few happy holiday weeks, during which she was in communication with the Minister of Education as to a new engagement, she accepted a position in the Kingston School of Art. She found the new duties and interests there exceedingly engrossing—so much so that she gave up the habit of keeping a diary, and never resumed it, more pressing occupations absorbing her attention in all the future years.

(*To her sister.*)

THE MOUNT, MALVERN,
September 24th, 1885.

On Sunday I wanted to make the most of my last day, so I went to the Hammersmith Army seven o'clock prayer-meeting. It was very fervent, and I decided, what I have felt for a long time I should have to do, namely, to tell Miss Ovens why I chiefly did not care to stay at Malvern. So last night I went to her room and made a clean breast of it. I told her that Mr. Sparkes advised me to come to Canada after studying in London longer; and not only that, but that I knew

and loved the Booths, that I was a Methodist of the Methodists, that I went all the way, that I thought society was wrongly balanced and that it distressed me intensely—even the matters of dress and luxury—and that I believed sincerely in the Methodist doctrine of "Entire Sanctification or full Redemption," and we had a long and most earnest talk on each question of importance. I was so afraid of mincing matters that I expressed my creed even more strongly than I felt like it. I believe—I *know*—Christ helped me, but you cannot tell what it is for me. Miss Ovens, I know, feels shocked and a little sort of pitiful.

The days are very busy and full, and each one very much like the day before and the day after. I hurry down to teach for a little before the breakfast bell rings—the nice warm breakfast that I feel so thankful for. Then follows the little ones' tour round the blackberry hedges, blazing with hips and haws and woodbine and blackberry leaves, amber and coral and scarlet and gold, with depths of myrtle-green occasionally. Then classes, lunch, classes, dinner, classes, a few minutes to dress, tea, recreation-room, supper, prayers, bed, cheered up with blackberry jam, caresses, Bret Harte, etching, letters; but no kind, clever Mr. Hill, no spending the evening painting in my room this term—only bleak, piercing, nipping winds, and sad, sad longings for my dearest Amy. But I will be good and bright and thankful. I must just touch on a few ups and downs, leaving detail. Short, happy term—lots of going out to tea and concerts, etc.—whooping epidemic and I chief nurse—lots of lovely carriage drives—lots of affection. Went for a week to Weston-Super-Mare, to stay at a beautiful, grand house of a cousin of General Gordon's. Back at Christmas to Hammersmith—very happy and contented. Slaved at the figure at the Art Schools. Distressingly cold and foggy; depression in trade, men all out of work, Socialist riots.

(*To her sister.*)

HAMMERSMITH, February 9th, 1886.

(*The time of some riots.*)

So cold and foggy and smoky and uncanny it is just now in London. I have had a cold and toothache, rather,

but, oh dear! I do like London so much; but it is altogether suggestive of the stories of the French Revolution just now. You should just walk along Piccadilly and see the closed shops and the shattered windows—those beautiful plate glass windows all smashed up. Matters are very serious among the lower classes—the unemployed and the Socialists. The mob has been out raging about, thirty thousand strong, utterly lawless. Isn't it queer? London is all in agitation about it. If I were a man, with my children starving, and I saw people living in wasteful luxury, I too should feel half mad, I am sure. Oh, I am glad I am not rich. It is very trying, however, to have no power to help the misery and distress—neither physical vigor nor length of purse, only sympathy.

On Sunday evening, as I had never been to an evening Army meeting here, I thought I would go. I was too early, so I just walked up and down the chief thoroughfare here. It was a fine evening, and although it was past the time for church, the Broadway and King streets were simply swarming with people. A profane, godless, Sabbath-breaking company—smoking men, degraded women, exchanging coarse, low jests, and filling the sweet Sunday evening with joyless, harsh laughter, in a way that fairly made one's blood curdle; and then to think of the thousands of Christians sweetly enjoying their religion in church, almost unconscious of this seething mass of sin. God have mercy upon us!

Soon, however, came the "Bang! bang!" of the Army drum, then the red banner, and the death-or-victory soldiers bore down upon us. I stood in the thick of the crowd as they passed. I felt as if I could have groaned and sobbed with relief, as I followed at the end of the roughs, to see the way they seemed to sweep up the people from the street like a broom. You should have seen the crush to get in, although it is a great big place. What a rowdy, motley congregation, and what fiery preachers! Fancy getting those people to come regularly to church and chapel. People that find fault with the Army meetings should find something else that will attract the mob element of society better. I did not mean to get on the "lost London" strain again, however, but it's very terrible to contemplate.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

(To her sister.)

KING STREET, 1886.

A. C. has just sent me an advertisement for a Principal of an Art School in Hamilton, Can., but I am afraid it is for a man, and also beyond my capacity—the government of a whole institution is rather a staggerer all at once. I think I might start Art classes in Bracebridge, perhaps, only I do wish I could work without getting achy and exhausted, but I cannot, so there's no use "kicking against the pricks," I suppose. One feels, "Oh, would to God one could be some use to one's fellow-creatures," all the time you wriggle your way about among them, and you can do so little! A sick, baffled sensation takes possession of you, unless you sit with "Mary at the Master's feet." So you say, "What's to be done? Shall I shrivel up, and settle down into a nonentity, which one feels to be the natural position, or fight?" On the whole, I think it may be as well to try and fight.

It has been a heavy snowfall all the morning; then a heavy, slushy thaw all the afternoon. "Don't you get very cold standing here?" said I to the omnibus conductor. "Oh! 'orrible, Miss, 'orrible!" said he, with vigorous emphasis. I am glad I am not an omnibus conductor.

DIARY—(*Continued.*)

1886.—Now, poor old diary, I will try if I can console myself with grumbling. Oh, the ups and downs of life! Neither at aristocratic Malvern, nor artistic South Kensington, nor plebeian Hammersmith, nor beautiful Muskoka, but in the picturesque and historical city of Kingston, Canada, at the junction of Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, at the head of the Thousand Islands, as mistress of the Kingston Art School—a person of some importance. I finished the large shading of Michael Angelo's "The Wrestlers." Got spoilt by the masters at Kensington, just as I was at Malvern. Travelled by midnight to Liverpool, crossed the Atlantic on the *Sarmatian*, and took the cars right to Amy's door in Huntsville. Oh, those blessed, happy days of rest and peace! Oh, the rapturous sunshine, the magnifi-

cent scenery, the forest-covered hills, the gleaming water, the lakes, the bay, the river, the lilies, the rushes, the birds and flowers, and my own sweet nest; my own new wooden, fragrant room, right on the grass, so that the boughs and branches of the maples rested on the roof, and shaded it from the blissful sunshine, right on the edge of the woods, right in full view of the water, so that the twinkling blue greeted my opening eyes first. Was ever a fairy tale so sweet? Far too sweet to last! But oh, the joy of it all—of meeting Amy, and everyone, after the times we have all gone through! Of seeing my brothers—of visiting the two homes on the hills. How can words tell of Foddie and Walter and Hank and Boodie and Toppy! Then we three went camping up to Ravenscliff, camping in A.'s old, little wooden house, sleeping on hay and rugs, cooking our meals by a camp fire—a gypsy fire—lighted at night with one lantern, and the gleaming moon shining in, and the dusky moths fluttering soft against the little square window, and the blue night speckled with stars. The beautiful margin of white sand, shelving gently to the lake, under the bobbing lilies—the little "crick," with the spring of clear water buried amongst the uncleared underbrush—the tiny gully where we gathered the raspberries for breakfast, with dew still on them, and so ripe that they trickled through one's fingers like dew. The hay was reaped from the fields, but stragglers of the yellow marguerites that starred the crop shone and basked all golden in the golden light along the snake fence that separated the cropped field from the bush. Opposite, the little home over the water, the island with the perpetually-playing light on the tree-tops, and the reflections, and the huckleberry marsh, and down the bend of the water the identical Ravenscliff, a high, rugged bluff, bleak and charred by fire, bleak trunks spiking the sky, the pine trunks where the ravens used to croak. I cannot describe any more fascinations.

Soon came the telegram to come and take charge of the Painting Class at Kingston. Sick at heart and melancholy, I started away through the bush, flaming now with the brilliancy of fire, the mellowness of an apricot, and the delicacy and variety of the rainbow—the black pine, and scarlet and crimson and golden maple, and birch, the shivering yellow aspens—who can describe? Then Kingston, anti-

quated, historical, picturesque Canadian city; dressy, social, lively, with the Military College spotting the streets with red-coated cadets; the University filling the boarding-houses with students, "Arts, Meds, and Divs"; the Battery, with its colonels and captains, etc.; the fort on the hill; the St. Lawrence, with its shipping; the many clergymen; the poor, unhappy, neglected Art School! Oh! Oh!

KINGSTON FROM BARRIEFIELD.
Pencil sketch by A. F. K.

Christmas Holidays, 1886.—The "abomination of desolation" almost. The empty boarding-house, hollow and silent, the boarders all driving away in smiles and sleighs; the ice and snow and wind—the slippery streets, the long winter to be passed yet, with the far-off glimmer of a distant spring to come. The many visits to new houses, the many new faces and friends, the cordial welcomes.

After South Kensington Florence found the undeveloped Art School at Kingston very depressing. Matters soon improved, however, and one of her pupils gained the Gold Medal for the Dominion—quite a triumph. At first she wrote most anxious letters home, fearing that she would have to give up and come away. But her good teaching and the interest taken in the Art School made it a success. Her sojourn at Kingston left many pleasant memories of such friends as Principal

Grant, Mrs. Colonel Cotton, Mrs. Rothwell, widow of Sir John A. Macdonald's private secretary; and especially Miss Machar, the well-known poet and writer, who continued her friendship to Florence to the end. Another loved friend and frequent correspondent was Mrs. Machar, sister of Grant Allen, the distinguished novelist.

(*To her sister.*)

You no doubt think it just my old habit, writing these melancholy letters, but really I use no "romantic expression"—it is a stubborn fact. I feel a deep and heartfelt sympathy for my poor brother in affliction, Hamlet—and "oh, cursed spite that ever," etc. The trouble is, the School is a wreck, and I am the unhappy wretch upon whom devolves the task of floating it against serious odds. Then what adds to the difficulties is that the students have no notion of art, only a vitiated taste for copying chromos, or rather they have no ambition; there is nothing for them to be ambitious about—no spirit of emulation or competition, no picture galleries, etc. High art is a meaningless cipher to them. At this rate they can never develop individuality. Now, why should Canada be like China? Why should they be only copyists? I can give up teaching, but I cannot and I will not teach a poor, low type of art. Art has too much of the divine in it to me. The Committee are backing me up. "We will stand by Miss Kinton all we can," so I heard they said. "Yours is the sort of work we want, Miss Kinton." "The Art School in Kingston ought to be a success," said I to another; "And I believe you will make it so," said they. On Saturday Sir John A. Macdonald was speaking, and Mrs. R. wanted me to go with her. It would have been so nice to have been introduced to him, but I had tired myself out teaching, and so I went to bed instead. What a conundrum life is!

(*To her sister.*)

KINGSTON, 1887.

The light and the grace and the refinement of these houses here is so nice, and everyone is brimming with kind-

ness to me. From Saturday to Monday I had a blessed little break. Mrs. R. and I took the boat to Amherst Island, where her father lives. We had to drive in the dark of a snowstorm, in a buggy, to the house, under a dark avenue of cedars along the shore, where the waves were foaming and breaking on the broken limestone shore. Then from the cold and snow and dark into a burst of English cordiality and refinement, and Canadian comfort and warmth and ease, and the artistic element that you may imagine would be in the island home of such a first-class but solitude-loving artist as Mr. Fowler.

The original works of art, the books and engravings, the portfolios of sketches, his studio, his books, the grace and beauty of everything, my sweet old-fashioned picture bedroom, and I treated and welcomed as if I had been a long-lost daughter.

Colonel C. wants me to go to his house now, and other students are warm in invitations. Professor D. offers me the key of his teaching studio at the Military College, to work from his casts when I please, and all the Committee are kindness and courtesy itself, the ladies included. There is a certain novelty and stimulus in finding oneself suddenly somebody, but it makes failure the keener to know it is the talk of the town. If it fails and breaks through it is on my shoulders, and I shall break my heart. I wake and toss in the night, and remember how Mrs. Casa said: "The worst of it is, you *look* such a baby!"

New Year's Day I spent at Mrs. Machar's, who is Grant Allen's sister. They have a summer home among the Thousand Islands, where I am to stay in the spring. The professors, etc., were calling there—it seems to be a fashion to pay calls all round on New Year's Day. . . . Miss Machar is so interested in that letter of George MacDonald's to father. Yesterday I had Principal Grant to see me. I wish I could give you an idea of what a noble, beautiful character he is. He did me more good than anything for a long time. Is it not astonishing what a difference society makes in one's surroundings? How things improve or depreciate in value according to whether one's companions appreciate or no I have copied a few lines on birch bark for you. They struck me as being so pretty, and the sentiment of the noblest

people I have known. As to enjoying luxury and feeling impatience at it, I do both!

"It is not for us to be seeking our bliss
Or building our hope in a region like this.
The thorn and the thistle around us may grow;
We would not lie down—e'en on roses, below;
We look for a city which hands have not piled,—
We pant for a country by sin undefiled,—
We ask not a portion,—we seek not a rest
Till we find them forever on Jesus' breast."

The following extract, which forms the introduction and conclusion of one of Florence's stories, written after a visit to Ferncliffe, Miss Machar's summer home at Gananoque, is taken from its context and given here to show the delightful experience of the beauties of nature that Florence enjoyed at this time (and often afterwards), and to show her deep appreciation of it. She seemed *to think in pictures!* It is always easy to identify anything from her pen (even if unsigned) by this rare quality.

Rev. Principal Grant.

One summer night in the Thousand Islands we stood on the cliff with Muriel. It seemed a region of fancy—a land of enchantment, of ineffable peace and loveliness. All day, after weeks of sultry heat, the drenching rain had fallen upon parched foliage and burnt-up grass. The countless flowers bent their heads, their faces wet with thankful tears.

The moist wind was warm and sweet with the fragrant breath of the spice-laden fir-trees and with the grateful odor of the sopping moss and damp ferns. The tender, eloquent silence was scarcely broken by the lapping of the waves on the rocks, ninety feet below, or by the mournful cry of the loon; whilst above, in the pine boughs, a squirrel nibbled and chipped at his supper of nuts. And the moon shone out till each broken ripple among the tiny islands was gleaming with shattered flakes of shivering silver, and the land was all a-twinkle with raindrops, trembling blue in the darkness

The morning shot in through the Venetian shutters and mosquito netting of the windows of one of those quaint summer houses that thickly stud the Thousand Islands, where the wealthier portion of the community of Canada luxuriously loiter and camp away the glorious heat. The late breakfast chatted and dawdled through, our chairs were shifted to the broad verandah, where flowering creepers, festooned, formed delicious shelter from the blaze of day; and where we yet could feast our eyes on the wilderness garden of rare-hued flowers that were kissed all day by the humming-birds and the bees and butterflies. Beyond the garden the red granite rocks peeped out, rosy and fresh washed, from under the tangled carpet and underbrush of poison ivy, bear berry, and wintergreen, with crevices crammed with calceolaria, columbine, and an innumerable multitude beside; and beyond the red rocks was the playing blue of the St. Lawrence, dimpling and sparkling between the islands of manifold shape and size, where the birds shook out mad songs of glee from their little throats.

AN ISLAND COTTAGE.

This was the first of many visits to Ferncliffe, where Florence found a most congenial friend and adviser in

Miss Machar, one of Canada's favorite authors, and an artist, too, though she does not own to it. Florence felt herself very fortunate in this and other friendships made at Kingston.

But just at this juncture her characteristic indifference to matters of practical business had unfortunate results. She neglected to reapply for her position in the Art School, and on returning found her place filled. She greatly regretted the separation from friends, never quite replaced. Otherwise it was quite easy to obtain another engagement, and not a day was lost in doing so.

CHAPTER V.

TORONTO ART SCHOOL TO SALVATION ARMY

From Kingston Florence passed to the Toronto School of Art, where her teaching was attended by much success, one of her pupils again taking the Gold Medal for the Dominion. By competent judges she was pronounced to be the best Art teacher in Canada.

But Florence was not satisfied with the material successes she had achieved. She felt a deep desire for more spiritual usefulness, and a certain restlessness underlies all her satisfaction in her work. This was increased by anxiety about the health of her eldest brother, L. E. Kinton. He was a clever fellow, of great force of character, holding a prominent place in the community, having been elected first Reeve of Huntsville on its incorporation as a village. Like Florence he had a very strong will in a frail body, which he taxed far too heavily, and like her he found finally that nature was too strong for him.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

The Avonmore, Toronto,

Saturday, Oct., 1887.

You have been so much in my thoughts lately. I have been so wishing I could come in and have a talk—tell you all about this new life. You would listen just in the old way, I know.

Oh, I would never have worried in the way I grieve to remember I did if I had seen as far ahead as this—if I had known how Toronto would efface the morbid sense of inefficiency I felt at Kingston! I delight in work—I love my students. In spite of much that is adverse, we are flour-

ishing steadily. We have had about a hundred and thirty on the roll, but they have not all been under my care. These earnest students seem to have starved for teachers. It is as if I were something precious—they make such a fuss with me. They presented me with two handsome books at Christmas—"Doré's Illustrations"—and at a Committee meeting one day the Director asked me if I would be willing to accept an additional hundred dollars. There is so much I would like to say to you, and my hands are full with more work than I can possibly do justice to; and unless I rest in the few moments I can I find myself punished with stinging headaches and sleepless nights. I owe calls to the Mowats and the Cartwrights, and many others I completely neglect.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA,

July 11, 1888.

This morning once more I arrived in Huntsville, and very sleepy and dusty I felt as I climbed the hill to my brother's house at 5 a.m. in the cool morning air. A frantic dust-storm blew up, until the forest smoked and seethed in clouds of dust and the village was hidden completely. The fire bell kept banging and the bush was on fire in three or four places at once, until it was difficult to tell what was dust and what smoke.

After saying good-bye to you, and endeavoring to cheer my drooping spirits with the thought that perhaps you will come to Toronto some time (ah, do!), and after a hearty breakfast with Mrs. M., I made an effort to see all the friends in Kingston in one day. I did not arrive in Toronto till Monday night. On Tuesday I had the honor of an interview with the Minister of Education, and promised to come back to the Art School for next winter; and I also undertook the Bishop Strachan School work, so I shall have plenty to do.

I long to be at work again. I am so vigorous and full of strength. I don't think I shall ever forget what you said to me that last night at Ferncliffe. I dare say you don't remember. It was all so lovely there—I have so many memory-pictures to gloat over. My dear brother is far from well. If he only would take care of himself his little ones might

have their father with them for years yet. But nothing will induce him to do that, and nothing vexes him like having it hinted that he should "nurse up" a little. I see only an occasional glimpse of him, for he is away to his office early in the morning, though he may be scarcely able to crawl. Nobody knows the distress it is and the utter helplessness one feels. It is, I suppose, after all, one's duty to take care of one's body for the sake of other people.

My studio is rigged up with its single light, high up, and as quiet as the bottom of a well. There are multitudes of half-finished sketches around me that scarcely anyone sees—unfinished landscapes, sunsets, figures, illustrations for stories, Hans Andersen, poetry, etc. In a backwoods district like this there is a certain charm in the naturalness of existence—the absence of the artificiality of hyper-civilization. There is a healthy earnestness of purpose. I suppose it is that which my brothers approve of here. Perhaps theirs is the higher taste, but for my part I would rather submit to what is conventional and artificial for the sake of the greater refinement and culture of a city.

It is an oppressive, close day, and the teasing of the flies becomes almost unendurable if one sits still, and they gloat over you with horrid glee, chanting a triumphal chorus.

What a blessing that wind-mill must be! What an improvement "Aquarius" must consider it! It is like a good Genie, and I so often think it does not depend at all on what we literally do ourselves, for our own intrinsic strength and power of work is so small, but we shall be useful or otherwise according to the skill with which we can call up these hidden forces of nature, setting them to serve us—and not merely such as wind, steam, electricity, but those mighty forces that move humanity—love, jealousy, enthusiasm, etc., etc.

The scenery here is magnificent—the atmosphere almost tropical—and the coloring gorgeously brilliant. It seems such folly to attempt to copy it! One is perpetually striving after the unattainable, constantly worsted in the conflict, and up and at it again. An artist needs something of the quality of the British bulldog to hang on and worry it until either he dies or is master of his art!

We went Crusoe-ing to my brother's desert island away in Fairy Lake—huckleberry gathering, I sketching. We forgot

GROUP OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sketches with brush and pencil by A. F. K.

to take forks, and had to eat our boiled potatoes with our fingers. Oh, dear, what would some of our English friends have thought if they could have seen us "roughing it in the bush," "don't you know!" The raspberries are so ripe they just trickle through one's fingers in great luscious, fragrant drops.

It is great fun shopping here, because you cannot get anything you want, and have to go away without or make something quite different do instead; and it is in the contriving and scheming and arranging that the pleasure comes in.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

THE AVONMORE, TORONTO,
September 10th, 1888.

Your letter broke in on an exceptionally lonesome and uncanny hour. It was forwarded to me after I had left Huntsville, tired after the long, dusty journey—heartsick beyond words to express at leaving my dear brother in his present condition—disappointed at finding almost all the old faces at "The Avonmore" replaced by an entirely new set. You can imagine how good it seemed to me to see the familiar writing of the dear letter. I wish, oh, how I wish I could accept your invitation and take a parting peep at Ferncliffe to cheer and soothe me for this coming winter's race—for it will be a race! I am a little afraid I may have undertaken more than I can do. There will be the Bishop Strachan School, the Central Art School, and the West End. I commence to-morrow, so I must think of Ferncliffe in the past and future, instead of the present, dearly as I should like to come, as you know.

My students have again taken the highest medal at the Industrial Exhibition. It makes me wish, sorrowfully, that I were better fitted to guide and influence all these young souls, with whom I shall be brought in contact this winter.

I must brace up and brighten, in spite of the cloud that is hanging over us and that sometimes is almost unendurable. If one yields to depression it renders one almost good for nothing.

Is the foliage beginning to change color yet? It is not here. It seems almost sinful to be among streets and

houses when Nature has arranged and provided such an intoxication of loveliness as the scenery of the islands presents in the autumn. When at last I shut my eyes at night it seems as if swarms of people come before my mind's eye, that I have had to deal with from dewy morn till dusky eve. One misses the old students very much. What a shifting scene the world is! How soon it will be over now!

(*To her sister.*)

THE AVONMORE, 1888,

(*Late after evening classes.*)

I think I wrote last; however, I must write when I can, in scraps. You would be very much amused and interested in this life, if only you could see it all. I suppose I am happier in a way now than I have been since we left Oakley Street. Things seem so settled and straightforward; and I suppose I have just as much as I can do, too. One needs a great deal of evenness of temper and patience and self-possession; but the fearful weight of having to go out in society and advertising the school is off my mind, for we may fairly say we are flourishing now. We are a very sociable party. What a very funny article I might write to the English papers describing it all! It is much more like the life at Kensington—and to think of me being at the head of it all like this—I can scarcely believe my senses, sometimes. If I had known in time past all I should have to do I should have been in a terrible funk. How would you feel if you had to teach a lot of larky young boys and men work from the antique statues till late at night, never losing sight or control of one of them, or they are sure to go askew. I often wonder how I get through. They are all working in splendid order; only their teacher gets very tired. To-night the waters were ruffled for the first time. One girl got in a bad temper about something and would have "raised Cain" if she could. Probably she thought I would be sorry and console her, but I didn't—I just politely ignored her all the evening, till she humbly asked me if I would come to her—"she did not know what to do." There rarely happens anything of that sort, though.

To-day I went to one of the easels, to a refined, lady-like, stylish-looking girl, whom I consider one of the best workers

here, and as usual I began to cut up her work (because I am determined the standard of work shall be high); and to my astonishment she began to cry. So I said she must not mind if I seemed harsh, because I was a great believer in probing a thing to the bone. She said: "Oh, no, it was not that at all. It was that I had left her alone some time, and she was afraid I thought she was not worth coming to." There is something so dreadful in being left alone! In teaching one has to be as quick and sensitive to all around as the apple of your own eye.

To-night I have been to a "Baby Show"—that is, a Children's Concert in connection with St. Peter's. There was one tiny mite who sang and acted most fascinatingly. She completely brought down the house, and with the utmost self-possession, too. But the prettiest part was after, to see the little wee actress creep into and cuddle in her mother's arms, and hide her face from the audience. I thought what a lot of actresses there were who would like to do that and who cannot in this world, though they shriek their hearts out. Everyone has his or her part to play—the front seat and the back seat equally have their disadvantages.

Florence was very much beloved by her pupils in Toronto, and was popular in the boarding-house where she stayed. She tried to do good by arguing in favor of religion among these people, a very unsettling thing to do. The work became rather too much for her after a while, and her spirit was disturbed by so much religious discussion among those she mixed with. Also, there was a great deal of gossip, which she disliked. Her zest in art teaching slackened, and spiritual questions loomed large. She began to attend the Salvation Army and other emotional services. She had always been passionately open to musical influences. Music more than once determined the bent of her life, and so it was now. The following letters speak for themselves.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

(To her sister.)

I am so tired I wish I could give up art entirely, all painting and teaching for just one year. I don't feel fit to teach one bit. I trust to hear the Jubilee Singers to-morrow, Sunday. I heard them last night, and could hardly sleep after—so wild and plaintive. It's astonishing how one flops down utterly helpless before those simple religious melodies. It made me feel almost as if I must be a Methodist again, as they sang.

(To Miss Machar.)

THE AVONMORE, TORONTO,

October 12th, 1888.

It is always a pleasure to write to you. To-night, however, I have barely time for a short note. There is always so much to do at the commencement of a new school year. My classes tread close and heavy upon one another's heels.

I am glad to hear that —— has come safely through the examination. I know by repeated experience the blissful sense of relief that comes over one when one is conscious of success. I wonder if we shall feel anything like that when the last examination is over—on that great day when Death marshals us to the front. My brother is very ill. He refuses to go away for a change, as the doctors order. He says there is no one to take his work. I am afraid I shall be too busy again to be sociable. Next year I shall take less work, but it is nice to be among my big flock again.

Have you noticed in the papers what strides Art is taking here? There is quite an agitation on behalf of Art education going on. The city is about to grant us an appropriation. You would have been amused at the flattering things the Minister of Education said in public about me! How little satisfaction there is in mere praise of men!

It is a drenching, dripping, wet day. I am tired and cross. I preach all day and come home, and don't practise at night. Now for the present, good-night.

ART SCHOOL TO SALVATION ARMY.

(*To her sister.*)

THE AVONMORE, Fall, 1888.

You know very well how, by some curious instinct, you can tell, or think you can tell, almost before a man speaks or moves, whether he be true and in earnest and sincere, in the pulpit preaching, or on the platform singing or playing, and how it jars and irritates and spoils it all if you feel he is doing it for effect or applause.

When one of the masters at the Art School asked me to go with him to hear the Whyte brothers sing at the Methodist church, I expected to hear the old thing one is accustomed to, but I went to please him. But the very first note they struck and sang I said to myself, they were sincere Christians and true singers, and I should hear every note I could. It was such an inexpressible treat—when one was craving for a little sweet melody for comfort.

They stayed a fortnight, singing with their guitar every night; and I went every hour I could spare, devouring the music of it, till the last Sunday.

The night before, I went through the jostling, crowded Saturday night streets, and one little face and voice haunted me for days—a little ragged news-girl, yelling with her shrill little voice the newspapers' news. It was about the Whitechapel murder. She looked so weird in the electric light. It seemed so terrible to think of the multitude of little ones all uncared for, surrounded with vice and degradation, as well as those already sunk and in prison, and it rather harassed me.

Next Sunday I was in my seat bright and early,—but alas, to my disappointment, the Messrs. Whyte were not there as announced. So I sat and listened to the sermon and looked at the people all wrapped up in rich furs and murdered birds, and self-satisfaction, and scented handkerchiefs and silks and cushions, and the church all crimson carpeted, and white chrysanthemums on the platform, like a rich opera house.

Just at the end of the sermon the two Whytes walked in—late. The minister told them they would have to "apologize." They mounted the platform, one of them (particularly the one who speaks) in a kind of dejected, melancholy way, so different from his usual bright, cheery manner.

He said somehow he didn't seem to take much pleasure in

singing to us. We didn't seem to appreciate the meaning of what he was singing—it was so different among the people he had just come from. *They* appeared to grasp the truth of the Gospel more readily, and the tears were streaming down so many faces. There might or there might not be any virtue in tears—he could not tell—but nothing he could do or say seemed to move us. He had been at the Reformatory, singing to the prisoners.

He felt so awfully sorry to think such crowds of people in Toronto were growing up in crime for the prisons, and God's people doing almost nothing for them. We sat and looked as if we had come for some sort of entertainment. "Do for Christ's sake go and try to get somebody saved!"—and then he began to sing.

It was so exactly what I had myself been thinking. I had heard about that Reformatory work—there seems to have been a most wonderful revival going on among the prisoners. It started, I think, after that poor lad Niel was hanged last year. Some of the men—good men of the city—were so moved that they tried to do something to help the prisoners. And I could not help thinking, after all, there is nothing but the Gospel that seems to have any power to keep the world level. Anyhow, it struck me so heavily—the ghastliness of it all—the vice and misery on the one side, the poverty and want, and the self-seeking, pampered-up, coddled church on the other. So, suddenly and unexpectedly, as they sang, I burst out crying, a real, good hearty cry—it did me all the good in the world. There were other handkerchiefs at work, too, I noticed.

There are a few really earnest spiritual people here, and after that they tried very hard to get me to join; but the great problem remains the same, of the awful selfishness and indifference and worldliness of the Church and professors.

Florence's convictions did not evaporate in tears. She made the great renunciation, and finally was induced to enter the Salvation Army as an officer. Like many other noble souls who are harassed with religious doubt, she found peace in earnest Christian work for others, which she felt must be right in any case.

If she could have continued her art work in Toronto,

and retained her religion in all its vigor and freshness, her influence for good might have been quite as great, or greater in the long run. It would have been cumulative, whereas in the Salvation Army the constant changes make an officer's influence more or less ephemeral. It was so with Florence. The individual is lost in the organization. Just one blue bonnet more! That is where the strength of the Salvation Army lies. Perhaps its weakness, too.

It will easily be believed that this decision of Florence's was combatted, for many reasons, by all her friends. I thought her happiest plan would be to write and illustrate books of her own, giving up the grind of Art School work, living with us in lovely Muskoka in summer and going to one of the cities in winter to publish. After discussion and a short visit with us she wrote the following:

(*To her sister.*)

THE AVONMORE, TORONTO,
Saturday, Spring, 1889.

My Dearest Amy,—

I am afraid I must have seemed rather abrupt and brusque, and I reproached myself very much for going away without saying good-bye to you or Will; but if you had known what a dreadful time I was going through you would not have wondered.

The whole question had simply resolved itself into, whether I was to follow my own conscience and judgment, and do what I felt to be right, or to do what Ed. said, and give up all my peace of mind to please you and him. When I spoke to you of "the devil" I meant the restless, dissatisfied spirit that took possession of me two years ago. I wish I had joined the Army when you were at Clapton. I know very well I shall never be happy till I am helping them in some way.

Would you rather I came to live in Muskoka, restless and peevish and fretful, and feeling for the remainder of my life that I had missed a chance of doing the Army a service when

they were in pressing need, and have my company so, or do without me, and know I was contented and busy?

I remember the very first words of Mrs. General Booth's I ever saw in print, years ago. Katie had just come home from France, where either she had been in prison or overworking herself, and she looked white and thin and sick, and Mrs. Booth was describing her feeling. She said: "When I saw my daughter I could have shrieked; then I said, 'All right, Lord, if you want her you shall have her.'" It impressed me so—how we ought to give up relatives for the Kingdom, if necessary, and lives, too; for, after all, what does it matter, if the Bible is true? Here is this work already waiting and I am just feverish to be at it.

As to health, I am not well or strong, and have not been so since I left Muskoka after I first came, after the sea voyage. I live tired; but what then? I must work, and if I work suffering—what then? Working in the world is no easier than working in the bright, cheerful, singing surroundings of the *War Cry* rooms at Headquarters. I have grown quite fond of these rooms—they cheer me so. I think I am far more likely to live longer here than at the Art School, or grieving uselessly in Muskoka, thinking what I might have done. I have been comparing Hans Andersen's story about that little mermaid with my own. Don't you remember the one whose great longing was to find a soul, a human soul, and the power to love like human beings. At last her wish was gratified. She received two feet and a soul, and she followed her Prince day and night, but every step was taken with pain and anguish, for her feet were cut as with sharp knives, and at last the Prince cast her off.

I was thinking, even if one is sick and tired to the end of one's life with hard work, is it not better to have a soul and follow the Prince of Peace all the way with bleeding feet? And He will not forsake one at the end of the journey, however far or near it may be. But, to live at ease—not helping in some way to the very utmost of my small ability to push on the Cause—I cannot, unless I try, as I did before, to doubt religion altogether. It is either one or the other; because in all these ups and downs of mine alone I have seen so much of the staring poverty on one hand, and the hollowness of society on the other, and the uselessness of anything but fer-

TYPES OF FACES SEEN AT SALVATION ARMY MEETINGS.
Pencil sketches by A. F. K.

vent, spiritual Christianity to set things straight, and balance and purify humanity, that I *must* help, or disobey my conscience, which I suppose one may speak of as the voice of God.

And this illustrating of the *War Cry* is just a niche that I can fill. I know I cannot revolutionize the world, but I believe if every professing Christian followed the main principles of the Salvation Army the world would soon be revolutionized—I mean, living very simply, and making it the main business of life to help others—not themselves.

As to doing this work for them, and living in Muskoka—that would be very nice, but I could not do it, because I think there will be sketches sent which I shall have to copy and pull into something like proportion, as well as to go about with my sketch-book looking for original matter for illustrating. As to thinking any more about it, I have thought about it ceaselessly, and I cannot find the least excuse to give it up. I thought about it a great deal before I came out to Canada, but it seemed as if it would be heartless to you when you wanted me so much to come out; and the result was darkness and restlessness to my own soul. And now there is either the one course or the other open before me—either to help with my might, or to settle down into an unsatisfied life—either to follow the voice of conscience, or to disobey and wait, and risk the consequences. The Art School is very anxious for me to do just a little at the classes till spring—not over-doing my strength—and helping the *Cry* in between times. Ed. writes telling me to help the *Cry* now if I feel like it, and come up later in the Spring. I must decide to-day anyway, and they are in immediate need at the office. They are making such earnest efforts to improve the paper now. Don't think me hard-hearted. If you could go with me to the meeting in the large hall, so densely crowded that if one is late it is a chance for a seat, to sketch and watch the faces, as I do, it would not surprise you that I feel so thirsty to help if possible. If I feel really sick, or tired out, so that I could honestly rest, then I could come and stay with a clear conscience—which I cannot do now.

If, as there is no doubt, there are hypocrites in the Army, all the more pity that the real Christians do not over-balance them, for the Army is the only denomination or Christian service that the rough or common people will go to at all here.

I am not so sick as I seemed on Monday, because I was very tired for lack of sleep, and I was torn in two between Ed's and your wishes and my own conscience and reason.

After this letter, of course, there was no more that could be said. She put on the uniform and became a cadet. From this time she carried self-denial quite to a fault, seeming a nineteenth century fulfilment of Thomas á Kempis' "Imitation," admirable in theory, but painful to see carried out in practice by one's best beloved—a sword enters into one's own soul. Even her beautiful hair was cut short, and worn so, to save time, and all indulgences rigorously refused, until self-denial became a habit and consequently her destiny an early death. I never saw her use a pencil or brush after joining the Salvation Army.

CHAPTER VI.

SALVATION ARMY WORK IN CANADA.

FLORENCE was very gladly received into the Salvation Army. They considered that she was converted at this time, and that they were rescuing her from a life of worldliness. But, indeed, her conversion took place long years before at her mother's side, and she never, never wandered far from God. From time to time there were periods of decline in her religious life, and then again it grew stronger in times of spiritual blessing. For instance, in 1875, when Moody and Sankey were in London, her soul was very happy. And again in 1882, in the holiness meetings led by Miss I. S. Leonard, it was beautiful to hear her spoken experiences (with which her life always agreed).

But always also, even in childhood, there was an undercurrent of struggle against doubt. I think some great religious writer speaks of the "abysmal depths of personality." It was there that Florence hid these workings of her soul, rarely letting them appear above the surface.

The new life in the Army was full of practical activities. The "Drunkard's Home," an odd little place, was founded to try to reach and help depraved women from the police courts. Though there were failures, there were successes, too. Some of these saved women are standing to this day.

(*To her sister.*)

TORONTO, March, 1889.

This life is a hundred times more interesting than the Art School; and as to the work, it is the very work I love. I have

my sketching block always in my hand, and no one takes much notice. I should be so happy, only I keep thinking of you and wishing you could share the pleasure of it all. My only fear was that I could not manage the sort of work for them; but they are all delighted. The Commissioner gave me my choice of residence to-day—four places, a room at the Training Home, where things are very nice, or a room at the Rescue Home, here at the Receiving Home, or to choose a room myself where I like, and they will pay; and I am to have a studio to myself at Headquarters to work. As to people, there are some beautiful spirits here.

(To her sister.)

TORONTO, March 16th, 1889.

After I quit work I felt undecided what to do, because having put my hand to the plough I hated to go back and disappoint them all at Headquarters, when they are counting on my help so much, and when I had faced all my friends and told them what I intended to do; yet I was not equal to begin work at once. Then the Chief of Staff invited me to rest for a time at his house. It is very sweet and simple and Christian, only the walls are whitewashed, which I hate. However, I cannot rest, and I am as busy as ever, but in an easier way, at the Drunkard's Home. It is intensely interesting. The Rescue Home is where I shall live, and this other is just a baby affair, opened a fortnight only, and we have seven or eight poor girls and women already. It is three little old cottages knocked into one, and a Captain and another lassie in charge, and it is just like starting house-keeping. They have to support it, of course, by voluntary gifts—it is great fun. But, oh! the piteousness of the cases we get in! The first thing is to cast off the filthy clothing and burn it—then a bath, and next day comes the struggle, when the tortures of thirst for whiskey come upon the poor wretches, and we sing, and pray, and talk, and gossip, and amuse them till sometimes they fall asleeep; or perhaps the strong coffee eases them.

We have one poor girl a gentleman brought, whom he found dying in the midst of squalor and sin and brought to the Home to die in cleanliness, and to be well nursed. It is very

piteous to watch it all; but there is no relief like working to help, when you know anything of the misery around.

(*To her sister.*)

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

How lovely the country must be looking in the glory of the autumn coloring! I do envy you the beauty of the country and its purity and peace, although I prefer the society of a city, and always shall, I believe, unless it is when I am an old woman, which I feel more and more convinced I shall never be. If it were not for you and Eddy I should be very contented in this life. The hard, hard part of it is when the women backslide, as they often do, for they are so weak, and they often take a sip of the whiskey; and then, of course, down into the gutter they go, flop! And when you have grown fond of them it is hard to have to go and visit them in jail.

WEE FRANKIE

(*Extract from a booklet written at this time.*)

"The child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Frankie's fair little face first dawned upon my horizon in the crowded Police Court, as I sat shivering with horror over the story of her mother's fit of drunken frenzy and brutal ill-treatment of her one baby daughter. There was a sudden stir in the neighborhood of the Rescue corner, as a flashily-dressed woman, with a tell-tale, thickly powdered face, made her way to a seat beside me. She was followed by a diminutive mortal in red frock and white pinafore, who lingered for a moment with wandering curiosity among the tall blue-coated policemen, an indescribable expression of "knowingness" curving her lips. As she stood there, an artist might have coveted her as a tempting model for some hovering cherub face. Long dark lashes shaded the roguish blue eyes; misty golden curls waved around the dimpled, exquisitely tinted face; but that look!—no cherub bud of heaven this—simply an earth-born babe, drinking in deep draughts of the dread knowledge of sin. She condescended, graciously enough

at first, to sit upon my knee, long enough for me to notice a great bald patch amidst the soft, shining curls, and to receive my companion's muttered explanation of—"Her mother did it. Yes, drunk. Neighbor of mine. Wish I hadn't come; police made me. Don't know anything much about the woman." The poor drink-bedrenched creature in the dock was shaking her head warningly in our direction. Frankie, with a sudden pettish gesture, sprang from my arms into her friend's lap, returning my pitying pat with a quick, viperish flash of her tiny red tongue, and a glance of elfish malice, so unexpected that one could not forbear a smile, although the tears welled up in one's heart over the exceeding pitifulness of the incongruity. The baby face, at once so cherubic in its curves and coloring, yet so full, withal, of impish expression.

A contrast picture from home life flashes across my memory as I write. The pure-white innocence of baby darlings kneeling lovingly at my side, with no thought of anything but unbounded confidence in the "Armyvation" aunt with "two crooked S's on." Carefully shielded from every rude blast, watched over with love's deepest interest at every step of life's journey. You need her not, precious children, not, at least, as earth's sin-distorted, sin-besmirched Frankies need her, even although they return tenderness with suspicion and uncouth gestures. God has called her from you, and His will is the law of her life. The Frankies are equally precious with yourselves, bound, perchance, by the tenderer tie of yearning pity to the heart of the Christ child. Ah! where am I? Far away from that dismal Police Court. Let us return from the "dream children" back to the trial of Frankie's mother.

The principal witness said not a word as she stood fearlessly on the rail of the witness-box beside the horrified magistrate, peering at her over his spectacles; but that white bald spot testified loudly to all. This even was not the latest charge, we learn, after tortured fancy recoils from the picture—a golden curl torn in one great handful from its bleeding roots. Witnesses tell of Frankie kicked football fashion across the yard, the interference of neighbors only inducing the resolution to fetch an axe and kill her outright.

No fiend in human form was Sarah S——. Drink

maddened her, that was all. I visited her in prison, and her one cry was, "My baby, oh! don't let them take my baby from me!" Away from the fiery demon she was a noble-looking woman, full of "grand possibilities"—what human soul is not? The whole family drank more or less. Once we took a message to a sister from Sarah in prison "over the Don." We wandered from room to room, each dirtier, if possible, than the last, through an apparently deserted house. The children were scattered through the streets at play, all except the baby, whom we discovered at last lying on its drunken mother's breast as unconscious as herself. It was almost impossible to brush off the flies covering them both. Another time, raging with drink, she slammed the door in our faces. "No, I don't remember," she said, shamefacedly, the other evening when I stood by her sick-bed of repentance, "I must have been very tipsy."

"Whom do you think we have got now?" asked a Rescue officer on one of my frequent visits to the Receiving Home. "Frankie's mother. She came asking us to take her in and keep her away from the drink."

Thankfulness on Sarah's account was mingled with apprehension for Frankie left at a drunken aunt's mercy.

"Cannot you take in Frankie, too?"

Yes, the Captain thought it could be managed. Frankie was installed the very next day, and at once became pet and plaything of the Home. It was a pretty sight to see her golden curls mingled with her "Cappy's" smooth dark hair as she clung lovingly to her, repeating obediently the last new lesson. Yes, she loved everybody, but "Desus best."

It was a sad day when Frankie's little, clinging hands were unclasped from "Cappy's" gown, and she was borne off to the hired apartments where her father had decided to recommence house-keeping operations.

The door is never slammed now. A hearty welcome always awaits us. Entreaties to "come again to-morrow" pursue us down the ricketty steps.

How will it all end? Only God knows. Of this one thing we are certain—the magnet of His love is drawing all these souls to Himself. He is willing, so willing, to clasp them all with the arms of His lovingkindness. Will they resist the attraction and gravitate to darkness and destruction? We

do not know; but we trust He will use once more His Army as a hand to snatch them from their sin and all its unfailing consequences.

After a few months of this work Florence was taken ill, and we brought her home to Muskoka. She spent the winter of 1890 helping to nurse her brother through his last illness. She was as a ministering angel to him, both for soul and body. He passed peacefully away on March 12th, 1890, and Florence returned immediately to her work in Toronto.

She now set herself to get Rescue Homes for children started, having realized how difficult it is to do anything effectual with those who have grown old in vice. One of her comrades, Mrs. Blanche Johnston, writes of this time:

But the dear little desolate children whom we came in contact with in our work! They brought tears of compassion to her eyes, and I can see her now as I write. Wherever she went the poor little ones of "the Ward" were by her side, held by her hand.

"Ah," she lovingly would exclaim, "the pity of it, the horror of it! Can we not do something?"

And when our present Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, who organized the Rescue Work in Canada, and who were full of anxiety to save the neglected little ones of the slums, would tell us that they would commence the children's work as soon as the means could be provided, her eyes would shadow and fill with tears.

Every spare moment was utilized and bundles of clothing were made—blankets, quilts, and little garments. So that when the Commissioner did open the first little Shelter for Children there were ready waiting many useful articles for the homeless waifs, which bore many traces of Cadet Kinton's busy fingers. Out of that tiny Children's Home has grown the great Children's Work which is spread throughout Canada to-day. And ever since the erstwhile cadet has toiled on—chiefly behind the scenes. But if she had done nothing in all the intervening years, the memory of her faith for, sympathy

with, and prayerful efforts in the interests of God's most-to-be-pitied little ones would cause some of us who knew her to call her "blessed" to-day.

The following is from a booklet Florence brought out, entitled "Baby Toughs":

It fairly sets our blood curdling to hear the stories of cruelty told us by some little voice, in that tone of wistful self-pity mixed with soft little sighs, half sadness, half pleasure at the unaccustomed warmth of salvation love, as they abandon themselves in a crumpled heap in our arms, and one feels the pressure of the wee hands and feet. The piteous tales that might be told of our children here! One fair angel baby—shaken and worried by her mother, as a dog would shake a rat—dead now, praise the Lord! and safe in heaven—died in convulsions. Then there is our baby jail-bird, fighting and striking to get through the bars to her mother, with her puny fingers trying to shake down the huge iron gates; three years old, smacking her lips over her half cup of whiskey, begging for more. Then the little lad, chained hand and foot to the bare, cold floor in a dark cellar all the long night, and thrashed again by a drunken fiend of a father."

(*To her sister.*)

HEADQUARTERS, SALVATION ARMY,
March 20th, 1890.

Here I am once more in Toronto, right in the midst of the hum and bustle of the busiest of busy places. It is very warm and close; in fact, after the air of Muskoka it seems almost like coming to tropical regions, and everyone nearly has been complaining of headache. Commissioner had waited for me almost as long as he could. It would have been a downright trial to me if I had come and found my room occupied. One gets attached to a place where one has been happy, especially where I have such absolute freedom as I have here. There was a little child in the Rescue Home dying of consumption, and I have been carrying the morsel up and down. She wailed so pitifully when I came away, at being put down. It

is a great mystery that this innocent should suffer for the guilt of her parents—she spent the first months of her life in jail. My heart is set now on getting the Children's Shelter going. It takes so much talking to the authorities to get it fairly on wheels. The only way to get away from one's sense of loss is to keep going all the time, I always find.

(*To her sister.*)

APRIL, 1890.

It is a heavy, close day; it is growing darker as I write—a thunderstorm is coming on, but I never saw such storms as there are in Muskoka. I am getting stronger every day. I am afraid it will be some time before one gets over the strain of those two terrible months. No one can tell how great the strain was—I try to keep from thinking all I can.

(*To her sister.*)

WOMAN'S RESCUE HOME, TORONTO,
April 22nd, 1890.

I was very glad to get your letter, and to hear that all is going well—that is, as well as can be expected. The best thing, I find, when one is under the cloud of sorrow is to keep busy. Of course, there are times when one cannot be busy. We rise early here, beginning to stir at six, so we go to bed pretty early at night time; and before the sleep comes there is always a little while when the memory of what one has gone through seems almost unendurable, unbearable. It seems just like a fine ship sunk suddenly in mid-ocean, and the sea of life only half crossed for him. We have had a full house and the establishment is in the midst of the abomination of desolation of house-cleaning. But the women are wonderfully good; they give us no trouble at all, and the days fly so rapidly, filled with odds and ends. I was just thinking what a trunk full of things I shall have to bring when I come in the summer. The women are always bringing some little odd trifle or other to present to me. Just this moment one of them came to me with a comical little set of mats that she had contrived of odd bits of stuff and colored wools, harlequin style.

(To her sister.)

TORONTO, May 17th, 1890.

I don't know why you should be so ready to forebode gloom about me; all I said was that I was not as strong as I should like to be—I should like to be a big, strong man, but I am not. As for papa and Eddy, I think it is beautiful for them to have escaped safe to heaven. Of course, it is dull for us, but if we get there safe at last and see them what more can heart desire? I am sure I would not call either of them back, if I could, to go through all the weary temptations and suffering and exhaustion. It was surely God's arrangement, not the devil's, that they should go, and they both left their mark for good behind them. The anguish is when one looks back and sees what they went through. The really terrible time, when I used to feel as if I could shriek and shriek again, was those days in the summer when I used to come into your house from Ed.'s after watching him, and realizing how rapidly he was sinking, and knowing all he had to face before the end, and yet having to laugh and cheer him up.

ONE LITTLE SISTER.*

Alas, for the little children! Alas, for the sweet-browed little girls! Alas, for those pure, pathetic faces—pure for so short a time! Ah, God, that such things should be!

You who can read beneath mere words can guess the grave significance of the little gold ring on Nora's finger, given to her by a *"gentleman."*

Was it any wonder she had caught something of the spirit of deceit and restlessness of this strange earth, tossed to-and-fro as she has been on the tumultuous sea of life, a solitary waif, a fatherless baby—unattached, unclaimed, owned by nobody except a drink-chained mother, whose days were chiefly spent in jail?

What did you think of our old earth, Nora? Was the harsh world no kinder to you than your mother? What struggles passed through your chastened little spirit, darling, in those thirteen sorrowful years before the Army crossed your path? What made your brown eyes so strangely, terribly sad?

* From *All the World.*

Not in the slums of London were Nora's earliest lessons learnt; not among city arabs; not in the fog and smoke of an English factory town. Oh, no! in a far different atmosphere—in our land of woods and lakes and clear sky, in our beautiful Canada. Her first memory is of lying on her back in a hayfield, amid the magic of our semi-tropical summer, with all its wealth of glowing color, near the busy, happy racket of a growing village in the backwoods. The luxuriant grass waved above her head like a jungle in the hushed, sultry air, so hot, and yet so sweet. The wind was seething and whispering in the wheat and oats, pattering among the restless leaves of the wild fruit trees—moaning in strange, inarticulate wail through the pines and the hemlocks in the dark, mysterious forest girding the cleared land. Far above, in the infinite distance, the sky, like purple-blue fire shaded away in tender, transparent sapphire, all its beauty doubled by reflection in the polished lakes below, and broken with the yellow gleam of a wild canary flitting by, or the whirr of the humming-bird. Around her, the berry bushes were so loaded with ruby-red that the ripe fruit seemed to drip and trickle through the green leaves to the earth.

Ah! it was not long that those happy summer days lasted. Soon her father died, and her mother, goaded by the drink demon, sought the city with the little Nora, and in a few years was oscillating between the prison and the public-house.

Occasionally her mother would leave the jail gates behind for a time. She would then proceed to get "gloriously drunk," search out her self-reliant little daughter, and under pretext of "keeping her in hand," deliberately and cruelly ill-treat her, thrashing and kicking her, running the hot poker into her little body, even dislocating the small limbs, or dashing a beer can at her head, till the neighborhood was roused by the sight of some usually imperturbable policeman carrying off a small, unconscious figure, with a drawn white face, amidst a cloud of brown hair, matted and darkened with blood.

Was it "chance" or was it God that sent that woman to our Drunkards' Home in Toronto?

Our hearts sank heavily as we drew her story from her, told in a tone of maudlin self-pity, while the very air was made sickening with the vile fumes of whiskey.

She told us she had a child, just thirteen years old—little Nora! She did not know what would become of her. We thought, with a heart groan, of what has become of so many motherless girls!

"There's hope for that girl," we said. "We must and will save her, please God."

We find her at last in a stuffy rag shop. But she acts as unreasonably and unmanageably as an untamed animal. She pushes us away with those poor little hands, shrinking from her mother with shuddering fear. Surely salvation love must conquer! Coaxing, caressing, reasoning, praying—no, she will not listen. Then the mother begins to storm and rave at her, till in terror for the child's safety we stand between the angry woman and the passionate girl, forced to listen to an argument that made our blood curdle.

Suddenly, with an agile bound, she darted away into the dark night.

"I would have dashed her head open—the young hussy!—if you had not been there," said this gentle mother.

Next morning the woman had flitted, too. Was this defeat? Both were gone and had left no trace, in spite of our prayers.

But one dull, rainy night there came a tap at the door. What! could it indeed be the same child, so white and thin, with imploring eyes. Could this little trembling figure, so subdued, with sorrowful husky voice and quivering lips, be that same wild, passionate girl?

Salvation love *had* conquered, then! The thin silken cord had entangled itself round her.

"Come in, sweet darling! Tell us about it. How did you find your way?"

She had been sick. Mother was "sent down again." She met a Salvation Army soldier, told him about us, and he had brought her.

So she stayed a while. One night, in the Temple, an earnest little voice whispered, "Come with me. I want to go and get saved. I want to give myself to Jesus." Then she went and knelt at the penitent form, praying for forgiveness. God knew her past, we did not; but we could not doubt the reality of the child conversion, as she lived and talked and sang for a time with us.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

(To her sister.)

SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS, KINGSTON,
January 15th, 1891.

It is no exaggeration to say that it is awfully cold here. I never saw such weather! The old city has been like a city of pure, glittering glass the last few days. It is what is called a "silver frost." The rain and hail falling thick, and freezing instantaneously as it falls on everything, every twig and branch and limb is imbedded in half an inch of clear ice—ice! We drove out through the country to a most quaint little country place. The scenery was wonderful in its wintry beauty; but I don't like it, all the same. There is something so paralyzing and deathly in it all. Many a morning when I wake I feel inclined to envy the chipmunk and the bears, stowed away in some warm old tree trunk in the woods, with nothing to do but blink away the winter till spring.

We had a big Social Reform meeting here last night and a row of professors and clergymen on the platform—times seem turned round; and some of my old friends were there; and I sat in the audience and criticized the clergymen and the Salvation Army. The Commissioner is such a *daring* man; he drives forward, utterly regardless of consequences. I often fairly tremble as to how he is going to meet all the fearful expense of the Home, when the whole country round is resounding with the cry of financial difficulty. I think Canada must be learning to exist without money altogether.

(After a holiday.)

TORONTO, May 21st, 1891.

I suppose you are in the midst of the most exquisitely lovely spring-time, with the endless singing of birds. I have been kept very busy ever since I came back. First they wanted that chart finished, to take to the Social Reform meetings they are holding in the churches in Toronto. There was a lot of it to do, and unless I stick to a thing until it is finished, I hate to go back to it. Then as soon as that was done I was told there was no one available to write a report of the Social Reform in Canada for the summer number of *All the World*; and it ought to have gone two or three days

before to catch the post for the press. So the days go before one knows they are here. I seem as if I had nothing much to tell you. The fact is, I have been almost too busy to hear myself think lately.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

If you will have me, I should like to come to Gananoque next week, unless I have counter orders; and if you will help me "finance" there for the helpless children, and the outcasts in the Prison Gate Home, "for Christ's sake," I shall be very thankful. But don't trouble making any arrangements, because I can sleep in the boathouse quite contentedly if necessary!

(*To Miss Machar, after a visit.*)

PRISON GATE HOME, KINGSTON.
September 7th, 1891.

Indeed, I miss you and lovely Ferncliffe all the time, but I consider I still possess those happy days in memory, for if I close my eyes a moment I can see the lapping waves, the waving grasses and pine trees almost as vividly as in reality.

We had a quiet, pleasant trip, and when I arrived I received that twenty-five dollars from a friend I mentioned; so I sent my report in. Since Miss G. went to Halifax I have handed in one hundred dollars in cold cash! So that is not bad—is it? At least it was better than making no effort at all! I feel I owe you so much, not only in relation to the practical work you undertook on behalf of the Social Reform Branch, but also for the courage you inspired me with, when mine was beginning to ebb—through sheer weariness of the flesh or spirit, or both—and in addition to the money I have had such a lovely time myself—my own self—among the lights and shadows, winds and waves, rustling leaves, singing birds, etc. Again I thank you for all the pleasure you have given me!

Kindest remembrances to Frisk. The Ferncliffe flowers look bright on the dining-table. I hope to send the little painting of pansies for Mr. Whittier, if thee will please send them. For the present, good-bye!

(*To her sister.*)

TORONTO.

I am writing as I sit waiting for the Commissioner in the buzz and hum of Headquarters. A day or two ago the buzz and hum was all done by the bees and humming-birds of Ferncliffe for me.

On Saturday at two I left the Islands, much to Miss Machar's disappointment. I arrived at my destination at eleven at night, intensely thankful to have finished with railway journeys for a time. The shaking and the shrieking and yelling of the train follow one for days. It was exquisitely lovely among the Thousand Islands. It never looked lovelier. But oh! I am so sick of "loafing," although there was an abundance of new literature, magazines and books; but one cannot live in that sort of thing.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

After I returned from Ferncliffe, I buttonholed the Commissioner and had a long talk with him on the subject of the children, that we may save some from the brutal cruelty. It is heart-sickening, the way in which the little street girls are decoyed into opium dens and haunts of vice. We have several of only twelve or thirteen. Oh, my dear, do not think that I do not appreciate Ferncliffe and your society. It is not so! The fact is, I have seen and known so much that pity for the lower classes positively burns in my bones; and I *must* do something to help, even if it shortens life for me, as it has done for many another Salvationist! But I don't think it will.

Commissioner Adams has been telling me some of his plans, to be put in operation shortly—a wide scheme, under the name of the "Prison Gate Brigade." It includes the "Children's Shelter" and the "Drunkards' Home," reopened on a sounder basis, with places for men from the jails, somewhere away from the drink, in the country, where employment will be found for them; and the prisoners leaving jail each day will be met and interviewed—and other things beside, in addition to the ordinary "rescue work." The great beauty of work in the Army is that there is ready co-operation to rely upon.

To-day I saw the Commissioner about it again, who asked me to interview Chief Inspector Archibald, who promised to interview the City Health Officer; and if we cannot have that house he will agitate for another for us. So soon we shall be moving into a large and healthy Home, using the present Shelter for just the babies alone. I am very pleased about it. It isn't what one does oneself, but what one stirs others up to. The money is the bother.

(*To her sister.*)

CHATHAM, October 1st, 1891.

I came off here to Chatham (a funny little town) all of a sudden—you get restless for change if you move about much. I don't know how I shall settle down, when I am an old woman, to one place. Chatham is very much like Battersea in so many ways. There is a park with foliage trees, just like Battersea—all the foliage is like it. We are pretty close to Detroit, and the air is heavy and misty, very different from the bracing Kingston atmosphere. It is a sort of happy-go-lucky place, easy going. It seems as if the population is half darkey people. Perhaps that accounts for the go-as-you-please tendency. Chatham is not remarkable for anything, nor the people proud of anything in particular—so very different from Kingston. There is a nasty green creek, a branch of the River Thames, that twists about the city, and smells horrid, I think.

It is very amusing, this work. First we take a survey of the town; then we tackle the editors and the ministers with pamphlets and photographs and statistics and smiles. We shall not do as well in Chatham as in Kingston—pecuniarily. I shall hurry through Chatham and go on to Windsor; because there is said to be so much malaria here, so we shall dig off to some other atmosphere as soon as we can. We are staying in a very pleasant little house; very clean and sweet and all on one flat, like the little red cottage.

I had a violent cold, which lasted a fortnight, then vanished, much to my satisfaction. Captain Carpenter meant to come this past week to Huntsville, if she could only raise her fare. There was one poor, delicate little mite I wanted her to take with her. It might just prove the saving of the

child's life; and it is so silent and quiet all day, it couldn't bother anyone; but she didn't like to take it, unless the baby were invited to Muskoka, too.

There is a heavy storm just coming on and it is growing darker all the time. We have been enveloped in smoke lately. It was rumored that Detroit was on fire; but it turned out to be only some prairie fires not far away. It smells foggy and sulphury all the time.

A tree-toad sits on the willow outside the Venetian shutters of my window and sings a nocturne all night. They seem common here. I don't think there is one quarter of the amount of winter here that there is in Muskoka. As usual, I don't think there is anything remarkable to write about. Of course, we are very much interested in our own doings. This week we have visited and talked to the editors and the ministers, and found out from them and others the character of the people, and in whose pockets all the wealth is stowed away, etc., etc.; and now on Monday we begin for the donations. I do trust people here will fork out generously; for there is so much we can do if we only had the money, the "dirty root," as we sometimes call it affectionately. We only reckon to get from those who have plenty—our own Army soldiers are as a rule so poor.

I suppose the clouds are gathering away in Muskoka; just as they are here, too. It is Saturday afternoon, and very hot and breathless. It would be pleasant to take off one's flesh and sit in one's bones, or to take out one's brain and rinse it around.

While collecting for the Rescue work Florence was taken ill with typhoid and malaria. I went to her at once, and found her lying ill at Chatham in a small Roman Catholic hospital, with black-robed nuns waiting on her. She was much too ill to be removed. The following cutting from the *War Cry* pleased her at this time:

"Captain Kinton, that brave little behind-the-scene worker, who considers everybody's wants before her own, is, I am sorry to say, very sick in Chatham. Will her comrades everywhere pray for her restoration."

Soon an officer who had been a nurse came to take care of her, and when she was better she came home to Huntsville. We were very delighted to have her, even as a convalescent. Her holidays were few and short now. Before returning to Toronto she wrote the following:

ON FURLOUGH.

(*A Fragment.*)

Pens and pencils locked in a closed-up desk; Toronto City far away; the low cane rocking-chair; the long, cool, broad verandah.

"Rest," sings the murmuring river.

"Hush!" breathes the wind in the woods.

Leaves on every side—green leaves, leaves in shadow, leaves in light. The radiance of the morning shifts to and fro on the tender verdure and the dripping dew, filtering through the branches of the Balm-of-Gilead tree; while the breeze blows over the prairies, over the tops of the forest of pines.

Peace in the midst of the reeds and the rushes and the beds of the arrow-headed water-lilies.

A robin hides in an alder bush; he presses a full red breast to a cluster of crimson fruit, then away he flies, for he knows where the huckleberries grow in a shaded gully, and the clear creek of spring-cold water near.

Peace, and a butterfly flirts in the clover.

Rest, and a roving bee hums through the Indian corn and the snow-white fields of the buckwheat.

"*Rest!* What folly to strive and toil! Rest for ever! Quit the fight! *Stay at home!*" says the voice of the tempter.

But the big drum interrupts. From beyond the hills comes the sound of the march from the little corps, with soldiers' voices singing—

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to gain the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

"Come," calls the big drum still. "Come," and those far-away voices of comrades echo across the water—

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

"Come," and a sob rises up from the suffering child-world. "*Help!*" and from fœtid alley and festering fever-dens there's the sound of a piteous wail. "Help!" from tavern and gutter and garret and slum. "Help!" and the great key grinds in the gate of the prison and jail.

"COME," the voice of my Saviour pleads—the Man of Sorrows, with thorn-crowned brow—"Come, follow Me."

"'Yes, Lord,' I His voice *do* answer,
'*Yes*, Lord, YES!'"

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

The years from 1892 to 1896 were about the most happy and useful of Florence's life. She found herself among lively and congenial people, absorbed in what she felt to be important work, for which she was exactly fitted, *i.e.*, writing, editing, illustrating, and supervising. Her literary talents were highly appreciated by the public, some of her writings being translated into several languages. Some little stories of hers, written for Army publications, are given on previous pages by kind permission of the authorities.

It was during this period that Mr. Herbert Booth, youngest son of General Booth, came to Canada as Commandant and head of the Salvation Army. His wife was a lady of superior Dutch parentage, not quite at home (so Florence thought) among a democratic people. Mrs. Booth soon observed the character and talents of the associate editor, and insisted on having and retaining her as her own private secretary, including in this office an oversight of her family of three little boys. Florence became very much attached to these children, having known them from birth, and took great delight in training them. She felt also a protective affection for the mother. Her friends (both in and out of the Army), however, thought this an unfortunate eclipse of her talents. Scarcely any original work of hers is found after this date. She became, in fact, merely a satellite of Mrs. Booth.

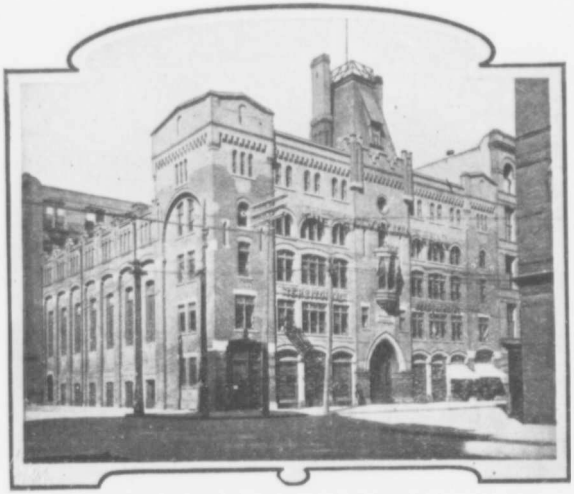
Soon after Mr. H. Booth took charge there was considerable friction in the Salvation Army, a number of

officers retiring. This made the faithfulness of those that remained (like Florence) more than ever valuable.

(*To her sister.*)

OCTOBER 5TH, 1892.

I am writing in answer to yours from the Muskoka Lakes. The scene I am in the middle of is strangely different from the peace of the woods and lakes. The editor of the *Cry*



SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS, TORONTO.

has gone away to Newfoundland, I am sorry to say; and they are kind of doing without a new editor. One of the new English officers is overseeing the *Cry*, and the consequence is, we are considerably pressed with work. I shall soon be able to edit a magazine myself entirely, writing matter, and illustrating it myself, correcting matter, reading proof, selecting type, choosing pictures, gathering news, etc. I know by personal practice all the ins and outs of the whole business

of editing; but it means a great deal of hurry and work and application.

I have had to write in haste a pamphlet on Mrs. Booth, full of extracts from papers, and commenting on and correcting them.

It has turned bitter cold—the wind smells of snow and penetrates all clothing. In the next room to the office there are a lot of new cadets, folding self-denial papers, and they *will* keep singing; and it is almost an impossibility to me to collect my thoughts rationally when there is music going on.

I have just been out on an errand, connected with the Shelter, to a lovely sylvan village, driving part way. It seemed so delicious to be in the country for a little while. The fruit and new milk and farm produce tasted so nice. Of course the country is more finished here—quantities of apple orchards and harvest fields.

There isn't anything particular to say. The Army troubles are not quite over, but they are quieting down somewhat. But it has all been very horrid, because there was so much to say on both sides, and both sides are equally certain they are right, as is usually the case in such-like squabbles; but it has been very unpleasant and all-absorbing.

(*To her sister.*)

DECEMBER 11TH, 1892.

I have been having quite a change of occupation lately, which is very pleasant by way of variety. The large "Fall" Council, when all the officers gather from the country for a week or so in Toronto, is just going on now. It is a peculiarly important time now, because of all the trouble that has been working, and the Commandant and Mrs. Herbert are just about as sick as they can be and creep round; and yet it is essential that they should be at the meetings; and the baby is teething and the nurse trying. Mrs. Booth says I am the only one she can trust and go to the meetings happy and contented that the baby and the house and the nurse are not in some wild hot water—so I am just staying with them during the Council. The Commandant seems so pleased to have somebody who has known his mother and sisters in the past. The Commandant calls me Aristotle because of the profound advice I give him, which he just as profoundly ignores.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

SALVATION SUNSHINE.*

King Baby sat on the nursery carpet, dabbling fat fingers in the streams of sunshine. The baby was thinking—thinking deeply. The sun shone down on his head till the little soft fluff of hair looked like a golden halo.

He was trying hard to understand all about it. It was strange stuff—this sunshine.

It certainly was *there*—it was *something*—but WHAT?

Slowly he dipped first one dimpled hand into it, and then the other. Then he tried to rub it away from the crimson roses on the carpet—it would not go! He tried to scoop it up carefully, but it had no weight. He was baffled again!

He carried the tips of his rosy fingers to his mouth and touched his tongue, but it had no taste.

No taste, no feel, no smell? It was very queer! Still he was SURE it was there, and it was very, very nice.

He cooed and called to it lovingly. "A-goo!" said the baby, first tenderly, then plaintively. But the sunshine made no answer. No sound? No voice? This was bewildering!

Suddenly he changed his tactics. Raising a shrill and startling shriek at the top of his voice, he lifted himself and flung the full weight of his plump little frame full tilt upon the pretty stream of light. But sunbeams had no substance to support him, and he went flat to the floor. Gathering himself up again, he sat down in the midst of it, with such a wonderfully solemn, happy expression on his face, that to look at him you would think that he must be worshipping, like the Arab who kneels in the desert and prays before the setting sun. Wise baby! He couldn't understand it, he couldn't account for it—it was past his finding out—so, instead of saying it wasn't there at all, and turning his back to it, he settled down to it and accepted it.

So very solemn he looked, he *may* have been thinking thoughts like the great poet Tennyson, and saying within himself also, "What an imagination God has!"

And the faith of the little child had entered in where reason may not follow.

Oh, my dear little comrades, SALVATION is like the sunshine. You cannot understand it; but, if you are saved, *you*

* From *The Young Soldier.*

know it's there—like baby—and you know it's very, very nice! But I am sorry to say that there are some foolish people in the world at this very moment who, because they cannot just understand and explain how the Spirit of God can shine into anyone's heart and make a new man of him, won't have any of it.

But *you* must just delight your little hearts, and shout and sing, and be as happy and as full of joy as ever you can be—like baby in the sunshine.

(*To her sister.*)

JANUARY, 1893.

I was very glad to get your letter. I have been having a very quiet time since I last wrote, with nothing much to do, with only the painful sense of responsibility of this baby, lest he should go into croup or convulsions—of course, there is only one "baby" in the world to Mrs. Booth. So, as it has been acutely cold here—eight below zero—by day I have kept him indoors, with no one to see except the nurse, a nice little English slum officer, who regales me with stories about the starting of the slum and shelter and crèche work in London.

I don't know now which day I am coming. It is as if the date is a will-o'-the-wisp, forever hovering close at hand, and yet receding still. I rejoice to say that the Commissioner and Mrs. Booth have returned from London, after a week with the dispirited officers, animating them with fresh hope and courage, without which no one can do anything. As to the *War Cry*, I never had the editing of it entirely—that would be quite too much. I had all the sub-editing for a time just while there was a gap; and all along I have had a great deal to do in shouldering the editorial burden. Just lately, however, it has been so necessary that Mrs. Booth should be at liberty that the Commandant decided they should do the best they can without me for a little while; and they don't like it, because it makes it so much harder on the rest of the editorial staff. It is like a holiday for me—I have nothing to do but nurse.

(*To her sister.*)

MARCH, 1893.

Personally, I like a life in a flutter, except now and then, or when I am not well. I daresay that a day will come when you will see ever so much more of me than you care to; and I wish I had something to get me out of the way for a while. I had no idea Easter fell so early this year. I think Old Father Time must originally have been of American extraction from his perpetual tendency to hustle.

(*To her sister.*)

The same time I got your letter saying "You must come," I got another from the editor of the *Cry*, who is a very clever but reserved man from England, saying, "You must not say 'no' to me. Do come back" (*i.e.*, to the editorial office). It just made me feel like giving up trying to do anything more for man, woman, or child—for there was Mrs. Booth as ill as she could endure; and the poor little baby frightening one terribly—so sick—lest we should have a little corpse in the house. I must just do the best I can until there is some change.

(*To her sister.*)

APRIL 1ST, 1893.

As to my birthday, I had a very pleasant day. It was a delightful spring morning, with lots of birds singing and the lake sparkling. I never tell Canadians my birthday, as a rule, but I had to let it out, because I got a cable from England, from Malvern girls, wishing me "many happy returns." It was Lucy and Sarah who sent it, and the Commandant and Mrs. Booth were so curious to know what it was about.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

HUNTSVILLE, July 11th, 1893.

Ought I to start with apologies—I mean for leaving your last letter unanswered so long? I am here in Huntsville,

amid the unutterable, indescribable beauty of July in Muskoka, on a brief holiday, ill-spared from work. My brother-in-law has a nice large sailing-boat, and sailing we go. That is the order of the day, and delightful it is, too; and many's the time I wish you were here with me. I came up all in a hurry, because a cousin, Henry Stokes, from England, arrived suddenly. He is immensely clever, and a vicar, with a large parish in the midst of Cambridge University men. He goes for me, hot and strong, about the Salvation Army, using vigorous and expressive epithets, which I return with interest. I wish you could have been here to share it all. He has passed through the Thousand Islands on the way home.

Florence was brought back from this brief holiday to Toronto, in a hurry, on the sudden death of Miss Agnes Jones, Mrs. Booth's private secretary. Henceforward, till health failed, Florence filled this position (an important one, but too mechanical to give her powers full scope).

(*To her sister.*)

AUGUST, 1893.

It seems strange to think that only a fortnight ago I was sitting on the verandah in Huntsville, basking in the sunshine, or watching the leaves across the river. It was very odd and very sudden to have to quit, just when I had settled down for a fortnight; but I was urgently needed, and I had much rather be needed than not needed.

I have been helping Mrs. Booth a bit, herself very weak and ill—important correspondence piling up like a nightmare every day, and the new baby at death's door. I was very thankful, even at the sacrifice of a pleasant holiday, to be able to hold the little body, and keep warmth in it in my arms, so that she could sleep a little, as she has not done for eight weeks—and only too pleased to be able to wade through a little of the business of the "war" with her. But now the Commandant has returned, the baby is a bit stronger, and she has a nurse she can trust; so there is not such a rush—quite.

(*To her sister.*)

TORONTO, 1893.

I am sort of A. D. C. to the editor, writing and illustrating. Just now I am starting a series of six descriptive articles, through six *Crys*, describing the whole process of the production of the *Cry* from begining to end. When it is finished I think I shall be about capable of taking charge of the editorial chair and presiding over the waste-paper basket, for which I have no ambition at all.

(*To her sister.*)

NOVEMBER, 1893.

I enclose a little pamphlet I have just taken through the press; namely, arranged, and read, and revised, etc. The composition is by General Booth and F. Kinton. It was a letter of his, and the Commandant wanted me to enlarge it, and adapt it to Canada; so where the pencil mark is his, and the rest mine. I am sorry to say that the new little Booth baby appears to be sinking fast. They can get no food for it, and Mrs. Booth is at her wits' end to know what to do. She sent for me, and wanted me so much with her for a little while—it has been quite a tug of war—but the Brigadier and Captain Atwell would not hear of it—I could not possibly go. Then the Commandant, who was away, was appealed to by letter, and he threw the casting vote on the editorial side. So here I am in our nice little office.

(*To her sister.*)

DECEMBER 21ST, 1895.

I received your brief postcard. It is a great disappointment to me, too, that I cannot come up for Christmas—it is always a treat to me, if only to see the woods in winter; but circumstances are such that I would not even suggest a journey when there is a pressure of responsibility that I can help to shoulder. However, I shall bargain for a good trip by-and-bye to make up, when the Commandant is back and Mrs. Booth is better.

You ask me what I am doing. I am taking, as ever since

I came back, the work of the private secretary. There is not so much nor such hard work as on the *Cry*, but it needs someone who is absolutely confidential—but it is only quite *pro tem.* I live in a crowd and rush. I suppose some day I shall find time more at my own disposal. Anyway, we can but do our best, and believe for an enjoyable Christmas and New Year.

The corner on King below which I now live has got a name that has gone the rounds of the newspapers in this country, and even abroad. It is designated the "Legislation-Education-Salvation-Damnation" corner. It got this name on account of the Government House on one corner, a college on another, a church on the third, and a saloon on the fourth.

This quaint little sketch of Florence, by the *War Cry* artist, is the only likeness of her after she joined the Salvation Army. She always had an insuperable objection to having her portrait taken—always ran away from a camera—once opened an umbrella as a last resort. She said her work was "to help behind the scenes; not to have her portrait taken." This little sketch gives exactly the half-humorous, half-appealing way she would look up at anyone she was talking to. It was taken without her knowledge. But when it came out in the *War Cry* she sent it on to me with a laughing comment.

MISS CANADA PROPOSES TO JOHN BULL.

A Leap Year Proposal.

Miss Canada to John Bull:

"I say, Mr. Bull, I would—ahem—like to say—an—ah, yes, really, Mr. Bull, I would like to say that this is—Leap Year!"

"I believe it is, but why?"

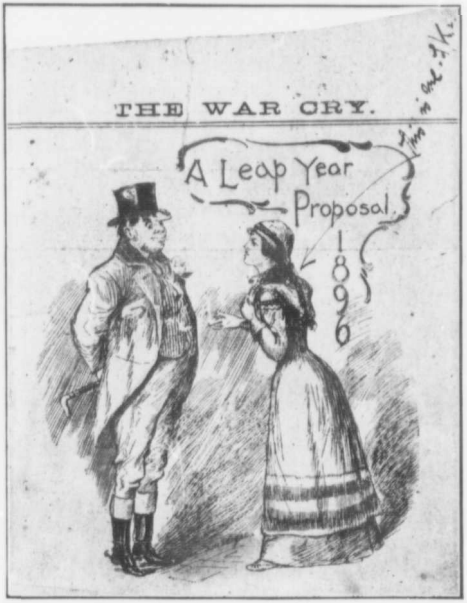
"I would like to say, eh—eh—if you won't be offended, ahem—that I would like to make a—a—pro—"

John Bull to himself: "Dear me! what is the Young Miss going to do—propose?"

"I wish to say, that I propose that we sell more *Crys* in proportion to our population than you do."

Johnny B.: "Pertinent Miss! You really surprise me! But how can that be?"

"Our population is not over five millions, but deducting about two millions on account of the French population of



Quebec Province, to whom we cannot sell the *Cry*, I think you will agree with me that with our circulation of 40,000, we sell about one *Cry* to every person in 75. I propose you enter the competition with me."

J. B.: "You really do astonish me! You must give me time to consider such a proposition."

In 1896 Mr. Herbert Booth was appointed to take com-

mand in Australia. Mrs. Booth, of course, desired to take Florence with her. At first Florence promised me she would not go—I felt that the width of the world was too great to put between only sisters, almost the last of their family; and (not for the first time in my life) a very strong and persistent premonition of the future took possession of me. I saw a grave—one sister was lying in it, the other standing above, looking down—which one I knew not. But Mrs. Booth's influence over Florence was very strong. She appears to have been a very fascinating woman, a beautiful singer, and to such Florence's spirit was as wax. Mrs. Booth perhaps did not realize the hardship of the separation to us in comparison with her own need of a satisfactory assistant. One reason why I objected to Australia was that I knew Florence would hardly be able to endure the Canadian winter after the heat of Australia. And so it proved.

When I was in association with the Salvation Army in England, I had observed that the admiration and hero-worship displayed by the rank and file toward the heads of the Army was so great that it was hard for members of the family not to feel themselves a sort of Royalty, and not to think no sacrifice too great for any officer to make for their sake. And the officers generally thought the same. So, finally, Florence started for Australia, leaving a dreadful empty place in her own family, where she could ill be spared.

(*To Miss Machar, before leaving for Australia.*)

Many, many thanks for your kind letter, which has just reached me, and for your kinder thoughts and invitation—but, alas! dear Ferncliffe, when I see it again I shall have a great deal more to tell you than I have now or than I could get into a week's talk. Evidently, from all you say, you either did not receive the *Cry* I sent you, or else you did not see where I marked the paragraph to the effect that "Ensign

Kinton" will accompany the Commandant and Mrs. H. H. Booth to Australia—only I am going by way of the Pacific Ocean, while they have gone by the Atlantic, as that is much the shortest route for me, and I have time to spend a few weeks with my sister before I take the trip across the prairies, the Rockies, and the Pacific to Melbourne.

I wish a hundred times a day that you were here to share the exquisite loveliness of this Arcadian perfection, with its utter peace relieved from monotony by the wild, fantastic rocks and the deep, dark river; but the strong fresh air almost overpowers my senses with sleepiness. It is a strange change after the rush of the "War"—and an almost exhausting reaction.

A FAREWELLL INTERVIEW.

My furlough was over.

I walked down the garden to bid farewell to the daisies.

The tiger-lilies turned and bowed.

"I'm going back to the city," I said.

They did not speak, but I'm sure I saw tears in their eyes. Maybe their thoughts were too deep for words—like mine.

I pushed through the beds of golden sunflowers; I pressed in close amongst them, till they nestled their warm velvet faces down to mine. "You darling," they sighed, and I felt their soft breath, scented with honey.

"I'm going away," I whispered.

"Keep your face to the sun; keep looking up. We always do."

So I kissed them good-bye.

The river came hurrying round the curve of the broken bank. I leaned down low and dipped my hands in the current; the little waves lapped up and down as they lifted the white water-lilies.

"Keep on, keep on," sang the gurgling stream, "I'm going to find the great deep sea."

The trees with their birchen boughs stretched out long, kind arms to me.

"Good-bye," I repeated, in tears.

Each silver leaf trembled, and the breeze sighed deep and long.

"Why not follow the wind?" asked a thistle-down, floating by; but it suddenly came to a stop in the gossamer thread of a spider's web.

The bramble seized my skirt and held me tight. "Must you go? Why not stay and rest?"

"I cannot stay—there is work to do."

"Cheer up, cheer up," said the cricket.

I passed by the sumach and the milk-white phlox, but the silver moth never moved.

"Could you wish for lovelier gold than ours?" the oriole questioned wistfully. But I thought of my golden crown and the thousands of darling children whose little faces I love to remember. Maybe God will let me help them yet. So, good-bye, summer.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIX YEARS OF AUSTRALIA.

FLORENCE remained with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Booth in Toronto until the very last moment of their stay. The last few days were excessively busy and rushed. She told me that she herself wrote the farewell *War Cry* from first to last page. Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth had recently retired from the ranks of the Salvation Army and started the Volunteer Army in the United States. Feeling ran very high, and Florence felt herself called to special loyalty and faithfulness.

She did not come home until she came with her ticket to Australia in her pocket, on the arrival of Miss Eva Booth to take command in Toronto. This holiday of eight weeks, the first for several years, had the strange, pathetic happiness that sometimes hallows the days preceding death. The dark cloud of approaching separation hung heavily above us all. She left Huntsville, July 29th, in the midst of a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain, her brother and nephew accompanying her to Callender. When she saw Huntsville again she was the victim of a fatal disease.

The letters from Australia are filled mostly with descriptions of climate, scenery and entourage. She considered that her position as private secretary to the Commandant's wife demanded most absolute secrecy and silence, and this she scrupulously practised. But among her papers there are parcels of circulars, to all sorts of people (inside and outside the Army), addresses, talks, etc., not signed with her name, yet in which her brain and pen had largely helped. Her eyesight grad-

ually failed, and her writing grew larger; while she still wrote on, disdaining shorthand or typewriter. By degrees she drifted into the work of governess to the children as well as secretary to their mother. In her last illness she told the matron at the hospital that it had been necessary for her to mind the children in the daytime and do the secretary's work at night. She must have been invaluable.

Here follows Florence's account of the journey across the continent, written for a magazine:

Away we rushed, through the lake country of Muskoka, where trout streams are merry and cataracts foam; amongst the almost universal birch and maple and hemlock woods; along by the shore of Lake Superior, past more cliffs and crags and rugged hills, past camping grounds and rapids and whirlpools, with charming romance, and little of civilization to interfere or mar the picture, till you come to Thunder Bay and Port Arthur, with its docks and wharves and warehouses and elevators, and the Lake Superior steamers. Then on again, straight to Winnipeg, through wildernesses of forest land, with its valuable mines and timber, over rivers where the fur-trader has guided his canoe for two hundred and fifty years, across the primeval bush, with lumber camps and mills springing rapidly in sight, and population beginning to stir away in silence.

After Winnipeg, westward again spread the rolling wheat prairies of Manitoba, with thousands of miles of beautiful open plains, with farm houses dotted in sight, and the brown tilled earth, or the young spring green, or the rich golden waving grain.

Then villages grow less frequent, and farms are scattered further apart, in a higher region, where the long trails of the buffalo may still be seen marking the prairie land. Multitudes of wild flowers spring and wild fowl throng, and the cattle and sheep ranches appear for hundreds of miles.

But now, all that has gone before seems to count almost for nothing in comparison with these ranges of prodigious mountains which must be crossed before you can reach British

Columbia. When you descend the last slope on the western side there stretch before you three hundred miles of scenery, so marvellous that the pen is powerless even to suggest its glorious magnificence and loveliness, and to understand it you yourself must pass along the canyons of the Fraser River.

At first you turn away exhausted, faint almost with the sense of the sublime. You are stunned, overpowered with the grandeur of the rapidly-changing beauty. Through deep gorges and ravines that vast rivers have carved out you see the torrent madly dashing headlong down. You strive with your eyes to follow some overhanging crag; giddy, you try to measure some snow-topped hill, till you lose sight of it in the midst of floating clouds right above your head—a mile and a quarter higher than your upturned face. You look down, and see the sweeping forest below you, with mighty tree trunks like tiny sticks beneath. You turn this side and that, to icy peaks and black rocks against the sky. You remember how, somewhere in his books, Mr. Ruskin advises you, when you feel so surfeited with the sublime and the vast, to get down on your face on the grass and fix your eyes on some small patch of green, and you wish you could do as he says.

(*To her sister.*)

R. M. S. *Warrimoo*, OFF FIJI,
August 27th.

My Dear Amy,—

We are now four days off from Sydney. Yesterday we touched at Suva, Fiji—it was really delightful. We could not go on shore, but the Fiji natives came with their canoes laden with lovely coral and shells and fruit, prickly pears, etc. They were splendid fellows, and so gentlemanly. The missionaries have revolutionized the Islands.

At Hawaii I did not like it nearly so much. It was a very sultry, tropical day, and being Sunday everything was quiet. I went on shore and stayed a few days with the Salvation Army officers, which was a nice rest. It was very beautiful, with gorgeous masses of scarlet and green foliage, palms, cocoa-nut trees, etc.

We have had a beautiful voyage on the whole, but for a

squall off Fiji, when we shipped a good deal of sea water, partly through the portholes. My clothes and everyone else's got wet, but no one was any the worse. I am longing for a good cup of tea. There is a quantity of food, but it never tastes right at sea. However, things have gone very nicely and smoothly all along. Everybody is as kind as possible—they are chiefly Australian sailors.

Did you get the letter I sent from Honolulu? I gave it to a passenger to post.

The only truly nasty part of the voyage was crossing the line under the equator—it was so sweltering hot for a few days. It seemed as if one would be asphyxiated or suffocated, as if the blood were boiling in one's veins day and night. The passengers shed almost all their clothing. We dropped one day—went to sleep Monday night, and woke on Wednesday morning. We tried to cool the air by talking about ice and snow, and wishing a delicious Canadian blizzard would blow along. However, it soon got cooler, and then we reached Fiji, with its beautiful coast. One of the sailors gave me a great piece of coral, which I shall do my best to bring home in its curious basket made by the natives. The trouble is, it breaks so easily. It is a very lonely ocean—the Pacific—not a sign of a sail all the way, till a distant one to-day. There was scarcely any traffic till this line started not long ago. We have not hurried much. It is not a very big ship, and they say it could be done in five days if other ships with high pressure were put on. The Atlantic trip has been brought down to such a fine point of time now. I expect by-and-bye this Pacific line will bring the two continents of Australia and America much closer together.

(*To her sister.*)

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA,
September 5th, 1896.

It seems scarcely possible to me that it is really only a little over one month since I said good-bye to you. It seems ages. What scenes I have passed through, and not a hitch from end to end. Everything so simple, and everyone so kind, all along. After finishing the last letter, shortly after leaving beautiful, kind Fiji, we lighted on a bit of a gale

that tossed us about rather, but only for a few days, and then we landed in Sydney. There is nothing nice about it except the large and handsome harbor. It is behind the times, unhealthy, and full of slatternly crowds of the thriftless English emigrant class. I was thankful to continue my journey to Melbourne. "Marvellous Melbourne" it is called, and truly it is a beautiful city, but nothing like so wealthy as it was in the days of the gold rush, and before the disastrous "boom-burst" that is so much talked about. Well, money is more plentiful, but also expenses are higher. For instance, I get a pound a week salary, but I pay fifteen shillings a week of it for board, and, as it ought to be for the money, everything is very simple, nice and clean and dainty. It is a private family of three, in a cottage, in a garden; one of them is an old Cornish Methodist whose husband and two sons have left her to go to the gold diggings for two years. We live on a hill overlooking the lights of the city, in a healthy suburb called Hawthorn. It is early spring here. The air is soft and balmy, not to say relaxing, and the gardens are luxuriant, with a super-abundance of all the old English blossoms—wall-flowers, primroses, snowdrops, double daisies, roses, lilies, etc., one almost wearies of the multitude of them. Everyone in the trains and cars have buttonholes or bunches, or baskets full. Everything is intensely English—much more than Canada. Everything seems so much more—so to speak—juicy. I don't know any other word. The flowers are more juicy, more soft and scented, and the fruit. The people are more juicy, more plump and pink and white and easy-going, jolly, generous and sociable. Especially the meat is more juicy-tender and cheap. Everything seems turned the other way round. It is really quite refreshing to see an entirely new set of advertisements and an entirely new set of stars. The Southern Cross I was intensely disappointed in. We have a much finer arrangement of stars on the American side of the world than that, although they are very bright and plentiful here, too. I don't think I could be content in any country after living in Canada. It is a beautiful land, after all that may be said for other countries. There are no chestnut trees or maples here. Wattle and blue gum trees and black swans abound, and no twilight.

The Army is a tremendous affair here. The people swarm

to the big meetings in thousands. It is an awful and horrible thing to be the people at the top, to have to live in the public eye and come up to the public expectation. I feel like saying, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

"Cup Day" has been this week. It is the greatest public day of the year. It is the great betting and racing day; and betting is a regular, acknowledged thing by the authorities. The Governor has to be present—Lord and Lady Brassey—and the owner of the "Cup Prize" has ten thousand pounds handed to him. It is a fearful day of feverish excitement—the city goes mad. Everybody—even the little children—lay down their stakes, and go about with the air of blazing excitement in their eyes. One woman this week in the series of races put down one pound and won twenty-seven thousand pounds, clear. Just a common jockey's wife!

Of course, the temptation is very great to try your luck. In Melbourne this week the people unitedly betted a hundred thousand pounds. It is a frightfully unhealthy state of affairs, for the city is in a great paralysis of commercial depression, and half the town seems to be loafing round the streets, with rags and poverty often—such a contrast to Toronto.

I am living in a dear little cottage, smothered in flowers, just after my own heart. One nice little refined old lady, who came out here from Essex forty years ago, with husband and family, and built a house on an old country cottage plan. Everythng is so comfortable and pretty. In the garden the musk tree, the pepper plant, and the lemon and bamboo mix with the billows of bloom of fragrant English favorite garden flowers. It stands in a paddock of cows and horses, and I can sit under my own gum tree any time I like. It is wonderfully healthy with the breeze straight from the sea.

(*To her sister.*)

MELBOURNE,
November 28th, 1896.

I was the last to write to you, but I seize the opportunity whilst I am a little slack. Mrs. Booth and the Commandant are hundreds of miles away, and the three little boys are at

home, and although I am not staying at the house, I go in and out a good deal to watch they are all right.

We have had a strange two weeks, as far as weather is concerned. Everything here is, as I have said before, reversed, and the north winds are the hot winds, and *vice versa*. The north winds sweep in with tremendous force, carrying dust-storms with them. They are the great purifying element, and carry away all disease; but they are intensely hot. They say it was 114 in the shade, but I can scarcely believe it. They say it is as hot as we shall get it, but I am sure I have felt the heat in Canada far more oppressive and sultry. Everyone was groaning and panting, but I scarcely felt much out of the ordinary. It was quite as hot in Winnipeg or on the prairies. I felt the cold here much more than the heat They have no provision for cold weather—great raw open brick fireplaces, and open cracks in the doors. The hottest part of the summer is about Christmas, but there are not such long spells of warmth as these last seven days. Now the wind has veered round to the cold quarter, making one shiver. I was very anxious about the boys, especially the baby, who has not been quite well since we moved, but they are quite rosy and nice in spite of heat and cold. People grumble very much about the changeableness of the climate. The flowers in this English cottage garden, which made me feel as if we had reached Paradise, with their fragrance and plenty, have all been scorched to a crisp, burnt in the bud like a fire. The grass in the paddock breaks like tinder as you step on it, and the earth is full of great cracks. Outside my window is an old elm tree, and beyond that the paling and paddock all round, with a shadeless gum tree here and there. In the hot days all the horses and cows make for the sweet shelter of that elm tree; so my window, which is on the ground floor, is surrounded by a troop of wistful, brown-eyed beasties all the time. . . The verandahs here have big bamboo blinds, through which you can see, but people cannot see in. They are very cool and pleasant.

By March we begin to enter the winter, and June is the coldest month. The men wear white scarfs, sewn on the back of their hats and hanging down their backs, to keep the sun off. They are great people for ease, sport, and comfort—not a fig for appearance.

THE VERANDAH, HUNTSVILLE—DIAMOND AND HIS MISTRESS WAITING FOR FLORENCE.

(To her sister.)

NORTH MORELAND STATION,

February 10th, 1897.

The thought of nice cold snow seems very delicious when the thermometer is 103 in the shade and you sit and pant for breath. It seems to me this is a much more enervating climate, and that accounts for the general air of good-tempered lassitude.

We have a glorious mulberry tree in the garden, all loaded with ripe, black, rich fruit. Mrs. H. says the reason it is so flourishing is because there is a lot of old iron buried around its root. They broke up a rusty old stove, and interred it, with a lot of other fragments, in the earth around the trunk. She says it is good for everything growing. The flowers that were all burnt up are beginning to blossom out very richly again. Such profuse, reckless abundance in the things spread about us.

(To her sister.)

MAY 23RD, 1897.

To-morrow is the Queen's birthday—Canada is in all the beauty of young spring, that I do not believe can be surpassed as one of the seven wonders of the world. I have never yet seen the Balm of Gilead trees around the verandah in spring leafage.* How I should love to peep at it now. However, I shall before so very long, and I hope a great many times. I have been thinking lately I should like to stay just one year round for once in Huntsville after I have made the grand tour. June will soon be here. Wasn't it in June that I came up last year? How lovely everything looked! What a Paradise it seemed to have breakfast on the verandah, with the long waving grass and the little trees, when I was so tired after the rush. What a contrast this is! Breakfast by candle-light, and all the paddock white with hoar frost. There has been a fearful drought over a large part of Australia. Sheep have been dying by millions for want of grass and water; more earthquakes, too, have caused

* She never did see them in their spring beauty until a branch was put into her dying hand.—S. A. R.

quite a sensation and panic in some parts. Prices of food also have gone up very much in consequence of the drought, and rates and taxes are all very heavy. I have given a shilling a week more—free, gratis—on condition they keep the fire burning; for they seem to make up their minds to go miserable and shivering through the winter here. I tell them what sensible things the Canadians do before they will sit with blue noses and chattering teeth.

On my wall I have pinned the large Christmas *Graphic* picture, "Flaming June." Did you see it? I liked it so much I bought it. It is a picture of a young woman, dressed in a yellow Grecian drapery, who has folded herself up neatly like a pocket handkerchief and gone to sleep till further orders. This is a curious city for some things. A few years ago, in the disastrous boom-time, everyone seemed to go mad. It was chiefly due, I think, to some building society who boomed the land up all round. The people lost their senses and sank all their money in these societies and house-building and land-buying. Great city suburbs were flung up in every direction, far more houses than there could possibly be people to occupy. The country was planned out and made into roads far out, but the rush of expected tenants never came—houses stand empty by the score. All round our paddock, right out, the roads are beautifully planned and laid out in asphalt for the cows to wander over and the frogs to hop on. The societies burst up and the leaders decamped with the money; banks burst. There was panic and abject depression. Lots of the boom-built houses—abominably built—have been pulled down to sell for the bricks.

(*To her sister.*)

MANLY, NEAR SYDNEY,
October 2nd, 1897.

The scene has entirely changed since I last wrote and I am sending you just a few lines to tell you where I am. Words cannot express the loveliness of the surroundings.

Mrs. Booth had meetings at Sydney, so I came with her and she is staying for a little while at the "Isle of Wight" of New South Wales—a place called Manly, where the Army

has a Home of Rest on a hill-top. It is very much like Muskoka, only quite different. The journey by train, covering twenty-four hours nearly, was tedious, but I slept most of the time, and now here we are in a spot to dream about for the rest of one's days.

We are surrounded with wide-spreading landscape, with hills on all sides, and rolling woodland, with a great variety of trees, rich and varied in foliage, and rocks and crags.

The roaring of the sea, as the great white-crested waves come rolling in from the Southern Pacific and break on the sands, sounds night and day in our ears; and the sound is broken only by the songs of the birds, the calling of the parrots and parroquets, the magpies and the swallows. We are far away from the sounds of mankind. It is the prettiest place I have seen in my life. It beats Malvern hollow. The wild flowers are endless in variety and beauty—palms and ferns abound—orange blossoms grow in rank profusion—scented geranium runs wild, scarlet geraniums flounder about everywhere—delicate varieties of heath and heather are everywhere in billows of white and rose-color. Many of our garden and even hothouse plants are in their native soil here, and delight in it.

But the most curious is the "flannel daisy," as it is called. I shall send some of it pressed. I also hope to collect a box of the manifold colored shells to bring when I come.

There are drawbacks even to this brief Paradise, the sun is so tremendously hot. The people wear white hats, like big umbrellas or vast mushrooms, and great veils run on to a string round the crown and tied under the chin, which is sensible.

You scarcely dare sit down out of doors for fear of the Jumbo ants, which give you a most vicious grip if you permit the liberty. Snakes are too large to be pleasant also. I wear orange blossoms and scented geranium all day long and fill my room at night. Mrs. Booth gets letters from young men in the bush asking her to find wives and send to them, and I reply, "Here am I, don't send me!"

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

(To her sister.)

MANLY BEACH,
November 6th, 1897.

It is still nice and cool here among the hills. I have gathered a box of lovely little pearly shells that abound by the beach. Only it is not so pleasant as it might be, as the blazing sands reflect the heat of the flaming sun till one faints almost with exhaustion from the heat. The sea is alive with sharks, but they don't bother us nearly as much as the fleas in the sand, or the flies. Iguanas and wallabys take the place of the chipmunks and the ground-hogs. The first are like lizards a yard long, and the second are like small kangaroos.

The roads are beautiful still with flowers. We were not a little alarmed because the bush has been alive with fire for a few days; and we are some days away from human dwellings, except our social farm. From the top of the hill at night we have watched the trees all aflame right down to the sea, trusting that the wind would not turn it in our direction. It's about out now, I think, though.

I am now in the third month of my second year here. The next nine months will fly by almost without seeing them pass.

I never felt as if I should like a few hundred pounds so much as when I think of all the nice and pretty things I shall see in England and shall not be able to buy. How delightful it will be to spend a while doing nothing! There is nobody can appreciate the deliciousness of loafing like those whose moments are all over-pressed. I think I have justified the expense of my coming, but there is a great deal has to be left undone that I should like to do. . . There is something curiously interesting about living in a region of perpetually new flowers, and birds with strange songs and plumage, and gaudy butterflies and insects, and creatures that you do not know whether to class as fish, flesh, or fowl. But it lacks association. The commonest flower is so much more interesting if you can give it a name or recall a verse of poetry about it, or some little legend. Here one knows nothing, and nobody can tell you even the commonest names of the flowers. I suppose Australia has had her poets, but I do not know them, and neither have I time to read them if I did.

(To her sister.)

JANUARY 6TH, 1898.

Your batch of letters arrived—and a bunch of maple leaves. These are a great curiosity here, for people scarcely know the shape of them except by pictures—they don't flourish freely here at all. There seemed something so curiously familiar and yet unfamiliar about them. I shall be very glad to get under them again, although the gum-tree and the wattle will forever have pleasant associations for me.

You speak of the disagreeableness of the winter weather just setting in, but I scarcely think you would have cared to exchange it for what we have been having, for this Christmas week has been celebrated by what has been called "the great heat wave." It has been an exceptionally hot summer, but this has capped it as remarkable in the annals of heat. For six days the thermometer almost without exception touched a hundred and ten in the shade; but it was not merely that, for a blustering, scorching, blazing north wind swept in one steady blast through the city, like a blizzard, only fierce with heat instead of cold. People dropped dead in the streets, as many as ten a day; and the number of indirect deaths of the babies and the aged and the sickly has been something appalling. No food would keep—everything turned at once—and no one could eat anything either. We were a city under siege by the sun, and when we were all feeling we must die, like so many others, a cool breeze sprang up from the sea and the sky suddenly clouded over. The delightfulness and the relief can scarcely be described. All vegetation crisps and crackles into tinder. It is a curious experience. I think I stand it very nicely.

(To her sister.)

KEW, MELBOURNE,

February 21st, 1898.

As you will see from the above address, I have once more pitched my moving tent; and this time into the midst of a big garden, full of roses and grapes. To be at "Kew" is a term here that is synonymous with "being out of your mind"; and yet here we are at Kew, and a most beautiful

district of the city it is—the only drawback being that it is a little too near the lunatic asylum, which most people don't like, but I don't mind.

We are high on a hill, with a most magnificent view of the whole city. At night, especially, it is beautiful to see the view—all the main streets and the districts and the course of the River Yarra are marked out with electric lights, and a million little ones amongst them.

It was a great deal of bother moving, and I didn't at all like leaving Mrs. H.; everything was to my taste in a simple way. If you were me how you would hate this rooting up and packing out with all your bag and baggage at a moment's notice from one place to another? So do I! Still, it has some advantages. I am glad to be settled now.

Mrs. H. had always nice thoughts, and plenty to amuse one with stories of the early days, when it was all bush, myrtle and gum trees, and kangaroos and cockatoos and highwaymen who "stuck you up," to use a great colonialism. In the trees there are lots of thrushes and blackbirds. They were brought out from England for the Botanical Gardens, but they spread and bred, and acclimatized themselves nicely, and evidently much to their own satisfaction.

(*To her sister.*)

MAY 29TH, 1899.

The lovely month of June is close upon us as I write. I see you in fancy sitting on the verandah eating new-laid eggs and fresh-gathered strawberries, and watching the waving hay while you read this, while I am in the midst of steady, perpetual rain that rains on for six weeks and more with scarcely a break; and the whole earth and everything is so sodden and saturated with wet that it seems to be raining *upward* as well as downwards, and the mists steam through the short dark days and the long dark nights.

I wish I could say I was coming on the next boat, but I cannot. For one thing, I have not got the money yet, though I expect I shall have it in a few days, although the "red tape" is eternal here.

I glance round my room and see everything as I packed it in order to be ready to sail *weeks ago*. There is the drawer

in my big wardrobe with nothing but the things I should need on the voyage, all waiting to be strapped up, and alas, here am I still, and the summer going. Do you suppose it costs me nothing to "be philosophical?" Have I not always had my own cup to drink? Isn't it better to look on the bright side if there is a bright side?

Though going to Australia originally for two years, Florence's stay extended altogether to six. Her letters were always filled with hopes of returning and disappointment that it was deferred. The poet says, "All men think all men mortal but themselves." So did Florence. She frequently expressed fears about the life or health of Mr. or Mrs. Booth, or the children—never about her own; yet the fact was that the excessively hot climate combined with the hard work to wear out a constitution never very robust. She told me that while there she had written millions of letters and drunk a full cup of loneliness, but that many a poor wretch would be the better for her going. She was always at the heart of the work, living a very strenuous life. One friend says of her that, without knowing it, she was an inspiration to many. She attached great importance to the confidential nature of her work, and said as little as possible about any personal or Army business, except sending the year's published review of work.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

Sometimes I take Mrs. Booth's three little boys for a walk through the bush, and, seeing that they have imbibed most of my tastes, you will not be surprised to hear that when we go out we take with us "the pets"—three cats, three dogs, a lamb and dove, all loving one another in the sweetest harmony and following our footsteps in a slow and stately and smiling procession—only the dove likes to be carried. I think a snap-shot of the whole cavalcade would amuse you much.

Little Ferdie had a doggie whom he christened "Sins Forgiven" (he had been reading about the Puritans). But little "Sins Forgiven" died, and Ferdie's heart is broken.

The one horror of the Australian woods is the snake. There are several varieties—all venomous and plentiful. Their sting is fatal, so swiftly and deadly fatal that everyone agrees that the only sure and certain remedy is to slice off the piece of bitten flesh instantly, before the poison spreads. For this purpose I always carry a sharp knife for an emergency; but it would need no little nerve to cut off a child's fat little finger, though it is often done in this country. This terror the Canadian woods are free from. We, with the help of our good dog, who came to us a lost waif, have killed about six since we came. The snake and dog fight has a strange thrill about it.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Booth are in Adelaide. They are greatly admired there, and constantly address immense audiences, great exhausting crowds that almost push down the doors in the biggest buildings. It needs nerves and muscles of iron and steel to keep on thus. It is not a bed of roses for them—God knows! And so do I! My profoundest sympathies are with those who lead.

It is a bitter disappointment to me that I have not been able to keep the promise I made about the date of my coming. But if I were a millionaire I could not act otherwise than I am doing. Mrs. Booth has been away with the General, and the children have been ill; and unless you watch them all the time nurses and assistants do such stupid things. People have such an idea of hardening children in the colonies. I say you *cannot* accustom a child with bronchitis to an east wind, or a child with croup to a damp doorstep; but it is easy enough to accustom them to their graves.

How do you like the following Perfect Tenses?

"Be perfect"

Perfect of To Have, To Give
" To Think, To Thank
" To Do, To Be
" To Live, To Love

SIX YEARS OF AUSTRALIA.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA,

July, 1899.

Words cannot describe the shock of distress that filled me, with an almost intolerable sense of sorrow, as I opened and read the paper you sent to me. What grief filled my heart as I thought of the loneliness that had come into the life of dear Mrs. M. and yourself! How well I know the desolation of anguish that it all means! How I have lived over and over again, ever since, the last hours that I spent with my precious brother, whom it pleased God to take! How the memory of the mystery and bewilderment of those days comes back in wonder upon me as I have entered into the valley of the shadow with you and dear Mrs. M.!

I would fain say some word of comfort if I could; but I know that at such a time the wounded spirit is too sore to bear even the tenderest word of sympathy. I can only point to the comfort with which I comfort myself when I see my faith fail, and I turn to the great day of meeting when all mysteries shall be explained and all bewilderment made clear in the light of heaven.

I have watched so eagerly for the postman to bring me some Christmas greeting from Canada, but the Land of the Maple Leaf has passed by poor me without a syllable! However, perhaps the next trip will come my way. There is intense excitement here over the sending of the troops to Africa. We watched them march off in their brown khaki. This material is all the Salvation Army summer-wear here. It is a great improvement on the blue serge for the heat and dust storms.

I am near Mount Macedon just now—surrounded by landscape the chief features of which are the millions of gum trees up the rolling hills of burnt-up grass, where dwell also millions of rabbits, parrots, crows, hawks, and snakes (wicked, venomous, fatal things). Yours with many memories.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

(To Miss Machar.)

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA,
January, 1900.

There have been very few moments, more or less consciously, that you have been out of my thoughts during this past Christmas. Christmas-time and the New Year are under all circumstances such a season for remembrance; but especially when the shadow of heavy sorrow is hanging over the soul, the memory seems to become almost rampant, and to give no rest, however one may strive to hold it in check. It is always the most homesick time of my life, though it is always also the busiest.

I know for you it has been a season of devotion to the welfare of those around you; but I know, also, that however one may engross oneself in the happiness of others, one's own heart cries out piteously against the weight of sorrow one has to bear at such times. However, one feels there is nothing left but to "press on"; so the best thing is to press on, however little heart or energy one can have for doing so.

In Melbourne, this week, we have sumptuously feasted some three thousand five hundred of the city's poor—and there are many—and every man, woman, and child each night went away with two or three nice, good presents from the Christmas tree. Santa Claus came gloriously laden with gifts into the hall, and with a kangaroo and a camel in the place of the northern reindeer. You can imagine, all this meant no small expenditure of time and energy.

It is over now, and at the first spare moment I take up my pen to write to you. I have had a heavy cold, and the thermometer has been higher, so they say, than it has been at Christmas-time for seventeen years; but my experience is that when it is anything above a hundred in the shade one cares very little whether it goes up a dozen or so more or not.

It may have been at this time that Florence contracted the consumption which finally killed her. The doctor who examined her lungs said that she must have brought it from Australia, but not taken it there when she went.

SIX YEARS OF AUSTRALIA.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

MELBOURNE,

St. Patrick's Day, 1900.

How many times I have intended to write to you since the New Year began I can scarcely venture to think. It is now very late at night—in the wild and silent bush. No sound is heard but the locust and the sentimental mopoke, and the patter of the pet lamb's feet on the verandah, trying to persuade me to go out and feed him with the evening primroses out of his reach—for all the verdure and blossom is baked to dry tinder, and nothing but this night-blooming plant survives.

But "that's not here nor there." I think of you many, many times; and I had hoped long ere this to have seen you and talked over many things one cannot discuss in a letter. I picture you wrapped in winter furs plunging through the snowdrifts. Oh! how I don't like winter after all this glorious heat! Oh, the lovely, languid, sunny south! In two months more it will be five years since I left Toronto, and in this country I have not struck work for one hour for any illness.

Your letters are always an inspiration to me, for I too have my heart-throbs.

As for myself, I am staying just now on the fringe of the bush—not far down the slope of Mount Macedon. I board in a little cottage with diamond panes and embowered in flowers—that is, it will be when it revives its greenery with the autumn coolness. The Palm of the South and the Pine of the North are kissing and embracing just above my chimney, and a very fascinating combination of form and color the two trees make; and the magpies and the laughing jackasses laugh and joke and hold side-splitting comedies and screaming farces, till one contemplates a lunatic asylum for some of them! Such absurd and hilarious birds they are! You never heard anything like it. The only bird that can keep sober is the mopoke, and even *that* is only pretending.

At the end of the term of command in Australia, Mr. and Mrs. H. Booth left the Salvation Army, for reasons well known to Florence but never told by word or whisper

of hers. Her loyalty was perfect to both sides of the disagreement. The whole matter was a deep grief to her. Mr. Booth and family retired, for a while, to the Salvation Army farm colony, called "The Collie," West Australia. Florence decided (on Mrs. Booth's earnest request), to share their solitude. With them she twice crossed the Gulf of Carpenteria ("the home of the stormy Petrel"), and journeyed inland to the wild bush land, remaining there for some time, and afterwards returning with them to Adelaide. In permitting herself to be persuaded to this exclusive devotion Florence undoubtedly committed a serious error. Other friends and claims were calling loudly to her, not to mention her loved work in the Salvation Army. A cruel struggle must have gone on in her mind, thus dragged in opposite directions. Letters might be quoted to prove this.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

COLLIE RIVER, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, 1901.

I think I have not yet thanked you for your last letter. I read every word with great avidity, and I wished more than ever that I could step into beautiful Ferncliffe and have a chat about all the divers ways through which we have come. I am afraid this will be too late to wish you Christmas greeting, but I can at least fervently desire for you and dear Mrs. M. a Christmas and New Year full of blessing that comes from the clear shining of the smile of heaven although so many sad memories must crowd around your New Year's Day once more.

If you were here, oh, how interesting this scenery would be to you! Western Australia, the home of the black swan, has a wonderfully fascinating character of its own. So here we are, buried in the depths of the wildest forest land that I have ever seen—magnificent in majestic, silent grandeur.

We live in a little iron house, on a hill, in the heart of a great expanse of primeval bush that the Government has

The Collie River, Western Australia.

given to the Army. The nearest house is miles away from us, and there the homes of the little colony are commencing their work, as the Commandant has the direction of the estate.

When we arrived in September a wall of giant jarrah trees densely closed us in, except on the trail through the tangled underbrush to the house. Now the work of clearing has been going on so rapidly, by a gang of men in tents, that a clear expanse of land has opened up before our eyes. The blasting, felling, hammering, chopping has never ceased; and all night the weird bush bonfires have encircled us like a congregation of fiery harpies.

The multitude of wild flowers here surpasses anything I had ever hoped to see. One almost faints with the bewilderment of loveliness, that is, if you love palms and ferns and "black-boys"—and I do. The great drawback is the heat. For four months now, off and on, we must expect about ninety in the shade. Cockatoo pie and kangaroo soup vary our bill of fare, and otherwise it is rather a meagre one, as the difficulty of the rough roads and the distance make everything expensive and scarce. However, we have with great rejoicing and exultation tasted the first *green peas*, coaxed up with much difficulty out of the little kitchen garden, carved out of the red old earth of the forest at the back door. Next week we expect to get the plough in and the first sod turned since the days of Noah.

Oppossums, kangaroos, and bogie-rats (miniature kangaroos) have taxed all the ingenuity of the children to tame them; but when these creatures get over the surprise of seeing that animal—quite new to them—a human boy, they become remarkably tame and affectionate and hop after us everywhere. Victor and Ferdie and Henry, you may be certain, have not been in my company without developing most pronounced opinions on certain points, and feverish appetites for everything nice in the shape of art or literature. They were babies in my arms in Canada; now they are up to my heart and my eyebrows—these beautiful, tender-hearted, fearless Booth boys.

I was very sorry to see in some paper that Dr. Grant was ill in the hospital. What would I not give to hear him preach again! Our orators are these rollicking, riotous parrots, and our travelling specials the emus; and to-night we have a full

orchestra of about a million frogs, a myriad locusts, and a billion grass-hoppers, all singing "Ta-ra-ra-ra," etc., each with a special rendering of flats and sharps and accidentals of his own composing.

(*To her sister.*)

ADELAIDE, April, 1902.

I wish you could see this lovely pure air and sea. There is something exquisitely beautiful, with a lovely, transparent milky blue, about this atmosphere of South Australia. Spring will soon be coming on you deliciously, with visions of spring onions and strawberries! The sea air makes me very sleepy —I like the dark, deep woods better than the shining sands.

I am glad you have had a mild winter. It is over now, and I am *not there,* as I so calculated to have been. When I wrote to you about writing quickly I had almost expected to have been on my way before your reply arrived. Of course they very much want me to stay on indefinitely with them in their new sphere of labor in the vineyard; but, apart even from coming to Huntsville, I love the Army far too completely ever to abandon it; and nothing that I have ever seen or known as private secretary here, handling the most confidential correspondence, has made me think any otherwise.

In April or May, 1902, one of Mrs. Booth's sisters came to her in Australia, and Florence immediately made a bee-line for Huntsville, again crossing the Pacific Ocean alone—her last voyage—giving up her intention of returning through England. She never found herself able to take a holiday to visit her troop of Australian cousins at Newstead, Victoria. This was a great pity.

Our Home, Huntsville.

CHAPTER IX.

PACIFIC OCEAN, HOME, EVANSTON, NEW YORK AND HOME AGAIN FOREVER.

On reaching land on this side, Florence was the first passenger to receive the news that King Edward's coronation had been postponed. She passed the news back to the other passengers, to be received by them with incredulity.

At last—oh, happy day!—her soft, sweet voice was heard at the door of the home in Huntsville, and the long wished-for moment arrived when the thin, frail little form was clasped in her sister's arms. A beautiful eight weeks were spent in complete rest and reunion with her family. While away she had gradually made a charming collection of natural curiosities which she delighted to show to her friends. There were "glorious wings of strange, bright birds," pressed flowers, quantities of brilliant shells of many sorts and sizes, precious minerals (including lumps of opal), an emu's egg, a kangaroo's skin, a branch of white coral, beautiful beetles, chains of colored seeds and shells, baskets woven by natives, etc.

On this visit, as always, wherever she went, she made friends with all around her, especially the poor, the miserable, and the despised, such as queer old men or deformed children. Her walks abroad were always accompanied by at least one dog, her devoted adorer. More than once her whistle brought a canary to her hand. Once she had a pet toad!

She said she found Huntsville "in no sense backwoods *now*. It is a romantic, merry, and aggressive *town*, with

a strong flavor of the American go-ahead tendency in every particular."

During this visit the death took place of our kind friend, Archdeacon Llwyd, father of her brother Mackie's wife. At the hour of his death Florence was with a group of her nephews and nieces in their home. She gave a most pathetic account of how the whole six raised their voices and wept in concert when they heard the bell's solemn toll for their grandfather. She was just in her element in comforting them.

With the clergy, and ministers of all denominations, and Christian people of all sorts, she always fell at once into easy, congenial companionship, conversing freely on a high level of thought and feeling, and exciting keen interest in such passing acquaintances. In writing of her the editor of the Huntsville *Forester* remarked that, "few indeed of those who knew her but must cherish fond remembrances of her winsome personality."

The only people that she avoided were the worldly, the trivial, and the commonplace.

It was quite remarkable how every set of children she was thrown in contact with thought that they loved her better than anyone else did. For instance, her little cousin Dottie, at Hammersmith, had to be actually torn away from her arms, refusing to be parted, when Florence left them to come to Canada. And in many another, young and old, far and near, she inspired a similar profound affection.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA,
August, 1902.

It was a sad shock to me to hear, on arriving, that Dr. Grant had gone over to the Great Majority. How our lives are melting—what a play-time life seems to appear, after all,

when we contemplate the hour when we must put away all our toys and prepare for our long Good-night!

I have been through many sad scenes, as you know. I had to leave the home in Australia where my heart's tendrils were so tightly intertwined; and so I am at home in Huntsville with my sister for a little holiday.

I brought you a wing of one of the parrots I ate in a pie, that you may participate in my guilt and condone the enormity of fried cockatoo.

Your letter reached me shortly before leaving Adelaide. I had an uneventful voyage, except that we had the plague at Sydney—were quarantined at Suva—with an earthquake next day at Fiji, and a new volcano at Hawaii. We were blown out of our course by the trade winds, and found a lovely little tropical palm and cocoa-nut and coral island, hardly ever seen, and not marked. There was also a bad washout, destroying two bridges, in the Northwest; and we had to cross rivers swollen to wild, raging torrents, on planks, alighting from the trains. However, none of these things move me. What kills me is when Faith or Love or Truth seems shaky—so do not forget your old friend.

(To Miss Machar.)

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA, 1902.

It is indeed a true pleasure to know that you are within tangible distance, by post at least. I thought it most kind of you to send a reply almost as soon as I posted my letter. I feel I cannot put off seeing you into the dim futurity much longer; and so, if I possibly can obtain a prolonged furlough, I will delight my heart and my eyes, and feast my intellect, by a visit to Ferncliffe. Not, however, can I hope to come before the end of September, but some time in October I shall look to see in actual realization what I have planned so long in dreams.

In August, 1902, Florence received the news that Mr. Herbert Booth and family had arrived in California. Pressing requests to join them followed. I advised her (if she did not see her way to stay in Huntsville or

Toronto) to take her place at the Salvation Army headquarters in New York. I knew that the officers watch over one another's health, and I thought that Mrs. Booth did not really need her, except as a governess, which was not her proper work. However, she decided to pay a brief visit to Miss Machar at Kingston, and then join Mrs. Booth at Evanston. This decision was another mistake. Evanston was a far more trying climate than Muskoka. Mrs. Booth presently moved to New York, which was no better for Florence.

(To her sister.)

FERNCLIFFE, GANANOQUE,
September, 1902.

Here I am, up at the top of a cliff, with the islands stretching around me. I had a very pleasant journey, without any misadventure anywhere; and to my own surprise, I hardly felt any sensation of the sickness or headache that I used to on railways. I suppose I am getting quite accustomed to it.

I can assure you that nothing but the sternest sense of duty could have nerved me to pick up my pack. I made up my mind that in a year or two I shall do myself the luxury of taking a whole year to watch the seasons round, whilst we are still both capable of enjoying it, and paint again. I was very much exercised in my mind, all the holidays in Huntsville, as to which course I ought to take. . . The Army wanted me to go to New York headquarters, and Mrs. Booth wanted me to help her a little longer. I think I never was so racked between conflicting desires.

(To her sister.)

EVANSTON, ILL.,
November 17th, 1902.

I went for a day or two with Miss Machar to Kingston, and she insisted on taking a flying circle round the old Kingston friends, and the University and the Museum, having inter-

views and tea with some of the professors, learned doctors. They were intensely interested in my box of curios, stones and all, and gave me some specimens in return for the entertainment. I was surprised what a cordial welcome I received, and warm invitations to return again. I don't know why, but at each fresh house of the old friends they greeted me with tears. I suppose it was because there was an empty chair everywhere almost.

(*To her sister.*)

EVANSTON, ILL.,
November 17th, 1902.

It is in one sense pleasant to live in such a model town as Evanston, but in another sense it seems almost too model. These long white stone pavements and clipped grass borders, with no walls or fences to the gardens, almost make one feel faint with the weariness of their precise monotony, and I sigh for the glorious wild bush of the Collie, or the rocks and variety of Huntsville's sociable streets.

Still all tram and train travelling and buying and selling is brought to such a pitch of simplicity, I suppose one ought to esteem oneself well fixed. It is very much a university town, and very much conscious of the fact.

I am afraid I missed a letter last week. We have had a taste of real bitter cold—wind, frost and snow. I must say, I am material enough to be very thankful to be in a well-warmed house, where you can warm every room without any extra sum; for they pay so much a season, whether you turn on much or little heat. I felt the cold out of doors much. In fact, when the thermometer drops so low it seems to take all one's energies to live till it rises again.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

EVANSTON, ILL., U.S.A., 1902.

As you see, I am safely arrived at my destination. I had a pleasant and safe journey; only troubled by the thought that I left you in such a rush at the last, without expressing all the gratitude that was in my heart. I wish you could

have seen the fluttering bliss of the little ones. We could none of us speak for tears of joy at being once more together. They were not content to hear about you. They must needs have a picture sketched of Ferncliff, illustrating the accident of the pussy up a pine tree, with a prodigal cat sitting at the end of the branch.

I elected to spend the Christmas Day alone, here in the nursery with little Henry, who is sick, so that the rest of the family might go in peace to spend a pleasant day with some friends; and I am looking out on a wide street, not unlike Kingston, radiant with soft banks of ermine snow—a wintry Christmas indeed. Oh, how different from this day a year ago, when, in the glory of the tropical summer in the wild, deep forest of Western Australia, we gasped for breath all day in the "Mia-Mia," and counted our best companions the wallaby, the opossum, the emus; and for our Christmas carol-singers we heard the dingoes, the mopoke, and the cockatoos —and now Chicago!!—what a contrast! We spent whole livelong days flying and tearing up and down these ten to twenty story buildings, and in and out the densest Chicago streets—and yet these antiquated children sigh for their dear old bush, with their gum-built wigwam, carpeted with tiny blue flowers and merry with tiny blue birds.

(*To her sister.*)

What a very touching thing was the death of Hugh Price Hughes! The Commandant always likes those Methodist cuttings very much. This "Dowie" movement is remarkable, very! They have a city here—a religious city—where no drink, tobacco, pork or doctors are permitted. It is a fine place, certainly, but I do not see how it can continue.*

Here I commence my first letter to you in the New Year. This week has almost ended in a tragedy, and even now the end is uncertain. I do detest that Dowie principle—the same as the Boardman idea—of saying that people are all right in health when every symptom says they are not!

This week has been one long and frightful fight for the life of little Henry. If you can remember anything of the

* Florence saw a good deal of Dowie at this time, and disliked him and his system exceedingly. She was very sane in most things.—S. A. R.

atmosphere of our home when our little sister Ada died, you might understand something of this home this week. When death seemed stamped on the poor little face the doctor was sent for, and only just in time.

He quickly lowered the temperature to 65; opened the window at the top; lifted the bedclothes from the little fluttering chest; sent all but one person out of the room; and no sound to be made anywhere; sponged him with alcohol, gave a little medicine, and left him to battle for breath an hour or two.

So the Death Angel—that detestable visitor—was stayed. Then the doctor examined him and said it was inflammation of the lungs and pneumonia, and that one lung was completely closed.

We have indeed been having a trying time, and a chapter of accidents. It has been good for Mrs. Booth that I have been here. First, some time before Christmas, the girl in the kitchen poisoned her hands. She suffered acutely; her hands were swollen, festering, and lanced by the doctor. Of course she was helpless. Then came Henry's illness. The operation saved his life, but at present he is able to use only one lung, and the doctor says he cannot go out before March. I think his constitution is wrecked. They would like to take him to a warmer place.

The day your letter came Mrs. Booth's sister fell on the icy sidewalk and broke her arm. Of course that had to be doctored; and she is practically helpless, and suffering much. The same day, in Chicago, the Commandant also slipped on the sidewalk and came home with a melancholy face and a sprained wrist. This maims him, but not enough to prevent him continuing his lectures at various churches. So you can imagine it has been somewhat of a hospital. However, we are "inching along," with a nice light and warm house. To cheer things up, the house at the corner, two or three doors away, a large, handsome place, was completely burned through, in spite of a great crowd and a flock of fire-engines. The crowd yelled to a fireman to save a canary bird at a high-up window. He made heroic efforts to smash the window, and from the smoke and fire brought down the cage to appease the people; but the poor bird was suffocated. Such a scene they made, these Americans!

(*To her sister.*)

EVANSTON, March 10th, 1903.

It is a great blessing that Huntsville has escaped the grippe, for Evanston has had quite an epidemic of influenza —everyone in this house has tried it, and I myself have not escaped unscathed; in fact, I feel more and more that if ever I deserved to ease off from the constant holding of the grindstone to my nose—or my nose to the grindstone—it is this coming year. I feel as if I should like to see if the world really would go round of its own accord without my pushing it! It will have to go round some day, so why should I not have the bliss of seeing the woods? I am living in fancy in the Canadian woods all the time. I should much like to come for Easter, but I do not think I can possibly get away before May. However, I think the little mayflowers, that I think so pretty, will not be out of bloom. I shall buy myself a new paintbox and take some sketches like I did that year after papa died and I came with Ed. There is nothing much stirring in Evanston. The Commandant is on a tour lecturing.

(*Letter to Miss Machar, after a short visit home.*)

YONKERS, NEW YORK,
August, 1903.

How truly forgiving is Faithfulness!* In fact, how many qualities Faithfulness embraces. I had not ventured to hope for a letter so soon in reply to mine; and to show how sincerely I repent my own shortcomings in this respect, I answer now.

Your cheerful words always put a fresh sense of courage into me; and your latest writing came at a moment when I most valued its inspiration, for after the delightfulness of a lazy, luxurious holiday among the romantic Muskoka lakes, I was just buckling to and knuckling down to the steady routine of daily duty in this noisy, show-loving, money-making New York City. I most earnestly wish, with all my heart, that I could come and see you for the joy of revisiting

* Miss Machar's *nom de plume* is "Fidelis."

beautiful Ferncliffe, but, still more, that I might have the privilege of consulting you. There are moments when it needs so much spiritual discernment to tell which way the scales of right and wrong tip the balance. My sister has been far from well, and craves my presence nearer to her. Mrs. B., on the other hand, declares just as emphatically that this is my God-given vocation just at present, and if I run away from my post too soon I shall forever regret it. It is a very hard thing to be thus rent in twain between two affections!

It is late—I am always very busy (except when I am lazy—in holiday-time). So I will retire to my couch and muse on my lot, and write again soon.

(*To her sister.*)

CARYL, NEW YORK,
August, 1903.

I have just wired home for twenty dollars. I must come back for a year, or I shall simply die of homesickness. My heart is thumping at such a rate I am almost afraid to go to bed. I can only think of funerals and such pleasant dreams. Mrs. Booth must get someone else for a while. It will only shorten my life if I go against my instincts just now. What a luxury breakfast in bed would be! I have not had a day, not a morning in bed, since I last did so in Huntsville, about ten years ago.

Even after this letter Florence again allowed herself to be persuaded to stay. She wrote saying that she should remain in New York till spring. In reply, I insisted on her consulting a physician on her serious state of health. She did so, and the verdict was consumption, a dreadful and most unexpected blow to her and all of us. The doctor ordered an immediate removal to the Adirondacks; but agreed, finally, to Muskoka, which is one of the favorite resorts for such patients—it lying very high, just on the watershed between the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers.

Florence packed up and came home to me at once, never to go away again. We found she had been fading away, going downhill fast since her short visit home in July. Lungs, muscular system and digestion all seemed worn out. But we did not give up hope. We had great faith in perfect rest and Muskoka's bracing air. On first returning she was very ill for a while, and consulted a Huntsville doctor, whose diagnosis was again the same, giving no hope of final recovery.

The following "meditation" was written at this time:

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.*

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
But the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun."

The soft shadows are creeping; the night winds whisper, full of a vague tender grief. Summer is dying; every footfall is hushed in the soft, thick turf. Muffled are the ringing songs of birds; scattered the flowers, the purple skies fading into blue grey distance.

Is it sleep, or death? So sinks a dying summer?
Some tears, some sighs, some pale twilights,
Yes,—but breaking out into gold!
Summer's long playday done—and what a playday!

And shall I die, too—I? Some day! Why, who's afraid? And must my pulses beat in slow surrender to that pale conqueror? Some time! Look how the leaves are falling; faintly they flutter down. So summer dies—no, sleeps.

So like some dear child, deprived perforce of its prettiest treasures, relinquished slowly from the clinging, feeble fingers, unloosed by *Mother's* hand (grieving, but subdued).

* Thoughts jotted down by A. F. K. on receiving sentence from the doctor, September, 1903. One paragraph she has taken from her favorite Longfellow and put in her own words. After her death, I found the rough copy, and set it in order as above.—S. A. R.

So then a little weary head sinks to the pillow, comforted into slumber with Mother's promise of another morning soon—another long summer day—far away maybe it seems, but sure to come, sealed true with Mother's kiss.

So I have seen my comrades die!
There, in God's acre, where the long, low mounds are,
Side by side beneath the turf they lie,—
Brave fellow-workers. And so their task is ended.
So I shall close my eyes!

And what a playday I have had, so full, so rich, so busy! And love has moulded all my life. And love has pointed out my path. Love has smoothed away the tangles—love more than mother's, more than all—my Saviour's! Christ of the Manger and the Cross!

But must I set away my work? Must I lay all things down when I am called—my story-book so full of pictures? Who is it calls? My Christ, with the pitying, wonderful eyes! Fear death with Jesus? No, never! My Jesus, who crowned my life with lovingkindness and forgave all my iniquities.

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in sorrow to sink.

The shadows have sunk into silence and gloom. The wind is rising, colder and colder. Winter comes. Yes, yes. But spring will follow winter. Darkness will break into dawn. And love is never done. For God is love, and God is light.

Towards Christmas and through the winter she made great improvement, taking long walks and planning to paint and hold Art classes and gain the Gold Medal for Huntsville (plans never fulfilled). She interested herself in the affairs of friends and neighbors, making herself tenderly loved by all who came to know her. Two things prevented this improvement being at all permanent. One was that she ate so very little. She seemed to have formed the habit of self-denial, even in such things as clothes and food. Then another scourge came to add to her suffering,

in sub-acute rheumatism. However, she declared she enjoyed that winter greatly. There were many pleasant things. For instance, the thrilling moment when, answering a knock at the door, she looked up at the handsome young six-foot-two nephew, who it seemed only the other day was a pretty baby in her arms.

She always took great delight in her twelve beloved nieces and nephews, as they did in her.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA,
October, 1903.

I broke off my last letter to you rather abruptly, intending to answer yours at greater length, but I little guessed that I should be replying from my own little room at Huntsville! I seem to be one of the pawns on Life's chessboard that fate keeps constantly on the "move on" game. But this time it was from the doctor I took my marching orders. I suppose the alternation of hot and cold climate, and especially the bleak winter winds from Lake Michigan and then the dry heat of New York, became rather too overpowering.

So I am restocking my paint-box, for the autumn coloring is almost bewilderingly lovely in its seductive charms of light and shade and tint on the rocks and waters of Muskoka.

February, 1904.—Little did I guess how much suffering the past three months were to bring me, for I must begin by telling you that I have been quite as ill as the New York doctor prophesied; and that is the reason why I have not written before. In fact, I can only now begin to hold a pen, and that with much awkwardness. You will sympathize, I am sure, when I confess that in addition to some chest difficulty I have been caught in the toils of a prolonged attack of acute inflammatory rheumatism, which visited every joint with equal impartiality.

However, I think I have now gained the victory, and attained the summit of this most unpleasant "kopje" I have had to climb.

Now, how are you—and what has this Christmas and New Year's time brought to you of joy and sorrow mingled? It did indeed seem a strange and mysterious happening, that out of a whole train-load of people Mrs. Booth-Tucker should be the only one killed. To me the tragedy of death does not seem to compare in sadness with the tragedy of discord among brethren—and yet how often one finds it, even among the saintliest of souls, and those who would otherwise be the very salt of the earth.

How is this winter showing its face in the vicinity of Kingston? King Frost has been giving us a magnificent display of his wonder-working power. The self-registering thermometer stood at forty-seven below zero one night. For several days and nights we lived entirely below zero. The snow is more than ten feet deep in the woods. Yet it is so deliciously clear and bright and still, that the air feels quite natural compared to the bitter, piercing winds that blew so incessantly from the white-caps of Lake Michigan last winter. Dear Mrs. M. warned me that I should find Chicago cold—and so I did.

I am now starting for a long walk through the falling snow of the woods. The track is very narrow under the laden trees, but how I wish you were going with me! The only sign that the trilliums will ever bloom again is the feeble twitter of the chick-a-dees now and then. I must say good-bye. I must leave the future to the future's care at present. Always affectionately yours.

For a time we hoped the two diseases might fight each other and the result be at least partial recovery, as the cough seemed at a standstill.

In May, 1904, she decided to take a course of treatment at Dr. Hart's Hospital, close beside us. Her sufferings at this time from rheumatism were most severe; she thought she must die. It was at this time she scribbled down in a note-book the thoughts which afterwards she elaborated in two articles for the *War Cry*, "Pansies and Gethsemane," and "The Mist in My Face." These are given at this date, when she wrote them. They were pub-

lished in the *War Cry* a year later, about the time of her death, for she did not die at this time. She recovered, to my great joy, in July, 1904, enough to return home, only a short distance.

PANSIES IN GETHSEMANE.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

It was kind of the rector to send me those pansies—me, a poor sick Salvationist, hard pressed with pain!

And such a bunch of great, glorious pansies, lovely, velvety pansies—purple and gold!

"Have you brought me a message?" I asked them, for they seemed to be trying to speak with their loving, laughing faces, generous, genial heartsease.

"Pansies!" from the French "penser," to think. "Pansies for thoughts" wrote Shakespeare.

Whose thoughts? Why, God's thoughts! It was He who made them. Yes, certainly, the pansies are the manifestation of the mind of God. And could it be that He was thinking of me when they were first created? And what thoughts?

Oh, my beautiful pansies, do you bring me that message?

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

If, then, indeed, my Father loves me, why should I tremble and fret? Why be afraid when pain fills my cup or though a host of foes be encompassed against me?

But the pansies passed away, both purple and gold; the pain grew sharper, the suffering more acute.

Alas! poor me, the shadows of the valley engulfed me! Night after night I had watched, and dark indeed was the night. I thought of Christ. I remembered Gethsemane. It seemed I understood. Hour after hour I tossed and moaned, sleepless and half fainting, but ever turning towards my Saviour. Then I recalled how it was when in His agony He prayed, and I prayed. I prayed to die. Oh! if the angels might only come and take me! To go to heaven! What joy!

"Come, sweet Death!" I cried, again and yet again.

Then from the volumes of blackness and depths of weariness it seemed to me Death did appear. It was only a moment's vision conjured up, but, oh, what a glorious, radiant angel! And strange! for the lovely face had the very look of my winsome, sweet-eyed pansies.

I stretched out my arms. "Oh! take me, take me!" I sobbed in feverish haste. But the gentle angel of the sunshine smiled and vanished.

Of course, it was nothing but the vivid phantasy of an overwrought brain, but it seemed to have a loveliness beyond endurance. And darkness pressed in on my aching sockets.

Faith could hold out no more. "God has forgotten me!" I groaned. With this I touched the depths. The taunting devil swept in with his ghastly torrent of temptation. It was the hour and power of the prince of the air—anguish so bitter shook my spirit.

"You have uttered a wicked thought," hissed the tempter. "Your soul is mine, your path downward."

Ah! but then I remembered my Saviour again. Was it not Christ the Lord who in that last awful hour upon the cross Himself cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Oh! my Jesus! King of my life! Had God forgotten His only begotten Son as He hung expiring on the cross? No! No! No!

Then I knew He had not forgotten me. Oh, no, He would not leave His fainting child! My Father, not forsaken! The Lord has thoughts for me in the darkness as well as in the light.

The devil drew back, repulsed.

Out of the shadows now there trembled a pure, soft glimmering. This was no vision—it was the silver lettering of a text upon the wall, and the stamped printing had caught the first faint-pencilled ray of a distant dawn. Clearer and more silvery still the words shone out: "Rejoice evermore. In everything give thanks."

Yes, glory to God! I had sounded the saddest crisis, and I knew that He was with me. I had learnt my lesson. Truth and light and beauty are external. Darkness and pain and deceit are but things of time and must pass away.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

A little rosy light crept up across the sky. A jubilant robin in the maples charged me to "cheer up!" and I could still rejoice.

The morning broke. The household stirred. A welcome tea-tray soon brought medicine and food. In the full golden glow of sunshine pain abated. Daylight smiled in love and peace.

And I had gathered pansies in Gethsemane. Thoughts that could never fade. Pansies—purple for the shadows and yellow for the light.—F. K.

"THE MIST IN MY FACE."*

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe,
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go."

—*Browning.*

Fear Death? Why, no!

On every hand light and life were symbolized, but this Army comrade was wrecked and racked with pain, hard pressed with weariness, and stranded high on a white hospital bed.

Spring in Canada had come; not with "the voice of the turtle," not with the plaintive cry of the London flower-girl with her "Primroses, penny-a-bunch," not with pink almond trees against the smoke-blackened bricks and mortar.

No, spring in the bush asserts herself with the sound of warm, soft rains, beating down upon frozen forest and ice-blocked lake, till the brown earth streams with the melting snow.

Spring speaks with the music of a million quivering rills turning in with ten thousand bubbling springs, as purling brooks. By every footstep one meets a fresh rivulet, let loose from the hill-tops, murmuring and bubbling over the stones,

* Florence intended the above to be taken as her parting message of love and faithfulness to the Salvation Army.—S. A. R.

trembling and twinkling in the brilliant sunshine, rippling between grey rocks and ferns, hastening down between every orchard grove of sapling fruit trees, under every supple maple, or circling in and out between stumps and snags, revealed amidst fungus and lichen and moss of emerald green—all in one mad, merry hurry to dash headlong down to join the broad, blue, beautiful river, flowing by with a rush, and brimming over with joy.

Spring! But one officer was helpless and breathing faintly at life's lowest ebb.

Soft-footed children, in the whitest of white frocks, rosy red, and with wide-open eyes, stepped into that hospital ward, with their sweet hands full of May flowers—ministering children, children of the Band of Love.

The League of Mercy, too, were bright in their bonnets of blue, bringing crystal tears, as Christ's own radiant sympathy.

But, half-conscious, I wrestled for life and strength while, waking or sleeping, I dreamed. Forever I found myself floating away on a wild and wonderful sea of dreams. But, supposing, I thought, as I float on and out with the tide, supposing—oh, supposing I should sometime forget my way back again to earth? Supposing I should float on and on, and out of Time, into the Sea of Eternity. What then?

Why, then, how glorious to have no fear! The Lord I have loved is the Lord of Eternity, too.

There were beautiful waves around me now—beautiful, trembling, silvery waves—they ripple, they quiver, they shine.

The tide is rising again; it ebbs and flows, and still it shines. It has reached my side. Ah, now my bed is a little boat. It floats, it sways to and fro, and I am floating, too.

But how the waves shine! They sparkle, they glitter, they dance. They mingle and move up and down, and how my high white boat curved onward!

Yes, yes now I know, I remember. I am floating away into Glory. What bliss, what peace!

Fear death? did you say? Why, no!

For my soul is afloat, and softly the tide of Time is buoying my life on and on. I shall pass away into Eternity—out of this sea of dreams—and I, even I—I shall "see God."

But what memories surround me. All beautiful things of land and sea, all tropical skies of blue, all flowers of richest

color, all birds of gayest plumage, all gems of sweetest hue.

And there it is—most lovely of all earth's loveliest sights to me—the blessed flag, with its infinite meaning, "the flag with the star in the centre."

Yet this must be a phantom flag. How strange I can see it clearly. It is resting against the screen at the foot of my bed. It is there, the flag of our own brave corps.

The flag of a thousand fights. And how far I have followed that star. Yes, far over ice and snow, through blizzards and storms, by burning sands and blistering streets. Yet I counted it all joy if only my feet might follow—if only the standard of blood-and-fire went first.

Yet is my fight indeed all done? Finished? "Life's little day"? "The mist in my face"?

But this phantom flag hangs limp and twisted where it leans and rests. Oh, if only my poor, feeble fingers could reach those folds!

Now a tiny breeze is rising, it flutters the hem towards me. I can catch it at the corner when it comes. I have it, I hold it fast as the folds fly out, full and free. "The heavenly gales are blowing." My flag has become a sail for my floating boat.

Now I know, I am sailing away to heaven. There is radiance, peace, light in my soul. Oh, those marvellous colors, they wave to and fro and out again over the silvery waves in an endless play of hue and tone, in rainbow reflection of blending light. "The Yellow, Red, and Blue."

But those shining waves have a shadow side.

Something moves on the shadow.

Hands? Yes, hands—clutching hands!

Oh, those poor human hands—drowning hands! They reach up, they stretch out, they catch out as each fleeting reflection of the flag passes over.

The waters are full of them. Hands! Such fever, such eagerness, such tragedy, when those fingers sink down in the tide of time—with the colors untouched, unreached.

Alas! and is it for me to go floating away with my day's work half undone?

Is that how the General fights?

Perish such selfishness! I shall still stay on earth with the flag unfurled before me.

The phantom flag fades away. The silvery waves recede. The boat is my high white bed. By the screen stands the doctor, and by the doctor the white-clad nurse.

"Doctor, I shall get better."

"Humph!" said the doctor, non-committal.

For the sake of those hands and the flag.

The return home from the hospital was coincident with a great sorrow, the illness and death of her darling eldest niece and namesake—Florence Ellen Kinton—a girl of lovely character, who adopted the profession of a nurse and died at her post. Several little girls were called after Florence from time to time, rather against her wishes. She said the gift of her name seemed to bring ill-luck; either the child or a parent, or both, were sure to die.

Happily a distinct improvement in Florence's health took place at this time, so that until nearly Christmas, though very feeble, she was able to go out and enjoy the marvellous autumn scenery around her home. We all tried by every means we could think of to make her happy and comfortable. Yet these long months of endurance were doubtless the most trying of her life. She had to learn to exercise the passive graces; to be made perfect through suffering—a hard lesson to her active temperament, and bitterly hard to those who loved her and went through the valley of suffering with her. At times she seemed to dwell afar (not aloof) in spirit—to be able to withdraw herself into remote recesses of her being, into which one could not follow her.

After Christmas she spent her time almost entirely on the sofa; even then she was always occupied. Often only the tips of her poor crippled fingers could be used, and then delicate paper flowers, such as the night-blooming cereus, and passion flowers for Easter, to remind her of the wonders of tropical lands, were twisted into semblance

of beauty. So even "affliction she turns to favor and to prettiness."

On her birthday, April 1st, she finally took to her bed; but not to be shut away in a bedroom. The pleasantest room in the house was hers, and music, flowers, light, and fresh air were in plenty. Friends and relatives rallied round her; many dear children delighted in keeping her sick room fragrant with innumerable bunches of wild flowers, as they successively came in bloom. She said, repeatedly, that she was deeply touched by the great kindness of so many friends who did so much to make the last days easier to her. All she *asked for* was beautiful music and the sight of her brother's face. For the long nights she had the kindest of attendants—an Army comrade who loved her much. Many most kind and welcome letters came from friends at a distance. These were a great comfort and delight to her.

On the morning of May 27th, 1905 (while the great naval battle was preparing in Eastern waters), she passed away, very quietly, in her sister's arms—whispering her name—conscious to the last. "When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We laid her beside her brother and her niece in the peaceful little cemetery, where the whisper of the waters and the rustle of the leaves and the song of the birds mingle with the distant murmur of the busy little town she loved. A white cross marks the place.

Memorial services were held in nearly every place of worship in the town, Handel's "Waft her, Angels," being sung by one of Huntsville's favorite singers, and a sermon preached on "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

To the sister who "did ever hold her in her heart," there was now only left the task, to tell her story.

HOME AGAIN FOREVER.

The following letter from our cousin, the Rev. John Mackie, Bristol, England, well sums up the thoughts left by this life:

Florence has been much in my thoughts. What a happy, useful, good life—worn out in the service of the Master—"burnt out" almost, from the warmth of zeal of a loving heart. But, of course, far better than genius and success, and the wonderful talent she showed, is the knowledge that she gave them all up to the service of her Lord and Master, and that He so abundantly blessed her in her work.

How the memory of her as a little bright, active girl comes back to me! Do you remember the time, about 1868 to 1870, when we were all at grandfather's together? I have often and often remembered it since—Aunt Charlotte so good, and Uncle Henry so merry, and such a natural and happy time! Isn't it good that God gives us the power to recall our happy times in the past, and to largely forget the sad and troublesome times.

Well, Florence's has been a good and beautiful life, one to really thank God for and take courage for oneself; for though one has no such marked talents as she had, yet I am sure I am trying to serve the Master as she did, in a different and less active way. And He wants, and values, and blesses all kinds of service, from all sorts of different servants, and to all promises the same, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be"; and what better *could* one have than that as an incentive and a reward?

How strange it all seems, and how the thoughts rise as one feels that we, who were the rising generation thirty-five years ago, are now the present, and almost the passing generation. I wonder what you feel and think about the next world, as one knows one is drawing nearer toward passing into it, "Nearer maybe than I think." I have a strong feeling that it is not far away, and that those who have passed into it are not altogether cut off from knowing what those left behind are doing; and can even take some interest in, and may, perchance, exercise some influence on, those they love who are still struggling in the world. But it is all wrapped in

mystery; and we can only say of it all, God is all love, and all wisdom, and we shall know one day!

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Since the above was written, another of Florence's many cousins, the Rev. Roderick J. J. Macdonald (about her age), has won almost a martyr's crown, being killed while at his Christ-like work as a medical missionary in China. Roderick Macdonald and Florence Kinton were the children of two sisters, of whom one still lingers on the hills of Beulah Land.