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*Miss A. J. P. S.*

THE LIFE  
OF  
JOHN READ.

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BY BLANCHE J. READ.

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*"I am ready for Earth or Heaven."*



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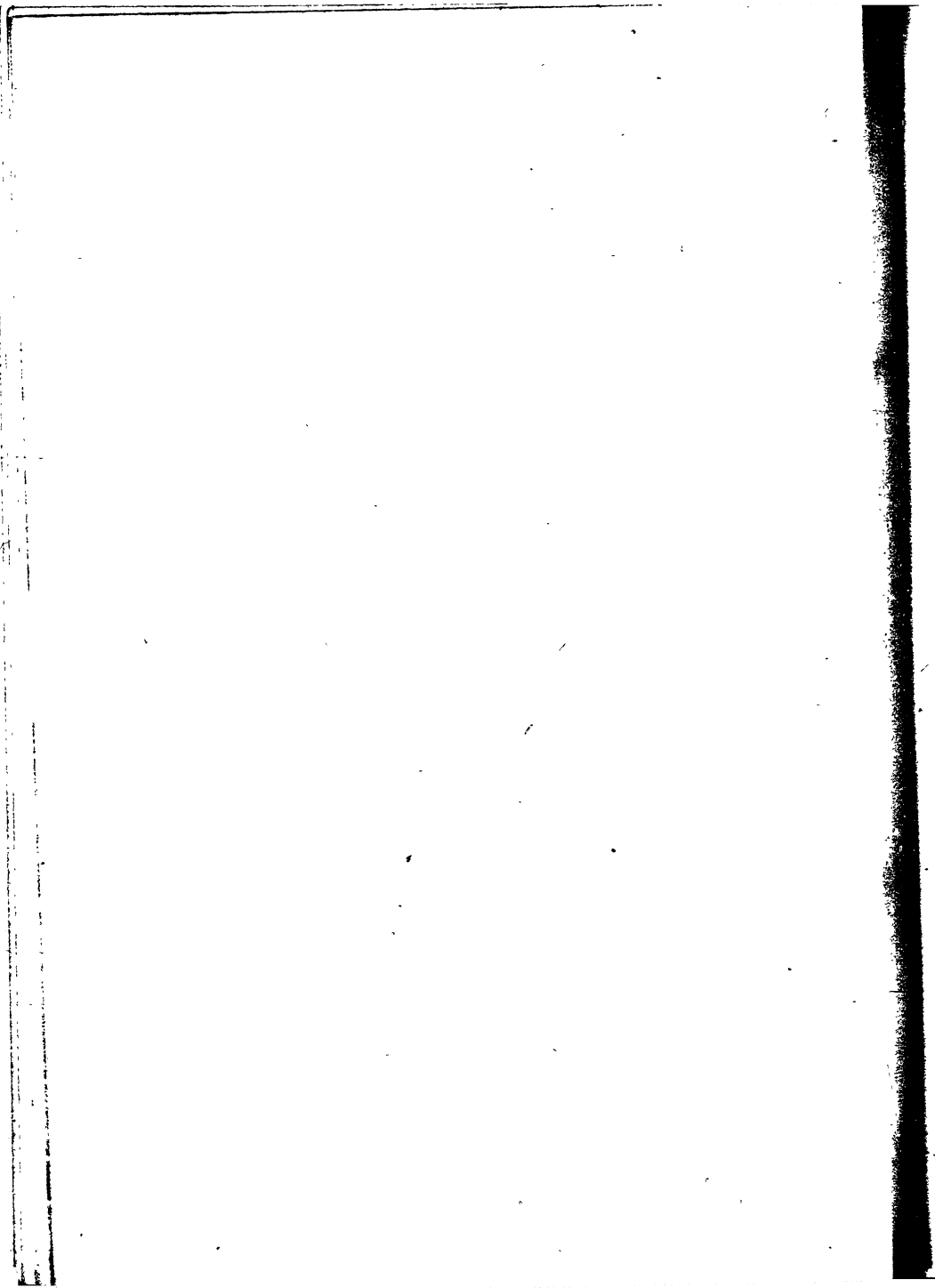
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FRONTISPIECE.—Photo

Picture of Resting Place, also Memorial Song and Music.



## PREFACE.

My story is told—simply, and I fear imperfectly—but if this perpetuation of my now sainted husband's memory proves a stimulus to his comrades in the holy warfare, and an incentive to more devoted service, and inspires other readers to more fully consecrate their lives to the Lord, I shall feel that the two purposes which actuated me in attempting to write his biography have been realized.

“Biography,” Horace Mann says, “especially of the good, who have risen to positions of usefulness, is an ennobling study. Its direct tendency is to reproduce the excellencies it records.”

My pen has traced no sentence that is intended to convey the impression that John Read reached the acme of perfection. His was a very human life filled with smiles and tears, joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, successes and disappointments. He was not always understood, but he was beloved by a multitude in all ranks. He was naturally very impulsive, and through this trait doubtless sometimes made mistakes, which no one regretted more than himself; but he loved God, and was devoted to the highest interests of humanity. He was fully alive to the privileges of his high calling in Christ Jesus. He had an ideal character to which he ever strove to attain. The standard of right was the rule of his life, and with unswerving fidelity to principle, he fearlessly did his duty to his God and his fellow-men. His life is one more evidence of what determination and ambition consecrated to a noble purpose can accomplish.

In the early days of his Christian experience he shrank from approaching people personally upon questions relating to their spiritual welfare. Perhaps because his kind heart did not care to wound or inflict pain. But I have heard him speak in terms of deepest gratitude of the Army leader who faithfully counselled him upon this subject, and concluded his remarks with the forceful and expressive truth, "Always remember charity and rebuke go hand-in-hand." How thoroughly he learned this those who knew him can testify, for he lovingly and faithfully dealt with all whom he met, and fearlessly upheld the Cross anywhere and everywhere.

None of the hundreds of sympathetic letters that have come to me since he went Home have brought more comfort on their white wings than those which have gratefully acknowledged his faithfulness in this direction. He was retiring in his disposition, but he so succeeded in mastering his diffidence, that for years I have never known him shrink from any duty however distasteful or irksome. "He was indomitable, invincible," said a clergyman, lately, in speaking of his earnest life.

Naturally I shrank from drawing aside the veil from our home life. I have asked my own heart many times, "Why should I give to the public of the sacred treasures that are exclusively ours?" I voiced this query to a friend the other day, and the answer satisfied me: "You both gave yourself to God and the War, and the giving of this is nothing more." I feel in doing so also I but speak of lives typical of thousands among the Army's officers to-day. A larger volume than the present one might be written from his diaries, but I have merely copied brief extracts from these carefully preserved accounts of fifteen years, chiefly those which refer to the War, our home life, and his soul-experience. I would fain have erased all personal references in transcribing these records, but

could not so have faithfully depicted the spirit and character of his affectionate heart.

Doubtless the crucible of pain through which John Read passed, and his enforced isolation from the Battle's front, had its effect upon his soul, refining and purifying it, burnishing it more rapidly for its eternal shining, and preparing it in affliction's "hot fire" that the Master might quickly see His own image reflected, for I found in the front leaf of his beloved Bible the following touching lines:

"Sickness, thou ante-chamber  
Of heaven—approach to God,  
Ladder by which we clamber  
From earth—our Father's rod!  
Welcome, since thou dost bring me  
Ambassadors of love,  
Angelic songs to sing me  
Fresh from my Home above."

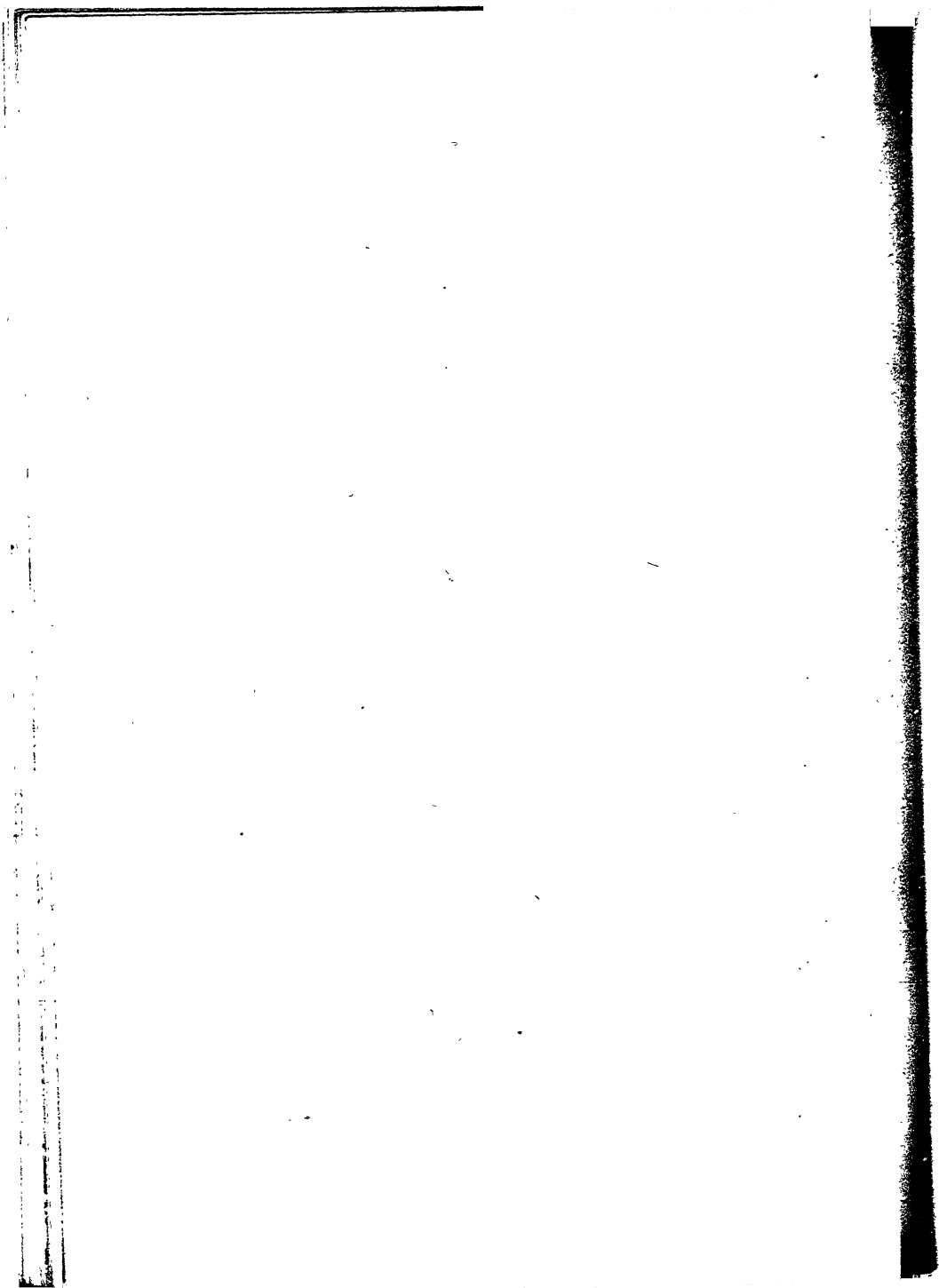
Surely John Read learned the lesson, "He only knoweth how to serve who knoweth how to wait."

He was disappointed in his passionate desire for life, and was in his young manhood promoted in the midst of his usefulness to higher service.

French history relates an incident of an officer whose name was called in the general roll-call for a year and a day after his decease, that his comrades might have the privilege of standing in line, and with bared heads responding, "He died at his post!" The mention of his name and the memory of his courage stirred every soldier's heart with a throb of determination to follow his brave example. May it be so as the name of the subject of this sketch is uttered.

With a fervent prayer that while he rests from his labors "his works" in the lives of many "may follow him," this little volume, consecrated by the tears and prayers of one who "sorrows not as those without hope," is sent forth.

BLANCHE J. READ.



## CHAPTER I.

### A GOODLY HERITAGE.

*" Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone,  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,  
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,  
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun."*

—J. G. WHITTIER.

The crashing of the rolling thunder as it rumbles across the midnight sky may seem a powerful force of nature, but a thousandfold greater is the gentle light which travels with inconceivable rapidity, dispersing the darkness, touching all nature with glorious beauty and rich fertility.

Silently, softly, the snowy flakes fall upon mountain, prairie and field; no sound stirs the peaceful stillness of their passage from the frosty world above; a few short hours and village, city and hamlet are clothed in a fleecy mantle upon which glisten a million starry diamonds, but in town and country commerce and traffic are at a standstill. The powerful agencies of electricity and steam have met a greater force in the spotless snow-mountains which blockade valley, railway and public thoroughfare.

Mighty and far-reaching as is the fiery eloquence poured forth from pulpit and platform, still greater is the influence exercised by the character of the consecrated father and mother in the sacred precincts of the

home circle. Who can estimate how wide and deep and broad is the influence emanating from the lives of godly and holy parents?

It is as the aroma of the valley lily, every fragrant breath bearing sweet memories of the shady seclusion of the home dell.

If John Read had been asked at any period of his history what had most effected the moulding of his life or the creating of a standard of ideal Christian manhood in his mind, he would, without hesitancy, have replied, "The consistency I witnessed in the home of my childhood."

He was born on April 18th, 1862, at the quaint town of Romsey, Hampshire, in the South of England, in the charming house which for nearly fifty years was the family homestead. His father had taken Mrs. Read to Willow Cottage as a bride and here the six sons and one daughter were born and trained, and from Willow Cottage the sons in turn went out to take their places in life's arena.

John's boyhood days were sheltered by all the elevating influences and environments of a Christian home. His first recollections were of the prayer lisped at his mother's knee in the fading twilight, and of trotting off to the infant class in the Sunday School which was held in a building some distance from the church edifice proper.

From the school the short-frocked little troupe used to march to the church to attend the regular Sabbath service. A later memory was of the time his sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, and himself commenced to climb the educational ladder at a private school managed by Dame Redman. He was very full of fun in those days and showed a vivacity equal to any of his playmates.

This trait in his disposition manifested itself in after years in the free, happy style in which he conducted



his loved Army meetings and the bouyancy of spirit which rarely failed under any circumstances.

But in the boyhood days his merry heart led him into many mischievous pranks and when under a master at a boys' school subjected him to severe punishment as his tutor did not believe in "sparing the rod."

Gliding past the garden at Willow Cottage was a little river, not very deep, not very swift in its current, but a certain amount of danger attended a child's immersion in its waters.

Into this stream it was the youthful John's fortune (or misfortune) to be unceremoniously precipitated on more than one occasion, when daringly, and in disobedience to orders, he tried to walk the narrow stone wall which divided the river from the garden.

So the days of childhood passed, happy, care-free days, filled with boyish sport and books five days a week, helping mother and driving the favorite horse "Polly" on the sixth, and attending Sabbath school and church with the other members of the family on the seventh.

John was a ready scholar, and when about fourteen years of age he decided to become a teacher. He signed articles binding him to five years pupil teaching, and during those years worked hard at his dual occupation—teaching and studying.

It seemed strange that in all his examinations John creditably passed in every subject but one. This debarred him from entering college at that time, as was his wish and purpose. A little later he entered the civil service preparatory classes, with the intention of being fitted for a position in the excise service under government. He devoted twenty-four hours a week to these studies, in addition to his school duties, but met with the old disappointment—failure in one subject—though he had a splendid record in all the

others, as his carefully preserved examination papers show.

He always said, after becoming an Army officer, that even in this circumstance a Divine Providence intervened, and that, in thus disappointing the ambitions of his early manhood, God was equipping him for a higher and more important life-service—the service of the Cross.

The first definite religious impression made upon John Read's mind was at an Anniversary Service in the Sabbath School, as the children sang as a responsive exercise the hymn, "Whither, pilgrims, are you going?" Perhaps it was because he took part in the answer to this song question "We are going on a journey, going at our King's command," that he was so deeply touched, for it seems that impulses and desires after a higher life were created that night which were never obliterated; and he could never, in maturer years, listen to the old hymn without the tears welling up in his eyes.

The spiritual atmosphere of his home deepened these desires, and in his early teens he united with the church, and at nineteen took charge of a class of twelve boys. But he always felt that his Christian experience was not what his heart craved, and his Sunday School teaching was not the delight it should have been.

John was passionately fond of his mother, and his father's character made a deep and lasting impression upon his life. On one occasion when John was quite a little fellow, Mr. Read took him for a walk down a country road on the outskirts of their pretty town. As they passed along, the father paused at a turnstile gate and, turning to his son, he said: "Johnny, my boy, that is the place where your father started in life. I was a young lad of seventeen, and had just left home to seek my fortune in the world. I had not much money to commence life with, but I made up my mind

to be a Christian, and right by that turnstile I knelt all alone and gave my heart to God."

This occurrence was indelibly stamped upon John's mind, and in after years he has often told the story amid breathless silence and falling tears with much benefit to his hearers.

The Lord prospered John Read, Senior, and blessed him in every way. He became a Sabbath school teacher and active Christian worker, and for forty years, scarcely missing a Sunday, he taught his Bible class, his six sons in turn benefiting by his training. One became a missionary to West Central Africa, another an Army Officer, and the other four are Christian men. Hundreds of young men scattered in all parts of the world look back to Mr. Read's faithfulness to them in the old Bible class days. When too feeble to longer walk to the church his young men came to Willow Cottage to be instructed.

"Godliness is profitable in all things," and God blessed Mr. Read temporally, for when he passed away he left his wife and daughter in very comfortable circumstances. His name was honored and respected in business circles and beloved in the Church of God.

As his funeral cortege moved through the streets of the town where he had lived a consistent, upright life for nearly fifty years, it passed by closed stores and drawn blinds, which evidenced the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

When his Army son visited England in 1895, Mr. Read's health was rapidly failing. He talked earnestly to his youngest boy, and in bidding him what proved to be a final farewell until they met in the Homeland a few months ago, he said, "John, read and study carefully the thirty-seventh Psalm."

Less than a year afterward, one bright summer evening, Mr. and Mrs. Read were driving slowly home from a little farm of theirs situated some distance from Romsey. 'Twas a brilliant, a lovely sunset, and

as they drove towards it Mr. Read remarked upon its beauty, and added, pointing in its direction, "How wonderful to be beyond *that!*" little thinking how soon he should taste all the glories of the land where there is no need of the sun for the Lamb is Himself the Light thereof.

"How earnestly dear Dad prayed for everyone at the family altar that night!" wrote his daughter Lizzie. "He especially pleaded for a blessing upon the absent ones, dear Frank and Annie in Africa, and John and Blanche in Canada. I never heard him pray more fervently."

The following morning about six o'clock he made some trivial remark to Mrs. Read as she was about to rise, kissing her simultaneously. She felt his arm drop heavily, and, turning towards him anxiously, found that his spirit had suddenly, without a tremor, pang or fear, gone out into the great beyond—

"Where the sun never sets, nor the leaves never fade,  
In that beautiful City of gold."



## CHAPTER II.

## CALL TO THE WORK.

*“ Though all the world oppose us,  
Yet we will never fear,  
With Jesus as our Leader,  
His presence ever near :  
A wall of fire about us,  
A living power within,  
Constraining love to seek the lost  
From misery and sin.”*

It was a curious poster, painted in startling colors, that arrested John Read's attention as it flashed from a shop window in his native town. It bore the extraordinary and fantastic heading: "Blood and Fire, Bombardment of the Devil's kingdom." He hastened home with the wonderful news of this new "Army" that was going to "Open Fire" on the market place the following Sunday.

A *War Cry* had occasionally found its way into their household, so Mr. Read's family were not unprepared to be interested in the new movement which was making such a sensation throughout England and in many parts of the world at that time.

John therefore made up his mind to be present at the "Bombardment." Sunday morning found him one of the great crowd that thronged the place of rendezvous. Doubtless various motives had prompted their gathering together to see this peculiar contingent of warriors.

John was hardly prepared for what he saw—only two little lassies plainly clad in the blue costume of the Army, in the midst of hundreds of astonished onlookers. The two girls—Captain and Lieutenant—

stepped out before the large monument, and one of them modestly lined out the song to the strains of which the tri-colored flag has been unfurled in over forty nations :

“ We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,  
The home of the happy, the Kingdom of love.  
Ye wanderers from God on the broad way of folly,  
Oh ! say will you go to the Eden above ? ”

After an interesting open-air service, unique in its simplicity, the “ lassies ” marched to their hall, followed by a heterogeneous crowd—religious and irreligious, sober and intoxicated, well dressed and poorly clad—all pressing eagerly upon them to see what strange thing would happen.

The Christian community of Romsey was aroused by the marvellous transformation in the lives of some of their townspeople which followed the advent of the Salvation Army in their midst.

Another section of the population also was stirred greatly—but in quite a different way. Those citizens whose business was suffering through the change that had taken place in some of their old customers were thoroughly disturbed. A systematic persecution of the Army workers was instituted, and the brave band of soldiers were subjected to all manner of indignity and injustice. Oftentimes when they reached the old Wesleyan church, used by them as a barracks, they were bruised and bleeding from the effects of the missiles that had been hurled at their struggling procession.

These experiences were not peculiar to Romsey, for in the Army's early history in many countries it was not unusual for these warriors of the Cross to suffer every imaginable persecution, even to imprisonment, for their ultra-measures in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ. Happily, sixteen years have made great changes, and the work is better understood and appreciated alike by peoples and Governments the world over. The effect of these outrages upon John Read

was just the effect one would anticipate being produced upon a warm-hearted, enthusiastic young man who was striving to be a Christian. He was first of all ashamed of the little self-sacrifice in his own profession, and secondly, indignant as he witnessed the patient suffering of the Army converts. The sympathies of his family also were enlisted, and often the little company found shelter in Willow Cottage, which was but a short distance from their barracks.

In an account of his own life John tells us that on one occasion the march was just entering the hall after a stormy open-air, when some malicious person flung a bag of blood among the heroic little band. The people were filled with consternation on seeing their ghastly condition, thinking some of the Salvationists were mortally injured. The soldiers took refuge, however, in Mr. Read's hospitable home, and bravely returned to their meeting after removing the traces of the cowardly attack.

It was a surprise to many when John went to the penitent-form. For some time the whole trend of his desires had been to live a life consistent with his position as a member of a church and a Sabbath school teacher, but he knew nothing experimentally of the change in which the individual soul becomes a "new creature in Jesus Christ, when old things pass away and all things become new." A great yearning took possession of his spirit to experience the power of this alive, separating Christianity, this courage to give up all as taught and exemplified by the Army, and directly under the influence of some searching truth spoken by Lieutenant (Happy Polly) Tryell—afterwards Mrs. Ensign Hall, who was promoted to heaven in October, 1898—he decided to take the step which meant so much to his future life. Writing of this time he says:

"The New Year's watch-night service, 1883, was the meeting in which I gave myself fully up to God, and I shall never forget it. The

building was full of men and women who had just come from the saloon primed with liquor, and many of them even had bottles with them from which they occasionally drank. It was a motley crew. I shall never forget how earnestly the Captain dealt with the crowd of sinners who filled the building. The tolling of the church bells with the passing of the old year, added to the solemnity of the occasion, and there amid all this hub-bub of cursing and swearing and confusion, I let myself drop into God's hands, to be His entirely, through joy or sorrow, pain or loss, to be true to death."

The Army offered fresh avenues of usefulness to him. He was so constrained by the growing conviction in his heart that this was God's way for him, that in less than half a year he withdrew from the church and became a soldier in the local corps.

From the copy of the letter written the deacons of the Congregational Church at that time I give the following extracts :

"After many months of earnest prayer to God, that He may direct me in this great matter, I am now writing to tell you that it is my intention to leave the Abbey chapel. . . .

"It was through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army that I was brought to the feet of Jesus. . . . I know there is plenty of work to be done for the Master everywhere, but God seems to be telling me to cast in my lot with the Salvation Army, and I believe He wants to use me in this special work

"Let me assure you that it is not for my own interests that I am taking this great step, but for the sole purpose of doing all I can to spread the glorious news of Christ's salvation. May God abundantly bless your dear church, prosper your cause and fill each member of your church with His Holy Spirit."

A short time afterwards he heard the voice of God calling him to the work of officership, and when the Major of Hant's Division, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, visited his home he conversed with him upon the subject. He also went down to Portsmouth to attend a meeting of the General's, hoping to have an opportunity of asking his advice. The Romsey train unfortunately left before the close of the meeting, so he was disappointed. He therefore wrote to the General. Among his carefully kept papers I found a copy of this letter :



"WILLOW COTTAGE,

"ROMSEY, HANTS, July, 1883.

"DEAR GENERAL BOOTH,—

"I have for some months past been on the point of writing to you, but somehow or other I could not muster up sufficient courage. But now I feel that I cannot contain my pent-up feelings any longer, and have therefore resolved to open my heart to you.

"I live at Romsey, a small town in Hampshire. About eight months ago a detachment of the Salvation Army opened fire here. Since being stationed in this town they have suffered much persecution at the hands of various classes of people; but they have, through God's preservation, come off victorious through all, as was seen in the open-air march last Sunday, there being no less than 107 true Salvation Soldiers in the ranks, which is a credit to such a small place, and shows how the Spirit of God has moved among the people. . . .

"Dear General, I feel, and have felt for several months past, that God is calling me to work and cast in my lot with the Salvation Army. I have many times prayed about it, and feel that God is calling me to this special work. I want to do something for the Master, however little, and this is why I am writing to you asking your advice as to my becoming a Salvation Army Officer.

"May God bless you is the earnest prayer of your sincere brother in Christ.

"JOHN READ, JR."

In September of the same year he and another soldier farewelled for the Training Home. It was a great event in those days for a young man or woman to leave home for the work of the Army. It was a new untrodden path and meant that severe hardship would have to be endured, persecution, misrepresentation, often calumny of all descriptions encountered. But the ardent young soldier's heart was all aglow with his new found love and set on fire with a passion for lost souls and nothing could deter him from his purpose. His father and mother seemed to have had prophetic instincts, and by the eye of faith have seen the possibilities of a useful career before their boy, for they sent him out into his chosen sphere with their consent and blessing.

## CHAPTER III.

## FIRST DAY'S SERVICE.

*"Jesus calls me ; I am going  
Where He opens up the way,  
To the war 'gainst sin and Satan,  
Shrinking not a single day.  
All my heart I give Thee,  
Day by day, come what may,  
All my life I give Thee  
Dying men to save."*

"SATURDAY, Sept. 8, 1883.—Came into the Training Home, Clapton, bless the Lord! Went to free-and-easy in Congress Hall. Mrs. Booth at Congress."

This is the entry in his diary on the occasion of this new era in John's history. There is no word mentioned there of that which comes out in some of his other writings of the home-sickness which drove sleep from his eyes that first night in Clapton. His first duty came with the early bell the following morning when he was summoned on parade with about a hundred Cadets.

They were rough days for the Army in its London open-air fighting. Cadet Read refers to some trying experiences but he had not quite so frequent encounters as many of the cadets as he was soon appointed sergeant and assistant schoolmaster, and therefore, spent much time in the schoolroom. But he tells of the *War Cry* being torn to shreds in his

hands, and some interesting (?) exploits "down White Chapel way."

Quoting again from his diaries so faithfully kept for fifteen years, he says :

"FRIDAY, Sept. 14.—*War Cry* selling. Had a hit on knuckles. Great holiness meeting led by Major Howard."

Shortly after John entered the Training Home an interesting event took place in Mr. Read's family.

Frank, who was engaged in a law office at Romsey, decided to migrate to Canada and complete his legal studies there. He called to see his cadet brother at Congress Hall, *en route* to Liverpool. While John was showing him through the various apartments they paused a moment in the bootroom. Cadet Read suggested offering a little parting petition.

Frank gladly acquiesced, and in that tiny prayer meeting gave himself up to His Heavenly Father's will with a determination to seek His guidance and follow His Spirit's teaching.

They separated that evening by affectionately embracing under the electric light on the Strand, John returning to Clapton, Frank going to Canada. This step proved to be a crisis in his career for sometime after arriving in Canada he entered the Montreal Congregational College, took a theological course and, having decided to become a missionary, he also studied three years in medicine, was ordained, married Miss Annie Williams, Graduate and Gold Medalist of McGill University, Montreal, and for seven years has with his dear wife been toiling in West Central Africa. Their labors have been much blessed in bringing the Africans to Jesus. John notes his brother's conversion in his journal.

"TUESDAY, Sept. 25.—Frank saved in the bootroom of the S. A Training Home Barracks at Clapton when he came to see me before going to America."

After his brother's promotion to heaven Frank

wrote of this time, and as the letter gives a glimpse into the beautiful relationship existing between the two brothers, I quote freely from it :

“AMERICAN MISSION,  
 “c/o CASA HOLLANDEGA,  
 “BENGUELLA, W. AFRICA,  
 “November 25th, 1898.

“OUR DEAR SISTER BLANCHE,—

“The sad news has just reached us here in our far-off African home, and while we sorrow, not without hope, but rather rejoice that dear Johnnie is “present with the Lord,” our hearts are very heavy with sorrow for you first of all, and we pray that the Father of all mercies and God of all comfort will comfort you in all your tribulation, and be indeed a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. I have many things to say, but little time to say them in, and as the blessed words of our Father and Saviour have the true balm of healing I comfort you first with these words; ‘For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep with Jesus will God bring with Him.’ ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live.’ I know you will already have found great comfort in God’s Word, and that the morning joy may be already dawning after the night of weeping. You will have found comfort in memory of the blessed dead, and what he has been to you and you to him in your happy and devoted marriage life. You will have also found great comfort and joy, solemn joy, in the universal testimony of all who knew Johnnie as a man wholly consecrated to the Lord and his fellow-men, as a man ‘after God’s own heart,’ and one ‘without guile,’ as one who ever ‘went about doing good,’ as one whom ‘to live was Christ,’ as one who knew nothing but ‘Christ crucified,’ and it is as one who wishes to add yet another testimony that I write in the hope of increasing your comfort however little. I write as his brother who loved him very deeply. We were as a David, a Johnathan, I write with a heavy heart though a rejoicing one. I write as one who has always been stimulated and encouraged by his Christian example. We began to think seriously about the life which is to come about the same time, and we were brought to the Saviour by different ways not long after. How he had outstripped us all in the race! Before his conversion, and while he was in a state of unrest I wished very much to talk to him seriously about some things I knew were troubling him, but could not find courage to do so, because I, myself, was not a Christian. I, however, was more anxious for him than for myself, and wrote to him all that was in my heart. The effect of that letter was a very tender experience between us that nobody but ourselves ever knew. I have often thanked God that I took the step I did in unburdening myself to Johnnie at that time, for I believe it was the definite halt before the turning round and entering the Kingdom. Then came his conversion and consecration to the Army work, and it was when I visited him at

the Training Home before leaving England for Canada that our lives touched and our hearts blended together again in a second of those experiences which mark for eternity. It was there in conversation with him that I definitely committed myself to the Lord to confess him before men. We met again, as you know, later on in Canada, when he came over with the intention of joining me in study with a view to enter the ministry. He could not, however, keep out of the work that was dearest to his heart, and returned to his first love. I felt a little disappointed at first because I knew he would have developed into a very useful and influential minister in our own denomination, and then I felt I needed his companionship too, but the Lord's ways are not our ways.

"I speak again of a third of those experiences I have referred to of which the world knows nothing, and in which dear Johnnie and I were not alone, but in which you shared as his wife, and Annie as mine. I refer, of course, to our brief sojourn with you after our marriage. We cherish the memory of that time and often think of it. Annie never refers to it but as a blessing which she rejoices over and is the richer for. I need not say that our communion at that time was strengthening to me as well, and I was thankful to God for such a brother and also for the dear wife he had found. I rejoice in you and in your work. Our communication with each other has not been very frequent since, except at the Throne of Grace, where we have perpetually remembered each other and each other's work, but the influence of your self-denying, strenuous life has been with us as an influence and encouragement. And now my well-beloved brother and your dear husband is only a memory to us, but a very blessed one indeed.

"From what I have said you may understand better why my soul was kin to his soul in no ordinary way, and why I think what I have said may be used of the Lord to further comfort you.

"I have spoken of my personal relation to him, but his life was a blessing to our family circle also. His brothers and sister were enriched and strengthened by his example. We all admired him, while we loved him, and felt how far beyond us all he was in consecrated devotion to his Master. His death has begotten in us all a longing to be more like him—a dissatisfaction with our Christian attainments and any aims that may hinder our growth in grace, and a desire never deeper than now, that our lives may be 'hid with Christ in God.' This I know from my brothers' letters to me."

Again reverting to Cadet Read's T. H. experience from his diary :

MONDAY, OCT. 22 —Great thanksgiving meeting at Exeter Hall on account of Miss Booth's (Le Marechale) release from prison. All the cadets were present. We started at 9 a.m. and got back at 11.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOV 10.—Up at six. Scrubbed the main passage with Barker, Bell and Nunnham. Did not go out this afternoon. Wrote a long letter to Frank (America). I went to Layton with the Sixth Company. Very rough, two men locked up. Home at 10 15. Still trusting in Jesus.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1883.—Good meeting to-night. No souls, but great conviction. Had a letter from home with ten shillings in stamps.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22, 1883.—Came to Penge as special from Training Home. Went to the meeting at Sydenham to-night, good time, one soul. Lodged at Mr. Cook's (a sergeant) H— (Cadet) went back to Training Home. Feel rather lonely to-night

SUNDAY, Nov. 25, 1883.—Spoke to Mr. Cook about going back to the Training Home, because I feel that I am not capable of leading.

MONDAY, Nov. 26, 1883.—Up at six. Grand day to-day Kneedrill at seven by Chief of Staff The General at the Congress Hall all day. Glorious times and grand marches. Fourteen souls to-night.

DECEMBER 4, 1883.—Made Sergeant at the Training Home by Captain Bennett. God help me to do my duty.

In January, 1884, Lieutenant Read went to assist at Bolton, in Lancashire. Writing of this he tells us :

“For months the fight had been hard. The male soldiers, for the most part, were miners, and night shifts compelled them to be away from many meetings. However, we worked away, being often cheered by a visit from our District Officer, Major Taylor—now Colonel. At this place I saw a deathbed scene for the first time. A dear old lady lay dying in her humble cottage, and with her last breath she sang, ‘I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death.’ The scene will never be forgotten. After some months fighting in this great town, I got completely worn out physically, and went to my home on furlough, where I spent several weeks recruiting my strength, and in June, 1884, my orders arrived to go and assist in the opening of Bideford—a beautiful little town in Devonshire. Again good-bye was said to my parents and loved ones, and again I landed on the scene of battle. The publicans had, as usual, stirred up strife, and meant to oppose the Army. The usual persecution followed, and many a blow did those rough Devon lads give some of the Salvationists, not forgetting to smash the windows of our little barracks beside the river. I stood all this very well, but the greatest cross of all was when my Captain sent me alone three miles along the shore to sell *Crys*. It was hot, too, and often were my feet literally sore from the long tramp.”

“Now comes the bitterest part of my experience, and, would to God, I could blot it out of my memory altogether, but this I cannot do, and I give it to the world, and especially to Salvation Army Officers, in order that they may take warning from my downfall. I had been at this station only a fortnight when I became downcast; the enemy got at me terrible in all shapes and forms. One day I was sitting with the Captain at the table, and taking up the pen I wrote to Headquarters sending in my commission and resigning my appointment. I posted the letter, but no sooner had I done so than distraction seized me. I knew I had done wrong, and with an aching heart I wended my way to the railway depot next morning and started for home.

"While there my life was a perfect misery, and for many months I was in a terribly unsettled state of mind. At last I could bear it no longer, and I made up my mind to leave home altogether and go out to Canada, as I had heard from my brother Frank that it was a good place for a young man to prosper."

The day he left home was a sad, sad day for the ex-officer. His heart was crushed, for he felt he had disobeyed God, and was miserable as he realized that in a moment of weakness he had left his post with its blessed opportunities. Then, too, his home friends were to be left behind for an indefinite time—perhaps forever. He could not bear to look into the gentle face of his beloved mother. Many times I have heard him describe the last touching parting scene :

"I just kissed dear mother at the garden gate of the old home, jumped into the conveyance, and drove off to the station. I dare not look back and see mother standing there, for I felt as if my heart would break."



## CHAPTER IV.

## WENT TO TARSHISH—RETURNED TO NINEVAH.

*“And the word of the Lord came . . . the second time, saying Arise.”*

Passengers aboard the S.S. Circassian in April, 1886, might have seen a young man of fair hair and blue eyes, about twenty-four years of age, restlessly pacing to and fro on the ship's deck as she ploughed across the broad Atlantic. No matter what the condition of the weather, whether the bright spring sunlight danced upon the smiling waves, or the sky was overcast with clouds, and the majority of the travellers were “below,” there he was, walking up and down, back and forth, often with a distressed expression shading his otherwise pleasant face. Evidently the young man's mind was burdened with thoughts from which he was anxious to escape. But it is not easy to fly from a troubled conscience or to still the throbbing of an unsatisfied heart. It is not easy to get away from the promptings of the Holy Spirit, especially when He has once been the acknowledged Sovereign of the soul's empire and controlled every movement of the life's service. The voice of God cannot be drowned in a whirl of pleasure or forgotten in change of scene or environment.



So John Read found it. Eighteen months had elapsed since the day he had in a fit of discouragement resigned his position as an officer in the Army. They had not been happy months.

He had believed God called him to this work in the old soldier days—in the fever of his first love and zeal, when his soul was burning with intensity to bless and help other souls. He had obeyed the voice which spoke to him at that time while pursuing the “daily round” of duty. He had found an opportunity of happy, useful service; then the perplexing stress of temptation came, and in a weak moment he yielded and plunged himself into the sorrow which lasted until he took the initiative, which step brought him back “home once more.”

What he suffered mentally during those eighteen months of disobedience may be gathered from a letter written to an officer afterwards:

“I have been in the field; God has used me in the salvation of souls, and my only desire to-day is to be a soul-winner. I know, while at Bideford, the devil got the upperhand of me, and in an evil moment I gave up my God-given opportunity, a deed which I have regretted, and which has caused me ceaseless and daily pain in the knowledge that I had looked back after having put my hand to the Gospel plough.

“It fills me with shame when I think of the solemn vows I have broken, causing not only misery to myself, but sorrow to others. But with deep humility I have sought God’s pardon for the past.”

He never ceased to regret this experience, and repeatedly through his days of officership urged upon those who had “looked back” to again give themselves unreservedly to God. I dwell upon these painful days because I know if this was an autobiography my dear husband would linger over this part of his story, and with all the fervor of his earnest soul plead with those who had stepped aside from the path of duty, and urge the reader, if such an one, to retrace his steps, build again his altar of sacrifice, humble himself in the spirit of his first humiliation, and in devout

consecration decide to obey the promptings of his conscience at all costs.

If it is possible that circumstances of earth can increase the joy of the glorified ones, my husband's cup of felicity would overflow if he knew that the recital of his defeat and ultimate victory proved a means of strengthening even one of those who have followed "afar off."

Arrived in Montreal, John's letters of introduction soon made him friends and an entrance into a Christian church. He had vowed when he left England the Army must be a part of the past only, that he would not go near it in the new country, but the first night ashore found him at the old Mechanics' Hall, in a meeting led by Captain (now Brigadier) Marshall and Lieutenant (now Adjutant) Cass, listening to the same old songs and testimonies he loved so much in the old land.

Those ten months in Montreal were trying months to the erstwhile officer. He joined the Y.M.C.A., but left the meeting when he heard the Army march, which was a stormy proceeding in Quebec's chief city at that time.

He obtained employment at the Allan's Steamship Co. as a receiver of goods. Strange to say, thirteen years after, among the last to bid him *bon voyage* and clasp his hand before the steamer moved down the harbor, carrying him away for what proved the last time, were some of the old-time workmen at the Company's offices and on Allan's docks.

All through his diary for that year John speaks of the kindness shown him by the Christians of Montreal, but though he had some opportunities of doing good work in addition to his regular employment, the inward monitor kept urging him back to the place where he had been so sure of God's call, that he might there devote all his time and energies to the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

When God sent Jonah to Ninevah he was out of his place at Tarshish. John Read was called to the work of the Salvation Army, and with the same strong conviction which has oftentimes prompted men to leave spheres of apparent usefulness for other paths of life, he made up his mind to apply again for officership. He wrote Commissioner Coombs offering to take the lowest place in the ranks so long as he might have the assurance that he was in the line of obedience. The Commissioner's reply was encouraging—"Come at once," he said.

When the Company knew he was leaving they desired him to stay on in their employ, offering as an inducement a much more remunerative position in the City of Portland, Maine. But, having made up his mind, he was inexorable, and started for Toronto Headquarters early in December.



## CHAPTER V.

## UNDER ORDERS AGAIN.

*"We'll roll the old chariot along,  
We won't hang on behind."*

OLD TIME CHORUS.

"Well, my boy, how are you getting along in your soul? Are you happy in your work?" inquired Commissioner Coombs of Comrade Read one day after he had been working at Headquarters for six weeks. Receiving a reply in the affirmative he further remarked, "I want you to come down stairs and write some letters for me."

Gladly the Commissioner's wish was acceded to and Cadet Read—for so he was proud to be gazetted—took his first advance step.

It was during the three months he was Cadet that he commenced to lead special services on Sundays in towns adjacent to Toronto. It may seem a singular co-incident—we always felt there was an over-ruling Providence in it—that his first visit was to the Corps of which I was at that time in command. He came to Orangeville with one of the Staff-Officers to conduct the anniversary gatherings. Of course he was a stranger, but I was much impressed with his devotion to God, his anxiety to see souls saved even in the early morning knee-drill, his deep interest in everyone

individually, and great concern as to their spiritual welfare. A friendship commenced which two years afterwards matured into mutual affection, and was followed by eight years of "continual comradeship," and blessed happy service for dying souls.

Cadet, and afterwards for a year Captain, Read was a prolific writer for Army publications, and during the time he was engaged in secretarial work for Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Bailey, he was special reporter for the Commissioner, and wrote copiously reports of demonstrations and special efforts. It always seemed a real pleasure for John to write, and often when Editor of the *War Cry*, and later on, I have heard the remark: "Whenever you see Staff-Captain Read he is sure to have his badge of office, a pen over one ear and a pencil over the other."

In June of the same year he wrote a helpful little article on "How to keep the blessing of a clean heart." An extract of which I give:

"The last, and not by any means the least way of keeping this great blessing is to labor hard for the salvation of sinners. The very nature of holiness leads us to long for the salvation of souls, and if you do not strive to win souls for God your love will gradually get cold, you will become indifferent, and at last lose the evidence of the blessing altogether. When your heart yearns over sinners ask God to help you, then go to the sinner straight from your bended knees, with the sympathy and love which Christ had for them when on earth, and lead them to Jesus, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Go to your unconverted brothers, sisters, relations, point them to the Saviour, and "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." You will find this to be an excellent means of grace to your soul, and a holy oil that will anoint you.

Ten ways to keep holiness:

- (1) Confess it.
- (2) Practice self-denial.
- (3) Never cease to believe.
- (4) Obey the Holy Ghost.
- (5) Watch continually.
- (6) Grow in grace.
- (7) Read the Bible constantly.
- (8) Pray always.
- (9) Remember God's presence.
- (10) Labor for souls.

He was always the friend of the poor inebriate. He loathed their sin but had great sympathy with those who through hereditary tendencies—and how powerful and subtle they are—or unhealthy environment, had become addicted to the intoxicating cup. I have never seen a poor, besotted wrecked soul too deep sunk in debauchery of this description to be passed by unnoticed by John Read. His arm was one of the first to be thrown about them, his hand one of the readiest to be outstretched towards them. His voice and concertina were consecrated to singing and inspiring these miserable human derelicts to take courage for the future.

At this early date in his officership he wrote an earnest plea for them in the Canadian *War Cry*. Referring to a drunkards' demonstration conducted by dear Commissioner Coombs, which he had reported, he says :

“There has of late been a great deal of talk about drunkards, especially at the meetings of the Salvation Army.

“Our great New Year's Drunkard's Demonstration in Toronto, 'As it was and as it is,' naturally aroused much curiosity among the people, and the thought in every Salvation Soldiers' heart should be, 'How can we rescue more of these drunks, and how can we keep them and make use of them after they become permanently saved?' In answer to these questions I want to show you that a man is not always willingly a drunkard. Said a victim of this habit to me a few days ago, 'Oh! drink has ruined me over and over again. I have spent thousands of dollars on the damnable stuff, and although I may be drunk myself in an hour or two, yet I would thank God if it was swept right out of Canada to-morrow.' And I am confident that this is the heartfelt testimony of every inebriate. It is misery oftentimes which drives them to drink, because it drowns, for a time, all their feelings of remorse and sadness, and I do not hesitate in saying that ninety-nine out of every hundred would give it up, now and forever, if only they could see a way of escape

“Thank God we have the remedy for them, a safe, sure and certain cure. It is nothing short of a full salvation, the salvation of Jesus Christ in all its healing and restoring power. As we have seen lately, this power can take a man even on the point of delirium tremens, sober him up, show him his awful condition, cause him to give up all his sin, and enable him to live a happy and useful life.”

It was in December of the same year, 1887, that

John was honored with another promotion. This time to the rank of Adjutant.

With this new rank came new responsibilities for Adjutant Read was made Divisional Officer for the then Chatham Division.

In the latter part of the year he entered upon his new command feeling as he often expressed it afterwards, "very weak and insufficient" but sure his God would undertake for him.

I shall only give a few typical quotations from Adjutant Read's diary showing the nature of his work as a Divisional Officer.

SUNDAY, Jan 1, 1888.—Led the Watch-night service in Chatham. Spent the first few moments of this New Year's day with the soldiers on my knees. All again consecrated themselves anew to God. My New Year's motto is "Forward!" "Victory!" "No Defeat!" Lord, keep me true to Thee and the Army.

TUESDAY, Jan. 3, 1888.—The Spirit of the Living God is upon me. I woke up this morning praising God for all His goodness. My soul rejoices in His Divine love. Spent a few hours with Captain Walker looking over accounts. Took train for Thamesville, Cadet Barker met me at the depot looking jolly and happy. Got to the quarters and was joined by Captain Payne. We had a wonderful open-air, full of power and liberty.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4, 1888.—Woke up this morning shouting hallelujah. So did Captain Payne. After a bit of business we started off to Highgate with a rig. Had a most beautiful drive through the Canadian woods. Arrived at Highgate. A New Year's card reached me here from Romsey which cheered me much. Had a splendid banquet and jubilee. Nellis Montore and the other Indians were there. Place packed to excess. \$50 dollar debt cleared off. God is good to me.

THURSDAY, Jan. 5, 1888.—Woke up this morning with glory in my soul and was going to ride by train to Blenheim but missed it. O Lord, help me to make sure and certain hope of Heaven. Tramped on foot to Ridgetown where we took a rig to Blenheim. Indians there too, God bless them! They are much in earnest and filled with the Spirit. A blessed open-air march followed a soldiers' tea and preceded the enrollment of soldiers inside. The Town Hall was jammed full. Some looking in the windows outside, and in a body the soldiers declared to be true to God and the Army.

TUESDAY, Jan. 10, 1888.—We all drove from Kingsville to Essex Centre. A rig full for the banquet and council (my first council) and all-night of prayer. Officers' council was a most blessed time. In my

great weakness God helped me to talk in a straight manner to the officers. Bless His Name! Seventeen officers were there. The banquet was a decided success in every way. The all-night of prayer will never be forgotten by many. From 11.30 until 4 a.m. it was one continued shower of blessing and eleven came forward to be thoroughly cleansed from sin. Officers got filled with His love and power.

MONDAY, Feb. 27, 1888.—Took first train for Chatham from Thamesville. I was booked for Comber but had to change my appointment. A dear sister of the Chatham Corps had died and I buried her to-day (Sister Dunlop). She died a Salvation Soldier and was buried in her uniform. Oh! that I may die such a death and have such a burial. I led a most blessed meeting outside the house. Bitter cold day. We felt it as we marched to the cemetery, two miles out, I took a severe chill and was unable to attend the memorial meeting. However, being led by Captains Hind, Goodall and Cass, they had a blessed time and two souls saved. O Lord, keep me ready for death, for in such an hour as I think not the Son of Man will come

We pass over an interval of several months, months that were filled with earnest, faithful toil; devoted chiefly to camp meetings, the opening of a new barracks in Comber, Colonel Dowdle's visit, the visit of the Household Troops Band, and Major Musa Bhai with the Indian Contingent.

Diary again :

SATURDAY, Nov. 17, 1888.—Received a letter from Commissioner this morning promoting me to Staff-Captain. Oh! how wonderful God is blessing and leading me in His own way. I have to assist Major Margetts in the Training Home Division. I do feel that this is a Divine appointment direct from Heaven, and God will give me power to go through.

He always recognized the hand of God in all his appointments.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25, 1888.—Chatham Farewell. Went to the kneedrill this morning full of faith for a blessed time, and God was with us in mighty power. Grand farewell meetings all day. Oh! how the Lord helped me to talk to these dear people, perhaps for the last time.

It was the last opportunity he ever had of speaking to these people upon the theme so dear to his heart. The testimony I give is from one of his officers at that time, sent me after my precious husband went to his reward, showing that he was used as an instrument of blessing while in the Chatham Division.



She writes :

"I shall never forget the kind words from Adjutant Read's lips and pen, when I was in my first station in the old Chatham Division. Many a time he helped me to take courage and go on. He was always a blessing to me, and I can see him yet, as I saw him last with a look of unutterable sympathy in his face as he pressed my hand and simply said "God bless you!" He has gone to his reward, dear Mrs. Read, but he will live on forever in the hearts and lives of hundreds of souls, I believe God used him so."

Staff-Captain Read took charge of the Toronto Men's Training Home in November and his journal gives us a glimpse of the great responsibility he felt the teaching and training of young men for the work of soul-saving to be, one of his earliest entries tell us :

MONDAY, Dec. 3, 1888.—Up early this morning, feeling my own weakness more than ever. Most gladly would I glory in this that the power of God may rest upon me. On Wednesday morning we studied the "Doctrines and Dicipines," and had a real good time. Oh! I do want a heart filled with love for these dear boys. God help me to talk to these new in-coming officers.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5, 1888.—Had a most glorious day to-day. At nine o'clock the Cadets marched up to Lippincott Street for a council led by the Commissioner. It was a heaven to be there. Oh, the love of Jesus! It did my heart good to see and hear the dear boys testify.

SUNDAY, Dec. 9, 1888.—Led the knee-drill at Yorkville. God helped me. Did not go out to any other meeting during the day, but led the meeting at night in the Temple. (It was a failure, God knows).

THURSDAY, Dec. 13, 1888 —Oh! how the powers of hell seemed to surround me to-day, to make me believe that I was in my wrong place here at the Training Home. But I take it as a settled, solid matter that God put me here and I mean to go right through. It is my only aim and object to be used by God to help the dear lads. The tears flowed down my cheeks as I talked with them round the table. Oh! my weakness is very great, but God is my strength and my light and my salvation. Hallelujah!

TUESDAY, Dec. 1888.—Up at seven to-day full of holy courage and determination to go on in spite of all difficulties. Had a nice lesson this morning in the lecture room, and after that went thoroughly into the reports. God helped me to teach the boys.

He was still in charge of the Training Home in the New Year of 1889, although owing to an unexpected break-down on the part of the then Editor, he was appointed to edit the *War Cry* a week or two afterwards. His diary for that year commences with a

very solemn covenant in which he invited all to unite in the Watch-night Service.

“YORKVILLE TRAINING HOME, 1889 COVENANT.—Out of love for the Saviour for what He has done for me, and for the sake of the poor, darkened, perishing world, I do here and now promise God, being conscious that He is a witness to the act, that during the coming year I will more than ever consecrate to His service my all ; myself, my time, my talents, my intellect, my will, my worldly store, counting it all joy to labor and suffer for my blessed Christ and deserving nothing higher than to live and die in His blessed service.”

He wrote me that same month while still in charge of the Men's Training Home :

“The peace of God now fills my soul, and I am kept completely whole. Oh ! I find that without God I should be an utter and complete failure, especially in this Home where there are so many different characters and dispositions. The greatest lesson I have learned is to see and feel my own insufficiency, but, praise God, He is helping me to act, speak, walk and talk before the boys so that I can say, ‘Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.’ Hallelujah ! Pray much fervent and effectual prayer for me, that God will make me a good leader and teacher.”



## CHAPTER VI.

EDITOR AND WRITER.

*“Glory to Jesus! Praise to His Name!—  
 For He of praise is worthy;  
 He frees the captives, breaks every chain,  
 Pardoning the rebels freely.  
 Glad are the tidings I have to bear,  
 Sinners around me of Christ shall hear;  
 As I proclaim the grace of my Lord,  
 To whom each soul is dear.”*

For four years Staff-Captain Read occupied the *War Cry* editorial chair. He was appointed by the Commissioner in January, 1889.

He witnessed many changes at Territorial Headquarters, as he served in that capacity under four Commissioners—Commissioners Coombs, Adams, Rees and Commandant H. H. Booth. He appreciated much the opportunity afforded him by his important position, of reaching with his pen so many hearts and touching so many lives.

He worked faithfully early and late to make his beloved *War Cry* a spiritual success.

I remember on the occasion of our farewell for Newfoundland the Commandant saying in his parting address referring to his work:

“I was very much touched a few days ago. Being at the Temple very early in the morning, I found Read there before me, and, on expressing my surprise, someone told me, Oh, yes, the Editor is always here by seven o'clock.”

It was quite true, for he left home before half-past six all those years, often returning at seven o'clock in the evening with several proof-galleys to read and piles of copy to correct. He planned for it, prayed about it, thought of it day and night, to make it a medium of soul elevation and blessing to its thousands of readers. This, I know, was his first and highest ambition, and nothing ever gave him greater delight than to hear of some christian being sanctified, some drunkard reclaimed, some prison-bound slave emancipated from his fetters through perusing the columns of the Army's Official Gazette.

In September, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, the pioneer leaders of Canadian warfare, farewelled. It was a great wrench to their followers, for they were like spiritual parents to us, many of the first officers having come into the work during their command.

He refers in his journal to the Commissioner's farewell tea with the officers, which terminated in deep sadness from a dual cause—the last opportunity of taking tea with our beloved Commanders and the unexpected news of Mr. Wm. Gooderham's sudden demise, which was a sorrowful blow to Salvationists, for he was much loved by us all.

“We had a grand little time around the table to-night with our dear Commissioner at a supper given by Headquarters Staff. Mr. Gooderham died while leading a meeting at the Haven. Oh! how necessary it is that we should be always ready.”

A little time after this one of his contemporaries wrote in describing the journalists of the Army's various periodicals:

“As Editor of the Canadian *War Cry*, Staff-Captain Read is making things spin, and threatens even more to rush with a full head of steam on the road of success. During his management a marked improvement is noticed in the *Cry*, and it ranks as one of the great *War Cries* of the Salvation Army.”

And someone writing a description of Headquarters Staff for *All the World* thus describes him:

“Past Adjutant Miller's office, where Captain Lemon (now Mrs.

Friedrich) and a Lieutenant assist, to a delightful sanctum, the editorial office of the *War Cry* and *Young Soldier*. If your eye had been swift enough to follow Staff-Captain Read, you would find him presiding over the overflowing waste paper basket. (We speak of it respectfully, for we stand in wholesome awe ourselves). You would think to look at both the Editor and the Assistant Editor (Captain Werry), that they are men especially singled out from among their fellows for their cheerful and sunshiny temperaments. Possibly the Commissioner, with kindly forethought for his officers, foresaw that this post, above all others, needed a disposition of peculiarly sanguine and elastic quality, to rise buoyantly above gallons of ink and tons of paper, and refuse to be extinguished by all the inscrutable hieroglyphics and caligraphy, but you must take care or you too will find yourself beyond your depth among column cuts and type and proofs and copy. Here you will certainly be prayed for, and especially if you are a backslider his sympathy will be drawn out to you, and he will tell you that he was once a runaway himself."

Later on, when he relinquished his command, the following appeared, written by the new editor :

"The Island of Newfoundland has a warm place in the Commandant's heart. He has made a real sacrifice to fill the gap caused by the departure of the late D.O., Staff-Captain McIntyre. His successor is Staff-Captain Read, the Editor of the Canadian *Cry*. He has endeared himself to us all since four years ago, when he took the editorial chair at the command of Commissioner Coombs. During that time the *War Cry* has gone up and on, and still is developing rapidly."

In the beginning of the New Year his journal tells us :

"1890, NEW YEAR'S MOTTO :—'Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me to give every man according as his work shall be.'—Rev. last chapter.

"Lord, help me to set a watch over the door of my lips this year.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer." Glory!

"Some of the last moments of the old year I spent in the Drunken Women's Home with Blanche, Mother Florence, Mother McKenzie, Adjutant Plant and Daddy Florence. We then went to the march and came into the Watch-night service."

During this time he continually conducted Sunday services in Toronto and surrounding towns and cities. Often coming straight from the train to the office, after one of his usual heavy week-ends, he writes :

"MONDAY, Feb. 17, 1890.—I felt very tired this morning on my arrival home from Hamilton. But Jesus often felt tired, and the steward is not greater than his Lord. Oh, no ! therefore I glory in getting tired

for my loving Lord's sake. I put in a hard day's work at the office, and Jesus stood at my right hand guiding and directing my pen. Glory to His precious name! At times I felt like falling off the chair, but He sustained me. Blessed be His glorious Name forever. I spent the evening with dear Blanche."

John Read's marriage took place in this year. We had met some three years previously. I had been stationed in two corps in his division, then for a year I had been in Toronto in charge of a Home for inebriate Women, so we had had exceptional opportunities of being acquainted with each other. I had many chances of knowing his sterling character, his absorbing love to his God and passion to serve poor humanity.

We were married in the Temple on Wednesday, May 14th, before a large concourse of people, who thronged every inch of room, by Rev. John Salmon and Commander Ballington Booth, Commissioner Adams waving the Army colors over us during the ceremony.



## CHAPTER VII.

## EDITOR AND WRITER.

*"With the art of writing, of which printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. . . . The thing we call 'bits of paper with traces of black ink,' is the purest embodiment of thoughts a man can have. No wonder it is in all ways the activist and noblest."*—CARLYLE.

It was in May, 1892, that a series of papers entitled "Work and Warfare" were published in the Canadian *Cry*. They were articles describing the various Head-quarter Departments and were a clever "write-up" by one of our best journalists.

As the chapter depicting the editorial work brings out several of my husband's characteristics I give it almost complete. It shows his distaste and aversion to notoriety, the vein of natural merriment in his disposition, and reveals the precision of his methodical habits which made the great amount of work he accomplished possible.

The Editor may have been tired; he was certainly uncommunicative—very.

"Are you prepared to be interviewed?" said we.

He folded his arms on the table and buried his face on his elbow, amongst his literary surroundings in the attitude of a deeply convicted sinner.

"Go on," he answered in a sepulchral tone, that might have been mistaken for a groan.

"Will you kindly proceed to enlighten us as to the nature or character of your duties in connection with the Editorial Department for the benefit of the *War Cry* readers?" we continued.

"Oh, but this is excruciating," came in muffled tones from the inter-viewer's victim; "I don't know what to say."

Here Mrs. Read appeared to the rescue.

"Now, Johnnie, *don't*, do be sensible!" said she in accents in which the gently persuasive and the emphatically imperative were curiously united. "You know perfectly well; first there is all the original manuscript to be overlooked when it comes in; then all the arranging of the material for the *Cry*, and the proofs to be corrected, and the leading articles to be written."

"Yes," said the Editor, "and sometimes by the end of the day my eyes burn and ache after it all, while they feel as if they might drop out of their sockets. Go on. What next?"

We ventured to suggest that we wanted him to tell us. "Go on," we repeated, unrelentingly. He sighed again, but we managed to distinguish a few phrases among the muffled sounds from his elbow, apparently thus:

"Make a special point of writing to contributors—especially new ones—cheer them up, encourage them; good manuscript often so badly written—useless unless re-written and punctuated; dozens of stamps wasted; people will put a three-cent stamp where one cent would do. After the printers' proof has been corrected and sent down, it has to be revised again with peculiar printers' signs."

"Then the pictures, you know," again prompted Mrs. Read.

"All the illustrations, after the artist has sketched the idea, have to be arranged to correspond with the matter, and fitted into columns with the subjects to the very best advantage. Then when the cuts are done with they have to be filed away and numbered so that they may be just ready to hand when they are wanted again."

"Then there is the waste-paper basket too?"

"Yes, the waste-paper basket;" another groan. "Every morning that basket is carried down to the basement filled to overflowing with useless and done-with material. But no original manuscript ever goes into it unless it is absolutely beyond redemption, either by boiling down, or re-writing, or putting aside to ripen awhile, and even then it is not wasted, for it is emptied into the furnace to assist in heating the Temple."

"After the best manuscript has been selected, and the printers have set it up in type, and the first proof has been pulled and corrected, it is once more altered in the type and finally revised by the Editor, it descends again to the office of the Chief Secretary, who, after glancing through it and remarking to himself, "I wonder who 'Z G. X. is?'" signs his initials and passes it. "I am sure," said the Editor, at last raising his face and warming to his subject, "I am sure if there is any one under the sun needs praying for, it is *me*. If people don't believe it, I wish they would come and try it for themselves."

"That sounds as if you were hardly used, and you know you are not," continued Mrs. Read. "He reaches the office every morning



before seven, and leaves at five-thirty or six in the evening, often with a quantity of paper and proofs to attend to."

"What plan have you of arranging and systematizing all your numerous correspondence?" the interviewer inquired. "It must surely get into terrible confusion without a good deal of organizing?"

At last the Editor had revived and wore his every-day sunshiny expression.

"You see," said he, pointing to his desk and the shelves on the walls, "the space is divided into compartments, and lettered and numbered in each pigeon hole; all the various correspondence is classified and docketed as the postman brings it in; in this order you observe." We looked, and read in clear writing, on neat little labels all the divisions of his subjects. "So," he continued, "I know where to put my hand on everything exactly."

On entering the Editorial Office one of the first sights that greet you is, "Redeem the time," "God first," and other verses, and immediately above the desk the following motto, mounted and framed:

"It is Thine own, O God,  
Who toil while others sleep,  
And sow with patient care  
What other hands shall reap" —F. K.

"Don't write for the edification of the stars, nor yet for the intellectual taste of the great. Seek to fix on paper what will be the signal for the sight of some soul battling with the adversities of life, as you are yourself," wrote Commandant Booth once. John Read from the first wrote in this spirit. His own heart being possessed with a desire to "raise a signal" to all struggling humanity, he wrote in a terse, free style easily understood by all—just told out the thoughts as they flooded his own soul.

One of the secrets of his effectiveness in speaking and writing was the fact that he always made use of current events, spiritualizing them and making them do good service in his work. He often used them in "writing-up" various subjects for the *Cry*. I have pages of scrapbooks full of carefully preserved records of startling occurrences. I give an extract from one he wrote in June, 1892:

#### HORROR UPON HORROR.

Very suggestive words are these. They formed the heading of an article in a Toronto daily, issued on June 6th, and beneath it was the

record of an awful scene Titusville, U.S.A. Rain fell in a deluge, houses were inundated, buildings swept away, fire broke forth and spread at a rapid rate, in fact it was one of the most terribly disastrous visitations ever known. Hundreds lost their lives. The following is a very suggestive paragraph :

"OIL CITY.—Later ! A terrific explosion rent the air and the entire creek and hundreds of feet on each side seemed one mass of flame and smoke. The panic-stricken crowd shrieked madly in their efforts to escape. Women and children were trampled under foot. About half-a-mile northward from the post office, on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad, a tank filled with gasoline was standing on a siding. Some young men noticed that the tank was leaking, and seeing an engine approach, ran up the side of the hill where they turned and looking down as the engine passed, witnessed a fearful sight. A mass of flame shot a hundred feet into the air. The engineer and fireman were seen jumping from the cab, and it is supposed they were burned to death or killed by the force of the explosion. The flames swept madly over the entire upper part of the city. Men, women, and children who were moving from their houses were caught by the deadly flames, and if not burned to death, were drowned in the raging torrent. For miles up the creek on both sides everything is in ruins and hundreds of families have been rendered homeless. About one hundred dwellings have been destroyed by fire."

Awful and ghastly as this may have been there is still a more terrible day of doom coming on when the heavens shall roll back as a scroll, and the earth shall be melted with fervent heat. Seeing these things are to happen and knowing the terror of the law, we persuade men, we push them, we urge them to give up sin and prepare for the Judgment Day. Salvationists throughout the Dominion should snatch souls from the eternal burning, for the day of God's wrath is coming, and then, who shall stand ?

John Read's sympathies were always extended to the weak and unfortunate. He took a profound and practical interest in the Rescue Work, and early in its history in this country he pleaded its claims with burning appeals from his pen. While his heart throbbed with compassion for the oppressed he would not compromise with the oppressor. He did not spare them but, where opportunity offered, exposed evil-doers by voice and pen in scathing burning language. I quote from a strong article he wrote on one occasion :

A poor girl leaves the home of her childhood. The kiss is planted upon her cheek by father, mother, brothers and sisters. She faces the world with all its fascinations. Some hellish, human demon entraps her, allures her, betrays and ruins her, pushing her over the precipice of sin, misery and woe. Her life becomes blasted, her hopes vanish.

Agony seizes her. She tries to drown her conscience by drinking deeper and deeper of the cup of infamy and shame. Poor girl, she has fallen, and hot will be the hell awaiting the inhuman monster who caused all her sorrow. The same old tale, the same old scene is enacted over and over again. Daily, yea hourly, our poor sisters are being slain by the enemy. The wretches who cause their ruin may escape the hand of justice. Wealth, good worldly positions, fine clothes may cover up such base scoundrels for a time, but the Judgment bar must be faced. A pure, spotless, righteous judge will sit in judgment upon all these men, and if not made to pay the penalty of their crimes in this life they must hereafter, God will not be mocked. They shall reap what they have sown. The blood of these poor, fallen sisters will and must cry out against them. We write plainly 'tis true, and we only wish that the name of every scoundrel who has been guilty of such crimes could be nailed up to the telegraph poles of the city, town, or village in which he lives. What a revelation this would be! Excitement would run high. Horrified with wonder and awe, many would turn away from the sickening list as they looked upon the name or names of some influential business gentleman (?) men of high standing in society; men who possibly frequent the place of worship on God's holy day, for lots of these depraved men seek to cover their bestial conduct by a cloak of religion. Yes, this would be a startling revelation.

This very scene will be enacted before an assembled universe. God's justice will then be felt as never before, and all those who have covered up their vile acts will quail and tremble before the eyes of Him who has said that "Every secret sin shall be revealed." Terrible day of retribution this will be. We thank God for the great reckoning day. Doubtless thousands of such men are walking about in society with heads erect, palming themselves off as good (?) citizens, respectable (?) tradesmen, fit members (?) of society. Very few may know their real characters, but we rejoice in knowing that God, who sees just what they are, will deal with them for their treacherous sins and base deeds. The fact stares us in the face that even in this country, this Dominion of Canada, this land of philanthropy, religion and morality, there are numbers of poor outcast women and girls to be found on the streets of its cities and towns.

Then follows an earnest appeal to all to stretch out loving hands to rescue such heart-broken and wayward ones.

In another article on the great number of professors of Christ who are half-hearted and lukewarm, Staff-Captain Read says in part:

"Are there not many who stand on the outside of the battle, witnessing the bloody carnage, hearing the cries of the lost and wounded, gazing into the faces of the poor human wrecks which sin has defaced and disfigured, seeing their comrades in arms dying all around them, and yet amid all this they are inanimate, lifeless, indifferent, so uninterested that they make no effort whatever to take up the sword, rush

to the fray, and do their share in rescuing a poor needy world. A man of business, a worldly employer, hates the very appearance of laziness in any of his employees. I wonder how the Lord of Hosts feels as He sees the unfruitful, useless, powerless lives of some Christian soldiers? To all spiritual idlers I would say, 'Arouse from your state of lethargy, buckle on the armour, for Christ has died that you might have life, and that you might have it more abundantly.'

"Oh, ye, this-side-of-the-grave dead soldiers, awake! awake!! awake!!! 'If we have the Son we have life.' Here is the remedy for you: 'Pay the price, give up all to God, and get all from Him.' Of course, the devil troubles very little about the spiritually dead hirelings, because he is so certain of them, but get some life and then he'll tempt and harass, which is a real good sign.

"Now, all ye spiritual hirelings and dyspeptics, will you look at yourself, no matter how good you think you are. What does Jesus think of you? The Great Physician now is near, and the remedy is far better than this 'Elixer of Life' so recently discovered. Jesus never fails, He always cures. Come to Him in all your shaky, trembling state, and He will make you a strong, healthy, powerful, useful, spiritual man and woman. Hallelujah!"

"Wanted, hearts baptized with fire,  
Hearts completely cleansed from sin,  
Hearts that will go to the mire,  
Hearts that dare do aught for Him.  
Hearts that will be firmer, braver,  
Hearts like heroes gone before;  
Hearts enjoying God's full favor,  
Hearts to love Him more and more."

Not only was his life poured out during all those months at Headquarters in his journalistic work, but it had its influence upon those about him, his co-workers, those who were associated with him in the intimacy of blessed christian comradeship.

Sweet memories live in many hearts to-day of the morning knee-drill conducted for years at nine o'clock; of the noonday open-air led by the Editor, when in the dinner-hour the crowd paused a moment to hear soul-stirring testimonies of a present living Christianity.

How earnest John used to be! How he pleaded with the godless crowds in Army hall, street corner, everywhere,—I have seen him weep over them—beseeching, imploring them to flee from the wrath to come. He often spoke earnestly of the uncertainty of

life. "How will you meet God?" was the question he searchingly asked. "How will you meet God if you die to-night? Perhaps, sinner, backslider, you will be still and cold in death in twenty-four hours. How will you do in the swellings of Jordan?" Here is a little written appeal. It, of course, lacks the force and power with which his fiery, earnest personality used to clothe the messages he delivered and questions he asked, but it comes as a voice from one who to-day is proving the realities of the Great Future, and who has proved how truly death comes as a "thief in the night."

"Unsaved reader, will you in all earnestness of soul turn from your vileness and iniquity to-day, renounce forever the world and all its allurements, get the Lord to take your case in hand and save your soul, for 'In such an hour as ye think not death will come. God help you to do this, and do it now.'"

They were sweet, happy, useful days—that nearly five years spent at Toronto Headquarters.

Not only did my husband use his pen freely and take many public engagements, but he was ever ready to speak a word "in season or out of season." He was a great believer in speaking directly to everyone about their spiritual condition. If asked what was his strongest characteristic and the chief secret of his power, I would say, his unflinching courage in personal dealing, his faithfulness in always bringing those with whom he came in contact face to face with the responsibility and importance of a definite knowledge of their acceptance with God and the conscious realization of the Holy Spirit's witness.

Many of those to whom his memory is most precious are the people he lovingly warned when he thought they were straying or drifting from the paths of righteousness, and those with whose sorrows or difficulties he manifested a sincere sympathy. I have known those also who have been annoyed when he addressed them pointedly upon the topic which was ever near his heart and lips. One said to me a short time ago, "I used

to go away and weep after he talked so straight to me, but I am glad he did speak so, I am better for it now."

I have met many who with tears streaming down their cheeks have blessed him, and who to-day look back and say, "Yes, I am glad he ever dealt with me so earnestly about my soul's welfare."

He believed in a Gospel of hope for the hopeless, none were too far removed from purity, God and heaven—to his mind—to be beyond the reach of mercy through the atonement of Christ. He had a keen realization of the great cost to the Son of God in thus giving Himself and shedding His blood as a panacea for the sins and transgressions of a lost world.

In 1892-93 the Men's Social Department was first inaugurated in the Territory. There had been a procession of men out of work headed by the black flag, and there was great distress in the Queen City. Commissioner Adams had decided that some relief must be given at once, and immediately a soup kitchen was started in the Temple basement. Shortly after this the first Prison Gate Home was opened. Many poor men came to the Temple seeking amelioration, temporal and spiritual. It was no uncommon thing when an unhappy specimen of the needy crowd came shambling up the steps to "speak to the Captain,"—said Captain being the designation of the Salvation Army in general or any member of it in particular—to hear the remark:

Just go up to Staff-Captain Read—just off the third corridor to the left. He'll pray with you."

I have never known him either as Editor, Divisional Officer, Provincial Officer, or while occupying any other capacity, too busy to pray with anyone. Many touching stories I might tell of those blessed victorious days, but I will just mention two. Both are of men worsted in life's conflict by indulgence in the intoxicating cup.

One, a poor fellow who with shattered health, bleared

eyes and shabby clothes, stumbled into his office one day.

"Say, Captain, if it was not for what comes after I would plunge into that bay yonder," indicating with his hand the Toronto Harbor to the south.

The man was in despair, had no hope for time or eternity, but a new ambition was created in his breast before he left that little room, and he was lovingly pointed to the Lamb of God who "takes away the sin of the world."

The second is of even deeper interest:

One morning a fine, intelligent young fellow came into the Editor's busy room. His face bore evidences of the great mental struggle through which he had been passing.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I want you to pray for me."

Then he told, amid signs of intense remorse, the cause of his downfall—for he was a drunkard and convict. Strong drink, too, in his case was the cause of all the disappointment that had come into his own life and blighted his brightest prospects, destroyed his fondest hopes, and whitened his mother's hair prematurely. Inebriety had led him into violation of his country's laws, and, in consequence, incarceration in a prison cell. So desperate had he felt, that once during his imprisonment he had attempted to end his own existence. Fortunately for him, the guard had come to his iron bars just in time to cut the strip of blanket with which he was trying to hang himself, and saved his life. Shame and regret followed this rash attempt to plunge himself into eternity, and he made up his mind to seek divine power as soon as he had an opportunity to do so.

Staff-Captain Read had rendered some little kind service to his mother, and the son, therefore, as soon as released from prison, rushed to the Temple to ask his mother's benefactor to pray for him. It was a struggle, his enemy had so long held sway, but pens

and papers were laid aside, and the members of the *War Cry* staff pleaded for his soul. At last he triumphed, he rose from the chair at which he knelt a free man in Christ Jesus.

He was very grateful for the interest manifested in his welfare, and made a little horse-hair watchguard as a token of his gratitude. It is one of the most precious treasures given me by my dear husband, and has been worn ever since, reminding me whenever I look at it of the marvellous power that emancipates from the thralldom of debasing appetites, and of the consecrated devotion of one who in the rush of the most important duties, was always ready to offer a petition for and "lend a hand" to the rescuing of human derelicts tossing on sin's turbulent ocean.

"He who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's palm,  
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm."

—F. R. H.





## CHAPTER VIII.

## HOME LIFE.

*JOYS OF HOME.*

*"Sweet are the joys of home  
And pure as sweet; for they  
Like dew of morn and evening come,  
To make and close the day.*

*Life's charities, like light,  
Spread smilingly afar;  
But stars approached, become more bright,  
And home is life's own star.*

*The pilgrim's step in vain  
Seeks Eden's sacred ground!  
But in home's holy joys again  
An Eden may be found."*

—JOHN BOWRING.

A little blue silk banner, emblazoned with gilt letters, now much faded, has hung upon the walls of our home ever since it was first established on the 14th of May, 1890. It bears the simple inscription: "The Kingdom First," a motto which has meant much in the formation of character in at least two lives.

About ten or eleven years ago, in a large Council of Officers in Toronto, Commissioner Coombs talked with special unction upon the responsibility resting upon all present in their relationship to their work in the Army and their interest in building up Christ's earthly kingdom. Many, in fact the majority of the listeners, were young and inexperienced—mere "girls and boys," and the Commissioner laid down the lines of definite consecration in a manner that was unmistakable in its clear-cut, emphatic truth. He took for

the subject of his remarks the text: "Seek first the Kingdom of God," abbreviating the verse to the concise motto, "The Kingdom First."

Kneeling before God, unconscious of the hundreds of kneeling forms about me—many of whom were doubtless entering into a similar contract—I made those words the watchword of my life, making up my mind that their spirit and purport should be the actuating motive controlling and directing every future step.

When we were married—even earlier in our history than that, when we became engaged—those three words were chosen by us unitedly to express the principle that was to be adhered to in the government of our lives, public or private. We never anticipated that our consecration on this point would be tested as for years it was. We hoped that we might spend all our days in the companionship and fellowship of each other's society. But our lives were given to God first, then to each other.

That was what we understood by the solemn covenant upon which we entered when, before three thousand people, we were married on the platform of the Temple under the folds of the flag of yellow, red and blue.

From two or three typical letters from my fiancée, an idea may be formed as to the way he looked upon our union and the future, and show also that his ever living, burning desire was to give the interest of God's work the pre-eminence in our lives.

I was leading some special meetings on behalf of the Rescue Work in Windsor and Essex in April, 1890, and in writing to me he said:

"I am so much rejoiced at the great success of your meetings at Windsor. I do continue to bear you up to the Throne, dearest. I sent you a *War Cry*, did you like it? A wire from the Commissioner says he is so pleased with it and thinks it a beauty. So do I, and give glory to Jesus. . . . Oh! I do want to be more than ever useful in God's service, and, I am sure, darling, that you will be a great blessing

and help to me. In fact, we'll live to help each other, so that God shall have the benefit of our united lives."

An extract from a letter a few days later :

"MY DEAREST BLANCHE,—'The Lord, thy God, He it is that goeth before thee to fight thy battles for thee.'

"Of course, we have both proved this times without number, have we not? April 5th! How quickly the time is going by, and how near the day of our happiness is drawing. Oh! my continued prayer is, dear Blanche, that, whereas we have been useful to God in the past, we shall be doubly so in the future. I am sure we shall, for in counselling and helping each other we shall be so much more materially pushing ahead the battle. . . . The war is so real and earnest that we dare not lag, but we must be all alive and all on fire for the salvation of the millions who, as yet, know nothing of a Jesus who can and will save them. Union is and shall be to us great strength."

Again, May 6th, in a note to me at home :

"MY DARLING,—I have not felt very well to-day. Had chilly, trembling feeling, but no doubt it will wear off and I shall be all right.

. . . . I have been hard at it to-day doing my level best for Jesus, and He has come to my aid. Because He is at my right hand I have not been moved. . . . Captain Laird's funeral was the most impressive and solemn cortege I ever gazed upon—will tell you about it to-night. . . . As far as I know now my whole strength of soul and mind shall be devoted to bless and help you so long as life shall last.

"Darling, I am more than ever confident Jesus shall be *King of our home*. He shall preside at the table. His presence shall continually be felt, and the Ebenezer altar shall daily be reared. . . . Shall be up about 7 or 7.30. . . . I am getting my work well ahead for next week. . . .

"Love to dear mother, father and all the rest.

"In haste."

Ever your true, loving JOHNNIE.

A week before the day of our marriage, in a note, he said :

"As far as I am concerned, darling, I will make the devil tremble more than ever after our marriage, and whenever I look into your dear face and eyes I read there such a determination to spread broadcast the glorious news of the salvation of God. Therefore, with such a union, what great things we ought to accomplish in the name of Jesus. With you lifting up my arms and with me holding up yours, mighty battles shall be fought and mighty victories shall be gained. 'The Kingdom first and only' shall ever be our motto, and we shall go forward fearing nothing."

Adjutant Will Veale (promoted to heaven three

months after) with my sister, Miss Ella Goodall, supported us on the platform at our wedding. In writing to Adjutant Veale respecting this little service, he says :

“I do believe, dear Will, this union is divinely arranged, and that we shall unitedly be a blessing to each other and to the War.”

These few paragraphs show the trend of John's desire, and from the first we strove to attain to our ideal in this respect. We helped each other and shared each other's burdens, and were very happy in our mutual confidence, our love to God and our beloved Army service.

From his diary after our marriage :

WEDNESDAY, July 16, 1890.—Got to work at 7.30. This was a grand day to my soul. Oh, how sweet my work has been, Jesus has stood by me and helped me so much. Is He not at my right hand? Dear Blanche cheered my little office by her sweet presence. . . . I did quite a bit of literary work to-night with my Blanche working with me at the same table. Hallelujah to Jesus forever. Oh, how good God is!

THURSDAY, July 17, 1890.—Up early this morning and went to work with a good heart. Dear Blanche kissed me good-bye. I love her more and more. Jesus is such a divine reality to me. Bless His dear Name, He's the Lily of the Valley to my soul. I had a letter from Commissioner Adams to-day, also one from Staff-Captain W. Pearce, of Australia. Both cheered me very much. Dear Blanche had such a nice supper ready for me to-night, and I enjoyed it, too. Both worked together with a will after supper at the special *Rescue Cry*. God has been so good to me. I cannot help but love Him for all His goodness.

FRIDAY, July 18, 1890.—The dear Lord was all around me manifesting Himself to me in a wonderful way. I wrote to Commissioner Adams to-day. In fact, it was a day of great blessing to my soul. I got to work at 7.30

After supper Captain Carpenter, on behalf of the Headquarters Officers, gave us a pleasant surprise by bringing in a beautiful valise for a wedding present. Just what we needed. The War Office Staff presented it. God bless them!

So the months rolled by. I remember saying to my husband one day (we had been married a year and a half then):

“It seems as if everyone has trouble and sorrow except ourselves. There is no cloud across our sky,

and our lives seem to flow on without a ripple to disturb them."

There came a sad day afterwards. A dark shadow had crossed the threshold of our peaceful little home, and a tiny grave in Mount Pleasant marked the cause of our loneliness and tears. My dear husband wept bitterly in his disappointment, for he passionately loved children, but he knelt in prayer and said: "Our hearts are torn, but we feel, Lord Jesus, it is Thy will—we bow to it."

I will again reluctantly draw aside the curtain, and by a few extracts from his letters and diaries give a passing glimpse into the sacred privacy of our home life as he revealed it by his pen, feeling sure that our life was typical of the lives of thousands of Army Officers throughout the ranks of the world-wide Salvation Army.

From his diary early in 1891 :

THURSDAY, Jan. 8, 1891.—I cannot thank God enough for His gift to me in my Blanche. I came into the office singing "I have loved and lived with Jesus for many a year," confident of a day of great victory. Jesus is good to my soul. Dear Blanche visited the Childrens' Shelter, and we both went to the Prison Gate Home for a meeting with the ex-prisoners. God bless them. Had a very precious time with Captain and Mrs. Dawson talking over the Salvation War. We went to the Home full of faith. One dear fellow knelt at the Cross and cried for mercy. Oh, how our hearts were cheered. We got home at 11 30, very tired, but thankful that God had helped us to do something for Him. Hallelujah!

FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1891.—I left the office early to-day and got home to dinner with dear Blanche. Chopped wood, read copy for *War Cry* and *Young Soldier* and enjoyed it. Darling Blanche had a fearful headache (neuralgia), she suffered much during the night but the dear Lord sustained her. It made me heart-sick to see her suffer so. . . . My way is illuminated by the Cross of Calvary. Light has come into heart and joy and peace.

MONDAY, Jan. 12, 1891.—We got to the Brampton depot in time for the early train. Reached the city at nine. I got to the office at 10.50, after having lit the fires for dear Blanche. I felt so refreshed for the day's work after the Sunday's fight. Blanche came down to the city to-day. In all my work I found Jesus to be so near at hand. God blessed Joe (sub-Editor) and me at noon knee-drill.

THURSDAY, Jan. 15, 1891.—Dear Blanche went out visiting to-day and had a good time with Staff-Captain Mrs. Fisher. I worked very hard indeed to-day but the dear Lord blessed me in all that I put my hand to. Blanche and I left the Temple together for Dovercourt Road (mother's home) where we had tea. It is good to dwell together in unity. Oh, that I may daily grow into His likeness. God has enabled me to walk before him blameless to-day. My labor has been sweet. Glory be to God forever!

THURSDAY, Jan. 22, 1891.—I left the office early (noon) because I wanted to go to the depot with dear Blanche who went to Laurel *en route* for Shelbourne (to Mrs. Gray). The house feels so lonely without her. After she had gone by the 5 p. m. train I went down to the office and got the *Young Soldier* ready for the printers' hands and got home at 9 30 p. m.

MONDAY, Feb. 2, 1891.—To-night I went up to the Children's Shelter. Dear Blanche had been there all day and I so much enjoyed the visit. The picture of the dear little children as they sang, prayed and spoke was beautiful in the extreme. I shall not soon forget it.

THURSDAY, Feb. 12, 1891.—This was a good day to my soul. After working hard all day darling Blanche and I went to Mother Florence's to tea. Then Blanche went over to the Rescue Home to a meeting and I met her and together we went to our little home on Cross Street. Oh, what a blessing to have clothes to wear and a roof to cover one and every other good gift. Hallelujah forever! Miss Neal and dear Blanche went collecting for soup kitchen this afternoon.

FRIDAY, Feb. 13, 1891.—Soup given away at the Temple. Dear Blanche was down to-day and helped me with the reading of the proofs. Brigadier Margetts came in to talk over the matter about Staff-Captain Ashton staying at our house. We were only too pleased to accede to his request. . . . How we rejoiced at seeing the dear men fed at the Temple. They enjoyed the soup. . . . Our dear Commissioner will get rewarded for his kindness.

WEDNESDAY, June 17, 1891.—God is such a loving, living, divine reality to my soul. My dear Blanche came in to-day and I felt it good to see her. Oh, how precious Jesus is. He leads me every day, He does carry all my burdens all along the narrow way. Mr. Goodall's birthday to-day. All the family were at home to tea. He got a good easy chair for his birthday gift. He seemed so pleased to have us there. God bless him! How good it is to cheer other people. Dr. Elliott, an old friend of Mr. Goodall's came in to see him. Oh, how good God is!

FRIDAY, Jan. 15, 1892.—Both dear Blanche and I have felt very much of the joy that comes through working for Jesus. He carries all our burdens all along the narrow way. Bless His dear name. We were so very busy this evening that we could not go to the usual Headquarters meeting. However the dear Lord blessed us while proof-reading. Everything in Jesus, all complete I stand. We did not reach home (12 Cross Street) until nine o'clock to-night having put in a long hard day for the Master.

John Read was always a strong believer in the Divine call of womanhood to share in building up the walls of the Spiritual Jerusalem. He was sure that she had a mission to fulfill and was always delighted to see her try and do it, and was ever ready to encourage the trembling members of the "weaker sex" to make the most of every privilege and opportunity of doing so.

From the earliest days of our wedded life he was always willing, when the duties of my position made it necessary, for me to go from home on tours in connection with my work. I was appointed Rescue Secretary for the Dominion in 1891, and he thus writes of one of my early campaigns:

TUESDAY, Jan. 26, 1892 —Up bright and early this morning. Dear Blanche went off on her tour starting at Parkdale station to Stroud. I went with her to the depot to see her off, praying that the dear Lord will give her a wonderful time all round. We believe He will. Oh, how good He is! I really feel very lonely seeing that my dear wife is gone, but it is all for Jesus' sake, he will help me in all things whatsoever I do.

From a letter written the next day:

"Now, dear, I am very anxious indeed to know the result of the Barrie meetings as soon as you get through with them. Is there anything I could send you? I shall get you one of those copying books as soon as possible so that you can keep a correct copy of all your letters. This will be a big boon to you. Now, darling, I really do feel lonely, more so than I thought, but Jesus is with us both and He will carry us right through till we meet again. I have received a letter from Captain Jones, of Owen Sound, saying that he wants a list of the meetings so that I will make one out and send it to you for correction, and then you can send it to him. Oh, I wish I could see you, dearie, but we must suffer this cross for Jesus' sake. I do feel that God is going to give you great victories all round. I shall pray much for it.

"Cadet House (my Secretary) was in this morning asking if you left any message. I advised her to write to the ministers at Owen Sound as she did to the others, and I will tell Captain Jones when writing to-day. We must make these meetings a big success. God will help us. I have not had any proofs of your Rescue Book yet but may have some before night. Rest assured, dear, you shall get a first copy, also proof of next eight pages of the *Cry*. Now, I am anxiously looking for more news from you, don't fail to write and let me know what you want."

Another peep or two into the sweet, happy home-life:

MONDAY, April 18, 1892.—We all went up to mother's at Dovercourt road to-night, a farewell to dear Frank and Annie. We had a precious little time together, and then Blanche and I, Hamie and Millie went down to the Depot with them to see them off to Ottawa, Montreal and Boston. We committed them to the Lord in the front parlor at Dovercourt road. God is going with them to dark Africa.

FRIDAY, May 6, 1892.—I came home early this afternoon, being tired and worn out. Dear Blanche also came home. At six dear mother came to supper and we spent a very pleasant time together. It is good for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head of Aaron.

And when the great sorrow and disappointment of our lives came, and my brave husband had to abandon the travelling in the North-West Province almost entirely, he was always anxious for me to be at the front. It was a source of great comfort to him that I was able to be much on the field, though it often meant leaving him in his very weak condition. And for the last three years, since I have been Secretary to Field Commissioner Miss Booth for the Women's Social Department, and he, gradually through failing health, has had to relinquish one responsibility after another, he has often said to me: "What a blessing that you can go on with the War. It is bad enough for me to be unable to take my place—I am glad you can still be engaged in the work."

When I have protested and expressed my great reluctance to leave him in times of suffering, he has always insisted: "No, no—never mind me, I shall be all right."

There is one thing I want to say in recognition of the wonderful Father-love as well as God-love shown towards us by the Lord. That until my last absence from home in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, in June, 1898, my dear husband never had a serious relapse of his malady while I was away from his side. Blessed Providence!



With a few quotations from his diaries and his letters to me, I must again draw the curtain over the most powerful evidence of John Read's consecration to the salvation of souls and the work of the Army, and leave the unwritten record of his self-sacrificing love to his God and his fellow-men until that day when the "Book of Remembrance" will be opened and every good work shall be revealed; and men shall be rewarded according as their deeds have been.

Diaries :

SATURDAY, May 28, 1898.—This has been a busy and notable day. Blanchie was so busy getting ready for her Eastern journey. Things went a little crooked, but it was all right in the end. She got off all O.K. I got a bit flurried—re the trunk key. We went to 145 for tea. Then mother, Ella, Bert, Ada and myself, went to the depot to see her off at 9.30. She felt it much. So did I. Mizpah. I was tired to-night

MONDAY, May 30, 1898.—Blanchie at Montreal all day. I felt fairly well to-day. I took Violet down to 145 once. She does enjoy it so much, she feels so well and strong. I felt fairly well, but have some bad symptoms at times. Lord help me and heal me! Again I wrote to Blanche. God is my refuge, Heaven is my home. Ella here again to-night. Lord lay Thy hand upon me. Do! Do! Do! Do!

MONDAY, June 6, 1898.—Blanche at St. John, N.B. I have been at home all day. Took Violet across to 145 this afternoon. My pain is a bit easier. My new medicine Peruviana came from the States to-day—express 90c., duty \$2.50, car fare 10c.—terribly expensive! Lord, may it do me good. I sincerely hope it will. Got a letter from Blanche to-day, also one from Ensign Pugh. I wrote to Blanche. She is having a good time. Bless her heart!

FRIDAY, June 17, 1898.—I wrote to Blanche, got a wire from her to-day in relation to her going to Newfoundland. I wired her to go by all means.

He also wrote me :

"Now, with regard to your going to Newfoundland, by all means, dearie, make your plans to go. You must keep up your spirits and be careful to take care of your health, for you will need all your strength when you get to Newfoundland. Be sure and give them my love, and tell them how much I should like to come there and live and die with them. I would gladly come if I had my health back again. Dear old Newfoundland!"

Also on June 7th he wrote :

"Time goes on slowly but surely. It is a long time yet ere we shall see your face again. We talk so much about you and pray for you. I

am fairly well for me, but not what I want to be, being very weak indeed at times. It is rather lonely here at home, too, with you away, but I must bear it like a man. Dear little Violet has been over at 145 nearly all the morning with Gracie, and Emma has just gone to get her, so that she may have her sleep in the afternoon. She is such an interesting little darling, and so good. I am feeling quite sick to-day. Hope it will wear off. Have just written a letter to the Colonel saying I am not so well. However, dear, do not trouble, I am in the dear Lord's hands, who doeth all things well.

"Hope you have had a good time in Moncton, and that the rest of your tour will be much blessed of God.

"Adjutant Page is not back yet. It will not seem so lonely when the Adjutant returns home. These separations would be unbearable did we not feel they were for the sake of Jesus. This is how I feel at least. Love beareth all things, endureth all things, so that if we have love, as we have, we must bear up and endure hardship as good soldiers. It is far better than living only a selfish life."

That was ever his desire. He certainly proved in his home life the possibility of giving his Lord in all things the pre-eminence.



## CHAPTER IX.

## NEWFOUNDLAND WARFARE.

*“ My life is not my own but Christ’s, who gave it,  
And He bestows it upon all the race;  
I lose it for His sake and thus I save it ;  
I hold it close but only to expend it ;  
Accept it Lord for others through Thy Grace.”*

“ Read, I am thinking of giving Mrs. Read and yourself a change of work.”

So spoke Commandant Booth as we sat in his office after being pre-emptorily summoned for an important interview.

“ Yes, sir, at your service,” replied the Editor, for though he loved his *War Cry* work he had often expressed a hope that at some future day we might have an appointment in the field.

“ I want you to take charge of Newfoundland, Mrs. Read will have an opportunity of doing some rescue work there also,” the Commandant added, he thought, and correctly too, that this information would add to the attraction of the new command.

“ Can you go at once ? When can you be ready ? Staff-Captain McIntyre has brought away his wife on account of her health and has offered to return alone for the winter, but I cannot allow him to make that sacrifice, and I want you to take hold of the Self-Denial Scheme at once.”

Further conference took place with the result that we left Toronto for the Sea-girt Isle on the 1st of October. Staff-Captain Read's journal entry for the day of this appointment is as follows :

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 21, 1892.—Up with the lark, so grateful to God for His goodness to me. My soul is all in a flame with His divine love and smile. I have by His grace lived this day alone for Him. Saw the Commandant for a long time *re* Newfoundland. Yet another step in our lives. Oh, how good God is ! Never shall I forget the prayer he prayed in his room. God be with us in power. Went up to Dovercourt Road to-night to tell the news of our appointment. Of course, dear mother took the prospect of separation very hard. Hamie and Millie both happened to be there at the same time.

We naturally felt badly leaving Headquarters. For nearly five years we had been stationed there. We loved our comrades, had enjoyed many blessed victories, and much happy fellowship and sweet communion with them. Then we had seen the good ship "Salvation Army" pass through some severe storms of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The ship's timbers had strained, trembled and quivered before the mighty rolling waves, but gallantly she had bent her prow to their surging force and triumphantly ridden the highest water mountain.

Army links of comradeship and affection are not easily sundered and especially under such circumstances of testing.

Then there were the dear home friends graciously lent us, for those few years, to be left behind, and, altogether the separation had its underlying cross. But we had heard much of the devotion of the Newfoundland troops and rushed forward with bright anticipations for glorious conquests in the name of our King.

At that time Newfoundland was not as easy of access as at the present time and we arrived in Sydney, C.B. after travelling day and night to find our steamer had left an hour-and-a-half previously. There was nothing to do but wait patiently for a "Tramp"

steamer to convey us to our destination. After watching two weeks at Sydney for a chance we sailed from Cow Bay for Newfoundland.

The first thing that impressed us as we stepped upon the steamer's deck in St. Johns harbor and waited for the doctor to come aboard, was the sound of hammers verbrating and re-verbrating among the rocks causing them to ring again with the unusual sound of industry.

The sight of the city as it stretched away to the right was one not easily obliterated from one's memory. A great devastating fire had swept across the greater part of it the previous July, and all that remained of some of its finest edifices were charred ruins and the temporary buildings being erected.

As the traveller approaches St. Johns, the capital, he cannot but be impressed with the picturesque appearance of its wonderful natural harbor. In the lofty iron-bound coast there suddenly presents itself to the voyager an opening in the rocky wall, as if by some convulsion of nature the rampart had been rent assunder and the ocean had come rushing in. Great dark-red sandstone mountains piled in masses on a grey slatstone foundation, guard the entrance on either side. Away to the right of the "Narrows" is an almost perpendicular precipice, on the highest summit of which rises the crest of "Signal Hill," five hundred feet above sea-level, where stands the block-house for signalling vessels approaching the harbor. On the left side the hill is even higher, and at its rocky base a promontory juts out. On the highest point the lighthouse is stationed. It is a scene of sublimity not surpassed along the coast. Formerly batteries armed with formidable guns rose amid the clefts of these rocks, but the garrison has been withdrawn and the cannon removed. In ten minutes after leaving the wide sea, the steamer is safely moored in the calm waters of a perfectly land-locked harbor. My dear husband used this fact as an illustration once.

and wrote a stirring article upon the subject, an extract from which I cull in passing :

UNUSED FORTS AND POOR BACKSLIDERS.

"Many have heard of that narrow neck of water leading into the St. Johns, N F., Harbor, called "The Narrows" On either side rises steep precipitous walls of weather-beaten rock. In one or two of the niches of these rocks are still to be found the remains of what were once strong fortresses. The small ramparts are still there. The rails on which the guns used to revolve are there, but in a rusty condition. So narrow is this piece of water that it would be a sorry day for a man-o'-war to attempt an entrance to this land-locked harbor, provided the fortifications are strong and good. But they are not. Cannons have been removed; soldiers have been withdrawn; rampart walls are tottering and decaying, and with ease could an enemy sail into the quiet harbor, unless troop ships happened to be on hand, open fire on and bombard the Colony's Capital, and cause bloodshed, ruin and death on every hand. What a useless, powerless thing is an unfortified fortress! Such is the St. Johns Narrows.

"What about an unfortified soul? Such is the soul of the poor backslider. Once his heart was strong; once he had power to resist and repel the strongest temptation. Though an host encamped against him, he feared not, because his armour was bright and his weapons were strong. He was strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Thus he conquered. Now all is changed. The cannons of his soul have been removed; the ramparts have tottered; his soul is black with despair; temptations overcome him. He yields to every foe, and the ruin is complete. The devil's canonade has wrought terrible work; the city is spoiled, and onward to despair he speeds, by his influence and by his unholy life, taking thousands of others with him. Poor backslider!

"What about the great army of backsliders? Like shattered hulks they strew the shores of time; they hinder poor sinners from coming to the Cross; like waves of the sea they are driven and tossed, hungry, starving, miserable and destitute, veritable stumbling blocks to those who desire to be saved."

Newfoundland is the oldest colonial possession of the British Crown, and occupies an important place in the marine world. Anchored off the American Continent, and stretching right across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, reaching out its farthest point towards the Eastern Hemispheres, it forms, as it were, a stepping-stone between the Old World and the New, and has been marked out by many as the probable future

travel route between the two Hemispheres. Its coasts are penetrated deeply by the mighty Atlantic, and some of its bays, coves and inlets make fine harbors for the protection of the fisher-folks' craft. Miles of rocky walls, from two hundred to three hundred feet high in some places, with little verdure crowning their summits, form its iron-bound coasts. Dark, massive cliffs, magnificent in their grandeur, defend the Island from the watery battalions which madly rush upon it, driven by the pressure of the storm. Here and there dark green forests dot the shores and hamlets. The fisher folk line them with their "stages" and "fish-flakes" for landing and drying codfish. The towns and villages are situated chiefly on the coast line, the interior as yet being little cultivated, but travellers and explorers inform us there are vast resources for agricultural purposes in the large tracts of excellent land not yet utilized.

The general physique of the Newfoundlanders impresses one with the fact that they are a healthy, robust race. No doubt the various occupations engaged in by the majority is answerable for this, which also testifies to the purity of the air and the invigorating breezes which blow so freshly from the salt water bed in which the country lies. Employed as they are, mainly in open-air pursuits, they are an energetic and courageous people, and as they have freer access to educational advantages, are also competing successfully with the foremost of other lands.

The principal industries of the Island, as is well known, are the cod fisheries, seal fisheries and the copper and iron mines.

While some, of course, are engaged in cultivating the land and, in mercantile undertakings, the majority of the people depend upon the sea for their livelihood. The sea is their bountiful mother. It is also the tomb of many of their loved ones. Stories of wreck and

peril oftentimes form the topic of conversation round the fisherman's fireside on a winter's night as the sound of the ocean's distant roar falls upon their ears.

Newfoundland's cod-fisheries are more extensive than any others. Authority tells us that the Arctic current, which washes the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, chilling the atmosphere and bearing on its bosom huge ice-argosies, is the source of the vast fish wealth which has been drawn on for ages, and which promises to continue for ages to come. The men go away by the thousands to "The Banks" and Labrador in the spring time, sometimes taking their wives and little ones with them. In such cases they live in temporary houses, and the wives help in curing and drying the fish. When the wives stay at home they attend to the garden and the home, and at the end of the summer they have a nice store of vegetables for the winter, and watch eagerly for the return of husband and son. If the season has been successful and they reach home in safety with their vessel full of "quintals" of fish, it is a time of great rejoicing, and in the homes of the Salvationists, of thanksgiving and praise to the God who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand. While the season lasts the work is incessant and laborious.

Earlier in the season—in February and March—these hardy toilers hie them away to the sealing stations. The steamers are equipped for the accommodation of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, with great spaces in the ship's hold for the seal-oil, etc. They leave the city and various out-harbors, and steer away northward till they reach the icy wilderness, which, agitated by the swell of the Atlantic, threatens destruction to all invaders. But these hunters are quite fearless among the bergs. They are quite accustomed to do battle with the floes and crashing ice-mountains, and undauntedly dash



into the ice whenever an opening presents itself, in search of their prey.

The surface of the ice-field is rugged and broken rising frequently to steep hillocks and ridges. In fact, as the Ancient Mariner tells us :

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around ;  
It cracked and growled and roared and howled,  
Like voices in a swound.”

Under the pressure of the raging storm, it sometimes happens that the ice is “rafted,” as the sealers call it—that is, the fragments which are dashed up by the upheavals of the surging waves are piled in layers, one over the other, to the height of forty feet, being lifted by the swell and hurled as if from catapults.

How fearful the condition of the unfortunate vessel that comes within the range of these terrible missiles ! Sometimes the gigantic ice-berg takes part in the fray, and with the roaring of the blinding snow-storm, a scene of great confusion ensues. Happily these raging storms are not of very frequent occurrence. The sea is mostly at rest, and then the ice-fields present a scene of marvellous beauty.

Beneath the mild light of the moon aided by the glittering stars and flickering aurora, are the glories revealed, especially after a wild storm. An immense curtain of light spreads the sky like a huge canopy, waving its changing colors of every imaginable tint from side to side of the great overarching dome.

The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Sealskin boots, reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole ; a strong canvas jacket is worn over warm woollen under garments. A sealskin cap, and tweed and moleskin trousers complete the costume, which is the most picturesque. They endure the severest hardships, and are often eight or ten weeks without seeing the land. Their food is of the plainest, consisting chiefly of biscuit, pork, tea and “duff.”

They also use the fresh flesh of the seal, this being highly conducive to health and a safeguard against scurvy. There is usually very little sickness among them, and they return home well and hearty after their trying and arduous labor.

This then was the country and these the people whom we went with loving eagerness to serve.

We were immediately at home with these warm-hearted enthusiastic folk, and just after our arrival, before the winter season made travelling from the northern part of the island an impossibility, we had our first Officers' Council. I wrote my dear mother in Toronto a description of this from "my point of view":

"Johnnie is in the midst of rush these days. The officers are coming in from all directions to the council which will really commence on Friday by a welcome tea. There are in all, I think, about sixty besides the new cadets coming. Johnnie is seeing them all personally before the meetings and then on business after the council is over. I have seen quite a few of the officers and they gave me a real cordial welcome.

"I am sure you will be glad to know they seem to want us, dear mother.

"I am having a meeting with the girls on Monday, I want to be a blessing to them, they do need someone. One Lieutenant has told me to-day she has been alone four months, and has been stationed in a place where she had to walk twenty miles to get a boat to bring her here. This place is two hundred miles away, so you see they do need a little encouragement, do they not?

"The little mission boat, 'Glad Tidings,' is in. They have had a good summer. The Captain is coming here to-morrow to be 'interviewed' so watch for a report in the *War Cry*. I have not seen the boat but may go down to the harbor some day soon. I am sending a local paper with a notice about it, also two others giving an account of the "Deep Sea Mission" or work on the Labrador coast. I thought papa might like to read it and it will give you an idea of the hardships some of our poor soldiers have to endure."

It was not long before my dear husband was on the field conducting meetings, cheering our own workers and making arrangements for new-openings in some of the out-harbors. The first great effort was the piloting of our yearly Self-Denial scheme.

The dear officers, soldiers and friends toiled with dauntless energy and a glorious achievement was the

result. I could fill a book with stories touching and beautiful of the sacrifice of these dear Newfoundlanders.

During the month of January, 1893, Commandant Booth visited the Island and conducted gatherings unprecedented in the history of the Army there.

Many volumes might be filled with the interesting events of those useful and active months of my husband's warfare in Newfoundland. However, I cannot pass on without mentioning one or two occasions similar to experiences which are the ordinary occurrences in the lives of the devoted Army warriors in the island we loved so much.

It was his first visit to the west coast which is most difficult of access. He desired to visit a place named Garnish.

The only way he could reach it was from the coast, by walking twenty miles across a bleak, barren country, but he had promised to go, and they had so few visitors in that isolated spot. Nothing daunted his ardor or deterred him from carrying out his plans. When he thought, too, of the disappointment of the dear folks there, he made up his mind to attempt the journey. The way was very rough and there had been a heavy fall of snow previously. After two miles of most trying pedestrianism they stopped at the one little lonely cottage in this deserted locality to hire, if possible, a horse and sleigh. The little Newfoundland pony was, however, unequal to the task of plodding through the snow, and, after a short distance, they had to return him to his owner. There was only two alternatives—retrace their steps, or walk the remaining seventeen or eighteen miles. But they were not of the "turning-back" nature; the comrades of Garnish must not be disappointed, to Garnish they would go. After the first few miles, my husband had to lift one foot after another with the assistance of his hands. The last

two or three miles his strength failed altogether, and the kind, brave men accompanying him carried him between them. They arrived at Garnish, but the Staff-Captain could not stand on his feet, so led the soldiers meeting and talked to the Salvationists, lying upon the sofa in the officers' quarters.

The soldiers had a regular Newfoundland time of rejoicing, singing and dancing to the accompaniment of his concertina.

As a result of this experience, he lost his toe-nails, and I have seen him walk the floor hour after hour with the agony of the pain which kept him from sleeping after each of his walking expeditions. These things he never mentioned to any one, for it was a delight to visit the appreciative people all over the Island.

The dear officers in the different outports constantly walk these lengthy distances to their appointments, but my husband was unaccustomed to it, and evidently was not strong enough to stand it. He was storm-bound two weeks at this time, as the sea was too tempest-tossed on the west coast for the mail boats even to anchor outside the harbor of Burin and Grand Bank.

My husband was a great believer in visitation—going to people in their own homes—not so much for a social chat as to hold direct conversations with those visited on subjects of soul-interest. Whenever in a position to do this, it was always his pleasure to visit either sick, sad or sinful. In Newfoundland he visited much in the moments between travelling, correspondence and meetings. I will give just one of his many personal reminiscences :

“In one house we entered a mother had lost a husband and two sons. Early one morning she wished them good-bye, but they have never returned, nor will she see them until ‘the greedy sea will yield up her dead.’ They went seal-hunting, but were drowned during a fierce snow-storm which sprang up in a few minutes. No wonder this dear mother liked to be visited in her loneliness and sorrow.”

He referred to this sort of thing frequently in his diaries. While visiting Trinity Bay on April 26, 1893, he says :

“ Had a good spiritual time round the breakfast table this morning Glory ! My soul was richly blessed as I walked around the village and visited six families with Captain Freeman and his Lieutenant Oh, how hungry and starving people are for things of eternity ! Many un-saved ones we found in the houses we visited.”

SATURDAY, April 29, 1893.—Oh, my soul got blessed this morning as I went with the officers and visited several homes. Such harrowing tales of sorrow and woe were poured into our ears of the losses by water. What a place Newfoundland is !

Another reference to this tour :

MONDAY, May 1, 1893.—Very cold day indeed. Captain Freeman and I started out for Catalina, a distance of eighteen miles. First mile on water in an open boat, very rough. Oh, what a terrible walk was that journey ! After going eleven miles came to a half-way house into which we entered, made a fire and got warmed, then went on again, arriving at Catalina at 7.30, having started at 10 a.m. Could scarcely move when we got to the quarters.

WEDNESDAY, May 10, 1893.—Could not sleep all last night. The sea raged quite a bit, and the captain at one time had to have the vessel run through a big floe of ice. It was a terrible trip indeed from Trinity. After beating about for hours, reached St. Johns harbor at four o'clock. Captains Payne and Tilley were on the wharf to meet us, and pleased I was to see them. Oh, how glad I was ! I got very sick on reaching home and went to bed directly. The dear Lord is always near in every time of need Bless Him ! How glad I was to see and kiss dear Blanche and Winnie !

The Commandant wrote to the *Cry* at that time of the work in the Island, from which the following will be interesting :

“ Staff-Captain Read has been having great times in that pet colony of mine—Newfoundland. In a letter to me he says : ‘ I have just returned from a tour north around Trinity and Bonavista Bays. In all, I walked fifty-four miles in order to fill our appointments, sailed a very small schooner over a rough sea over one hundred miles, conducting twenty-seven meetings, and was gone from St. Johns sixteen days. Eighteen miles of the fifty-four was through soft snow up to my knees, and that on the first of May.’ Not unlike the travels of St. Paul’s this.”

In June we took our first tour together “ round the Bay.” I shall never forget that first Sunday on tour. The Newfoundland Salvationists are noted for their

free primitive style of worship, praising God with all the unaffected simplicity of little children. Their fervent prayers are beyond all description. From what I had heard I expected much in Carbonear but the meetings far transcended my most extravagant anticipations. Especially can I see by memory's eye the Sunday afternoon service. It was the old-time "testimony meeting," and when my dear husband gave the opportunity—without a word of exhortation—it seemed as if half the splendid audience rose to their feet. At least sixty people responded to the invitation, and stood ready to magnify the grace which set them free.

It was a sight to make angels tune their harps in a gladder note of praise and cry, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

We drove fifteen miles across the Barrens to Heart's Content the next day. The glittering rays of a brilliant June sun playfully danced upon the rippling waters as the waves, tossing and tumbling, chased each other in Conception and Trinity Bays as if in gay, childish frolic. Away in the distance the huge icebergs, like magnificent crystal castles, moved slowly and majestically in the sea's deep emerald, their snow-white purity standing out in unique contrast against the dense sapphire of the vaulted sky overhead and the sombre hues of the rolling hills of the uplands above.

Over Newfoundland's little harbors the spirit of peace brooded, and the gentle breeze rising from the ocean beyond fanned the toilers at their nets, and the women working industriously in the little gardens surrounding the fishermen's cottages. After some hours driving we found ourselves approaching Heart's Content.

It was in the pretty half-circle bay at Heart's Content that the Great Eastern anchored years ago with the first Atlantic Cable. The Telegraph Company's offices are located here, making it rather an important place.

At Hant's Harbor (thirteen miles away), we arrived next day, just in time to witness a sight which we shall never forget. Flags were flying—including that at the top of the Army flag-pole—all over the harbor all the morning. Three schooners bound for the Straits of Belle Isle had been waiting for fair wind to enable them to start for their summer's work. In fact, they had started out once but were obliged to return. On board they had a living freight of about ninety souls, among them being nearly thirty of our own soldiers. When they returned they prayed earnestly that they might be detained, so that they might enjoy the night's meeting with us, but we and they were doomed to disappointment. Suddenly from the verandah of the officers' quarters we saw them weighing anchor, hoisting their sails, and taking the schooner's boats aboard. One after another the three boats beat out of the harbor. They go in companies like this so that they may aid each other should they encounter ice. As we stood waving our handkerchiefs, we saw a crimson one go up at the stern of one of the vessels, and across the water in the distance we caught the strains of a hymn. It was carried by the breeze over the waves, and the words which reached us as the vessels tacked back and forth before reaching the open sea were, "O say, will you go to the Eden above?" It was beautiful.

A few years ago, as all final preparations were being made for their arduous summer's toil, a listener would have heard oaths and curses. How different now! Many are saved, and if they do not all return—for many are lost every year off these coasts—they have left behind them bright testimonies of God's saving and keeping power. In spite of the number who had left this little place the barracks was crowded with people and the platform with Salvationists. A vein of sadness seemed to rest upon them, for many present had parted with their best loved ones. These

dear Newfoundlanders feel their annual separation very much, for they are an affectionate people.

At Scilly Cove, which my husband had opened, and where we had encountered opposition and persecution from a source it should not be expected, we had two of the most interesting meetings in which I have ever had the privilege of taking part. A dear girl volunteered to the Cross while the Staff-Captain sang, "The door of God's mercy is open." How she wept over her heart-backslidings! "A backslider just out of hell," she cried; "God have mercy on a backslider just out of hell!" I thought her poor hands would be bruised and broken as she struck them vehemently upon the penitent-form. At night she testified twice to her new-found peace.

The building was densely packed for the evening meeting. English Church people, Methodists and Salvationists testifying in rapid succession to a happy salvation, everyone telling their name and denomination when doing so. Five recruits were then enrolled, and a most enjoyable Soldiers' Council was conducted.

The scenery around the two bays is delightful, as we proved during our eighty-five miles driving over rocks, under rocks, around cliffs, beside the lovely natural harbors, and through a charming though wild country.

Some one has written :

"Every good life, however great or small its sphere of activity, serves humanity less by what it does than by what it is. This is so because it is not so much what we do for people as what we enable them to do for themselves that is a lasting benefit to them. Every noble character rouses noble purposes and ambitions in other hearts"

John Read was a great worker. He toiled incessantly, not only for the good he was anxious to do and the blessing he longed to bring to those about him, but for the pure love of doing. Activity was his natural element and his whole being seemed set on fire with a determined energy that nothing had power



to suppress. Hundreds of times I have seen him in Newfoundland, the North-West, and those last three years when he was always doing battle with pain and weakness, go to what he felt his post of duty when it seemed a physical impossibility for him to do it. "Life is short, God will help me," was always his argument. And, with this conviction strong upon him, all who have been closely associated with him will testify that he surely triumphed where those of less buoyant courage would have given in and felt the task before them impossible. If it is true, as Herbert Spencer says, that "Genius is the art of taking infinite pains," and of so taking hold of circumstances as to control them and make them subservient to one's will and purpose, then John Read was a genius, for this was ever his aim. If he had a small audience to address, he was just as earnest and interested as if a larger crowd sat before him, and when, through his failing health, he was obliged to relinquish some of his more important departments of work, he was not discouraged or depressed by the fact, but took up the lighter duties with the same zeal and energy as characterize his efforts when at the acme of his strength and usefulness. Perhaps his greatest power, however, was his faculty for setting others to work.

There are several references in his diaries to the Monthly Sergeant's Councils in Newfoundland. These meetings were a great stimulus to the Local Officers in St. Johns and the means of inspiring them to greater exploits for their God. Only last summer, while visiting the Island, one of them, Sergeant Coffeil, of No. 2 corps, said to me, "Oh, I never forget the great blessing those monthly meetings were to my soul, they live with me yet."

Another way in which he was instrumental in starting others into fields of greater usefulness, was the uncompromising way he urged upon those who had been called by the Holy Spirit into the work of

soul-saving to go forth in obedience to that call. I believe between sixty and seventy candidates for Officership were accepted during his command of Newfoundland. He regularly conducted Candidates' meetings in St. John's, which were a real blessing to those who attended. A promising officer remarked to me the other day, "I should never have been in the field if it had not been for the way he followed me up in the dear old days in Newfoundland." Not only did he use his powers of verbal persuasion and imperative urging, but he used his pen freely on the subject. He wrote many burning appeals to "those at ease in Zion," to rise up, and, as watchmen upon the walls, proclaim "the way of life and the way of death." In one of these appeals he says:

"You have heard the story of the young man who died in the act of forcing his own breath into the lungs of a drowning man. The latter was dragged to the shore from a wreck. Apparently his life had gone. The crowd looked on amazed. One dear fellow knelt by the side of the one thought to be dead, and, with his lips to the other's mouth, began breathing into that cold being his own life breath. Soon the half-drowned man began to show symptoms of restoration. His deliverer's efforts proved successful. Gradually, but surely, life came back, but, awful fact, the heroic man, in his brave efforts had exhausted himself so much that he fell back and died—after he had saved an unknown brother's life. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'

"Jesus laid down his life for His enemies. Reader, you are literally surrounded by thousands of dead souls who need to be revived. If you seek to find your life, you will surely lose it; but if you lose your life you will find it."

"'In the conflict men are wanted—  
Men of hope and faith and prayer.'

"We want no cowards in our band. We want stout-hearted women as well as men, who are not afraid to die. For earthly honors, for a paltry medal, men will leave their dear wives and children, go with their lives in their hands, literally shoot and mow down their fellow beings, and if they survive, will glory in the accounts of the bloody charges in which they have engaged. Such sacrifices will earthly soldiers make.

"Oh, what a lesson, and what a rebuke to many so-called soldiers of the Heavenly King! Careless, limp, luke-warm, indifferent folks are no good as candidates for Salvation Warfare. This battle rages too fiercely. Canons roar too loudly. The fight is too stern and real for

those who 'want a job.' Young people of hope and faith and prayer are needed. If you are one of this sort, and your heart has been touched with sympathy for this poor sin-stricken world, respond to the call."

Oh, that this message from the heart—now still in the grave—that once throbbed warmly with one purpose; from the pen of one whose hands often traced just such straight, fervent appeals, may touch some one yet keeping back "part of the price," that they may rush into the breach and spend their lives in seeking and saving the lost ones.

John Read believed in setting everyone to work. "Strengthen your spiritual muscle by exercise," I have often heard him exclaim; and, with this in view, the most timid and backward soldier, or most reticent beginner in the Christian life was brought forward to take part in his meetings.

The open air was his favorite battle field. Some months ago, before he went to his reward, a well-dressed, highly-educated gentleman came to speak to me in a public gathering. "I am a stranger to you," he began, "and to your husband, but I want you to tell your husband when you return home that eight years ago I heard him speak at the corner of College and Yonge Streets, Toronto. I was a nominal Christian at the time, but the words of truth he spoke took hold of my heart. I was convinced that I, as a Christian, should not indulge in the habit of smoking. I gave it up then and there, and have been a better man ever since. Tell him, will you, I shall never forget the blessing that open-air service was to me!"

In Newfoundland we had a great deal of opposition to the open-air work. Its purpose was not understood by the citizens, and many objected strongly to it. There were several cases of arrest on various pretexts, but in each case my husband ultimately triumphed, and, since that time there has been very little difficulty on this line, and some real victories have been

achieved through this mode of preaching the Gospel, a method adopted by our Great Example on the mountains, road-sides, and sea shores of Palestine. There is one touching little picture of this open-air work among his papers, a scene which reminds one of that depicted by Matthew, when the poor leper, kneeling in the sands, cried for cleansing. He thus describes it:

"Father, have you got courage enough to go out, kneel at that drum head, and seek mercy?" we asked a dear old grey-headed sinner at the outskirts of our ring at one of the Field-day meetings. "Yes, I have, sir!" said he. "Come along, then." And, without any more ado, the old man pushed his way through the crowd and knelt down at the drum, crying, "God, have mercy on me an old sinner."

"Soon he found peace in believing in Christ. We believe this is the first case of open-air, soul-saving in St. Johns City. And no wonder it caused shouts of joy. Praise the Lamb!"

The beginning of the new year, '93, found my husband very busy, not only in regulating the ordinary work of the Province, but in urging upon the Government the settlement of the Army's relationship to the Education and Marriage Questions. The Premier, Sir William Whiteway, the Colonial Secretary, Hon. C. Bond, Hon. Moses Monroe (since deceased), and Hon. Mr. Morine, were always cordiality itself, and in every way facilitated the Staff-Captain's efforts to bring these matters to a satisfactory climax.

He refers continually in his diaries to these interviews, and to our prospective inauguration of the Rescue Work.

On Wednesday, February 22nd, he says:

"In my interview with Sir W. Whiteway, the Premier, this a.m. God helped me. In fact all the way long He carries me through. Now I have nothing to fear. Jesus is all and in all. After a wandering day I landed home tired but happy. Lady Thorburn and Mrs. Peters came to our home this evening to see Mrs. Read. They are interested in the Rescue Work. Others are becoming interested."

Our predecessor, Staff-Captain (now Brigadier) McIntyre, had brought before the Newfoundland Government a bill asking for a special Act by which

Staff Officers of the Salvation Army should have the legal right to perform the rite of marriage. The Staff Captain was successful in his endeavor. Unfortunately, it was found when the Act came to be applied it only empowered the Chief Officer of the Army in the Colony. This was not satisfactory, for there were districts in the far-away sections of the Island the Provincial Officer could not possibly visit for months together. An Amendment Act asking for an extension privilege to all Staff Officers holding commissions and being in charge of these districts, was therefore introduced and championed through the Lower House by Mr. Monroe, and the Upper House by Mr. Morine. The amendment was carried, and to the Staff Officers was secured the same right in the celebrating of marriage as the clergy.

Staff-Captain Read performed the first ceremony under the provisions of the new Act. I remember a typical wedding he conducted shortly after in Scilly Cove. We drove down from charming little Heart's Content, a distance of five miles. As we descended the hill leading to Scilly Cove, we were met by a number of Salvationists who were watching for our arrival. They escorted us into the harbor, where the buildings were decorated with flags and everything bore a gala day appearance.

The meeting was an ordinary Army one, characterized, of course, by Newfoundland fervor and zeal. At its close we retired to the home of the bride's friends, I believe, amid the firing of guns and general evidences of rejoicing on the part of all. The tables were spread with the best the harbor could offer, and a large number of guests sat down to supper. During its progress there was singing and music, and, later, testimonies on Salvation lines made joyous the scene for many hours. My dear husband was in his element, and led in his usual happy vein. While singing a favorite chorus, "Oh, we are going to

wear a crown, To wear a starry crown," he noticed one of the soldiers, instead of clapping his hands as were the others, tapping his head vigorously. "What are you doing, Brother D——?" he asked. "Oh, it just fits, Staff, it just fits—the crown just fits!" The brother had been carried away by the spirit of the song until in his imagination he had risen above earth's cares and burdens and felt the pressure of his crown upon his head.

At our farewell at No. 2 St. Johns the following year, the wedding service, uniting two of our soldiers was performed. The place was gorged with an eager crowd, many could not find even standing room.

The Staff-Captain was in one of his merry moods, and amid amused excitement told the audience how many people he had married in Newfoundland, adding: "If you want me to marry you, you must hurry up, I'll tie the knot for you all if you like before I go."

The story of the Army's establishment in Newfoundland forms a fascinating chapter of its early history, and reminds one, in the rapidity of its progress, of the spreading of truth after the day of Pentecost. Two officers went from Canada to St. Johns, to spend their honeymoon. They commenced to conduct evangelistic meetings. A great revival swept over the city and hundreds were converted. Many of the people from distant parts of the Island, visiting the chief city (St. Johns) for supplies, attended the meetings, caught the fire, returned to their own homes, started revival services, built their own barracks, made their own drums, and sent for officers to carry on the movement. This aggressive work had been going on for some years, but during our stay in the country the Macedonian calls continued to pour in upon us, beseeching us to take charge of it in the far-away harbors.

"Yes, sir, I'd rather go on one meal a day if I could only get Army Officers to come out to our place," said

a man who called at our Headquarters one day to plead the interest of his outport home. Many similar urgent appeals were made; some we were unable, through lack of men and means, to respond to. But Staff-Captain Read opened several places, among them Old Perlican, Wesleyville, Trinity, Scilly Cove and Dildo.



## CHAPTER X.

## NEWFOUNDLAND WARFARE.

*“Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.  
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.”*

*“There are hands stretched out with pity  
Towards the erring, and the weak  
Tender hands of loving women,  
Who their wandering sisters seek ;  
There are eyes from which the tear-drop  
Steals in silent sympathy,  
While they look upon the lost ones,  
In their guilt and misery.*

While in Newfoundland the presence of the gentle, brown-eyed little Winnifred was lent us to brighten our home for a few months. Her short life was a blessing to ourselves and many others. The night of her public dedication when the “little white coat,” as some of the friends lovingly called her, was given to God twelve precious souls made their way out of the great crowd at old No. 1 and knelt at the Cross. A young boy, Willie Collins, much afflicted bodily was drawn to the meeting through curiosity, and was afterwards converted in the dining-room of our home through its influence. He went to Heaven some time ago after three years’ faithful soldiership, two of which were spent confined to his bed, rejoicing in the Salvation



that he always said he found through little Winnie Read. Her father idolized her, and his fond hope was that she should grow up a useful woman. But when, one Sunday in August as the grey shadows of early dawn penetrated the night's darkness, the little life, after thirty hours' struggle with a virulent malady, fluttered out into the tender Shepherd's bosom, his voice was the first to find utterance through his tears and say, "It is Jesus, darling, we must not rebel," little dreaming how short a time would elapse before he would, in the Angel land, claim his loved treasure again.

Ensign Payne was like a brother, and managed all arrangements for us, conducting the funeral and laying the tiny remains away in St. John's pretty cemetery. It was in those dark days, when the sun seemed to have set in the gloom of night and the light had gone out of our home, that the depth of the affection of our loving soldiers and the interest of the many warm-hearted friends was made manifest. My own heart was numbed with the pain that finds no relief in tears.

As the solemn funeral *cortege* passed along, the silent sympathy which showed itself in the uncovered heads of the crowds on the streets and the large procession of Salvationists following was touching in the extreme. And when I turned and saw three lame sisters who were unable to march on ordinary occasions, walking with the others, the evidence of their sympathy touched my heart's deepest fountains and I wept floods of tears. My husband wrote a pathetic letter to my dear mother, which shows the depth of his affectionate spirit and the faith he exercised in his God :

"ST. JOHNS, N.F., August 14, 1893.

"TO MRS. GOODALL, TORONTO :

"DEAR MOTHER,—Under the trying circumstances, it was hard, very hard, for darling Blanche to write you, and I thought it best to take upon myself the task, feeling assured, first of all, of God's help in the matter. You will, dear mother, no doubt, ere this, have learned,

through Miss Kinton, of dear Winnie's death. Both Blanche and I thought it best to wire to her to break the news to you, as we felt sure that a telegram would have distracted you, and had we not said anything until a mail goes, it would have been far worse.

"Now, dear mother, let me start out by saying that our precious, dear one had every earthly attention possible; Blanche did not leave her till she died in her arms. All through Saturday the darling suffered terribly, never resting but a few minutes in one place, first in Blanche's arms, then in the cradle. Blanche would sing to her, and the moment the singing ceased she would cry. I thought it was very serious, and several times during the day, with tearful eyes, told darling Blanche that I thought she would not live, but she hoped on, worked on, gave the darling every care possible, all through Saturday, and through the night. Early in the morning, at five o'clock, the dear little creature breathed her last on Blanche's arm and all was over. The doctor was there a few minutes before—said nothing could have saved her. Now, dear mother, you can rest contented in knowing that the darling had every care, and you must not worry on that account. Blanche wishes this to be made very clear. We understand, dear mother, how you will feel, with all past anticipation for the future, for seeing dear Winnie. We have wept together over all this, and weighed up in our sorrowing hearts the bitter disappointment it will mean to yourself, grandpa, Ella and all the rest, but, in a wonderful manner, God is helping us to bear up and thank Him that the darling's sufferings were no worse and no longer than they were, for, mother, during that Saturday, if ever a dear babe suffered, she did; and, if ever a babe had a mother who tenderly cared for, loved and attended it, Winnie had one in darling Blanche, who is so thankful to God that she did not leave her treasure from the time she took sick till she died in her arms and went to sleep in Jesus. Together at the sweet little casket containing the body of our treasure, we have knelt and given ourselves to Jesus in a far deeper sense. She died just seven months after she was born, and just ten months after we arrived in St. Johns. Oh, what a ten months it has been! What difficulties we have faced, and, as Blanche said to-day, "Johnnie, dear, God gave her to us for the time we were treading our rough path to help smoothe the way, and now He has taken her back to Himself."

"All day yesterday (Sunday) crowds of people were flocking into the house, to see the sweet little face. We can trace many cases of blessing and some of conversion to the influence of our dear, glorified Winnie's life. The little casket has been covered with flowers sent by kind and loving hands. Friends all over the city are so kind to us. We don't know what we have done to merit such love at their hands. But we love Jesus, and they must do it for His sake. You will naturally long to know how darling Blanche is bearing up, and I am glad to-day, dear mother, that she has been wonderfully helped by God. . . . We have hearts, mother, tender ones, too, which have been wounded deeply, but there is 'a balm in Gilead,' and, through our tears of sorrow, we look to that city containing our jewel, confident of seeing her again some day when 'we all gather home in the morning.' And, dear mother, who knows what the precious pet is saved from? God's ways

are mysterious. It is through much tribulation that we enter into the Kingdom, therefore, dear mother, for our sakes, for Blanchie's sake, for Johnny's sake, look on the bright side. The darling might have been a life sufferer. Far better for her to be in glory than suffer thus. And, mother, only a little while and we shall be there. A few more battles, a few more victories, and our warfare will close. Life is becoming so much more real to both of us now. Heaven is far dearer and far nearer, for have we not two darling Angels there? And is not dear Florrie waiting and watching with them? Yes, yes, mother! Glory be to God, we have every encouragement to look on the bright side and continually sing,

“ ‘The cross is not greater than His grace,  
The storm cannot hide his blessed face.’

“Dear mother, let us thank God it is no worse, and while others have so many burdens to bear, give Him glory for his bountiful love and manifold mercies to us all . . . We are going to be brave, and, under the most pressing time of trial, trust Jesus, although we may not be able to trace him. Praise His Name, God is His own interpreter, and he will make it plain. Of course, dear mother, there are lots of things we can and will tell you when we meet face to face. I could not write them all. However, above all things, we do not want you to worry, but take it all for the best. Oh, how we should rebel, if we were not converted people! ‘Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;’ and mother, if you want, and I know you do, to comfort us in our sore bereavement, the best way to do it will be by bearing up yourself, looking on the bright side of things and feeling that in darling Blanche and myself you have two children whose refuge and strength is alone in God. He is helping us through. Cheer up, mother, it is better on before. We love His work more than ever we did, and count it all joy to be engaged in it at the Battle's front.”

“Later.

“TUESDAY, August 15, 1893.

“Well, dear mother, the funeral is all over. It was a lovely sight! Nearly eighty soldiers marched. God bless them! They are so kind and true. The house was full of people. Lady Thorburn and others have sent notes of sympathy. Oh, it was a wonderful time! Dear Blanchie and I rode in one carriage, and the little coffin was borne in a carriage which went in front of us. Pretty wreaths and flowers covered the casket. Captain Jost made a beautiful wreath. It was a blessing she was with us, as she acted like a mother, looking after everything. It feels so lonely without our lamb this morning, but it is all right. We prayed together fervently this morning that God would make up to us with His love and presence our sore loss, and I believe He will do it. Bless His dear name! How the soldiers sang on our way to the grave, and never did the old song ‘Loved ones have gone before us’ sound more real than it did yesterday afternoon. It was a lovely, cool afternoon. God helped us both to speak a few words at the grave-side, and the sergeants and officers spoke so tenderly about the way in which they loved that ‘dear baby.’ It all seems so much like a dream now,

and the worst of it all seems that there are little things lying around all reminding us of the loved darling gone away. It is so quiet to-day. However, dear mother, the needs of the poor, lost world cry out to us to be up and doing, and we must work while it is called day for the night cometh when no man can work.

"Your telegram came just after breakfast this morning, and the two words, 'look up,' cheered us in a remarkable manner. We are looking up, mother. . . . You can fully understand a mother's love and a father's care. I feel that I cannot write much more, and dear Blanche wants to finish what I have begun. Captain Payne has just come in this morning to ask me to go and bury a poor woman to-morrow."

Our hearts were possessed with the desire so beautifully expressed by Margaret Sangster :

"There came to us, too, from the baby's grave,  
A tender thought for those who wept,  
And our hands were swifter to bless and save,  
Our hearts in yearning love were kept.  
We were fain to cure each bitter ache,  
Or ease its smart, for baby's sake."

The Self-Denial effort was an important feature of the later end of the year. I will only quote from the Commandant's comments upon the success of the scheme :

"Eighteen hundred dollars from a country which until lately has been considered the Army's Missionary field in Canada. One thousand eight hundred dollars from a land the bulk of whose citizens labor under commercial disadvantages which put them practically in the pockets of a few rich merchants, who insist on paying for the most self-sacrificing industry in the world, as much as possible, in beans, pork and flour, and as little as they dare in dollars! The very thought of it is marvellous, 'Eighteen hundred, and there is more to follow,' writes Staff-Captain Read, who, with his brave wife, have headed their mark by six hundred already. But there is something more to be added. No mention was made in these notes of Newfoundland's stupendous achievement during the Harvest Festival week. On that scheme they raised \$500, which should be added to the \$1,800. This is a total of \$2,300 in three months from my pet colony, where our officers and soldiers till their own land, build their own barracks, make their own guernseys, manufacture their own drums, and abide in that spirit of the simple Gospel more nearly approaching the apostolic than anything I have yet seen outside some parts of France."

I must pass over an interim. The later part of the year was spent by Staff-Captain Read in visiting the northern coast of the Island, and the story of his

adventures and experiences is a second edition of the travels of the apostles. We spent Christmas in the Bonavista district, my husband in Wesleyville, myself in lovely Trinity.

We had expected to rejoin each other and return to Divisional Headquarters for the Yuletide season, in fact, had some special gatherings arranged which, of course, had to be postponed. It was the steamer's last trip for the winter, and she was ice-bound for many days. I waited a week in Trinity, watching in vain on a hill-top all one beautiful moonlight night for her appearance in the picturesque bay beyond.

My husband's journal entry for Christmas Day reads :

MONDAY, Dec. 25, 1893 —“Xmas Day.” Here I am at Greenspond, darling Blanche is at Trinity. What a separation ! But it is all for God's glory, and I gladly bear the cross. I am now at Mother Berry's. God is with me. The Christ of Christmas lives in my heart. Hallelujah to the Lamb ! I am getting so very anxious for the steamer to come along, and want to get at my work.

The year 1894 dawned, a year that was to mean so much change, joy and sorrow in our lives and work. It commenced with a never-to-be-forgotten Watch-night gathering.

John's first entry for the New Year was :

JANUARY 1, 1894.—Blanche and I spent a glorious day yesterday at the No. 2 Barracks. Great conviction and three souls. Then we conducted a glorious Watch-night service last night at the No. 1 Barracks. A packed audience, and four souls volunteered out to the Cross. It was a solemn and blessed time. God helped both Blanche and I. I read, “Behold I come quickly.” Poor J—— knelt at Jesus' feet. . . . Blanche so busy about the Rescue work. She led the meeting in No. 2 Barracks this evening. . . . This has been a trying day, but God has helped and blessed our souls. Another day in another year has gone into eternity. It cannot be recalled.

RESCUE WORK.—We had not been long in Newfoundland before we were quite convinced that a Rescue Home was much needed, as there was no institution of the kind on the Island. The importance of this, however, was not so patent to many of St.

Johns citizens, and they did not seem prepared to give it the support without which we could not make such an undertaking successful. Some preparatory work in the way of personal visitation among the most philanthropic people was done, however, and the need emphasized. My husband was always anxious to help those whose early environment had been of a degenerating nature, whose childhood had been deprived of the elevating influence of Christian home-culture. Many such find their way into our Rescue Homes, as well as others in whom a higher standard of morality might be expected. The last verse in the Good Book he ever drew my attention to was Isaiah xlii. 22 : "But this is a people robed and spoiled ; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses ; they are for a prey, and none delivereth ; for a spoil, and none saith restore." Saying : "I think this text would be helpful to you sometime in your Social and Prison work."

When, therefore, the Commandant said to me during my visit to Canada in 1893 : "If you can raise the money, Mrs. Read, you have my consent to open a Rescue Home," my husband was anxious to facilitate every effort in this direction. We had the pleasure of inaugurating the Rescue work in a splendid, influential gathering in No. 1 Barracks, at which a large number of leading citizens were present, and we opened a little Home a few days afterwards. His deep interest is shown in his diary :

TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 1894.—In a wonderful way God is coming to our help. Blanche got another donation of \$10 for Rescue work, and more money is coming in. Blanche went out this afternoon with Captain Moss on Rescue work business. . . . All our lives are at God's service. All our joy to share His Cross. Blanche getting ready for Rescue meeting. It has been a hard, toiling day, but the dear Lord Jesus has helped us all.

WEDNESDAY, January 3, 1894. — Again Blanche has been very busy getting things together for the Rescue meeting to-morrow night. I assisted a bit. Captain Payne was here doing a little work. Rev. Mr. Cowperthwaite came in to see us to-day. I was busy all day long

with candidate matters and other important work. Oh, there is such a lot of writing to be done. We had a glorious beginning to our special meetings at No. 1 to-night. It was a soldiers' meeting, and the dear Lord came so very near and touched our souls. "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness. Ten dear soldiers knelt at the Cross for deliverance. People coming to the door all day for tickets for the Rescue Demonstration.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4, 1894.—We had a big day before us to-day, but God lifted up our heads. Bless His Name! When in the tempest He hides me. This has been a very busy day, indeed, to me. I have been full of labor and love for Jesus. Then Blanche, too, was very busy with her Rescue operations for the great meeting to-night. Much anxiety has been manifested by all, and God has so helped. All glory to God for His sustaining power. The Rescue meeting is over, and God came near to Blanche in a wonderful way and assisted her. Many of the elite of the city were there. Bless God, and how they listened. Two souls and \$100.00 collection.

FRIDAY, 5, 1894.—Lady Thorburn and Dr. Sommerville called to-day to bring their donations to the Rescue Work, and also to wish us God speed.

MONDAY, Jan. 8, 1894.—Up not very early with such a pain-wracked body. The dear Lord is my strength, though Blanche and I are both very weak this morning, yet the dear Lord sustains us all the way. I have not felt much like work to-day, as my head is so muddled with cold. It makes me feel, oh, so bad. After dinner dear Blanche went out to see a few people on behalf of the Rescue Work, getting promises of donations, etc. . . . Yesterday's meetings were times of great power and blessing. All glory to Jesus. It made us weak in body, but we feel strong in soul. Jesus had times of great weakness, but He conquered and so can we. All hail the power of His Holy Name. I did not feel at all well this evening, so did not go out, but went to bed. Blanche took the meeting and two souls knelt at the Cross. The three converts of last night testified. Bless the Lord.

TUESDAY, 9, 1894.—In strong and mighty faith we went off to the last of the series of special meetings at No. 1 Barracks. We had a glorious time, no less than five souls out for mercy. Subject, "Boundless Salvation." All the young converts doing well. Twenty knelt at the Cross during the seven days. Tired, oh, so tired.

TUESDAY, Jan. 16, 1894.—Blanche and I a bit better to-day. We are thinking and planning for our three weeks' tour which is coming on very fast. We shall have a glorious time I have no doubt. Bless the dear Lord Hallelujah to the Lamb! The snow covers the ground very thickly. This afternoon dear Blanche drove out in Mr. Tuff's rig and saw Chief McGowan of the police force about Rescue Work. I have been straightening up a bit. Mrs. Read had a good time in her Women's Meeting to-night. About fifty sisters attended. We had a good sing after tea to-day.

This reference to the singing in our little home brings back to me memories of the delightful intermissions in our busy lives in Newfoundland Headquarters. When our official work was finished, often late in the evening, we put away books, reports, pens and paper, and, for a little time, enjoyed mingling our voices in praise to our King. We were sometimes joined by other friends. I remember on one occasion, especially, Secretary Charlie Ollerhead was spending his vacation with us, assisting in the office. Ensign Payne had joined our family party. We sang of the War, Heaven and the Blood, little thinking that, in less than five years, three of the five who composed the happy group would have ended the warfare, and, washed in the precious Blood, be singing the song of Moses and the Lamb in the New Jerusalem. But it was so. Charlie Ollerhead, after a faithful soldiership in his Heart's Content home and the Cable Telegraph Offices, finished a beautiful life, known and admired by all, and left, as a dying testimony, "I shall soon be in glory." Ensign Payne, after a brave service of Officership, and eighteen months' suffering "behind the scene," triumphed in the power he so earnestly recommended to others. My own loved one also finished his warfare as he always prayed and hoped to finish, "He fell like a warrior; he died at his post."

John's favorite song on those occasions was :—

" I sat alone with life's memories,  
 In sight of the crystal sea,  
 And I saw the thrones of the star-crowned ones,  
 With never a crown for me ;  
 And then the voice of the Judge said ' Come !'  
 Of the Judge on the Great White Throne  
 And I saw the star-crowned take their seats,  
 But none could I call my own.

It seemed as though I awoke from a dream—  
 How sweet was the light of day !  
 Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells  
 From towers that were far away ;



I then became as a little child,  
 And I wept and wept afresh ;  
 For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,  
 And given a heart of flesh.

Still oft I sit with life's memories,  
 And think of the Crystal sea ;  
 And I see the thrones of the star-crowned ones—  
 I know there's a crown for me ;  
 And when the voice of the Judge says, 'Come !'  
 Of the Judge on the Great White Throne.  
 I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones,  
 There's one I shall call my own."

A few extracts about the tour referred to in his diary of Jan. 16, and which in some ways was a real disappointment as my husband had a serious breakdown in his health, and much of the tour I was obliged to fill his engagements. He was beginning to feel the effects of his exposure and laborious work on the Island. I had been obliged to leave him behind at Brigus. He was not able to stand on his feet, but, in his anxiety to be at his post, he followed the next day.

#### Diary :

SUNDAY, 21, 1894.—Mr. Stevens drove me from Brigus to Bay Roberts this morning. I arrived there at noon. Bless the Lord ! His mercies are new every morning. I find that Blanche had conducted a Saturday night meeting and a Soldier's meeting after that and had had good times. Bless the Lord. I feel very weak, indeed. I led afternoon meeting at Bay Roberts, and night at Port De Grave. I visited Dad Hampton.

SATURDAY Jan. 27, 1894.—Up at 8 a.m., feeling very tired, but strong in Jesus, and ready for my big ride to Old Pelican (new opening). Bless God. Did business this morning, then, at 11, started out for Old Pelican on a slide. That was a terribly rough journey from Hant's Harbour. We started out at 11 a.m. and got there at 6 p.m., very tired. Captain Campbell welcomed us at the little quarters. The *cold, cold* Barracks was filled, the platform, too. Fifty-seven have been saved since Captain C. went there. Praise God ! We had a grand welcome meeting. Blanche at Hant's Harbour while I am here.

MONDAY 29, 1894.—I awoke this morning very weak in body and in my throat, but, from what I heard this morning, I have great reason to believe my visit to Old Pelican was a blessing. The whole place is alive. We rigged out our little "Catamaran" to start for our sixteen mile journey to Hant's Harbour through deep snow banks (as it snowed hard last night). Snow drifts we met. Blanche left here for Heart's

Content this morning. I met the Sergeants here at the Quarters for Council. God is giving us grand times all along the tour.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 31, 1894.—In quite a bit of pain to-night. Tossed on the bed, but felt a bit better when I got up. The severe cold has changed to soft weather and rain. I am at Scilly Cove, likely again to be a prisoner here, while Blanche is the same at Heart's Content, and this is the day we should have travelled across the country to Carbonear, but God knows all about it, His will be done. We can be a blessing wherever we are in this world.

LATER.—We started to walk out to Heart's Content to-night—Bro. Downey, Bro. Buston, Bro. William Downey carrying my different things, and together we plodded through heaps of snow and water up to our knees. It was a terrible time. We arrived in Heart's Content at 4 p.m., wet and tired, Mrs. Gardner kindly gave us a good dinner, and after this we had a very profitable talk with old Mr. Gardner.

We finished the tour amidst the greatest difficulty, but in spite of sickness and inclement weather, and almost impassable roads, we visited every place planned for—had crowded gatherings and a real harvest of souls for the Master.

But in the midst of our schemes for the future, and when we hoped to stay on until the middle of the coming year, anyway—we were willing to live and die there—the unexpected news of our farewell arrived. We had been conducting one of a seven day's series of special meetings at No. 2 St. Johns, and for the first time had spoken publicly of our plans for coming warfare. As we walked home, four of us, Captain Jost, Scribe, Captain Rice, Trade Special, we talked happily of the beautiful, enthusiastic march and meeting we had just participated in—but my husband's journal shall describe what followed:

MONDAY, Feb. 19, 1894. - I know not what awaits me, God kindly vails my eyes. This was to be a red-letter day for me, in fact, for both dear Blanche and me, for it proved to be the day when we received farewell orders to leave dear old Newfoundland. We had a good time at No. 2 Banquet and meeting. Two souls got saved. We arrived home very jubilant, and there on the table lay a cable as follows: 'Want you for important command. Farewell as early as possible. Wire date of sailing.' Oh, what feelings we had! Dear Blanche was crying. Captain Rice threw his arms around my neck. We stayed up until 2 p.m., writing letters, etc. "Where He leads I will follow all the way."

A beautiful work of soul-saving was going on in St. John city. The Officers in charge, Ensign Payne and Captain Baldwin (now Mrs. Ensign Collier), with their helpers and soldiers were being much blessed.

No. 1 Corps reported fifty-two souls saved the week prior to our farewell, and No. 2, fifty-one, the same week. We were soldiers to obey, and, though we loved our people much, and would like to have completed several things we had on hand, yet we believed our Commander, who understood the needs of the whole field; knew where his Officers would do the most useful service, so we made preparations immediately to depart, not knowing whither.

There was much to do—arrangement to be made for our successors, the Colonial Secretary to be visited respecting a Government subsidy to our new Rescue Work. Farewell meetings to be conducted—a campaign to the nearest harbours round the bay to be made, and hundreds of minor matters which required attention.

Our last Sunday in the Island was one that will ever live in my heart—fifteen people professed to find Christ in the services. There was also a delightful meeting with the Officers of the city, who had endeared themselves to our hearts, great gatherings at the two city corps, farewell supper and council with our own people and other services.

The St. Johns press said of my husband in reporting our farewell :—

“The Staff-Captain is earnest, hard-working, courteous to everybody and untiring in his efforts to advance the cause in which he is interested.”

And he wrote of our brave warriors :—

“Words are so empty at such times as these. We cannot write the feelings of our hearts. The wrench from our devoted, loyal, loving District and Field Officers is great. They have stood by us like warriors, ever ready to lift us up in the thickest of the battle. May God reward them for their devotion !

"Then there are those two hundred and fifty Local Officers and Sergeants—the backbone of the Newfoundland Salvation Army Contingent. Nobly have they rallied round us and their Field Officers. Without a cent remuneration, they have braved the wildest blasts in order to do their duty. Then, the host of kind, hospitable friends, who have entertained us on our many travels. Jesus has noted all their kindness and will reward them. To one and all, then, we would say farewell, and as we do so, urge upon them to take hold of, and lift up, their new God-appointed leaders, as they have done us. Extreme has been the kindness we have received on all sides, and we feel confident that this kindness will still be given to those who follow us in the Commandant's 'pet Colony.' In our weakness, we have striven to help and bless. Storms have been weathered, the grim hand of death snatched our darling baby from our side. No wonder we love this 'Sea-girt Isle,' for its soil contains the earthly remains of her who for seven months cheered our home. Happy will be the memory of the past months. The Newfoundland fight has made us better soldiers. The love of Christ constrains us to urge upon all left behind the great importance of being Christlike, loyal and truthful in the inward parts, seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, living and dying at their posts. Beware of getting 'set' and settled. The secret of your success is your simple, daring, blood and fireism. Lose it, and you fail. Keep it, and you progress. 'Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.' Be as loyal on the coasts of Labrador, and on 'the Banks,' as you are while in your public meetings at home."

Surely of these self-denying officers it may be written, as the poet, Whittier, wrote of an Indian Missionary:—

"Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath  
 The burden of his toil and turn aside  
 To weep above his sacrifice, and cast  
 A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—  
 Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart  
 Something of earthly hope uncrucified.  
 Of earthly thought unchastened? Did he bring  
 Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—  
 Its loves, hopes and sorrows—and become as one  
 Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,  
 No love but of the sin-endangered soul.  
 No hope but of the winning back to life  
 Of the dead nations, and no passing thought  
 Save of the errand wherewith he has sent  
 As to a martyrdom?"

The memory of those last days in Newfoundland, time and eternity will not erase, nor the sight of that great crowd of friends and soldiers who stood in the

blinding rain and falling snow singing, as our steamer  
moved towards the Narrows out to sea :—

“ God is keeping His soldiers fighting,  
Evermore we shall conquerors be ;  
All the hosts of hell are uniting,  
But we're sure to have victory.  
Though to beat us they've been trying,  
Our colors still are flying.  
And our flag shall wave forever,  
For we never will give in.

No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't  
No we won't. No we won't, no we won't ;  
No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't,  
For we mean to have the victory forever.”



## CHAPTER XI.

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

*“What though ten thousand faint,  
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee!  
Heed not the pain of the multitude;  
Thine be the Captain’s watch-word—Victory!”*

—HORATIUS BONAR.

*“Perseverance is a Roman virtue  
That wins each God-like act and plucks success  
E’en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.”*

“The General promotes you to the rank of Major, appointed to take charge North-West Province,” was the telegraphic information and instruction we found waiting for us as we reached Halifax. We were travel-worn and weary, for we had passed through a terrible storm while crossing from Newfoundland.

At this time, in reference to my husband’s new position, the Commandant wrote :

“The next appointment, I know, bears the stamp of promotion which, of course, it is ; but those of us who know Major Read and his dear wife, and have followed their apostolic career in Newfoundland for the past eighteen months, would not fear to say that the Major, had he considered his own feelings, would have preferred to linger longer among his heart-adopted people to carry into effect the plans over which he had so earnestly labored, even though it meant the laying by of his silver crests to do so. When, too, it is remembered that the Major was farewelled by cable, before any announcement could be made of his promotion or new appointment, his telegraphic reply sent, assuring me of affectionate service and loyal devotion, is all the more significant and gratifying. The Major left St. Johns a Staff-Captain, like Abraham of old, knowing not whither he went. He found his important appointment awaiting him at Halifax ! One more evidence of the fact that the way of self-sacrifice and humiliation is the road to promotion in the Salvation Army. The Major must have laid the old

rank 'on the shelf' with a sense of satisfaction. His Staff-Captaincy will always have pleasant memories. To say nothing of its connection with the *War Cry*, it marks a time in Newfoundland notorious for striking advances. The new oversight and sub-division of the Island into districts; the appointment of Brigade-Captains; the passing of the Marriage Bill, and the inserting of our appointments in the Royal Gazette; the doubling of the Harvest Festival and Self-Denial results; the opening of new Corps; the establishing of a small Rescue work, and the building of a new yacht; all this will linger and add lustre to the old rank. Now, for an even better record to adorn the new one!"

A month from the day we left Newfoundland we conducted our first meetings in our new command, which consisted of the Northern part of Ontario, the Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia, and also the North-Western Territories of Saskatchewan, Assiniboine and Alberta.

I must go back and say a word or two of some of the happenings of that month. As soon as we reached Toronto my husband became very ill, and the doctor pronounced his case a serious one indeed, but after ten days confinement to his bed and some time of extreme weakness, we left home—Toronto—for the West.

*En route* to Winnipeg we conducted welcome gatherings at Fort William and Port Arthur, which, in their success and interest, presaged much for our future work.

"Winnipeg, at the junction of the Red River and the Assiniboine, is the capital of Manitoba, and the chief distributing city of the whole North-West of Canada. It is situated about midway between Montreal, the Atlantic Ocean terminus, and Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the Pacific. The growth of Winnipeg has been phenomenal. In 1876 its population was 3,240; in 1881, 7,977; in the next five years it had increased to 20,827; in the next five to 30,500, and in the following five years reached 40,000. In 1897 the estimated population was 42,000. It has over 1,100 places of business, over 100 houses doing a jobbing or wholesale business, over 100 manufacturing institutions, retail stores representing every line of trade, and about one-half of the chartered banks of Canada have branches in the city. It is the 'Heart City' of the Dominion in the language of Lord Lorne, and was spoken of as the keystone city of Canada by Lord Dufferin. *The American Land and Title Register* says of it: 'It is a great mart of a country of nearly 200,000,000 acres of rich territory; the seat of Government of the Keystone Province of the Dominion of Canada; the

centre of its political, social, literary, monetary, manufacturing, and educational interests. Its positive pre-eminence is yearly becoming more pronounced and commanding. Twenty years ago a small isolated settlement, then a struggling village, then a town; when, on the advent of the first railway, it rose, within a few years, to the proud position of one of the leading trade centres of the Continent. Railways, branching like spokes in a wheel in all directions, gather the wealth of an Island Empire to empty at her feet. The navigation of the Red River, Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, and great Saskatchewan and other navigable streams, make tributary to it thousands of miles of important coast line."

Winnipeg was our Headquarters of the Province, sometimes styled "The Interior Continental Planes," and the week following our arrival was an eventful one indeed. We were delighted with our people and prospects, and seemed to catch the spirit of the "Wild West" at once, and become imbued with the fervor of bright, hopeful anticipations for our future service. My dear husband went to Brandon to meet the Commandant on his return from British Columbia, where he had installed the new Divisional Officer, returning with him for the splendid Winnipeg campaign. The Commandant was tendered a magnificent welcome, which the press reports graphically :

"A prince might be proud of a reception, such as was tendered Herbert H. Booth, Commandant of the Salvation Army forces in Canada, at the C. P. R. Station, Saturday evening. The announcement of Mr Booth's intended arrival from the West drew a large crowd to the station long before the scheduled time, and when the distinguished representative of the great Salvation movement stepped from his car, followed by a retinue of Officers, a great cheer went up from the assembled crowd, such as had not been heard in Winnipeg for many a long day. The local officers of the Army were out in full force, and spell-bound by the lively strains from the brass band, the audience waited the appearance of the orator, it having been previously announced in the press that he would speak in the open air. The young lady, who is Captain of the Winnipeg Corps, introduced the Commandant very prettily in clear, ringing tones, and amid a succession of hearty cheers, the third son of General Booth bowed his acknowledgement to the signs of welcome, and proceeded to address the large concourse. The tops of the cars on the sidings were literally covered with men and boys, and a vast surging crowd held sway for a time on the C. P. R. premises.

"The Salvation Army is not to be surprised sleeping. . . . The soldiers were astir yesterday (Sunday) morning before many of those whom it is trying to capture had left their beds. There is a report that



the seven o'clock prayer-meeting was overcrowded. The public were invited to all the meetings, but the afternoon and evening gatherings were the crowded ones. In the evening, Commandant Booth described the audience as 'packed like sardines in a tin.'

"This was the General's fiftieth year of public effort for the Master," said the Commandant in the course of his remarks. "He started his ministry when but a lad in the interests of righteousness and the Gospel of Christ. Fifty years of progress had marked his life's work, for which they lay all the glory at Jesus' feet. This fiftieth year was to be signalized by a more pronounced and enthusiastic scheme of progress than had marked any other year. There were schemes in this country which he hoped to have well on foot when the General came later in the year—schemes which represented \$130 00 in new industries and new efforts, some in the great social sphere and some in the field operations. Citizens of this city would consider it very desirable for the Army to establish on an improved character one of their Food and Shelter Depots. He was told there had been a great deal of agitation in the city during the past winter, and a discussion as to what it was best to do with a section of the community who were out of employment. It was in the hearts of the Army to do something in this direction in the fall of this year. Supposing they could secure the necessary assistance from the citizens they would establish a shelter home for single young men who come out here to start a new life."

It was in these meetings that we first met the true-hearted, aggressive Westerners and our spirits warmed towards them from the first moment they welcomed so heartily our Leader at the station. The interest increased hourly; during the services the Commandant introduced us to them as the Provincial Officers for their country.

The Commandant left us after conducting Officer's Councils, and we followed by holding several days of, to us, never-to-be-forgotten meetings. How John regarded this opportunity is stated in his journal:—

TUESDAY, April 24, 1894.—This was a day of triumphant blessing to my soul. All day I felt His presence near. Both Blanche and I were greatly helped and assisted in the Officer's Councils. As we talked on the most vital matters the dear Lord drew near and blessed our waiting souls. The officers, too, got blessed and testified to the great lasting benefit they had received—so few are their opportunities to attend such councils, owing to the great distances.

WEDNESDAY, April 25, 1894.—Oh, what a rush this day has been to me. Beginning at 9 a. m., and continuing until 7 p. m., I was interviewing Officers all day at the Provincial Headquarters, and great, indeed, was the blessing I got from this Christ-like work. By doing so

I was enabled to get into the hearts and affections of my officers, and in the afternoon Blanchie led a Female Officers' Council, which was a time of great blessing, and God helped her very much indeed as she talked with the dear girls.

Referring, while in Brandon, to one of our first visits to the towns in the Province, he says :

MONDAY, May 14, 1894.—First sight of prairie! We spent this morning in making preparations for going to Rapid City, a distance of over twenty miles. Blanchie went out this a. m. to see the aldermen of the city about getting a grant for Rescue Work in Winnipeg. Then at noon eight of us drove off to Rapid City, in a rig provided by Father Earle. Oh, how good God is to His children, He leads us through no darker rooms than he has trod before. Our conversation, as we drove along was in Heaven. and our trust was in the living God. He leads us every step of the way, bless Him! We had a most blessed little meeting on the Windsor Hotel steps, and the crowd gave us a collection. Then the little barracks was comfortably filled at night and we had a precious time together. Praise the dear Lord. Mrs. Shannon very kindly looked after our bodily wants, and we feel like going on to victory.

SUNDAY, May 20, 1894.—A hard day at Portage :

- 1.—7 a. m. Good time Knee drill.
- 2.—9 a. m. Prisoners' meeting at jail.
- 3.—10.30. Open-air.
- 4.—11. Holiness meeting.
- 5.—2.30. Open-air meeting.
- 6.—3.00. Rescue meeting.
- 7.—7.00. Open-air meeting. Enrollment.
- 8.—7.30. Inside meeting.
- 9.—10.00. Soldiers' meeting.

"Twenty-seven dollars in the Rescue meeting. Oh, it was a blessed day, but the work was hard in the extreme, my side pained me so much."

One of the many schemes mentioned by the Commandant in his address at our reception meetings was the commemoration of the General's Jubilee, by opening a Men's Shelter in the Prairie City. Brigadier Margetts (our predecessor) had been urging the necessity of such an institution, and creating an interest in it among the citizens. We were anxious to follow up his efforts and, therefore, took advantage of the meeting, held universally in the beginning of June, to celebrate the illustrious event of our General's half-century of ministry, to again promulgate this

scheme. Major Read personally did much in the arrangement of this gathering which, by the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Turk, Pastor, and the Officials of the Church, took place in Grace Methodist Church, one of Winnipeg's largest churches. A most influential congregation gathered, which was presided over by Mr. W. R. Mulock, Barrister. From a lengthy report we learn:—

“Archdeacon Phair (Church of England), Rev. Cecil Owen (Church of England), Rev. G. R. Turk (Methodist), Rev. Hugh Pedley (Congregationalist), Rev. Mr. Grant (Baptist), Captain R. J. Whitla, Mr. Aikens and Mr. O'Laughlin, leading merchants, occupied seats on the platform, and a large crowd was present in the church.

“To the right sat His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Shultz, who listened intently for three hours. Scattered here and there through the audience were other prominent and leading city gentlemen and ladies interested in this meeting. ‘It was beautiful,’ exclaimed the Lieutenant-Governor, when asked how he enjoyed it. ‘Was not that a glorious time?’ said the chairman to a friend, after the gathering was over.

“The chairman, Mr. Mulock, ably reviewed Mrs. Booth's and the General's life, and in deep, earnest words, spoke of The General's Jubilee. Then Major Read described concisely the English and Canadian schemes in connection with the Jubilee, and explained the proposed Shelter for Winnipeg.

“Rev. G. R. Turk, of Grace Church, was the next to speak. In glowing terms he spoke of the Army's Social Work, especially the rescue of fallen women. ‘I am one with the Army in their glorious work,’ said he, ‘and I shall always be glad to assist them.’ Quite a little merriment was caused as he styled himself the ‘Bishop of this Church.’

“Rev. Cecil Owen, Mr. T. A. M. Aikens, Mr. O'Laughlin, Dr. Youman's Rev. Hugh Pedley, Rev. Mr. Grant and others made warm references to the work, and emphasized the pleasure they felt in thus having a share in the celebration of General Booth's Jubilee, and a sum of money was raised towards the Shelter Scheme.”

Later on in June we held a Camp-meeting in Portage La Prairie. It seemed as if of very surety God was in the camp. Officers and Soldiers came in from adjacent towns, some driving long distances. The soldiers of our corps drove nearly eighty miles to be present. They covered a wagon with canvas, and used their tented wagons as their temporary abode in the camp grounds. We commenced on Saturday

evening. Someone describing the first night in the camp, said :—

“ Black clouds drifted ominously across the sky, and more than once dissolved into great searching rain drops, causing us to seek shelter on our way from the depot to the grounds. But neither the storm, rain nor sand dampened the ardor of the Salvationists or the Portage citizens. They rallied in full force and gave the visitors a hearty reception. Of all the delightful, profitable and inspiring meetings of the bright, happy series, perhaps the last was the most important. In it decisions were made that must have eternal issues.”

One who was present tells us :

“ The fire went not out by night, for Tuesday morning’s knee-drill found it burning as bright as ever. The Officers’ Council, led by Major and Mrs Read, was a time of heart-searching and consecration, but the Soldiers’ Council in the afternoon was the crowning time. We heard of Saul’s disobedience in saving the best of the sheep and oxen to sacrifice, after God’s command to destroy them. The truth was driven home to the hearts of the hearers with the fact that the excuses of those who were disobeying God’s call, were as offensive in His ears as the bleating of the flocks and the lowing of the herd He had commanded to be slain. God’s Spirit strove, and five young men and one young woman rose to their feet and came forward to the penitent-form to acknowledge their call and to surrender themselves to God. They settled it there that they would follow all the way, and, trembling with emotion, wrote out their application for officership before rising from their knees. Some may say it was done in a moment of excitement, to be repented of as quickly. It was not so, one young man said to me afterwards, ‘ It is what I ought to have done two years ago. I feel so much better now, but cannot help feeling sad at the thought of what I might have been had I been willing to obey when God first called me.’ ”

Following as the aftermath of the Spirit’s outpouring at Portage came a Sunday’s “ camping out ” in a little town near the border line of Manitoba, but situated in the State of North Dakota. A Winnipeg newspaper man interviewed the Major on his return, and thus reported the Campaign :

“ JULY 10, 1894.—Major and Mrs. Read returned from Pembina yesterday, where a series of Salvation Camp meetings have recently been conducted by the Army. Major Read says he never attended a town where more enthusiasm in religious matters was exhibited. The whole town turned out to most of the gatherings. At the last meeting the Mayor was present and gave an address, thanking the visitors for their presence.”

The day following our return from Pembina we left

Winnipeg to make a tour of inspection in the far-away portions of the Province—the most distant place, Victoria, B.C.—being nearly seventeen hundred miles away. Our experiences were varied and many, John carefully recording them in note book and diary. He writes :

“Quite elated and overjoyed we left the Winnipeg C. P. R. depot at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, July 10th. The night previous fifteen souls had knelt at the penitent-form in Winnipeg crying for deliverance. We had had a beautiful Council, and a big crowd of soldiers and recruits eagerly listened as we tried to urge them on in the work. A nice little officers’ tea had preceded this Council.

“A group of friends waved their parting salutes. Captain Shea’s ‘We’ll hold the fort while you are gone,’ created within us a deeper feeling that all would go along swimmingly during our absence. Throughout our many weeks from Headquarters this scene was ever before us.”

To chronicle the happenings of eight weeks in that interesting western country would be an impossibility. I will, therefore, mention only the events which especially affected my husband. Everywhere the greeting was warm, and our hearts were greatly drawn out to the people. We were also much impressed with the great opportunities that this new country offers to the enterprising and industrious. We visited all along the line of the C.P.R., conducting meetings almost everywhere.

We travelled in Manitoba through great plains of waving golden grain, swaying like sun-touched billows under the influence of the summer’s breeze ; and hedges of variegated field flowers of every color and tint which, in the more fertile spots, blossom into four harvests during the season. Then into Assinaboine and Saskatchewan ; up from Regina over two hundred miles out into a wild but picturesque region, and halted for a few days’ meetings in Prince Albert, on the shores of the Saskatchewan River.

Events make places, and the brave fight waged and noble victory achieved by our Canadian Volunteers in 1885, in the Louis Reil Rebellion, has made the name

of Batoch and other points in this vicinity immortal. Returning from this historic spot to the capital of the North-West Territories, Regina, we passed through rolling meadow land with little "bluffs" or clumps of trees which are dotted here and there.

Away out into Alberta—travelling hundreds of miles through a sandy, barren stretch of prairie, like a veritable land ocean, burned and parched by the drought of a Western July, even its pools dried up; nothing but the evidences of alkalie to mark the place where refreshing streams had flowed in the early spring time.

What a delightful change then, to leave this desert land at Calgary and steam away up a branch railway line to flourishing, charming Edmonton; through scenery all green, fresh and smiling with a healthy vegetation.

Readier pens than mine have failed in their endeavors to portray all the magnificent beauties of the glorious Rockies! I shall, therefore, not attempt any description.

For many hours we went rushing on, marveling at the human ingenuity which had formed a road-bed for the "line of steel" along the steep, mountain ledges; on the verge of the mighty Fraser; making them span the great chasms and link together stupendous mountain ranges. We left Calgary during the night, and the first view of the wonderful Rockies that burst upon us was the sun dawn illuminating the lofty peaks of the snow-crowned glaziers with all the brilliant hues of the "bow of promise." As the "Orb of Day" slowly mounted the Heavens its light penetrated every sequestered valley and dell, and in a short hour the whole scene was a blaze of marvellous beauty. We sat spell-bound for hours, as in every dark ravine, impenetrable gorge, unfathomed canyon, swift-flowing river—dashing on in unresisted torrents—and beautiful lake we recognized the finger

of God. My husband never ceased to elaborate on the grandeur of British Columbia's three mountain ranges, which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

We reached Vancouver, the rising terminal town of the C. P. R., and the port for their huge "Empress" steamers, periodically sailing for China and Japan. Here was to begin our campaign in the Province of British Columbia.

We spent two weeks in this Province, and had just finished the first month's program of our trip when my husband's health broke down. I was remaining in Vancouver to conduct some special Social meetings in the different churches of that city, and my husband intended to visit Vernon and other places in the Mountains. However, he had only reached Vernon a few hours when he was taken very ill and had to telegraph for me to go to him. He says in his journal :—

VERNON AND ARMSTRONG, Monday, Aug. 27, 1894.—Then my Blanche came, and how pleased I was to see her. I had wired for her. However, she only stayed a few hours and was off again to an out-post called Armstrong, where the dear soldiers were assembled for a banquet. They wanted her to come and expected me. She went on the 4 p.m. train, but, thank God, she will be with me again to-morrow at 10.30. Mrs. and Mr. Moore are very kind to me, indeed, all the time.

TUESDAY, August 28, 1894.—Blanche came back this morning at 10.30, after having had a trying time at Armstrong, as she was so tired, having been up two nights. The Lord blessed her labours very much. Six dear folks knelt at the Cross for deliverance. They had never seen a woman Officer before, so they were very excited, indeed, over dear Blanche. These dear soldiers had actually left their farms and work and camped out in tents on purpose to take part in these special meetings. They came for miles through the lovely B. C. Valley.

WEDNESDAY, August 29, 1894.—To-night I mustered up strength and went to the meeting. . . . Then God helped me to speak a few words for Him. . . . After the meeting was over we had a delightful little Soldiers' Council. Ah, those brave, brave soldiers! How I love them! Did not feel at all well when I got home. Mrs. Moore still very kind to me.

This serious breakdown was the beginning of the end. He had struggled to carry out the plans for our tour. Perhaps we had undertaken too much, considering the weather was excessively hot and we had had

very little cessation from the continual public duty, but everywhere the people were so eager for meetings, for in some of the distant places visited they seldom had a visitor. We seemed to be forced into the multitudinous duties by the pressing needs of the moment. It was a strange dispensation and disappointing to my husband, for, although we were three weeks on our return journey to Provincial Headquarters, Winnipeg, filling our appointments, he was able to take charge of but few of them.

We were absent about two months, and received kindness and cordiality everywhere. The Winnipeg Press accelerated our efforts to advance the interest of our work, and always kept its movements and needs well to the fore. They wrote of our home coming :

“ Last night there was a large attendance at the Salvation Army Barracks where Major and Mrs. Read, who have been on a travelling tour to the Coast, gave a short *resume* of their work in the West. Major Read, in an interesting address, spoke of the hopefulness and success of the Army's operations in the localities over which he has charge, dealing especially with what has been, and is being done in Pembina, Moosomin, Regina, Prince Albert, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Edmonton, Vancouver, New Westminster, Victoria, Nanaimo, Clayton and Vernon.”

Major Read kept a remarkably cheerful spirit through all the distressing vicissitudes of physical suffering that he had to pass through. Even at this time, when his fortitude had been exercised to the fullest extent to enable him to go on to a platform at all, he led one of the brightest meetings I have ever attended. In fact, the people were convulsed with laughter many times over his humorous and graphic recital of our adventures.

In commenting upon our tour the Commandant said :

“ Major Read has just recovered from a severe attack of sickness, brought on, doubtless, by overwork and strain. He has returned to Winnipeg with his wife after a most successful trip to the Coast. He speaks in glowing terms of all he has seen, and says there is going to be a simply tremendous time there on the occasion of the General's visit.”



The Winnipeg Band were always ready to render practical co-operation in any scheme we had for the Kingdum's aggrandisement. The Major was much interested in them, not only as musicians, but also in their personal welfare. He conducted little Band meetings periodically as opportunity offered. Captain Shea, in reporting one of these occasions, wrote :—

“Major Read loves music. He is a musician himself and plays a concertina with effect. He believes all the music belongs to God, but the Devil has stolen the best part of it, and he in for stealing it back, not the words, but the beautiful tunes and melodies.”

John took a great interest in a certain class of young men who gravitate to the western portions of our country—the boys whose friends have sent them out to the “‘Woolly West,’ because they are fearful of being disgraced by them in the Old Land.” He became promptly the recognized friend of these “wayward boys.” One of the many touching stories he used to tell of these dear fellows I am giving :—

“My soul was melted down by an incident which happened on a certain western train on which I travelled.

“I had got comfortably settled in a seat and had removed my coat, wearing a red one on the train. Stopping at a depot, the car door was flung open, and in walked a poor young fellow drunken, though respectably clad.

“Fixing his eye on my red coat, and then looking into my face, he dropped down on the seat and put his arms around my neck. Then he began something on this strain : ‘Thought—thee—was—a—mounted—police,—but—I—struck—a—Salvation—brother. Seven—years—in—this—country,—nobody—ever—asked—me—about—my—soul.’ Tears flowed freely from his bleared eyes. Then he told of his poor mother in the Old Land, whom he had left seven years ago, and who thought he was dead. People had visited his little ‘shack,’ but had never spoken a word to him about Spiritual matters. ‘Thee bist the only man who ever drawed tears to my eyes,’ he groaned out, and again leaned his head on my shoulder. ‘I left home two months ago to fish on the Fraser River, made a good bit of cash, and,’ (drawing a few dollar bills out of his pocket), ‘this is all I got left.’ Again he cried. When I suggested the idea of my writing to his dear old mother, he brightened up and said, ‘Tell her I’m alive, but a poor, mean sinner. Tell her what a wretch I am. I can’t read or write, but you tell her, now, sure.’ Then, with a fresh outburst of grief, he cried, ‘Well, why didn’t somebody tell me about Salvation before? Why didn’t they tell me?’ On promising that I would keep by his side and not leave him

till he got off the train, he seemed contented, still keeping his arm on my shoulder."

In September Their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen paid an official visit to Winnipeg. They had for years shown a profound interest in the Army's operations in many lands, and as other Societies were arranging to give them a hearty reception, Major Read also desired to do honor to the Vice-Regal party. Arrangements were therefore made to present an address to the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen.

Through the courtesy of His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Shultz, the Army's address was one of three presented on the City Hall steps on the morning of their reception. The following is the text of the same :

*"To their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen:—*

"On behalf of the numbers of Salvationists living throughout Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, this brief, but none the less hearty, welcome is extended to your Excellencies on your arrival in Winnipeg. In you both we recognize true leaders. In your high and noble office we wish you Heaven's blessing and God's peace. Praying that your stay in and around the Province, city, and your journey to and from the Coast, may be fraught with much blessing.

"Signed, J. READ, Major."

To which His Excellency graciously replied :

"I am much gratified at receiving this demonstration of kindness, welcome, and goodwill from the Salvation Army. The address already handed to me, and of which you have just now heard the substance, is certainly, though brief, a declaration that contains all that one would wish to see in any utterance. Having for a good many years past had some opportunities of observing the ministrations and operations of the Salvation Army. I can assure you I have long had a thorough conviction that these operations are for the glory of God, and, therefore, for the good of mankind ; indeed, it is now tolerably well ascertained by anyone wanting to know the work, that it is not only of a most earnest character, but of the most far-reaching and thorough description. I wish to take the opportunity of joining with you in these expressions of congratulation and good wishes which have been called forth by the visit of General Booth to this country. I have had the advantage and pleasure of some years' acquaintance with General Booth, and, like everyone else who has heard or met that wonderful man, I join with you in earnest good wishes that he may be long spared to be at the

head of this great and remarkable movement. I again offer you my best wishes for your success in the best sense of the word, and I am sure the more the Salvation Army is known, the more it will be regarded with confidence and approval by all right-thinking persons quite apart from the question of individual views on particular forms of worship and devotion."

**NEW RESCUE HOME.**—The requirements of the Rescue work necessitated the securing of a more commodious and suitable building for its operations. We succeeded in this, after some little difficulty, and successfully opened a large, bright and airy Home early in October. My husband was very ill, but took a great interest in it, and, as his diary furnishes more details than memory, I will revert again to its pages:

**FRIDAY, Oct. 5, 1894.**—Did not get up to-day. I feel a little easier, but that dreadful pain, that thumping is still there, and makes me feel so sick at times. Dear Blanchie has gone out into the city to-day to see about the Shelter meeting, also Mr. Mulock, and then to arrange about the Rescue Home opening and Rescue meeting. Dr. Clarke came in to-day and prescribed for me. He examined me and said there was no cancer, but still I fear there is. God knows.

**SATURDAY, 6, 1894.**—In bed all day to-day. I wired to Brigadier Holland to-day, saying I was still very ill. Dear Blanchie went out after dinner to see Mr. Turk, as she is to speak in Grace Church to-morrow night. Oh, how I should like to be at the battle's front once more. However, I must wait patiently for the Lord's will. Dr. Clarke came to-night at 10 p.m. Blanche telephoned for him as I had a bad day.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 9, 1894.**—I was able to-day, as yesterday, to dictate quite a few letters to Ensign Rawling and also to dictate my despatch to *All the World*. . . . I do crave for a strong body. It is my desire; yes it is. A beautiful little time in the Officers meeting at the Rescue Home to-night. I went out feeling very, very sick and giddy, while there had to go out of the room two or three times. I got home feeling very tired and sick.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10, 1894.**—A messenger came this morning from Lady Shultz saying she would attend this afternoon's Rescue meeting. Dear Blanchie went to the Rescue Home to the formal opening. They had a grand time. Lady Shultz was there and spoke; also Dr. Youmans, and other ladies. I do not feel as well to-night, but the dear Lord will make me strong. In God I trust. Oh, Hallelujah. Jesus lives. God is love, I know, I feel.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 11, 1894.**—Up all day to-day feeling somewhat better, but still the pain is very bad indeed. I have been able to get through quite a bit of work to-day, but still I feel weak. Dr. Clarke

came to-day while I was at dinner, then this morning Blanche went to see Lady Shultz. She received her well. Then Blanche is also very busy doing all in her power to push the work. She is to lead a big Shelter demonstration to-night at the barracks.

His weak state made it difficult to press the claims of the Shelter as he would have wished, but still he kept its needs well to the front. A minister from the North-West who knew him well, said to me the other day: "What a dauntless man Major Read was, he would stop at nothing." True, he was not easily swerved from his course, or many times during the last years of his life he would have given up in despair when overtaken so often by his dread enemy sickness, and his pet plans were thwarted over and over again because he had not strength to carry them into effect. He refers to the Shelter in his diaries, and though he had to leave the West before this project materialized, he had the pleasure of knowing that through the united efforts of his associates in the war, the co-operation of the citizens, and the pressure and influence brought to bear upon them during the General's magnificent campaign, over a thousand dollars was banked towards the initial expense. The citizens of Winnipeg at first could not see the necessity of such an institution in their prosperous city, but when informed that the Army had been constrained to open its barracks the previous winter for a shelter on several occasions when the thermometer had registered thirty and forty below zero, they yielded to the evident necessity of it. Western people are generous and liberal, and they had only to be convinced of the necessity and utility of this department of social reform to rally magnanimously to our aid.

Public gatherings were held, the City Council was waited upon, individual citizens were visited, with the result that the Shelter was opened early in the New Year by our successor, Brigadier Bennett.

It was a sad day when the crisis came. From the

time of John's breakdown in August—out in British Columbia—he had struggled on, sometimes confined to the house, oftentimes even to his bed. Much prayer was offered throughout the Province, everything his attendant physician thought of was done to help him. Some days he was full of hope for his ultimate recovery. He was always more or less busily occupied. If he was unable to go out to meetings he held meetings of different descriptions at Provincial Headquarters. If quite unable to go and visit business men, they came to him, if unable to rise and write he attended to his correspondence bolstered up in bed. At last a consultation of physicians was called, and after a careful examination their ultimatum was that he would never recover from his malady, which seemed to them chronic, in the rigid climate of the West.

he Commandant was written to, and kindly promised a change of work as soon as it could possibly be arranged. Also writing officially in the *Cry* :

“There are sad items as well as glad to report. The saddest, perhaps, of all is in the direction of the West. At first it seemed impossible to believe that our beloved comrade, Major Read, could be the victim of so serious a malady as that reported by the doctors attending him. Letter after letter, however, confirms the news, and we are forced to take active steps to secure him some place where the climate will be less severe and the work less stringent upon him.”

We had arranged to visit Brandon District together, but my husband had regretfully to abandon this tour. However, so that the people should not be altogether disappointed, he desired me to fill the appointment. He says :

FRIDAY, Oct. 19, 1894 —Up at 8.20, feeling rather tired, but full of joy that God has counted me worthy to follow Him in His own dear footsteps. Glory to His Name. All my life is at God's service. Jesus, Jesus, all the way long it is Jesus. Oh, the great amount of work there is to be done. The harvest is great, but the laborers are few. I did not feel quite so well to-day. In all probability the over-exertion in the meeting last night caused this, but am hoping to be all right again. Blanche is packing up and getting ready for her two weeks' tour. Johnnie Habkirk accompanies her. She starts out to-morrow, and no doubt God will give her a good time. Several gifts and presents came to each of us from mother (Mrs. Goodall) to-day.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1894.—Captain Shea slept with me again last night. After breakfast I was rejoiced at receiving a letter from dear Blanche, telling of glorious victories at Neepawa. How my heart rejoices at this bit of news.

The Chancellor, Ensign Rawlings, and the Cashier, Captain Shea, were most devoted and faithful, relieving my husband of as much work as possible, and readily seconding all his efforts, whether in the interests of the Field, the Self-Denial or Property Schemes, the arrangements for the General's tour, or the preparatory work for the establishment of the Shelter. During my absences Captain Shea used to kindly share his room and render him any service he required, also enlivening his lonely hours by his bright cheerfulness.

My husband was in the midst of the arrangements for the annual Self-Denial effort and the General's prospective visit to the Province, and gladly acceded to the Commandant's desire to stay, if possible, in the West until these events were over. He was to have travelled with the General through the Province, but, of course, was not able to do so. His diary informs us:

THURSDAY, Nov. 29, 1894.—I got a wire from the Commandant this morning saying, that he was arranging for Brigadier Holland to travel to the Coast instead of myself. This will lighten the burden for me. We arranged to-day for Captain Shea to go on a rest to the Coast. At 3 p.m., after a most successful trip to Emerson, Pembina and other places, Blanche returned home. It does seem good to have her trip over. She had a long letter from Mrs. Booth about my illness.

SUNDAY, December 2, 1894.—At home all day. Blanche at meetings all day. Dr. Todd came and prescribed. They had a beautiful time at the barracks to-night. Blanche read a letter to the audience about my sickness and my desire to be at the meeting. Five souls.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6, 1894.—News came to-day that Blanche is to go through to the Coast with the Commandant to take the financial responsibility. God will go with her and make her equal to every emergency. Bless Him. Had some cheery letters to-day.

MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1894.—I should, indeed, thank the Lord for the improvement I feel and still go on to pray for restoration. God will, I believe, restore me yet again, although I have pain all over me to-day. I have been very busy, chiefly in connection with the General's visit. I still wait upon the Lord. A letter from Blanche's mother cheered me.

CHRISTMAS, Dec. 25, 1894.—Christmas day again. Last year we were at Newfoundland, separated, Blanche at Trinity, and I at Greenspond. What changes since then! And how far away are we now from that loved spot. Blanche came home from Morden this noon, and we had our Christmas dinner together. My thoughts wandered off again to Old England.

SUNDAY, Dec. 29, 1894.—At 10 a.m. the Commandant and Mrs. Read drove round the city to select a place for a Shelter and see leading gentlemen re the Shelter. After doing business all day with the Commandant the party left for the Coast to meet the General. Blanche went with them. Oh, these meetings and partings. How they seem to tear one's heart. May God watch between us.

TUESDAY, Dec. 31, 1894.—The last day of 1894. What experiences I have had since the beginning of the year. Truly the Lord has been gracious to me. He has upheld me by His right hand. In all the storms I have been upheld, and I shall more than ever trust Him and not be afraid. I am separated from my wife, who is now riding through the British Columbia mountains, on her way to meet the dear General. May God uphold her and stand by her in every trying hour. . . ."

A volume might be filled with the happenings of the General's triumphant tour through Canada in the years 1894 and 1895, and perhaps the occurrences of his visit to the West would not be the least interesting, for he spent over two weeks there. But the apex was reached in the magnificent gatherings he conducted in the Prairie City. I must give one or two excerpts from the Special Correspondent's report:

"'I see you have got a heart, and I have been glad to look through the key-hole,' was the General's verdict at the last public meeting, which occasion was the climax to the crowning triumph of the North-West. The fact is, the Salvation Army is a living power out here, an influence upon the spiritual and moral health of the place similar to that exerted upon the physical by the frost and snow, and the clear atmosphere and the sleighing to which they give birth.

"Grace Church is beautiful in construction and commodious in proportions. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Turk, placed his church at the General's disposal for the three days covering the campaign—an act of generosity unparalleled in our travels.

"The 'first filling' took place on Wednesday night, January 16th. Over one thousand two hundred of the 'Cream of Winnipeg' were there, including our own Blood-and-Fire followers. Major Read ignored his weakness and led the risen house in a unanimous, rousing and prolonged greeting.

"Our capable chairman, Mr. Turk, then turned the tap on—nearly an hour's stream of hot, heart-spring congratulation and sympathy. All

sections of society—religious, civil, philanthropic and commercial—were represented in the addresses of welcome presented to the General.”

Scores of souls sought and found pardon and purity during this series of important gatherings.

The English *Cry*, in commenting upon the tour, the West, the people, Officers, and Provincial Officer, said of the latter :

“Major Read regulates his Division from this pivot. He is a clear, warm-hearted, alert Salvationist, much loved by his Officers and Soldiers, and esteemed by one hundred per cent. of the outsiders. There is mutual sorrow at his approaching departure, mingled with grief that serious illness is the cause.”

My dear husband was much touched by the Army Leader's personal interest in his welfare. For in the midst of the multitudinous claims upon his attention he was extremely anxious to have a diagnosis of his physical condition. He never forgot this, and it is rather significant that almost the last article he penned for the columns of the Canadian *Cry* was a character sketch of our venerable General.

A few short weeks and we bid good-by once more to a people made dear to us by ties of warfare ; to the citizens of the Golden West who are noted for their aggressiveness. We should have loved to stay longer among them. It was a keen disappointment to us, but we had learned that He who held our “times in His hand” is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

From John's diary regarding our farewell :

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 20, 1895.—I wonder when these partings will cease. Not until we get “the other side the river.” We had a most profitable time at the last Soldiers' Council to-night, and about twenty dear soldiers sought the blessing of a clean heart. Oh, how the dear Lord helped us. I talked on the “Holy Ghost.” Blanche spoke on “Hold Fast !!”

Our public farewell took place in the barracks, and the dear Winnipeg bandsmen—faithful to the last—with soldiers and friends, bid us *au revoir* at the station the following morning, the band struggling to play a parting salute as the train steamed out of the station,



with the thermometer 20 below zero. A simple message was sent to the dear officers who so faithfully had facilitated our efforts in doing our share to win the West to Jesus :

“ God kindly veils our eyes. Over each step of our future life He makes new scenes to rise. We have to say good-bye and leave our much loved command. We have learned to love you all. You have helped us in the fight. Our parting words to you are, ‘ Be loyal and do right.’ In the uncertainty of life we may never meet again on earth. Let us work for our reward in the skies. There the surges will cease to roll. Don’t for any earthly tempter take back one jot or tittle of the sacred consecration you have made to God. God will hold you to it. Endure hardness as good soldiers to the very end and you, as well as those whom you have led to the Cross, shall be saved eternally. Be faithful, be true, be devoted, live a soldier’s life and die a warrior’s death. God bless you richly.

“ Affectionately yours,

“ J. READ, Major.”



## CHAPTER XII.

## WARFARE AND SUFFERING.

*"I like the man who faces what he must  
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
 Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
 That God is God; that, somehow, true and just,  
 His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
 Falls from his grasp. . . . He alone is great  
 Who, by a life heroic, conquers fate."*

"Major Read, despite the utmost care and skill of the doctors, has so seriously broken down as to necessitate his immediate recall from Winnipeg. He comes to Toronto, where, after a little rest, he is to take the oversight of the Department so well developed and run by our old comrade, Adjutant Southall. In future Major and Mrs. Read will rank as Financial Secretaries."

Thus runs the Official Gazette from the pen of the Commandant.

John Read always entered upon every task and duty with interested zest. Even when so disappointed at relinquishing his loved field work, he was quite bright and happy in his appointment to the Financial Department, and was anxious to make it a success.

He took hold of his new work with a will, determined to make the most of his circumstances. He was full of schemes for obtaining the "sinews of the War," but his plans were often frustrated by his continued weakness. He was often unable to take any public

meetings, but was delighted when he had the opportunity to do so.

In August of 1895 Major Read went to England for seven weeks' furlough. The *War Cry* of August 10th notes this event:

"Major Read, who has done yeoman service in various important offices during the past eight years, has obtained a furlough to visit his home in the Old Land. He sails on August 21st, and is due to return during the first week of October."

He wrote a graphic description of this visit, which is stamped unmistakably with his own individuality, and his feelings toward the dear General, Chief of Staff, Commandant, and other Leaders, and also describes some features of the Army's operations in England, therefore I am quoting freely from it:

"The soldier who leaves his home and native land expects to meet privation and hardship on the battlefield. Ere the last kiss is placed on the cheeks of his beloved wife and children, thoughts of what may happen rush torrent-like through his excited brain. He may receive the enemy's first bullet at the battle's front. Before the engagement is over his corpse may be bleaching beneath the hot sun. Death, toil, suffering and sickness stare him in the face, but wrenching himself from every home tie, with loving wife and children at the threshold bemoaning his departure, he turns his back upon them to face the stern realities of war in a foreign clime. Love for his country surpasses every love, and, stepping down the streets of his native town, he joins his regiment, and hurries to the scene of conflict. Luckily, he goes through every encounter without a fatal wound. Conflict, want and suffering have, however, done their work, and our hero's constitution is wrecked, and for the remainder of his life he must be at the mercy of the Government he has so nobly fought for.

"Stern reality this, but sterner and more real is the war in which Salvationists are engaged. Many brave young men and women, who with God-touched, zealous hearts have left their all, 'friends, time and earthly store' to enlist for lifelong service under the banner of Calvary, have nobly fought, spent their life's blood, died and gone to glory in seeking those who have been at the very mouth of hell. All glory to God for these present-day martyrs. Others there are whose bodies have been weakened, and whose constitutions have been wrecked while incessantly in the trenches opposing the devil and his legions. They have stood there until loss of strength has compelled them to fall back a bit and gain vigor for future engagements. They are at times compelled to go aside awhile from the din and smoke of the front-rank service. Thus was it with the writer.

"Eight years of continual fighting had made inroads on my physical strength. Four and a half years' literary work, often working far into the night, is bound to tell on the most robust. Then the sudden change from office life to the cold, bleak, chilling blasts of Newfoundland, with its rugged travelling, its snow-storms, boat journeys and rough walking, is not very helpful to one physically. The North-West command, involving incessant travelling, together with its winter, zeroic climate, is not altogether favorable to one whose body shows symptoms of disease. This combination of change and labor had laid me low, when in November, 1894, two Winnipeg doctors, after thoroughly overhauling my frame, declared that I was in the grip of a chronic malady, and that great care must be taken or I should, perhaps sooner than I expected, be going to the Heavenly Rest Home. December, 1894, January and February, 1895, were consequently spent mostly 'in durance vile' at Manitoba's Capital. My dear wife filled my appointments, driving from place to place in the coldest weather. The Commandant decided that a change of work and climate was inevitable, and accordingly we were appointed as Financial Secretaries at Toronto Headquarters. We did not leave Winnipeg, however, until we had enjoyed our dear General's visit with all its manifold attendant blessings. Neither shall I soon forget sitting in a cab in the company of our dear world-wide Leader and his son, the Commandant, being driven to the Government House. It was then the parental side of the dear General's nature showed itself. He felt for me in my weakness, got me to write out the symptoms of my illness, which he sent to a London (England) physician. After our dear Leader had left the Province he wrote me a most beautiful letter with his own hand while on the cars, which letter I prize more than gold.

"Not gaining strength very rapidly, and having a longing desire to see my dear old parents once again in the flesh, I decided to visit England for the two-fold purpose of seeking health, and enjoying the sweet hospitality of my native home for at least a few days. How precious is the thought that one is the subject of fervent prayer! While lying ill at Winnipeg, the dear officers and soldiers of a certain corps had especially met to pray for my healing. The Winnipeg local corps did the same, and the fact that numbers of other dear people were petitioning heaven on my behalf cheered me not a little, and gave me strong faith for the future."

John refers to his arrival in England in his characteristic style :

"On Wednesday, August 28th, after seven days' anxious watching and waiting on the great ocean liner, we catch a glimpse of old England's shore. It was a tedious passage, though not at all uninteresting. Just before we sighted land, a lady who had been put on board at New York in a consumptive state, died in her cabin. Her death caused quite a solemn feeling to come over the passengers, but it lasted a very short time. . . . Little knots of passengers lined the bulwarks as our vessel steamed up the English Channel past the Eddystone Lighthouse, and steered straight for "The Needles," and Isle of White.

"It was with feelings of joy that I sighted the shores of Cornwall and Devon. What thoughts and memories flashed through my mind as I gazed upon the beautiful natural scenery that lay before me!

"All the events and happenings of eleven years flashed across my mind in panoramic succession. Here I was returning to the old Homestead after years of active service in the work of soul-saving, with a heart right before God, and a life wholly given up to seek and save the lost; with a good position, a wife and little one at Toronto. With the recollection of all God's goodness I was almost overpowered, and lifted my Ebenezer to Heaven.

"As this flood of remembrance swept over me I could not help straining my eyes in the direction of Poole, for just to the east of this place, in a lovely valley, lay that picturesque, healthful resort, Bournemouth, with Bascombe quite near. Here, at Bournemouth, my dear brother Harry had toiled and labored in business for years, and God had set His seal upon his efforts.

"Gradually certain landmarks and scenes became more familiar. Little Alum Bay looked just as sweet as it did twelve years before when our Sunday School used to visit it each summer. Passing Cowes, Osborne House—the Queen's residence—Calshot, and Hurst Castles with Netley Hospital we soon steamed up the narrow arm of water into Southampton Harbor. . . . In one short hour the huge vessel would be safely moored in her dock. . . ."

Describing his arrival home, he says:

"Then on reaching home, that one look into the pure eyes of my godly parents cheered me not a little. Loving salutations were exchanged. What a meeting! 'Yes, it is he!' exclaimed dear old mother. 'Dear boy, not much changed!' said grey-haired father with trembling voice. Sister Lizzie looking on wonderingly. What a quartette! We wept and prayed together. My joy was full. Then there was the happy union with brothers, their wives and children, as well as many other dear friends.

"Added to this, the old home, the room where I was born, the garden in which we were wont to play, the streets up which our little feet used to patter to meet father. Pointing its tower to the sky was the old Abbey Church, and how familiar its eight bells sounded once again. How many old friends had gone into eternity? Our old Sunday School Superintendent had dropped dead on the street near his own store. Another prominent office-bearer of that same school had died at his own breakfast table. Those who were children when I left home had grown beyond recognition, and many had children of their own. Change seemed marked all round. Old landmarks gone, new ones built. . . . Yea, verily, I was glad to be in dear England again, and, although one country is as good as another to a Salvationist, and, as John Wesley said, 'the whole world is our parish,' yet we do lean a bit towards the land of our birth."

In speaking of his visit to the International Headquarters, Major Read says :

THURSDAY, Sept. 5th.—I have been all over Clerkenwell Headquarters, and those two words "all over" are very significant. Into the hands of the Editorial lions I fell almost before I knew it. Had a short interview with Commissioner Nicol. I shall not soon forget it. From his lips I learned much of the Army Writers' Company, and other like institutions. Then, what can I write about the Lithograph, Etching, Artist, Printing, Dressmaking, and all the other veritable network of departments? I cannot do them justice. Oh, the rush at this place! From there I walked across to International Headquarters, and had a blessed interview with our brave Chief. It was a treat and pleasure to shake hands with him. His loving words will stand by me "till the Morning." "Fight it out," were the words he wrote at the foot of one of his own photographs, which he presented to me together with a copy of "Reminiscences of Mrs Booth's Life" by his own pen. These I shall always treasure. Never shall I forget that blessed half hour! Coming out of his office, whom should I meet but Mr. Lot Lawford (my cousin, and member of the Over-Sea Colony Deputation to Canada), and Colonel Stitt. Our meeting this side of the water was none the less pleasant than when we met that Sunday morning at the Union Depot, Toronto. What miles we had each travelled since then!

The following is a partial copy of the interview referred to between Commissioner Nicol and the Major, as it appeared in the English *Cry* a week or two later :

"Major Read is a lithe, well-proportioned, fresh-colored man, with a frank and happy countenance. His hair is of the poetical shade. He left England ten years ago, and since then has acquired, very naturally, that direct and pugnacious style of American loquacity, without being bumptious or conceited. His religion shines in his eyes, and there is a tender, at times pathetic, tone in his talk. He impresses you as very genuine; a man who lives up to the standard of professed spiritual life. His visit to England has a double object. He is not well. For months his kidneys have been disordered. In consequence of this physical ailment, the dear fellow was very reluctantly compelled to give up the North-West command and hitch on to the Toronto Headquarters as the Commandant's Financial Secretary—a sort of Colonel Sturgess for Canada. The sedentary character of this post has enabled him to doctor his kidneys, and he is at present living mainly on milk, fruit, and bread and butter. It takes a man of extra grit to work on this fare on the other side of the pond. The trip here and back to Canada will, we hope, just put him right. His second purpose in coming is to see the old folks. He embarks towards the latter end of the month.

"As Major Read sat for four and a half years in the Editorial chair of Canada, we believed him to be a man of some observing power, so we asked him a few questions :

“Looking back to the past, Major, what have you to say with respect to the Army's grip of the people?”

“That it is better understood, less effected by attack and prejudiced criticism; our soldiers are such by conviction and principle, and hold more intelligent views as to our objects and principles than they at one time did. The officers (Canadian) are beautiful. They may not possess the same degree of clench as the British—but for endurance, piety and whole-heartedness, I should say they will be difficult to beat.”

“And your present soul-thirst?”

“For a keener relish than ever of the practical. Saintship and soldiership can grow together, but the tendency of things is to have less of both, and substitute a mongrel theory, and a passive face to the enemy. We want more antagonism to the world in our nature.”

“We agreed, prayed for power to walk in the light, and parted.”

The Major described his visit to the Hadleigh Farm as follows:

“It was rather late in the day when I landed at Leigh station to spend half a day at Hadleigh Farm Colony. Being very tired and weary, I longed for some conveyance to take me the two miles to the farm, but ‘shank's pony’ was the only available mode of locomotion just at that time. A Camberwell bandsman happened to be going to the Colony, so we set out, and a hot walk it was, but pleasant withal. Arriving at the Governor's house, I found that he was in London, but Captain (Dr.) Hart, of the Mare Street Headquarters, was at the farmhouse, and would be glad to accompany me over the Colony. Making my way to the farmhouse, I found Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and guests at dinner, and gladly accepted their kind invitation to partake of some refreshment. On enquiry, I found that these guests had taken up apartments, and were enjoying the delightful air and scenery of Hadleigh.”

“I took a few rough notes so that I might in the future give my friends a little idea of the place.”

“That's our own train you see coming round the corner there. It is used to convey the refuse from the wharf to the foot of that hill. Then it is drawn by machinery up the hill to the top, where it is mixed to fertilize the land.”

“Peacefully grazing a few yards away in a green patch was ‘Jenny,’ the Farm Colony donkey, looking as contented as the dear rescued men near by. Our guide took us up to a slight elevation, and telling us to cast our eyes around, we took in at a glance the situation. There was the hospital, the henneries, the rabbit warren in the foreground; while away in the distance stretched acres upon acres of most beautiful land, reclaimed from the mighty Thames. Thousands of newly burnt bricks were stacked up. There was the Salvation Army wharf, at which seven barges land their tons of city refuse; in the midst of all stands the old castle.”

“I was taken also to see some of the ‘submerged,’ busy hoeing in a strawberry bed. There were about thirty men, as happy as they could

be, whistling and humming Army songs, keeping time with their work; how I thanked God. Then I went to see the Colonists, after their day's work, making tracks for their cottages and dormitories. I shall not soon forget the scene. Such an air of satisfaction pervaded the place.

It was Dr. Hart's express wish that I should see the dormitories before I left, and I seized the opportunity. It was nearly seven o'clock. The Colonists had taken supper, and were enjoying a well-earned rest, sitting about or reclining upon their beds. How contented they looked! It was now getting late, and train-time came on apace. We were driven by Mr. Matthews' son to Leigh station, and I reached my billet in Hackney feeling delighted that I had been privileged to see the Hadleigh Colony."

There are many little touching sidelights thrown upon his life while at home in the minute and exhaustive account he gives of this visit. The last one being:

"All too soon the day arrived for the final good-bye. It was a wrench! 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers!' read my dear father at the family altar that last day of my stay in England. Nine years ago on a similar occasion he had read, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' Never shall I forget those two Psalms. How father prayed that morning! It was a parting indeed. I tried, without success, to keep back the scalding tears. Little did I think it was the last prayer I should hear my father pray, and the last kiss I should give him, but so it was.

"Dear Sister Lizzie, and other friends came to Southampton to wave their farewells, and as the huge steamer "Paris" left her dock and glided down the Southampton water, I saw the flying handkerchief of my sister until it faded from view, and I was fairly *en route* home again passing in quick time the old familiar spots along the shores of the Solent

On Major Read's return to Canada he took up the duties of his position with renewed zeal. His health was not materially improved by the change. Attacks of his malady similiar to the seizure he had in Winnipeg recurred from time to time.

While ill in bed, he wrote on Thursday, April 30th, 1896:

"I do crave to get to the Temple again and to my loved work. Dear Blanchie and Violet went up to mother's this afternoon and stayed until six. Quite a change for them, and will do them good. Blanchie gets very, very tired. Oh, how we wish we could again get out in the field!



We must wait God's time and God's will. He doeth all things well. Praise Him!

FRIDAY, May 1st, 1896.—Blanchie and Mrs. G— went to the hospital to see Mother Florence. The Commandant came to see me to-night. Prayed with us. Blanche went to see Mrs. Booth *re* her new charge—the Rescue Work.

TUESDAY, May 5th, 1896.—Blanchie came down to the Temple this afternoon to see about her work (Rescue). Commandant and Colonel were pleased to see me back at the Temple once more. Then there was the Officers' Council to-night at the Rescue Home. We both went and enjoyed it very much. I shall not soon forget the Commandant's Bible reading on "Daniel." How we enjoyed it! We both testified.

Of the farewell of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth for Australia, and the welcome of the Field Commissioner to Canada in this month, he said :

TUESDAY, June 9th, 1896.—Never shall I forget that glorious farewell meeting. How God helped the Commandant and Mrs. Booth to speak. The rain poured down, but the people came in a crowd. It was a grand farewell and no mistake

WEDNESDAY, June 10th, 1896.—The day was beautiful, and this really was a red-letter day. The morning session of Council in the Young Men's Christian Association will not soon be forgotten. How straight the Commandant talked. It was lovely indeed. Oh, how that room full of Officers drank in the truth! Then what can I say of the Staff tea or the wonderful farewell. It was really heart-rending. Commandant and Mrs Booth cried. The Provincial Officers stood around them under the flag. Commandant's last words: "Follow thou Me!" Mrs. Booth's: "Stand firm!" It was a never-to-be-forgotten time!

THURSDAY, June 11th, 1896.—Up at 6.30. This was to be the welcome of dear Commissioner Booth. All was hurry and bustle, in final preparations for the farewell of our dear Commandant and Mrs. Booth. Of course, we did not do a great deal of work to-day. At 4.30 we filed up and marched to the Union Station. It was a lovely march. Then the farewell address at the back of the car was impressive. The last words of the Commandant were touching—"Stand by the Cross!" and Mrs. Booth—"Hold on!" Then there was the welcome meeting to the Commissioner at the Pavilion at night. Oh, what a terrible crush! Shall we ever forget it? No! no! God has sent us the right Leader. Such a power for good she will be!!!

FRIDAY, June 12th.—Tired, but it is very seldom we have such glorious times. I attended the morning Council in the Y.M.C.A., and it was a precious and glorious time. Oh, how the dear Lord touched the lips of the Commissioner! How the officers took her to their hearts one and all! Burning words of fire fell from her lips. Then the Staff Tea was a most delightful time. The united Officers' and Soldiers' Council in the Jubilee Hall at night will never be forgotten.

The best wine of the feast. Commissioner spoke one hour and three-quarters.

FRIDAY, June 19th, 1896.—A big day's work. I really suffered untold agony to-day. The heat, too, affected me somewhat. Then I walked down to the wharf to see the yacht with Staff-Captain Minnicie, and this was quite an exertion, and did me more harm than good. Blanche was down at the office all day, from 10 a. m., and in the afternoon she went round to the Rescue Institutions with the Commissioner, who enjoyed it very much, indeed.

TUESDAY, July 7th, 1896.—My heart was cheered by the success of the Grace Before Meat Scheme. It was good. I do want to see it go, and be made a success. Then I shall be glad. Blanche went to the Police Court this morning on her Rescue Work, and was stirred by the sights she saw. Then she came up to the office to work the rest of the day.

SATURDAY, July 11th, 1896.—Up in good time, at 7 a. m., and went down to the Temple, where I was kept busy all morning up to 11 a. m., when I went to have dinner, and to help Blanche down to the Union Depot with Violet and the valise for Bowmanville, where she went with Mary also, for the week-end, to lead some Camp meetings. I stayed at the Temple, at Mrs. Peacock's all night, after putting in the afternoon in the office.

TUESDAY, July 14th, 1896.—The Colonel gave me another job to-day ~~re~~ the Candidates. He asked me to take it over. The dear Lord will help me. Mother came to supper to-night and enjoyed it. She is so kind and good.

I was very much exhausted as a result of months of anxiety at this time and had a slight attack of brain fever. John was very anxious. He says, in commenting upon it:

TUESDAY, July 21st, 1896.—Captain Howcroft stayed with us all night to-night, and it was company and help. Then Blanche was, I am so glad to say, much better this morning. We all had a very restless night last night. Oh, how the darling baby cried for her mamma, but she could not have her. The Doctor would not allow it. It was a strange night. I got up early and went down to the office, so thankful at any rate, that Blanche was so much better. God will, I feel sure, heal her, and lay His hand upon her.

Colonel and Mrs. Holland left Canada for the States in October, 1896:

MONDAY, Oct. 2nd, 1896 —Up at 7, and must say that I felt quite a bit better, especially after last night's hard meeting. Staff-Captain Smeeton and I went direct to the depot to see Colonel and Mrs. Holland off, and we felt the parting very much, for we have learned to love them very dearly. In God I trust. Oh, that I had a stronger body, so that I could go out and do more for God.

It was in October he again had to give up some of his duties. The *War Cry* of Oct. the 30th inst., said :

"We are sorry that it becomes necessary once more to say, Pray for Major Read. He is far from being well. After careful consideration and much prayer, the Commissioner has decided to relieve him of some of his work, so that he may have an opportunity to renew his strength, and fortify himself a little this coming winter. The Major has always taken a lively interest in the Grace Before Meat Scheme. He will continue to have the oversight of this throughout the Territory, and do his utmost to push it. We all appreciate very much the Commissioner's thoughtful care in this matter and will continue to pray that the Major's labors in this may be much owned of God."

### John's diary :

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28th, 1896.—I really did feel somewhat decomposed this morning when I thought over my sickness, but what can I do but throw myself over on the strength of God, who surely has some wise purpose in view in thus afflicting me. All I can do is to trust and not be afraid.

MONDAY, Nov. 16th, 1896.—Blanche went to the Temple to-day, and is to be away until 10 p.m. at the Mercer, Rescue Home, etc. Well, she is on the dear Lord's errands, and I am only too glad that she can thus get out all day. My back is quite bad to-day, but I am, I believe, getting better. My head was something frightful to-day. I suffered untold agony all day, but to-night it is somewhat better, for which I do thank God.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18th, 1896.—Being a nice mild day, I went down to the Temple to-day and saw the Commissioner. She was so kind to me. So pleased that I showed signs of getting better. God bless her! Had a long chat with the Colonel about Newfoundland. People sent presents to us. Judge Conroy, History of Newfoundland, etc. They were all so nice and kind at the Temple. Blanche went out with Dr. Yeomans' from Winnipeg to-day.

In the same year, when unable to take much part in the Self Denial effort, he wrote, for the encouragement of others, in the special *Cry* :

### "EXCELSIOR.

"It has always been my extreme delight to be at the Battle's front. Now, through sickness, I am denied this glorious privilege. Self Denial, therefore, presents itself to me in quite a different aspect. I gladly submit, and, knowing full well that 'If we suffer we shall reign with Him,' I bow to God's will, and shall not forget to fervently pray for the triumphant success of this year's Self-Denial effort. 'Excelsior,' must be the watchword."

THURSDAY, Dec. 10th, 1895.—Being a fine day, I determined to go down to the Temple this morning. I went, did quite a bit of business, greatly enjoyed it, and got back at noon. Should be so glad if I were able to go down daily, but I must bear up. I felt quite tired out when I got home.

THURSDAY, Dec. 31st, 1896.—Up at 7.30 p.m. Last day in the old year! Oh, the defeats in some cases, but the year has fled. It has gone never to be recalled. I got a nice letter from dear Lizzie and mother to-day. It cheered me much. Oh, how good dear mother has been! Dear father has gone to Heaven, and we shall all meet in the Morning. I went down to the Temple this morning, stayed until 2 p.m., but my poor legs swelled so very much. In fact they seem to get worse and worse. The Lord knows all about it. I am leaning hard upon Him, and His strong arm. Staff-Captain Smeeton and Captain Martin here to supper. Ella came in after. I intend going to the Watch Night at Lisgar St., God willing

The early months of 1897 passed in a similar way to those recorded for 1896. Sometimes cast down with all the torturing depression of his malady, at other times elated with the hope of ultimate recovery by some little improvement in his condition. One day, delighted because stronger, and able to rush forward in performance of some service in the holy warfare, at another, so downcast and troubled through his continued weakness, that he could not bear the thought of going where his comrades were gathered together.

In June, the Commissioner, Miss Booth, conducted a huge enrollment of soldiers in the Pavilion, Toronto, and at that meeting announced the promotion of three Majors to the rank of Brigadier. My husband was unable to be present, and no one manifested more surprise than he, when the news of this honor from his General was carried to him. His first exclamation, "Oh, I wish I was strong!" was characteristic of the man. The Commissioner, in writing of these promotions, said:

"Brigadier Read, for over ten years, has manifested all the characteristics of a Blood and Fire Salvationist. His love for hard work is well known, for no small number have witnessed in the different positions he has occupied, the continual and desperate effort he has put forth, often in spite of great physical weakness."

As he was feeling a little stronger in body, he was shortly afterward appointed by the Commissioner to succeed Brigadier Howell in the command of the Central Ontario Province. I shall never forget the day he received this appointment. With tears in his eyes, he said to me, "Oh, if I am only able to do it, won't it be splendid?"

This return to a sphere he delighted in was commented on by the *Canadian Cry*:

"Brigadier John Read has for some time now been considerably better in health, and, as his health improved, his thirst for more work increased, and his desire for a more hand-to-hand warfare than the duties which the Field Commissioner so kindly made light for his health's sake permitted. He goes to the Central Province with the bounding zeal of a lad, but with the wisdom and experience of a father in the war. He is already known, loved and respected, and will, with Mrs. Read, receive an enthusiastic welcome to the Central."

The installation took place in the Temple Auditorium. The Commissioner sent the following encouraging message to the meeting:

"With eager gladness, I express my wholehearted confidence in you in the position to which you have been recently appointed, and my high expectations as to how God will honor your labors in this new command. He will make you the means of salvation to crowds of sinners, inspiration and strength to the soldiers, and a holy example to all right through the Province."

Brigadier Complin conducted it in the absence of Colonel Jacobs. I give a brief sketch from the report:

"The interesting ceremony of installing the new Provincial Officer and Chancellor for the Central Ontario Province was to have been conducted by the Chief Secretary, but owing to ill-health he was unable to come; so the duty devolved upon Brigadier Complin, the *War Cry* Editor. All the City Corps united to welcome their new leaders, as well as a goodly number of friends and sympathizers.

"The Staff Band was in evidence, leading a stirring march. Their playing caused quite a stir. They are decidedly on the upgrade. The crowd which was assembled in the large hall of the Temple for free and happy Salvationism were certainly of excellent quality. Brigadier Complin gave out the old song, 'With shield and banner bright.' After the reading of the 'Blesseds' in Matthew 5, the meeting went ahead in grand style. Brigadier Complin paid a glowing tribute to the new Provincial Officer. Success, he said, was from God, but it was conditional, generally speaking, upon the possession of certain qualifications.

Amongst others he noted in Brigadier Read the following: Clear and strong convictions of Divine things; diligence in business; possession of the spirit of a father and brother to his people.

"The crowd cheered and responded as the new Provincial Officer, in response to the call of the leader of the meeting, came to the front. 'It has been hard work,' he said, 'to sit and listen to people talking about me and patting me on the back.' 'You deserve it all,' cried Mother Florence. The Brigadier went on to praise God for his definite soul-experience of conversion, sanctification, and the conviction he had within his own soul that he and his dear wife were God-appointed, God-sent. (That's rock-bottom to commence on. Hallelujah!) Reiterating the words of his Chancellor, Staff-Captain Minnice, he poured out his heart's desire for them all, assuring them of his willingness to be their friend at all times, reminding comrade, friend, backslider, and sinner, that his address was 77 Ulster Street, City."

He expressed his desire for the advancement of the Province in the following letter to the officers:

"You will have heard by this time of our appointment by the Commissioner to the command of the Central Ontario Province, and in coming among you we shall endeavor to seek first and foremost the interests of God's Kingdom. We begin our command with the blessed assurance that we are God-sent. This does and will give us power and assurance in coming into your midst. It is a blessed satisfaction to the leaders of God's people to know that they are divinely commissioned by Him. This we are sure of, and shall, therefore, with confidence strive in every possible detail, not only to please God and our Commissioner, but to spiritually help, bless, and cheer our dear officers, soldiers and recruits. Will you come to our assistance? You can all make the path easier for us by

"1st.—Seeking solely the interests of God's Kingdom.

"2nd.—Devotedly doing the work to which He has called you.

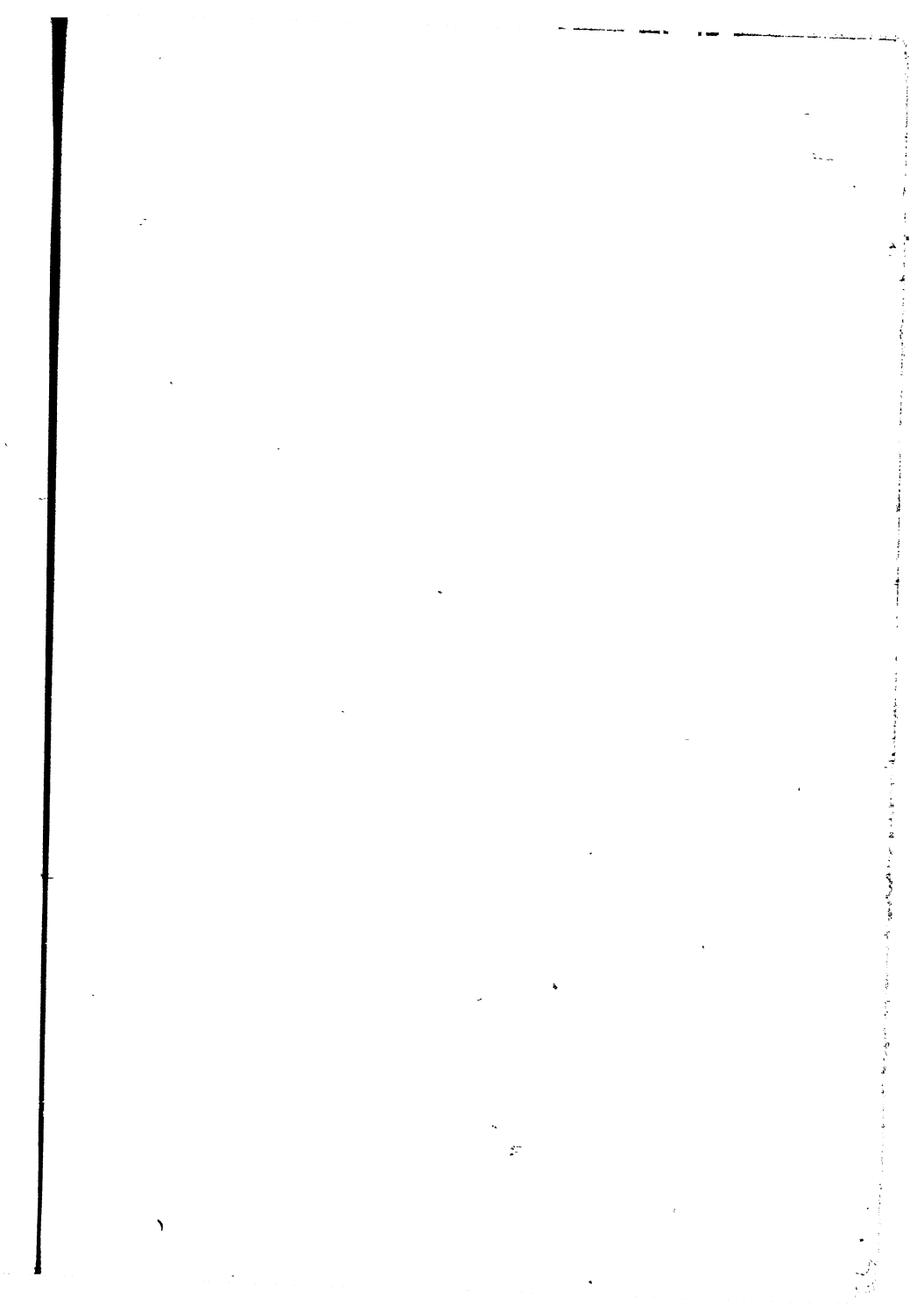
"3rd.—Studying the interests of your new Provincial Officers by carrying the Spirit of Christ into every detail of your work.

"We shall not be able to get to see you personally for some time to come, but we hope to do so as soon as possible. In the meantime reckon on our standing by you. You can make our coming together a mighty blessing and success.

"Yours in His service,

"J. READ, Provincial Officer."

My husband and I took a three weeks' tour shortly after our welcome gathering in Toronto, meeting most of the officers in Council at various centres. The first and most important was held at Hamilton, when forty-five officers met together to consider the best means of furthering the great work of soul-saving.





BRIGADIER AND MRS. HEAD AND VIOLET



This extract from the *Cry* report will show the spirit of the brave warrior officers of this part of the battlefield :

## PENTECOSTAL TIMES.

"The first of the series of meetings welcoming the newly-appointed Provincial leaders—Brigadier Read, Mrs. Read, and Staff-Captain Minnice—was held in the Salvation Citadel at Hamilton on Tuesday evening. It would not be out of place to mention the nice welcome tea provided by local officers and soldiers of the corps. The tables were neatly laid out, and eatables temptingly arranged, to which ample justice was done. A casual observer could not have failed to notice the spirit of oneness and unity that existed. Old warriors fairly glowed as they sipped their tea and told the veterans or the newly-enlisted cadets across the table of battles fought and victories won. It was not difficult to see that whatever may have been the feelings of those forty Staff and Field Officers toward their Provincial leader when they sat down to tea, that before they had finished the Brigadier had them with him without an exception."

My dear husband's hopes were again doomed to disappointment, for after piloting the Harvest Festival and Self-Denial schemes, and materially facilitating the arrangements for the Commissioner's great Anniversary gatherings, he had to again ask—though very reluctantly—the Commissioner to relieve him of his responsible position.

The Central Province, like the Provinces in the far East and West of Canada, covers a large area of country, and, therefore, involves a great deal of travelling. He was not able to undertake the travelling, nor stand the strain of the financial responsibilities attached to it. The five months were busily employed, although he often felt there was comparatively little accomplished, and deplored the fact that his weak condition had prevented his visiting every Corps in the Province. He felt the necessity of this retirement keenly, and was much discouraged, but gratefully took up the light duties of Auxiliary Secretaryship thoughtfully given him by the Commissioner. The *Cry* contained a sympathetic editorial appending

his parting salute to his late officers in the Province:

"That brave and indefatigable warrior, Brigadier Read, has been obliged to go into winter quarters for the season. He sends the following message to the Staff and Field Officers of the Central Ontario Province: 'Thanks, many thanks, for all the loving deeds of kindness, and noble acts of loyalty and love which you have all manifested to dear Mrs. Read and myself during our short command of the Central. All I regret is, that sickness prevented my doing what my heart desired to do. But for this physical affliction many other Corps would have been visited, and we should have had the great pleasure of meeting more of our comrades in the field. However, count still on my dear wife and myself to assist you in any possible way we can in the future. Our opportunities for assisting our comrade officers and soldiers have not ceased. Continue to fervently pray that God may lay His healing hand upon my body. Oh, the glories of the front of the battle! Comrades make the best use of your chances. God bless you all.

"'J. READ, Brigadier.'"

The editorial concluding:

"No one regrets, or feels more deeply than does the Commissioner, for those of our leading officers whose delicate state of health necessitates their immediate removal from their present commands—notably, Brigadier and Mrs. Read, of the Central Ontario Province, and Major and Mrs. McMillan, of Newfoundland. Brigadier Read, in spite of an affliction of a painful and distressing nature, has bravely battled on and done his best until the cold weather has made it impossible for him to continue longer. He finally relinquishes his charge on Dec. 9th."

Our formal farewell, with that of Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon and Captain T. H. Adams, was enthusiastically reported:

"Grand finale at Fort Lisgar! Twenty-one souls in one meeting for salvation! Captain and Mrs. Adams also say good-by for Chicago!

"Crowded barracks! Offerings doubled! Great excitement! Tears! Rejoicings! Soldiers on Fire! Friends deeply interested! Band to the front! Divine influence manifested! Stirring, interesting addresses by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, Staff-Captain Minnice, Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon, Captain and Mrs. Adams, and others. Best of all one soul for The Blessing in the morning. Twenty-one souls—three juniors—in Sunday evening meeting for Salvation, nearly all volunteered. Verdict of all—splendid day! Wonderful meetings! Beautiful windup! Hallelujah!

## CHAPTER XIII.

## NEARING THE HOMELAND.

*“ Once the sword, but now the sceptre,  
 Once the fight, now the rest and fame ;  
 Broken every earthly fetter  
 Now the glory for the cross and shame ;  
 Once the loss of all for Jesus,  
 But now the eternal gain  
 Trials and sorrows here have now their meaning found,  
 Mysteries their explanation ;  
 Safe, forever, in the sunlight gleaming,  
 Of His eternal salvation.”*

Dr. John Watson, in his “Companions of the Sorrowful Way,” writes : “ If it were given unto us to choose the way wherein we should walk, is there one of us would not prefer the way of doing to the one of suffering ? . . . .

“ Any servant of Christ would ten times rather face a hostile world, even unto death, in the declaration and defence of the Evangel, than be silenced and hear from afar the sound of the battle. Ah ! the multitude of victims who have ceased to labor or to resist, who carry the cross in silence and patience along the Sorrowful Way with the Lord.”

John Read loved the “doing,” and almost to the end of his life was always occupied in some service for others, but during the last year much time was spent

in "suffering" and "afar from the sound of battle," patiently carrying his Lord's cross.

An irresistible desire is upon me to tell the story of those days chiefly in his own words, as his diaries show how hopeful he was sometimes, and breathe out in every sentence the spirit of his devoted life. His first entry for 1898 was:

SATURDAY, Jan. 1, 1898.—Oh, the mercy of God! Darling Violet is still with us. In His mercy God spared her, though she has been ill in bed three months. She shall be His entirely. May 1898 be a holier and more useful year! Then, thanks be to God, I am alive still with some health and strength. Both Blanche and I went over to mother's to New Year's dinner, and we enjoyed it. Then we came home to Violet, and stayed the rest of the day.

SUNDAY, Jan. 2, 1898.—I stayed up with dear little Violet for three hours. My poor head is bad this morning. Violet actually sang this morning.

MONDAY, Jan. 3, 1898.—Mother stayed last night. Her medicine did Violet good, and she seems brighter. We do hope this illness will not be fatal. I went to the Temple to-day and stayed until 2 p. m., when my head being so bad I had to come home. . . .

TUESDAY, Jan. 4, 1898.—Lord, help me in all things to gain perfect victory over that which is in any way a hindrance to Divine grace in my heart! Amen.

TUESDAY, Jan. 25, 1898.—I made a few calls to-day, seeing Colonel Denison, Mrs. Clark, and Hon. Mr. Aikins. The latter gave me \$25 for the work, and was very kind, indeed. Bless the Lord! I am still collecting. It is a great strain upon me, but the Lord will bear me up.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 26, 1898.—Had a poor night's rest. My shoulder pained me last night. It was the result of a fall I had last night, when I hurt myself. It must have strained my muscles. Lord make it better. Went to the office this morning and interviewed the Mayor, Mr. Shaw, re the Corporation's coming to the General's meeting in a body. Then in the afternoon Mrs. McKillop came to see me and brought \$15 donation to the Rescue Home. Had a nice talk with her. Adjutant Page went off to Ottawa to-night.

THURSDAY, Jan. 28, 1898.—A little tired this morning. I have felt very languid the past few days. I saw Mr. B. C. to-day on business. The rest of the day I spent getting up my work a bit. Mother Florence and Ella came in to-night. Blanche led the meeting in the Mercer Reformatory.

FRIDAY, Jan. 28, 1898.—It was snowing and very cold, so I thought I would not venture out to-day, so stayed at home writing letters and fixing up the new Auxiliary Roll. God blessed and helped me in this.

SUNDAY, Feb. 6, 1898.—General at the Massey Hall. I stayed at the Shelter last night with Fletcher. Had a good time. Attended kneedrill at the Temple. It was good, indeed. A glorious campaign at the Massey Hall. No less than eighty souls at the Cross for the three meetings. Oh, how God helped the General! He spoke words of fire and power. All enjoyed it. I was on duty in the Registration Room. It was a pleasant job. "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" A red-letter day indeed!

MONDAY, Feb. 7, 1898.—General in the city. Brigadier Bennett is still with us at our home. We all went to the office this morning full of faith. Could not get much work done. All seemed so very busy. Blanche went to the Central Prison with Commissioner Nicol to see the place and the prisoners. I went home a little early, then we all went to the General's Social meeting at the Massey Hall, which was a glorious affair.

TUESDAY, Feb. 8, 1898.—General's last day. We all anticipated a grand day, and we had one. The Staff Council was held in the Y. W. C. A., Elm Street. Oh, how good God was to us. He spoke through the General morning and afternoon, and then we all shook hands with him and said good-bye. It was a solemn time. We have so much enjoyed the dear General's visit. It was delightful. Brigadier Bennett still with us. Majors Gaskin and Pugmire promoted to Brigadiers and Staff-Captain Stewart to Major.

SUNDAY, Feb. 13, 1898.—At Lisgar Street all day with Blanche for special meetings.

7 a. m.—Good time.

11 a. m.—Glorious meeting; three at the Cross.

3 p. m.—Triumphant time; four at the mercy seat.

7 p. m.—Another good meeting; two at penitent-form; nine for the day.

THURSDAY, Feb. 17, 1898.—Not feeling at all well, I thought it wise to stay in. It was a bitter, cold, uncomfortable day. Oh, that I may be healed again! I am still waiting with some anxiety to know what Commissioner Nicol will do about my going to England. I am waiting on the Lord. He knows what is best. Dear Miss Willard went to Heaven to-day. Oh, the shortness of life! Mother and father came to see Violet to-night. She is better.

So often he was disappointed, for, in spite of his weakness he would lead public meetings whenever possible.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26, 1898.—I did not go down to the office until noon, as I felt very unwell. In God I trust. Blanche is staying at home to-day being very busy with the book "Love Did It," for the Rescue Work. I am off to Riverside Corps for the week-end, and hope to have a beautiful time of it.

LATER.—My hopes failed. I went over to the Riverside Barracks, but was so sick that I had to come right home and go to bed. Sent for Dr. Tyrell, who said I had lung trouble.

Brigadier Complin noted this breakdown, which was a most serious and complicated one :

“A Siege Fighter, *hors de combat!*” That veteran of Canadian fight, Brigadier John Read, has had another relapse. He is like Job's war horse which smells the battle afar off, and paws the ground: and so he cannot hold back when the Commissioner calls for Siege fighters—or, indeed, whenever help is needed. He caught a severe cold recently, and quit his appointed place on Saturday, and would have had to cancel the rest of the meetings, but Mrs. Read stepped into the breach. The doctor pronounced him afflicted with pneumonia of the worst type. With Ensign Kenning I visited him twice the first Sunday of the Siege. He was certainly in a bad state. Bronchial tubes seemed blocked, body swollen, spirits depressed; but God, who is rich in mercy, has brought him round again, and he is no worse than usual, which gives us the hope he will yet recover. Go! grant it may be so.”

One of the last Sundays we had together was spent in the “Royal City.” John conducted the whole series of Sabbath services, but was taken ill on Sunday and confined to his room. He reports :

SUNDAY, April 2, 1898.—At Guelph all day, and attended the four meetings :

7 a.m.—Knee drill, good time.

11 a.m.—Holiness meeting. One for The Blessing.

3 p.m.—Cold march. Good indoor Commissioned the League of Mercy.

8 p.m.—Fine meeting. One soul. Very tired.

TUESDAY, May 3, 1898—Went down to the office early this morning and stayed there all day doing what I could. Blanche was busy getting ready for the new Home. I went up to Yorkville at 4 p.m. and had tea there. The opening was a most successful affair. Mayor Shaw presided. Good number present. Blanche gave an address. About \$50 raised. Father, mother and Ella were present. All seemed to enjoy it. It is a splendid Home.

In May I commenced a tour of inspection of the Rescue Work in the Eastern Provinces and Newfoundland. He was anxious that I should take this lengthy trip before he left home for the Old Country. His journal gives a detailed account of home affairs. I will just copy one :

SATURDAY, June 25, 1898.—Blanche is in St. Johns, Nfld. Went over to grandmother's with Violet this morning. My head is very bad again to-day, cannot understand it. Violet seems well. Got a letter from the Commissioner saying that in all probability I should go to

England for treatment. It will be a wrench, but the dear Lord will be enough for me. Yea, my All in All Glory to His name.

Among the many earnest messages he instructed me to give to his Newfoundland comrades was the following:

“I hope nothing will prevent your going to see the dear Newfoundland folk, for I know how you long to do so. Then there is the dear little grave. That, of course, you will want to see as well. If it is the Lord’s will, you will go to the Island all right. We must learn to say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Give my love to all those dear folk, and tell them, above all things, to keep their humility and simplicity of heart as a sacred treasure. This has always been their strength and will be in the future. Oh, that I could go there again! If I had my health, there is no place on earth that I would love to spend my days in more than dear old Newfoundland.”

During my visit to Newfoundland, he spent a week-end in Owen Sound and Feversham Corps. These meetings proved to be his last in Canada, with the exception of his farewell at Lisgar Street, Toronto. The *War Cry* of July 23rd referred to them:

“Brigadier John Read, veteran of the War, and indefatigable as ever, even past the limit of his strength, has made another rush from his spirit-breaking seclusion, this time to Owen Sound; but, instead of being annihilated, like Cervera’s fleet, has won a great victory, and is, at the time of writing, we rejoice to say, in better health than for a long time. Oh, that God would fully restore him! Who can offer the prayer of faith?”

His diary gives his own impressions of his visit:

JULY 4th, 1898.—I started for Owen Sound to conduct a wedding. Wished dear little Violet good-by and came off sure of Victory. I felt rather lonely on the train, but God blessed me and looked after me. Got to Owen Sound about two o’clock, and was met by Brother McPhee and another comrade. Had a big crowd at the wedding, about three hundred and fifty people. Married Brother William Kirton to Sister Alice Walker. God helped me and the service was good. Banquet followed. Had an interview with Brother M—— and Adjutant. Jesus lives!

TUESDAY, July 5, 1898.—At Owen Sound. Felt tired and weary, but God helped me. Oh, it is good to be saved and useful. Bless the dear Lord! Had a good time on our knees before God. I feel quite fairly to-day, considering all things. We had a real good Officers’ Council at Owen Sound with Ensign Smith, Captain White, Lieutenant Bloss and others. God came and very much blessed our waiting souls At

5 p.m. I started on the C P. R. for Feversham Circle Corps. Brother Levi Belts met me at the station. I stayed at Belts with Lieut. Bloss. Mother and Father Belts were very kind.

WEDNESDAY, July 6, 1898.—Spent most of this day at Mrs. Belts. I tried to do a bit of fishing with Lieut. Bloss, but got so tired of it. In fact I am very uneasy to-day. It seems that the change of air is too much for me. After dinner Mr. Belts and I started out for Lady Bank to the house of Brother Crawford. A long, hot ride. Lieut. Bloss went on his bicycle. We got there at 5 p.m., had tea, then followed a good meeting, at which about eighty came and several consecrated themselves to God.

THURSDAY, July 7, 1898.—At Feversham. Had breakfast at Brother Crawford's. About 10 o'clock Brother C. drove me over to Feversham. It was a fearfully hot drive, but we got there all O. K. Officers went on bicycles. Went over the cheese factory. Felt rather tired and weak.

FRIDAY, July 8, 1898 —Blanche at North Sydney, myself at Brother Crawford's, sleeping at Lady Bank, in order to catch the early morning train at Flesherston. Brother Crawford drove me to that place, thirteen miles. It was a lovely drive, full of joy and pleasure. I enjoyed it. Got to Toronto 11.30, after a weary, head-aching ride.

I returned from my tour on the 10th of July, and we immediately began to make preparations for my dear husband's departure. His visit had been kindly arranged by the Chief of Staff with our own dear leader, the Field Commissioner. Reverting again to the *Cry*, which outlined the arrangements made for his future, we read:

"Brigadier Read off to England. The Commissioner has granted permission for Brigadier Read to take a lengthened furlough to the Old Country, where he will undergo a course of treatment at the hands of Specialists. We earnestly pray that his complete recovery may be effected. The Chief of Staff has responded to Commissioner Nicol's solicitations, and will find Brigadier Read some easy occupation in England, which will be no tax upon his strength. We feel grateful to Commissioner Nicol, who made Brigadier Read's interests his own, of course, with the General's full approval, and has been able to bring the matter to so successful an issue at London. Brigadier Read sails from Montreal on the Allen Liner, 'California,' on Thursday, July 28th. Pray that he will have a safe and useful voyage."

I will let my husband tell the story of those last busy days. Our hearts were buoyed up with a new hope, for we anticipated so much from the change of air and new treatment, and the possibility of such a



sad termination as that which blighted all those hopes, and disappointed all those plans and anticipations never entered my mind for a moment, and, as such a possibility was never mentioned by the Brigadier, I judge it was foreign to his thoughts also. His diary runs:

SATURDAY, July 16, 1898.—This morning mother, Blanche and Violet went shopping and bought some things for my visit to England. I have decided to go home by Montreal and not by New York, feeling this plan will be the best. I go on the *California*, of the Allan Line.

SUNDAY, July 17, 1898 —I did not go to any meetings all day. Took Violet over to 145 Dovercourt Road this morning. She enjoyed it. Ella quite a bit better this morning. It rained and thundered. Blanche, Brigadier Complin and Ensign Kenning went to the Central Prison this afternoon and to the Mercer to conduct services. One prisoner gave Blanche a bone knife.

MONDAY, July 18, 1898.—Wrote to Commissioner saying I was starting on the 28th Mrs. Captain Williams came to see us. It was terribly hot. Dear Violet is such a little treasure. God is good to me.

FRIDAY, July 22, 1898 —I went down to the city with Blanche and Violet this morning to get our pictures taken at Park's. Hope it was good. Then I went to the Temple and did up my Auxiliary work. At four o'clock Brigadiers Complin and Margetts came with their wives to tea and had a good time. It was nice to be together. We talked of old times. Colonel Jacobs not very well to-day.

SATURDAY, July 23, 1898.—Did not go down to the city to-day. Dear Blanche was down all day. I took Violet over to 145 this morning. We all went to Brigadier Friedrich's to tea this evening and enjoyed ourselves immensely. My last Saturday in Canada for some time.

SUNDAY, July 24, 1898.—Lord, help me to fight against every weakness and temptation of the enemy of my soul. This is my last Sunday in Canada for some time. Emma went to knee-drill. I attended the Holiness meeting at Lisgar Street, and also farewelled at the night meeting. It was a good time. Dear Blanche was there also. One volunteered out for salvation. God is good. After soldiers' meeting Adjutant Wiggins and Captain Hart came to supper.

His final address was very earnest, and left a deep impression upon the audience, in fact I never heard him speak with more freedom and power. In a Soldiers' Council he conducted at the close, the comrades sang fervently "God be with you 'till we meet again!"

I found the following skeleton of his address in his Bible afterwards :

GOSPEL SIHP SALVATION.

- SEA.—All must cross ; companions ; comfort ; safety ; destination all decided by choice of vessel
- VESSEL.—“ Salvation ” ; God’s plan ; repentance ; faith.
- PORT BOUND FOR.—Glory ; Heaven ; friends there ; Christ there ; all hope to go.
- TIME OF DEPARTURE.—Now ; God fixed time ; delay ; too late ; cannot suit time to your own will.
- CAPTAIN.—“ And behold God Himself is with us for Captain.”—2 Ch. xiii. 12
- COST OF PASSAGE.—Without money and without price ; Christ paid price ; all welcome on board ; renounce sin ; accept salvation.
- PASSENGERS.—All saved ; happy company.
- CHART.—Bible ; marks clearly course ; shows dangers.
- ROCKS.—Will wreck if not avoided ; drink ; carelessness ; infidelity ; worldliness.
- STORMS.—Winds of affliction ; ways of temptation ; blasts of persecution ; cyclones of adversity ; weather the storms : reach the port by trusting in the Captain
- INCIDENT.—Years ago ; smuggling death ; vessel bearing English cargo of tobacco ; revenue cutter ; escape impossible ; captain orders all hands throw over tobacco ; destroy evidence of crime ; captain joined in ; bale after bale ; cabin boy ; see if cutter gained ; white face ; “ speak,” cried Captain, “ they won’t sink ;” captain up companion ladder ; dark end of vessel ; his efforts in vain ; caught and punished ; death after you contraband of sin ; will not sink.

MONDAY, July 25, 1898.—This has been a busy day indeed. We both went down to the Temple. I saw the Commissioner and said good-bye to all hands. It was really a loving parting. Such a spirit of love pervaded all. Getting things packed up. God is good to us.

TUESDAY, July 26, 1898.—This is my last day in Toronto for some months. All day long I have been very busy getting ready to go to England. Blanche and I went over to 145 this morning. Father, mother and Ella came to tea. Bert came to wish me good-bye. Hamie, Millie, Brigadier Margetts, Adjutant Wiggins, Captain Hart, and others came to do likewise. It was a wrenching time, but God is in it all Oh, how good He is, and how many are praying for me at this special time.

WEDNESDAY, July 27, 1898 —We rushed things this morning, having to get ready to take train to Montreal. Dear Blanche and mother accompanied me to Montreal. I sobbed inwardly when I wished Violet good-bye, the precious darling. Luther Werry met us at Montreal. Kind of him. Went to Rescue Home, then to Allan’s wharf to see my steamer, then home to Rescue Home.

The last morning came. A little company of friends gathered on the wharf of the Allan Steamship Company. Final good-byes were said and salutations given. He seemed so bright and hopeful, and the last words we heard as the steamer loosed its moorings and slowly steamed across the water down the river, was the characteristic expression and admonition, "Cheer up!" I have since found his diary entry for that and the subsequent days:

THURSDAY, July 28, 1898.—Sailed for England. Up bright and early and all down to the wharf. Mother, dear Blanchie, Brigadier Bennett, Sims, and others said good-bye, also saw some of the Allan's old employees. They were glad to see me. The parting was painful, but God will help us to bear up amid it all. Oh, that he may watch between us while we are separated, and may I be healed! It was very hot going down the River St. Lawrence. Oh, Lord, bless the trip to my body!

SATURDAY, July 30, 1898.—6.30 p.m. On the Atlantic. We have been in the locality of Belle Isle all day. The fog is very bad indeed. Ship's whistle continually blowing. The captain very careful. Going slow and even stopping. Taking soundings. Lord, give us a safe journey! The fog cleared up a little bit to-night. After tea we gathered in the cabin, and had a good sing together of Gospel songs, and then turned into bed.

SUNDAY, July 31st, 1898.—On the Atlantic. Still we are in the Straits of Belle Isle, and the weather keeps so foggy and cold. We had a splendid Church of England service at 11 o'clock led by a clergyman. His text was 2 Cor. iv., 7. Then we had an afternoon meeting in the second cabin. The Rev. Mr. Stewart and I led it. It is awfully cold this afternoon. Had supper and went to bed early, after a season of prayer.

MONDAY, August 1st, 1898.—On the Atlantic. Up bright and early this morning. The first sight that met our eyes up on deck was several icebergs in the distance. They looked beautiful, indeed. God's handiwork is really wonderful in the extreme. All the passengers were enthusiastic. Our vessel is going at full speed to-day. Several are sick. Been on deck most of the day. It has been fearfully cold. My poor feet have suffered so much. It has been a blessed day to my soul. Lord, keep me good and make me strong!

SATURDAY, August 6th, 1898.—On the Atlantic. Got up very early this morning, for we were on the coast of Ireland. It is simply delightful. I gave the stewards two shillings each. They seemed pleased at the gift. God bless them much. They were kind to me. It is getting so cold again. Landed at Liverpool at nine o'clock after a fair passage. Major Greenwood met me at the dock.

His first letter, which he posted at Quebec was so full of faith for the future, thankfulness to God for His goodness, his comrades for their interest, and anxiety for others. He had, too, appreciated much the wire sent him by the Commissioner as he was leaving Montreal :

"S. S. "CALIFORNIA," July 28th, 1898.

"MY DEAREST BLANCHIE,—So far we are having a very hot, although a pleasant voyage down the river. We are nearing Quebec, and I do wish you and mother could have come with us this far. It is such a lovely journey. As to friends, there are numbers on board. In our cabin there are eighteen passengers, so we are a happy little company. Altogether there are one hundred and eighteen people on board, and we shall thus have far more attention. It is insufferably hot here on the steamer, but will get cooler as we get along to the Gulf, and near Newfoundland. God is so good. All things are working together for my good, and our good. . . .

"You can't think how I felt on the vessel when she left the wharf. For two or three miles I watched dear mother and yourself. Now dearie, you must cheer up. I do hope you will get along all right at Montreal, and that dear mother will enjoy herself. I thought she bore the journey remarkably well, considering all things. I cannot write much more this time as I have to hurry to get this off by post from Quebec, and will write a post card from Rimouski, when I get there. . . . That second in command, who had so much to say to you at the wharf, is a good fellow. . . . Now, hug dear little Violet for me. Urge Emma to take care of her, and take care of yourself, you did look so very tired. Pray much for me. I do want to get strong and well again. Many, many kisses for you and dear Violet. We are just off from Quebec. God bless you.

"Your own loving

"JOHNNIE."

Later he wrote :

"S. S. 'CALIFORNIA. Aug. 1st, 1898.

"I went to Church of England service yesterday morning. It was real good, and in the afternoon, with the Captain's permission, I led a meeting in Salvation Army style in the second cabin. They said it was good. . . . Oh, I do long to see you and dear, darling Violet. Many kisses for yourself and her. Tell her to be a good girlie, and ask Jesus to bless her papa and make him strong. I will write you one or two more little letters and post them at Londonderry when we arrive there. Ask Bruno to print the copy I am sending you. May God bless you. . . . I wish I had you with me. Let us pray much for each other. . . ."

Later, from his diary, just before he was called away :

LONDON AND ROMSEY, Sunday, August 7, 1898.—Got home to Romsey at one o'clock, noon. Dear Brother Willie met me at the station, and I was so pleased to see him. Found dear old mother feeling very sick, indeed. Do hope she will be better soon. Willie and Linnie came to see me to-night. Dear children also came. I was so glad to see them all.

ROMSEY, Monday, Aug 8, 1898. — Had an awful bad night last night. It must be the result of the recent travelling. Dear old Alf came in and we had a talk this morning. I did a great deal of writing to different people to-day. Linnie (sister-in-law) came to tea this afternoon and I took her home to-night. She is such a nice little thing. Harold came home with me. God is good to us all.

ROMSEY, Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1898.—Felt very sick this morning on rising. Don't know what was the matter. Alf came in and I went to the Kiln—Farm—to-day, also had dinner and tea with Alf. Saw the dear children. I enjoyed the outing very much. Felt out of sorts a bit when I got home to-night. Dear mother is a trifle better.

ROMSEY, Thursday Aug. 11, 1898 —Stayed at home to-day. A beautiful morning. I was much cheered by getting a letter from Blanchie this morning, also *Crys* and papers. Mother continues a little bit better. Bless her heart.

ROMSEY, Friday, Aug. 12, 1898 —This morning Willie and I started for Southampton. When there I met Brigadier T. Scott, went to their home and had dinner with them. I was fearfully tired and weary when I got home. It was such a tax on my strength. Oh, how I suffered. I took the meeting in the Barracks to-night. It was good, I think. Dearest mother not very well.

Extracts from the first letter after reaching home in Romsey :

ROMSEY, HANTS., August 11, 1898.

We were all pleased beyond measure at receiving your lengthy letter written on Sunday and received here this morning. It was cause for great thankfulness that dear mother and yourself got back to Toronto safely, and that mother was none the worse for her tiring journey, and I was so glad that you found dear little Violet all right. I have not been out much, as the voyage had a very trying effect on me, I being quite sick since getting off the ship. Had I been sick while on board it would have been better for me, however, I feel some better now. Those old sick fits have troubled me. . . .

I have had a beautiful letter from Commissioner Nicol, saying he will look after me and personally accompany me to Dr. Metcalf's next week. It is so kind of him. The Lord is so good to us all. It is a cross for me to bear the separation, but it will all work out for my own good, and I mean to be patient and bear it all. What a boon if I return to Canada a strong man !

His brother, Mr. William Read, wrote me of his return home :

" I will do my best to give you details of your and our dear Johnnie's sojourn with us, and all the dear ones who have administered to his poor body and tried to pour in comfort to that beautiful soul of his.

" He fought against his malady bravely for his dear wife's and child's sake. He arrived at Romsey, after a long journey, Sunday, dinner-time, not a soul on the platform but he and I. His first words, ' Here's dear Brother Will, faithful to meet me.' I took him home to mother and left him with her and Lizzie, and went on to my Sunday school class. He was so tired. I saw him in the evening, and he begged me to try and go to Southampton next day, Monday, to find out Brigadier Scott. I left my work and went with him. We went into a shop to get a glass of milk. While there I saw some Salvationists pass the window and told Johnnie. He hurried out and caught them, and, sure enough, it was Brigadier Scott. How they did shake hands ! I said to Johnnie, ' I shall leave you two together for three hours. I will go my way.'

" I met Johnnie at three o'clock in the afternoon, and came home, little thinking how poorly he was. We had a cup of tea with mother, as she felt able, nurse permitting us to do so. I would like you to have seen how he enjoyed the fire that evening. Laid down on the rug with his head on mother's knee. I shall always remember that picture. Now, dear Blanche, don't think me simple for writing this.

" I went on home to my dear ones. Linda went up with him in the evening. Linda always got on with Johnnie. In his diary he calls her a dear little thing. I did not see much of Johnnie until Friday evening, when I found he had been at the barracks. I wished him not to go. Those who attended that meeting will not forget it. When leaving the meeting he came in at Broadwater, and round our little table his last deed was to hold family prayer, kissed Linda and the children, and said, ' Good night, God bless you !'

" Next morning I felt I must go to mother's and see Johnnie off. I went to the station alone with him. Such a look he gave me, saying, ' Good-bye, Will. God bless you ! Pray for me.'

" Johnnie promised to write me privately concerning what Dr. Metcalf said, but I had no letter from him. He was not able to do so."

The events of those last days—events now clothed with the peculiarly sacred interest which memory sheds as a halo around the last words and deeds of the beloved who have passed from our natural sight—I can only link together consecutively from scraps gathered from correspondence and the diaries faithfully kept until almost the end. He writes :

SATURDAY, Aug. 13, 1898.—I started at 7.30 for Waterloo, London. Went straight to International Headquarters. Major Hawkins met me

at the depot. Saw Commissioner Howard, Brigadier Duff, Major Douglas, and others. Had a good time. Then came to 42 Bismarck Road, Highgate, with a Mr. Whitrod, where I am staying. Went to open-air to-night.

SUNDAY, August 14, 1898 —At Highgate, London, all day. Had a glorious time with the Corps. Stayed at Mr. Whitrod's. Spent a blessed day. How I did enjoy the Band! It was simply glorious. I led the meetings.

Referring to this last Sunday, before going to Dr. Metcalf's, the English *Cry* said:

The charm of the fight drew his soul out, and he almost literally crawled to the Highgate Corps. He led two wonderful meetings—many being moved to tears at night, impressed by the solemnity and earnestness of the man of God. He spoke as one on the frontier of the Eternal World. Six men and women sought Divine mercy.

An officer in Toronto, whose friends attend that Corps, told me that they had marvellous meetings the day he was present. He seems to have been as bright and vivacious as usual, as one friend wrote, "You must have good times in Canada if all the Officers are as lively as Brigadier Read."

A touching incident occurred during the Sunday night service: A poor intoxicated woman was in the audience. She created some little disturbance. My husband, they told me, was very patient with her, and said: "Poor soul, leave her alone." With this, the inebriate commenced to sing an Army song. The tears filled his eyes, and he exclaimed, "That is the last song my little Violet sang to me before I left Toronto!" The people were touched by the singular coincident. John says, of this meeting, in a personal letter to me:

"101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

"You will see that I am writing from International Headquarters. I had a good day yesterday at Highgate Corps, full of life and go. I have just had a talk with Major Moss and Staff-Captain Fletcher. Commissioner Nicol has just come in, and Captain Van Norman is very kind, indeed, to me. She is in the Editorial Department here. They all seem so very nice, and it is such a treat to belong to this Department. They are doing all they possibly can for me in my weak state, and as long as I do what is right, I feel sure the blessing of God will be upon me. We had a real good old-fashioned time last night at the

barracks—a Newfoundland time. They all seemed to enjoy Canadian freedom. I must confess that I got off quite a bit. Had a pressing invitation to go again. Oh, what a mighty and glorious brass band there is at Highgate. Ask Adjutant Page about it. I was simply charmed with their playing. Oh, the sweet strains of music! It would do you good to hear it, and, while the barracks inside was filled, there were four different companies hard at it on the streets. It would delight your very soul to see the London Salvationists fight.”

His anxiety to be well and strong for the work seemed to intensify towards the end, for the day he entered the Hydro he wrote :

“Now I am off to Richmond with Commissioner Nicol to-night, and shall, therefore, soon know just what I shall have to do. There is lots of editorial work for me to do here if I were only well enough to do it. I never longed for a strong body more than I do this day. Will you earnestly pray, darling, that strength will be given me? But I must have more patience, all these separations will work together for my good because I do love God. Oh, do pray that God will lay His hand upon me and heal me from this complaint, Perhaps, however, I should glory in the infirmities that the power of God may rest upon me?”

That evening he added a note :

“6 p.m.—I have safely arrived at Dr. Metcalf’s and had my first “pack” in blankets. It was a strange feeling, but it has done, and will do, me a great deal of good, I am sure. It is such a lovely spot—like an Eden—such pure air. When I think of all the Army’s goodness to me, it does make me feel abashed. I am telling the Field Commissioner so. I shall repay the Salvation Army for all their kindness when I get stronger and more able to work.”

LONDON, Monday, Aug. 15, 1898.—Commissioner Nicol took me for a walk to-night. Major Forward came here to-day.

THURSDAY, Aug. 18, 1898.—Still at Metcalf’s. Brigadier Duff and Mr. Avery came in to-day. Fell and hurt my face very much, indeed. I fell in a faint.

FRIDAY, Aug. 19, 1898.—In bed all day at Metcalf’s. My face is very much swollen on account of the fall I had. The Officials were very kind to me. God bless their efforts! A letter from dear sister Lizzie came to-day. I feel awfully stiff and weak.

SATURDAY, Aug. 20, 1898.—At Metcalf’s. Feeling very unwell, indeed. My poor swollen eye hurts me. The Dr. is so very kind. A letter came to me to-day from dear Blanche. Things are going on all right in Canada. I am tempted to worry, but I must not. Lord, lay Thy hand upon me! Major Forward is very kind, indeed, to me. Oh, I am so weak.

SUNDAY, August 21, 1898.—Dr. Metcalf’s all day. A fearful, dull, lonely day, but God helped me to bear it all. Had two treatments only



to-day. Feeling very weak, indeed The attendants are very kind to me. I wrote dear Blanche.

MONDAY, Aug. 22, 1898.—At Metcalf's. Could not stand the mustard this morning. Went up to bed most of the morning. Felt very weak indeed. Wrote a note to dear Lizzie. Felt awfully lonely. I must banish that feeling or it will injure me physically. Went out for a drive in the park, stayed in the rest of the day. A wire from Commissioner Nicol.

LONDON, Aug. 23, 1898.—At Metcalf's. Felt very weak again this morning. Had a mild Turkish bath, and breakfast in bed. My pulse is still very weak. Lord, do keep me from getting home (Canada) sick. I must bear the cross. Lord, do Thou heal me. I believe He will, and I shall yet live to praise Him.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 24, 1898.—At Metcalf's. Feeling fairly well. Went out for a tram ride with Major Forward and others. Enjoyed it very much indeed. Doctor says I am getting quite a bit better. Dear Lord, do lay Thy hand of healing upon me soon if it be Thy will. God bless my darlings in Canada.

THURSDAY, Aug. 25, 1898.—At Metcalf's. Feeling very unwell to-day. So full of pain and tingling. Went out for a short walk To bed after dinner. Oh, Lord, heal me, do! I feel so unwell. Can't get strong. Doctor says I am getting better. Don't feel so, but must keep believing. All things work together for good.

This is the last entry in his journal—"All things work together for good!" Oh, happy unwavering faith in his God—which failed not at the very last. He wrote me the 20th of the month:

"However, Dr. Metcalf seems to give a favorable report, and has written Commissioner Nicol quite recently saying that I am doing fairly well, but I shall be in the Hydro some time, possibly all the winter. The whole Institution is a most home-like affair.

"The doctor is like a father, while the lady manager is a most motherly and kind person. I have a beautiful bedroom, a splendid Christian attendant who knows how to pray, and every comfort heart can desire. There is, therefore, no need for you to worry. I read your account of Violet's little ways and speeches. The time will soon slip by, and we must feel that it is God's way with us."

And on the 24th:

"Again has the time come round for my weekly letter. How I wish I could see you and talk to you face to face. This, however, is to come, and I must patiently wait the Lord's time, feeling sure that I am in His hands. I am a great deal weaker than I thought.

"Commissioner Nicol came in to see me last night, and he says Dr. Metcalf told him there was every hope for me, but that I should be very weak indeed before I began to pick up very materially. It even hurts me to write very much, for it is when I am writing that I go into those



kindly writing this for me, is having a laugh about the kisses. The little darling must miss me, I hope you will not be lonely when you get home. . . .”

Referring to some rumours he had heard, of one who had been untrue to his vows to God, he says :

“Such conduct should urge us to be still more faithful, loyal and true. I shall think much about you next Sunday, Sept. 4th, when you are at Hamilton. How I should like to kiss and hug dear little Violet. I know you will take care of the darling, and also take care of yourself. . . . It is nice to know that I am not forgotten. . . . I thought you would like to see the enclosed letter of invitation sent by Commissioner Howard, for the Staff Councils. You will see how interested they are in me. However, the doctor would not let me go. Very wise of him, too. Major Forward wrote you, in my behalf, a few days ago, and, if at all possible, I shall continue to write twice a week. Now, my darling, I do hope you are keeping up well and strong. . . . The time will soon pass by, but I fully expect I shall be here for two or three months. My disease was so deeply seated that it will take many weeks to move it, but, as I intimated before, all here are so kind to me, that you need have no worry.

“Trusting that God, who is rich in love, may reward us for the separation. With much love, and many kisses for yourself, dear little Violet, mother, Ella and all the rest.

“Ever your true husband,

“JOHNNIE.”

This proved to be his last letter, and the last lines his hitherto ever-ready pen traced were kisses for his loved little girl, Violet.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## HOME AT LAST.

*"I watched a sail until it dropped from sight  
O'er the rounding sea. A gleam of white,  
A last far-flashed farewell, and like to thought  
Slipped out of mind. It vanished and was not.*

*"Yet to the helmsman, standing at the wheel,  
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel,  
Disaster? Change? He left no slightest sign,  
Nor dreamed he of that dim-horizon line.*

*"So may it be, perchance, when down the tide  
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide  
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound,  
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond."*

The grey light of an English autumn sunrise was just tipping the Surrey hills, when one of those subtle changes which too often foretell of fatal relapse gave warning that for the dear sufferer at Richmond, the end was near. The enemy long held at bay in his Canadian home was about to triumph, and the one who, so many times during the past four years, had apparently stood upon the threshold of the eternal sunrise was about to be released from all the pain of those weary nights and bravely fought out days.

The life he clung to so tenaciously for its opportunities of warfare and the affections it held so precious was about to be exchanged for eternity's felicitous joy and service in the presence of the Christ Redeemer

he adored, and in the enjoyment of celestial love and companionship.

It is thought that, for a day or two, he may have conjectured that the end was not far distant, but, if he did, he faced it like a warrior of the Cross, and with the faith in God and eternity which always characterized his Christian life.

His chief thought seems to have been for those left behind, and that God's will and purpose might be fully accomplished in him. Shortly before the silent messenger came he heard the strains of an organ playing outside his bedroom window a hymn he so often sang at home. His voice trembled, but he joined softly in the well-known and much-loved words, "The Lost Chord":

"Seated one day at the organ  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

"I knew not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

"It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the sound of an angel's psalm;  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of an infinite calm.

"It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo,  
From our discordant life.

"It may be that death's bright angel  
May speak in that chord again;  
It may be that, only in Heaven,  
I shall hear that grand *Amen*."

How prophetic was the hymn, for in another hour his spirit had taken its flight, and the music of the Golden City had burst upon his ears and he was listening to the new song—the song of Moses and the lamb.

The day previous Brigadier Duff and Major Forward had stood by his bedside. As the Brigadier was leaving the room, and in answer to some remark regarding his soul's condition, he replied: "Yes, I am ready for earth or heaven." This was the last of the many testimonies to the possibility of being ready. "For the hour we think not of, when the Son of Man cometh," that he gave utterance to.

He was deprived of the ministrations of his home loved ones and the one who so often had watched by his side in hours of suffering, the one who had parted from him full of hope for his home coming, and awaited with anxious heart across the sea news of his welfare. But a kind womanly form bent over him and kissed his brow for the absent wife and little girl. Major Forward had written me two days previous—September 5th :

"I am sorry that I cannot send you quite such cheerful news by this mail as I was able to do by the last. The Brigadier has had two more of those fits such as he had about three months ago in Canada, and they have thrown him back a good bit ; so much so, that yesterday and to-day he has been obliged to keep to his bed, still, this has been with a view to giving him perfect rest and quiet until he has thoroughly recovered from the effects of the seizure, which is not exactly an ordinary faint, but more of the nature of a fit. The doctor is still hopeful of being able to help him back to health, and is doing all that can possibly be done in every possible way. One of the attendants shares the Brigadier's room, and is devoted to him, he is a good Christian man and a real comfort to the Brigadier. Dear Mrs. Read, I am more than sorry I send you such a dismal letter, but to-morrow is mail day and it comforts your husband to know that you are posted up with his condition. He asked me to be sure and tell you that he had been overtaken with two of those fits since your last letter was mailed. Commissioner Nicol will be coming to see him to-morrow, and may be writing you by the next mail. I am to say that although the doctor will not allow the Brigadier to sit up and write you by this mail, you are to expect a nice, long letter from him by the next, when he feels that he will be all right again and can write you without fear of its harming him. God bless you very much, dear comrade, count on us all here to do whatever we can for your dear one."

A later letter from Major Forward said :

"In addition to the man attendant that he had, it was my pleasure to nurse him and be constantly with him during the last week, in fact,

ever since he came to the Hydro., we have been together nearly all the time, either walking, driving or reading together, so that I heard a great deal about you and your little girl. I want you to feel that everything that could be done was done, and had the Brigadier been a prince he could not have had more care and attention. Mr. Metcalf and all his people were devoted to the Brigadier, and used to delight in doing any and everything for him. In fact, the Brigadier used to say to me again and again that he could not understand such kindness. When the end came, and we could no longer minister to him, we thought only of you and your little girl and Grandma Goodall, that he so often spoke about with great tenderness, and before the coffin was fastened we placed a wreath of flowers for you and another from his little Violet, and are doing the same again on Monday at the grave—also one from Grandma Goodall, thinking that you would like us to do this, and one is being sent from all the friends he has made in the Hydro while there. Of the extreme kindness of Mr. Metcalf and Mrs. Slater, the Matron, I have no words to speak. I have never before seen such kindness. If it will comfort you to feel that he had all, and more than all, I assure you, dear Mrs. Read, that such was the case, nothing was spared that was good for him to have, and his faintest wish was gratified. Again and again he had told me how happy he felt, and how he loved the people around him for their extreme kindness and devotion to him and his needs."

Major Forward again wrote me :

"The month I spent with your husband at the Richmond Hydro taught me to understand your loss in losing him. His devotion to you and his little Violet was most beautiful, he used to speak of you both so constantly, and so longed for health for both your sakes. You ask me do I think he knew that he was going? To this I have to answer 'yes' and 'no.' From the Saturday evening he gradually got worse, and had those frightful fits so repeatedly that he said to me once or twice, 'Oh, Major, my poor wife, what is this going to mean to her?' Then he put his face into the pillow and sobbed as though his heart would break. But at the last moment he did not know that he was going, as he was quite unconscious.

"Commissioner Nicol and I had been out arranging something for his further comfort, and just as I got back the doctors came to hold a consultation, and it was while they were with him that he passed away. Nothing had been said that would lead him to think that his case was hopeless, unless in his anxiety to catch some new hope from their opinion he watched their faces too closely and read despair in their looks as they followed what he himself told them. Poor Brigadier, I shall never forget it—we had prayed and hoped, and together believed for a very different ending, and although I was with him so much and saw him under all circumstances, the shock was scarcely less to me than it was to you away in Canada. I am sad to think that I could not get a last parting message for you and little Violet. I sat with him a great deal, and we had beautiful talks. There is no mistake but that he was a very choice spirit, and we got to be excellent friends. He so often

bore testimony to the fact that he was ready for earth or heaven, and he was, there is no mistake. He was a saint, and left a most beautiful impression upon the minds and hearts of all who had to do with him. The attendants and nurse were all so deeply attached to him, and were always doing little things for him to show him how they loved him. Again and again he would say to me, 'Oh, Major, how my Blanchie will bless you for all your kindness,' when I did anything for him. He thought of you constantly, and used to have your picture standing where he could gaze at it. Had he ever given up hope I am sure that he would have made me write to you, and the fact that he did not do so or gave me any direct message for you and Violet, makes me feel certain that up to the last he held on to some hope. . . . I mourn him as I should one of my own brothers. I think I must say in closing that seeing his grief when he said to me, 'Oh, Major, what is this going to mean to my poor Blanchie?' I feel it was of the Lord's mercy that he was spared the knowledge that he was going. He was ready for heaven, and God took him. One day as we sat having dinner together, he pulled out of his pocket a package of letters, and said, as he held them out, 'There, Major, is my first commission and all my Army career.' He had been worse, and I felt he had a double motive, but we neither of us referred to that side as I felt it my duty to keep him bright and happy. He dropped the papers back in his pocket, where Mrs. Slater and I found them after he had gone Home. All his things were in order, we remarked this to each other (Mrs Slater and I) as we packed them. It was a 'house in order' in every sense."

Mrs. Slater, the Matron, in writing me, said :

"My heart bled for you and the darling child. . . . Your dear husband was so bright and happy, and, at first, it seemed as though he might get well again. The treatment revived him much, but the disease was too far gone for it to be of permanent benefit. . . . Recovery was impossible by any remedial measures known up to the present time. How I wish I could see you, and if you ever do come to England I shall be happy to see you and tell you what I can, but the presence of Major Forward was most comforting, as she could talk with your husband sympathetically at all points in his work and was just like a sister to him all the time he was with us."

From his attendant's letter I append the following :

"He displayed a great longing thirst for winning souls for Christ's Kingdom, and one man here, who was not converted, your late husband feelingly pleaded with, in my presence, to stand up for Jesus. In our nightly supplication to God we remembered the straying ones, and, even near the last, the brave Brigadier, though exceedingly weak in himself, was wonderfully strong for the cause of Christ. In reading to him from the Word of God every evening, I was much blessed and enlightened on many points by his clear and bright expositions. Full of the Spirit of Christ, he was most at home on the topic of Salvation. The Master he so faithfully served here on earth, though to our heart's grief, has taken him home to that beautiful home where there is no



suffering nor sorrow. . . . Oh, how patiently and meekly he bore it all. He expressed a wish for you and dear little Violet to be with him then, as he said you comforted and cheered him so when he felt tired.

"Yours in Christ Jesus,

"JONATHAN FERGIE,"

They carried him to Congress Hall and laid him in the room where, as a cadet fifteen years before, he had doubtless fought many soul-conflicts and achieved many personal victories in the Training Home days.

As in all the arrangements, International Headquarters was most considerate also in the breaking of the sad news. An officer was despatched to the Brigadier's eldest brother, William, with the sorrowful tidings. He wrote me afterwards:

"I was home alone the night he died doing my books. Linda, Winnie and Dorrie were at Malvern, with Sam and Ada to keep her company, while Sam had a few days holiday, intending to go and see dear Johnnie. About twenty to nine in the evening Captain Van Nordan came, sent by Commissioner Nicol, to break the news to me. She did it so lovingly, my next thought was for her. I gave her over to Kate to make her comfortable. In less than an hour she had to go back to London. Commissioner Nicol said she arrived at four o'clock in the morning. I wired Sam, but kept the sad news from mother until next morning, when, with a heavy heart, I went to see her. Her nurse said I must tell her personally. I shut myself in with her. All the words I could find were, 'Mother, Johnnie's gone home.' She pulled down my head to her breast, there we sobbed together. From that time, dear Blanche, mother seems more composed. The next thing was—I was the only one here to grant the request of Headquarters to bury him in Abney Park. Well, I gave consent, and am glad to tell you, mother and all my brothers approved of what I did."

Miss Lizzie Read wrote me in a pathetic little note:

"I cannot realize yet what has happened. I feel so thankful to God that He spared us to meet once again. That week our darling was with us is one never to be forgotten by me. Though he suffered much at times he was so bright and happy when the pain abated for awhile. It is a joy to me to think I was able to nurse him during that short week. We did not receive the sad news until Thursday morning. . . . The messenger was also to ask the family if we would consent to have our loved one buried in Abney Park Cemetery. This seemed hard to us, yet we felt that it would be his wish to be buried with those true Salvationists who had gone on before. . . . Please thank your dear mother for her kind and loving letter, which I shall prize so much. I am glad your mother and family loved dear Johnnie, and I know they will ever cherish his memory. . . . Fancy, dear John and I sang

together, as we used to from the 'Messiah.' One called, 'He shall feed His flock.' It scarce seems true as I look back . . . .

The news came as an unexpected shock to many loving hearts in Canada. Such a different termination had been fondly hoped for. Strong hopes lived in the hearts of his friends that he should at least return in improved health to take his place in the front ranks of the holy war to which his heart was devoted. God's ways are not our ways. He saw that the service the loyal heart felt to be so incomplete was finished and called the soldier from the din and rattle of shot and shell and flashing steel on the battle-field to the glorious mustering of victorious troops in the "Home-land." He was "ready for earth or heaven." Ready to stand in the trenches under the enemy's hottest fire, or to obey the General's orders and step into higher service before the Throne.

He ardently longed to live. Life was a most precious and coveted possession. He was young—only thirty-six. All his letters breathed the fervent desire to live that he might serve his loved ones and the war. He always preferred to talk of humanity's present needs rather than to speculate on the future state, but he had a strong conception of the just retribution of God upon the sinful and unregenerate, and His eternal reward for righteousness.

He believed that the Christ rejector will be cast into "outer darkness," and that those who through faith in the atonement of Calvary's sacrifice "overcome" on earth will, hereafter, dwell in the land where tears are wiped away; where no throbbing pain finds a victim; where death's grim shadow never crosses a threshold, but where they will "eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God," in which is the realization of all earth's purest affections, and of the unimagined joys suggested by the promise: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,

neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him."

From heaven's bright courts where John Read has joined the "number who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," the voice so often lifted in earnest warning and loving pleading seems to ring out in a triumphant song—the saint's *first* song of victory—born of the knowledge of "faith lost in sight" in the presence of the Saviour he loved so well and served so faithfully :

I shine in the light of God,  
His likeness stamps my brow ;  
Through the Valley of Death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in Glory now.

No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain ;  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have learn'd the song they sing  
Whom Jesus has set free ;  
And the glorious hills of Heaven ring  
With my new-born melody.

Oh ! friends of my mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
You're fighting still in the vale of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh, no !  
For memory's golden chain  
Still binds my heart to yours below  
Till we meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame,  
Flows freely down like a river of light,  
To the home from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky ?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storm of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in heaven.

## CHAPTER XV.

## FUNERAL AT ABNEY PARK.

*“Them that honor Me I will honor.”—1 Sam., ii., 30.*

## SALVATIONISTS' FUNERAL AT ABNEY PARK—IMPRESSIVE SCENES.

“Salvationists are nothing if not sincere, and this could not be more strikingly shown than by the uniform respect and esteem manifested by them toward departed comrades. Rarely has a more solemn and reverential atmosphere pervaded the main thoroughfares of Kingsland and Stoke Newington than on Monday afternoon on the occasion of the funeral of Brigadier John Read, formerly of the Clapton Training Home, and never since the burial of Mrs. General Booth and Staff-Captain Cantrall have such impressive scenes been witnessed at Abney Park Cemetery.

“Owing to failing health Brigadier Read returned to England last month from Canada, visited his parents, took part in a demonstration at Highgate on the 14th, and afterwards went to the Hydropathic Hospital at Richmond for treatment. On Tuesday week, however, he was seized with violent sickness, and, at noon the same day, passed peacefully away—mourned by thousands.

“The Funeral was commenced at the Congress Hall, Lower Clapton, at two o'clock, and was of a most impressive character, about one thousand two hundred Salvationists, representing all parts of London, attending, and special memorial hymns being sung. The service concluded at 2.45 p.m., and a procession was then formed and moved slowly towards the cemetery. It was headed by eight men cadets from the Clapton Training Home, and these were followed by three crossed flags, the International Staff Band with their colors, the Training Home Staff, the Cadets' Brass Band, and Cadets. Then came an open hearse containing the deceased's body, which was enclosed in a coffin of oak adorned with a number of beautiful wreaths, and immediately behind the carriages containing the mourners and Commissioners Howard and Nicol, and the International Home Office Staff, followed by the South London Provincial Standard, Women Field Officers of the three London Provinces, Field Officers' Brass Band, North London Provincial Standard and Soldiers, and Local Officers of the three London Provinces.

The route was by way of Mare Street, Dalston Lane, Kingsland High Street, and Stoke Newington High Street, and as the procession passed through the crowded streets the bands played various funeral marches. Abney Park Cemetery was reached about 4.30 p.m., and here the usual Salvation Army funeral service was conducted by Commissioner Howard, the scene as the coffin was lowered into the grave being pathetic in the extreme. It was approximated that close on two thousand persons were present.

This is the account from the London Press of the "laying to rest" of John Read. The English *Cry* gave a most touching report of the obsequies, and through the kindness of the Chief of Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, I am able to give the *verbatim* addresses of those who took part in those solemn services:

Commissioner Nicol said in the *War Cry* report:

"His condition varied. One day he would write and talk hopefully; another as if there was no hope of his recovery. Here as elsewhere, Brigadier Read's natural and spiritual qualities were soon discovered. Mr. Metcalf described him as 'a manly man.' His male attendant says, 'he suffered without a complaint.' The female nurse wept over him as if he had been her brother. Major Forward, who was with him throughout his stay at Richmond, called him 'one of God's hidden saints, patient in suffering, running over with gratitude to God.' His chief delights were in his Bible, in prayer, and in warm expressions of his love for the General and Headquarters.

"Who will take his place? . . . God knows there is need of thousands like him, and if his promotion to heaven will lead but one to take his place, Brigadier Read—from what I know of him—will feel that a widow's sorrow and a daughter's grief will be rewarded."

#### THE SERVICE AT CLAPTON.

The funeral was two-fold, consisting of a solemn assembly in the Congress Hall, and the usual service at the grave. The scene at the commencement of the former, when Commissioner Howard, moved by strong feeling, rose, prayed, and then gave out the song the deceased loved to sing at many of his holiness meetings: "My heart is fixed," was one that subdued and touched the hearts of all.

On the right flank of the platform ranged several hundreds of Cadets, to the left the Officers of the London Provinces; on the platform the Staff and

relatives of our comrade—William and Samuel Read, and Mr. Lawford. In a square in front of the platform rested, on bare trestles, the coffin, over which hung the Army colors, and a special flag presented by the Chief of Staff, and our comrade's Bible. The great hall was two-thirds full, and the International Headquarters Staff Band led the singing. Brigadier Bown from the United States, and Commissioner Nicol linked their petitions in prayer, that the great lessons of the Christian warrior's life might produce a determination to have more of the life, power, and spirit which Brigadier Read so powerfully manifested in his character and work.

The Commissioner had evidently made the death a matter of special prayer and thought, for he was burdened with the question, who would occupy the vacant place—and raise the fallen sword? He said:

“I suppose there is hardly a comrade or friend, whether saint or sinner, in this audience this afternoon, but realizes and, in some measure, takes into their heart and mind the reality of a chorus like that we are singing, ‘Life's morn will soon be waning.’ It is impossible to come together in connection with services like the one we are engaged in without finding ourselves brought very near to eternity. When we are in the active, rough-and-tumble battle of everyday life, it seems that things belonging to this world are the most real, and, alas, alas! to many of us they become as it were the most desirable, and are often regarded as the most important. We are taken up with getting a living, taken up with the duties that come to us while we are in the flesh, and we cannot help but feel that the things of this life are very real. But, on occasions like this, when we come very near the portal which stands between time and eternity, then the things that have to do with the world beyond the grave become very real to us indeed.

“We often sing about those pearly gates without realizing them to be as substantial or, at any rate, to be as real as the entrance to this building, and yet they are so. Now, on occasions like this, whatever may be our doubt and our arguments, at other times we lay them aside, and gather round the last remains of a loved one, and feel glad that eternity is real—glad that there is something beyond the grave. The sinner wishes there was nothing beyond this life beyond the committal to the earth of the mortal remains, but the saint has no such feeling. The saint is glad that there is an eternity—that there is a life beyond the grave. Now the thought of those pearly gates, friends and comrades, are always more or less associated with sorrow, the burial, the parting with the last remains of those we have known, our familiar friends, or

the members of our families. The burial of them always occasions sorrow, even though that sorrow be chastened by the joy and hope of meeting those we love again. It is so with us here to-day. We are sorry because our comrade, Brigadier John Read, has been taken from our side in the battle-field. We cannot help but sorrow the loss of a comrade. It counts in the war, but it also counts in that blessed communion of saints on earth, which makes the trials of life not only endurable, but also productive of a higher, a richer, and a more glorious form of friendship than we could otherwise have. We cannot help but regret that a beloved comrade is taken from our midst, but, in this case, there is more in our minds than the ordinary sorrowing, even though, as I said, that sorrow is brightened with hope, because the circumstances which surround the departure of our beloved comrade have about them a certain pathetic aspect which does not often occur. The Brigadier, whose body lies before us, has been separated for some weeks past from his wife and child. If Mrs. Read were here we should share her sorrow, we should sympathize with her, our hearts would go out, and the arms of love would go round the dear child whom the Brigadier has left behind him. But we do all this a hundred-fold more when we remember that though a few weeks ago they parted with the hope of reunion on earth, these hopes have been disappointed, and there can be no reunion until they meet in the Golden City. Now, these circumstances do bring especially home to us not only our own loss, but the great loss and sorrow which will fill the heart of Mrs. Read on the other side of the Atlantic. We shall especially pray that God will bless her! That, as she has not had the privilege—sad though the privilege is—of standing beside the bedside of her loved one, to see the last look which comes from the eye, and to catch the last word of affection, confidence, and faith which might fall from the lips, though that consolation has been denied to her, and though she has not seen her husband depart from the body, she is equally confident, with ourselves, of a meeting on the other side, in the Golden City. With confidence, I can commend to you the wife on the other side of the ocean. The remains of the husband are before us, but she is at her place on the battle-field, and when the news was flashed to her, our hearts went out with deep and tender sympathy and prayer, that God would especially help her in these circumstances. Now we have to-day received, in response to our communication to Mrs. Read, as to the time of the funeral, a message which is more than an expression of her own heart suffering. It is a testimony to her beloved husband, whose remains are before us. On that alone, if Brigadier Read influenced no wider circle, if he had not been the instrument in God's hands of bringing precious souls into Salvation, the fact that to one person, and that person one who influences so many (for Mrs. Read is in charge of our Women's Social work in Canada) and that this leader among her comrades can give such a testimony, well may we say in face of it, "let such a testimony be borne of me when I pass away."

"This is just a proper moment for a few words in reference to our comrade. In the year 1883, over fifteen and a-half years ago, I received into this very building, this young man. He came as a Cadet from hi-

home in Romsey, in the South of England. I welcomed him, had a great deal to do with his instruction in this place, and then, six months after, from my own hand, he received his first commission as Lieutenant. He goes away, and I see him no more until he returns five weeks ago. A month ago last Saturday, he came to see me at the Foreign Office. I reminded him of his becoming a Cadet, reminded him of his early officership, and with gratitude in his heart and on his lips, and tears in his eyes we talked over old times when he was a Cadet in this building. And now, as it was my duty to mark his commencement in his career of Salvation Army officership, so it becomes my sad duty to commit to the grave his last remains, that is, to be connected with the first and last steps of his officer career. Others are here who can speak of his work, and you will find some slight reference to that, which you can afterwards read on the song sheet in your hands. Our comrade came into training in 1883 and became a Lieutenant in the British Field. In the year 1887, under the leadership of Commissioner Coombs, he became a Captain in Canada, and from step to step, from rank to rank, he has gone on until a few weeks ago, he came to England seeking to renew that health which he wanted to devote to the same cause, under the same old flag. But, while we propose, arrange, and hope for things, there is one guiding, overruling Hand, one Heart which knows what is best, after all, for us. So, instead of renewing the battle, our comrade goes to take up the harp and the palm of victory and to sing the song of his Redeemer in a better place. After all, these occasions are important, not simply because we commit to the grave the remains of those we love, but important because of their effect upon those who remain.

"Here is a congregation, and when that breaks up, as we go along the streets to Abney Park Cemetery, and in the cemetery there will gather other crowds, and upon you, and upon the other people who will make up the crowds, there will come some thought about their own end, and I have no doubt many will say, 'So teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.'

"There are only two questions in the face of this event, and the one is how far we, personally, would be ready if a similar summons should come to us; and the other is, if we are ready, what are we doing, and what are we going to do to fill up the interval which remains to us. To everyone of us the charge comes from his Master, and from our Master, 'Occupy till I come,' stand to your post and fill your sphere, and do the duties committed to you, so that when the summons shall come for you, it will find you ready with a record similar to that which I have read to you; a record which shows that you have influenced others, and brought you into the joy and light of God's salvation. May God make it so for you all.

"There are just two other messages which I must refer to. One is a telegram from the Field Commissioner and Canadian comrades: 'Heaven welcomes an Army hero, saint and warrior, tried and proved.' Within the last few minutes I have received a message from the Chief of Staff, which I will read: Brigadier Read was a man of high principle, but of humble mind and spirit. He was a Salvationist, to go through with Jesus, living or dying. He bore affliction in an uncomplaining



way, in a rejoicing spirit. He loved the war; he shared the privations and toils of the fishermen of Newfoundland, and fought for God in the frozen prairies of the North-West of Canada. He sought renewed health in order that he might continue to fight for God and souls. In his last hours, with the shadow of death already rising upon him, his one theme was redeeming love, and he left behind him the testimony of a sanctified life. Let us follow him. I pray for his dear wife and comrades in Canada."

Brigadier Hoggard sang:

"Away from his home and the friends of his youth  
He hoisted the standard of mercy and truth  
In the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;  
Soon, alas, was his fall: but he died at his post."

Major Forward spoke with deep feeling, and testified to the Salvationism of Brigadier Read. The great crowd, as she told of the last days and hours of the Brigadier, was moved to tears. She said:

"It is just a month since I met the Brigadier. As far as it is possible for Salvationists to be strangers to one another, we were strangers; but, from the first few sentences in the first talk we had together, I understood that, what Commissioner Howard has just said, was not only true, but might be underlined. He was a Salvationist of the first order. I shall never forget him during the last fortnight. All his time seemed to be spent in praying that God would give him health, so that he might return to the work he believed the Lord had sent him to do. But, when these hopes faded, the same spirit prompted him, in resignation, to say, 'Lord, help me to accept and wait the purposes of Thy will.' In all that he said or did he made me feel all the time whatever God wanted him to do, whether to live or die, he was always ready for it. I went to the Hydro with the understanding that I was going for my body. I came away from it with the conviction that I had been sent there by God for my soul. I consider that God conferred upon me one of the highest honors that it has been my privilege to receive at His hand in allowing me to know, and, in a measure, to nurse the Brigadier. For all his intercourse, whether at the table dining with worldly people, or kneeling in his little room, all his talk went to prove that he was a man who was swallowed up in the interests of God's Kingdom. I do not remember ever sitting down to one meal at which he did not either begin or finish without witnessing himself, or calling on me to witness to what the Lord had done for us. When he was too weak to say anything else, he would say, 'Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name.' His testimony was never wanting. I have often stood and looked at him, and felt that he had got hold of the things of God; that he lived in the heart of God; that he lived to proclaim the things of God. Then there came the moment

when the doctor had to break the news to him, that the seizures which he thought were ordinary fainting fits were of a very serious nature. Early one morning the Brigadier said to me, 'Major, the doctor has told me so-and-so.' Then he buried his face in the pillow and wept, saying, 'My poor wife! What is this going to mean?' He seemed to understand that God had brought him to England and was going to take him to himself. There is not a man in the house where he died, no matter how worldly, no matter how indifferent to the things of God and eternity, not a single individual in the whole of that establishment upon whose life our comrade has not left a mark, and who has not borne witness to the fact, that he has been made a great blessing. I want to say again, that he has been one of the greatest blessings to me that I have ever known, and, if for no other reason, I do feel that his life has shown us what it really means to live and die a soldier, for our comrade has had many opportunities of being a soldier in a deeper sense than some of us. He died without a murmur, and although his agony was intense, and such as cannot be described, yet I never heard one single murmur escape from his lips. His one cry was, 'Oh, God, help me to wait the purpose and fulfillment of Thy will!'

Brigadier Scott, an old fellow-comrade of the Brigadier, prayed that the comfort of the Spirit might fall upon mother, wife, child, and relatives: and the benediction fell upon one of the most solemn services ever held in the Congress Hall.

#### AT THE GRAVE.

The site of the grave lies in a cluster of trees. The concourse numbered nearly two thousand. The sun lay beneath a heavy cloud and shone upon a scene—not of sorrow—but—but for the deep gap in the ground and the oaken shell—on one of rare brightness and color. A galaxy of flags hung over the grave, while rows and rows in semi-circle form, of officers and soldiers, in bright red and blue crowded round. At the head of the grave stood four Commissioners, and to the left the relatives.

After the first hymn had been sung, "There is a Better World," and sung in the spirit of sanctified sorrow, Colonel Hay prayed. Commissioner Coombs, who had come up from his engagements in the provinces to be present, here pitched the refrain, "Rock of Ages."



JOHN READ'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

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Commissioner Nicol stepped forward and testified as one who knew the secret thoughts and purposes of the Brigadier :

“Brigadier John Read was a man and a soldier of God. I knew him. He untold to me, in Toronto, the secrets of his heart, and again, on this side of the Atlantic, a few days before he laid down his sword, he told me that he had only one ambition on earth, and that was to die at his post. A few nights before he died, I went for a short walk with him along the beautiful terrace situated above the River Thames to the south of Richmond, and as we walked along the terrace the spirit of despondency seized him, and he said, ‘Nicol, if I don’t get better, will you tell my comrades and tell the General that I have got an experience that is as blue and clear as the sky above my head. I have a peace that is as sweet and calm as the water that flows beneath our feet.’ I said to him, ‘Do you want to live?’ He said, ‘If I do, you tell the Chief that I will make up what I have cost the Army by the loss of activity in the battle-field by working harder and fighting more desperately for the salvation of souls.’ He was a soldier of Jesus Christ—not merely a child of grace ; not merely captivated by the love of God, making up his mind that Heaven should be his reward, but the Spirit of the Man Christ Jesus, who loved the souls and bodies of humanity had got into his brain, inspiring him with resolutions and ambitions and schemes for the future. He was a man of God, and, as a Salvation Army Officer, I rejoice at standing at the head of his coffin, and declaring to you that there is nothing grander, there is nothing more picturesque and beautiful, than a life lived for Jesus Christ in a

world of unbelief, pride and selfishness. You may go to your academies, and see the work of the fingers of artists, and listen to the poetry of men's gifted lips, and you may see in the works of nature, the attributes of a Divine intelligence, but there is nothing so sublime and nothing so beautiful as to see portrayed in the actions, and to hear in the words of a mortal man the spirit and the purpose of Jesus Christ. If there are any of you around this open grave this afternoon, who, up to the present, have not seen this beauty and realized the merits and the worth of this sort of life, I trust the testimony that has been given will so entice you that in his death our comrade will secure victories for his Master such as his life on earth never would have accomplished. I am glad, therefore, to be associated with him in spirit around the throne this afternoon, and to voice this testimony. A few weeks ago, he said, 'When I get well I will come and help you in your department.' As I stood this morning scribbling a few notes for the report to-night, I thought, the Brigadier has gone to Heaven to write letters for Jesus Christ, and he has left me here to finish a little of his work. Oh, may the spirit of Pentecost and peace and victory and war be poured into our hearts, and may we go from this grave to take hold of the powers of evil in this city, and by faith, prayer, and love shake them from their foundations and bring thousands of souls to Jesus Christ."

Commissioner Coombs laid stress on his devotion to one purpose, and that the purpose of a Salvationist. He feelingly referred to the loving, tender heart of the wife, and while he spoke of their separation many cried. He said :

"I count it an honor to be here. I have known him for a number of years, appointed him to his first command in Canada, and also put him upon the Staff there. Watching his work and watching his life, I can say of a truth we are going to lay in the grave the body of a devoted Salvationist, one whose heart was altogether in the war, who had no ambitions apart from Jesus Christ and the interests of His Kingdom. I am also glad to be able to bear testimony to the efficient work our dear comrade has done, and if, instead of being in London, his body could have been borne through the streets of Toronto, there would have been an even greater crowd than there is here to-day. They have learned to love him because of his real worth, and have fought side by side with him, and, more than that, many have been brought to God through his instrumentality. It seems to me that the great point in the life of our comrade was that he had one purpose, one object, and for that he went with all his heart, and with all his soul. There was no question with him as to whether he would or would not live and die a Salvationist. It was not a matter to be brought up for discussion, but was something settled—to be a soldier living, a soldier dying, and welcomed to a soldier's home. I cannot forget, as I stand here to-day, her who is with us in spirit—no less a devoted warrior than he was. I can well imagine, having known her from the earliest days as quite a girl in

the Salvation Army, knowing also her devoted life, and also something of her loving heart, what it meant to her to part with her husband in the hope that something might be done to restore his health. God has called him to Himself, but she is in the Army, and our heart's sympathies go out to her. I have not the least doubt that the vows she took upon herself at their union will be carried out, that she who is left behind will carry on the war. How near God is to us, and He is just so near to the comrades and dear ones there as He is to us and the dear ones here; the only difference is, we stand on the English side of the throne, and they stand on the Canadian side, and the same Hand that drops down blessings there will drop them down here. We are in the work, and we will not leave our posts. We will fight—that is my determination—until we conquer our foes' most mighty hosts. Amen!"

Another veteran, Commissioner Rees, with deep feeling, addressed the assembled crowd next:

"During my term of office in Canada, our beloved comrade, Brigadier Read, who is not here, but is risen, was the Editor of the *War Cry*. When I heard the news of his death, I went straight to my little dwelling and sat down to write the sad news to my wife, who knew him and his dear wife as intimately as I did myself. We began to compare notes, and we agreed that there were three things that stood out very plainly in the life of our departed comrade. They were first, there was no question but that he was a saint of the first water. He knew God, and he understood how to live a life of faith on the promises of God; secondly, he was a soldier in the truest sense of the word; and thirdly, he was a Salvationist. During my command there we had two or three very troublesome periods, and on one occasion, when the clouds were rather low, and the winds of adversity threatened to blow heavily upon us, I was sitting in my office opening my letters when a gentle knock came to the door, and Brigadier Read and his wife entered. They said, 'Good morning, Commissioner. We don't want to take up your time, but we want to say this, we are Salvationists. If the ship shakes, we are here to help steady her; but, desert her, no, never!' Then we knelt and prayed at the office table together, committing ourselves and the work God had laid upon our hearts to Him. I remember soon after, when I farewelled, he was the last man but three that shook my hand as I left the wharf on the steambot. He said, 'Remember, Commissioner, if the old ship shakes, we are here to steady her; but, desert her, no, never! Good bye, and if we never meet again, we shall meet on the eternal morning.' We never have been privileged to meet since, but I say, looking into this open grave, as confidently as it was said to those women who came to seek the Saviour: He is not here. Here is the grave; here is the coffin; but he is not here; he is risen."

Mr. William Read, the eldest brother of our comrade, touched every soul by his simple testimony of

thanks. He closed by praying God's blessing on the Army.

And Commissioner Howard exhorted :

"How can we do better than fall in with that appeal, which, in addition to the appeal which comes from the open grave ; in addition to the appeal which comes from the battle-field, where the harvest is great and the laborers are few ; in addition to the appeal from a dying sin-cursed humanity, we have our General's appeal that someone shall step forward to occupy a place similar to that which our departed comrade filled, and filled so well. Shall we not respond by saying, 'Here am I, Lord, Thou God of the Salvation Army, Thou God of our comrade, here am I, send me.' The backslider should say it, we officers should say it, 'Here am I, Thy will be done concerning me.' Oh, let it be so, my friends ! Oh, if some vow could be made and registered round this grave, registered in the power of that grace which is represented in this Blood-and-Fire banner, registered in the light of heaven, in the presence of a world which hates Jesus Christ, and hates the cause in which our brother died, in the presence of high heaven and of hell, as well as in the presence of each other. Let us pledge ourselves to be soldiers of Jesus Christ, even to the end.

"That great man, John Wesley, used to say of his people what the General has always delighted to say of ours, 'My people die well !' Let me, so die. 'Let my last end be like his.' It will be not so early in life as our comrade's here, happily a few years have been granted to me and some others here, and time, little or much, I cannot say, granted to you—but let us so live that our death may be like his, and our end may be peace. Got grant that it may be so. In his desk we found a lot of notes, showing that he had not only to do his work, but had to do it in the midst of many difficulties. One of the notes that he left is an exhortation to fellow Salvationists, how to deal with difficulties. He gives us advice how to handle them in the power of God. Let us, in this spirit, go forward in the name of God for the salvation of the world, and let every backslider and sinner join with us."

Then came the reading—a fitting conclusion to an afternoon remarkable in the annals of our London and Canadian warfare—of the following message from the General :

"While deeply sympathizing with the widow and family of our beloved comrade, Brigadier Read, and deploring the loss the Army has suffered in his promotion to glory, I give God thanks for the brave, persevering and successful fight he was enabled to maintain, and magnify the grace that was his strength and joy, and expect, with confidence, that from his graveside others will volunteer to take his place in the ranks. Comrades we go forward strong in the assurance of a reunion before the throne of God."

Many letters have come to me adding to what has already been written. Mr. Lawford told me:

"Just one line, as I promised. I attended the interment of your loved one yesterday in London, and I thought of you and the little 'Violet' as much as I did of the one on the 'gun carriage' being borne to the grave. Naturally, a day of glory and sunshine, a triumphant march of more than two miles. Thousands attending, such a sight. . . . General, Chief, The Staff, and all the rank and file most kind and attentive.

"Willie, Sam, Cousin Veliers, of London, and myself, also an old schoolmate of Johnnie's were the principal mourners. The band, banners, and rank and file of the Salvation Army in great volume. Distance seemed to add to the effect. We all apparently appeared to grasp the peculiarity of the circumstance. I was the only relative who had seen you and Violet. The Commissioners, Nicol and Coombs, spoke very beautifully and touchingly. I felt it an honor to be associated with so much of God and goodness."

Brigadier Scott said there were a thousand Salvationists in the procession, in which was carried for the first time the flags presented by the General at the C. P.

Mr. William Read wrote, in a personal letter, to me:

"Sam and I went to Headquarters, took lodgings and stayed in London till our sad mission was over. I wish you could have been at my side to see, as I did, how they loved him. As we stood by his coffin at the grave, Commissioner Nicol gave me John's Bible, took my arm, and I stood at the end of the grave between Commissioner Nicol and Commissioner Howard. How to testify with that host of people looking at me, I did not know, but God heard my prayer, and I said a few words and prayed for you. Your face and Violet's were on the wreath. . . ."

"I think that was the nearest I had ever got to Heaven. It seemed they must be looking at us, I mean all the angelic throng, father, John, and many others we and you can think of. I feel very grateful for all the kindness and attention we received at Headquarters, Congress Hall, and at the funeral. . . ."

A memorial service was conducted outside Mrs. Read's home in Romsey, and in other English Corps, and by several of his Canadian comrades. When I heard of it all I could only say, through my tears and loneliness—and from the depths of my wounded

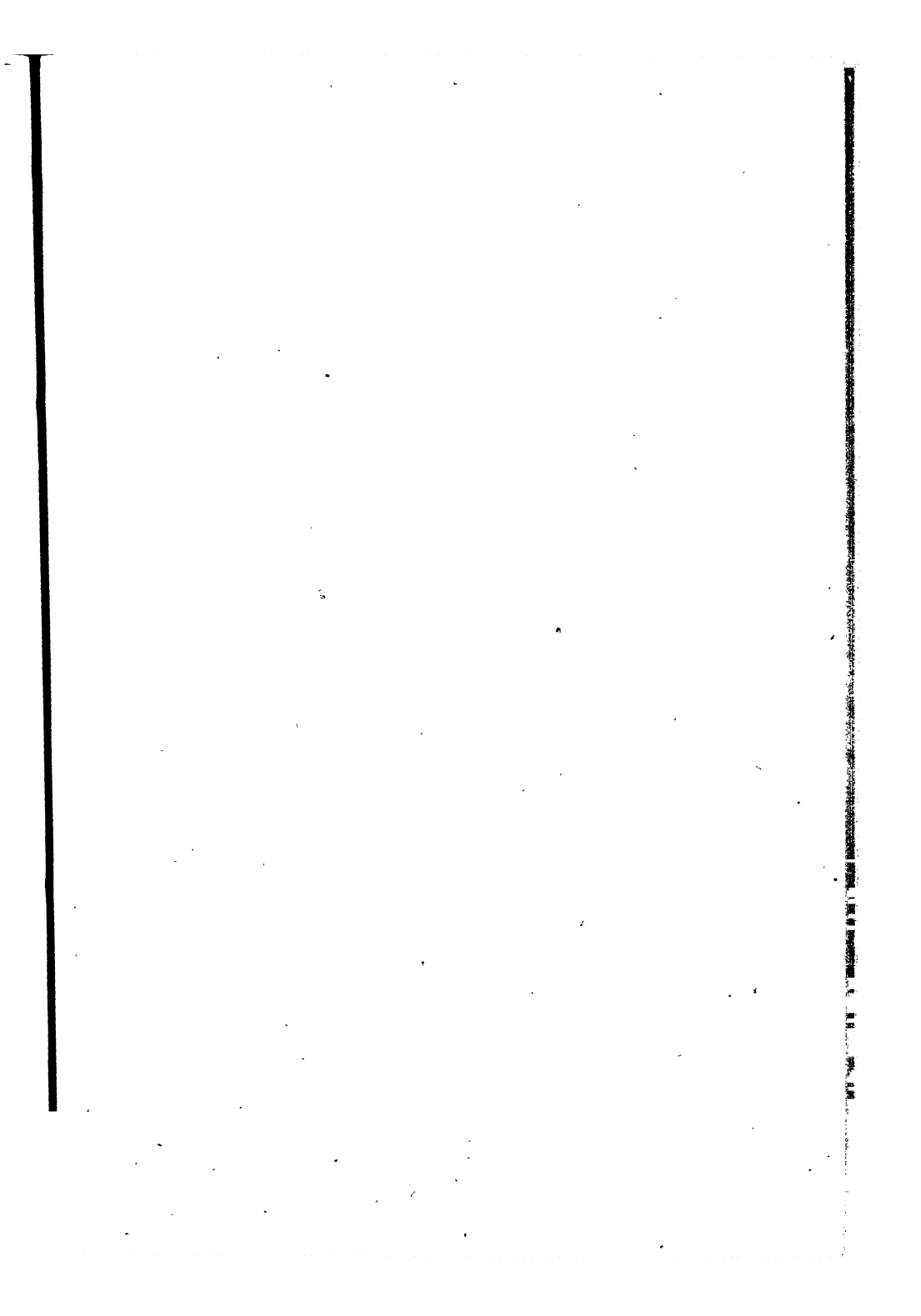
heart, how true God's promise, "Them that honor me  
I will honor."

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.  
Good night."

"GOOD NIGHT."







# One By One

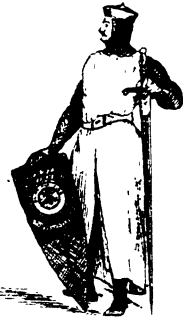
Inscribed

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

By Bro Sims,



John Read

BRIGADIER

SALVATION ARMY,

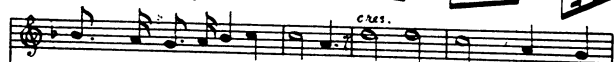
Sept 7, 1898.

Temple Corps, Tomb

Andante grave.



*mp.* 1. One by one our friends are gathering Home,  
2. Sis-ter, Bro-ther, You must al- so go!



Marching on be-fore to Glo-ry, Trusting still though they  
Hark, th' Eternal Echoes cal-ling? Young or old, ev-ry



*dim.*

Tread cold Jordan's wave, Gone, thro' fields of Paradise to roam,  
step is toward a Grave! Will you face that Doom of endless woe,

*p. dolce.*

Leaving us to tell the Story, Sing-ing of JESUS, the Mighty to  
When Nights and shades are falling, Know-ing not JESUS, the Mighty to

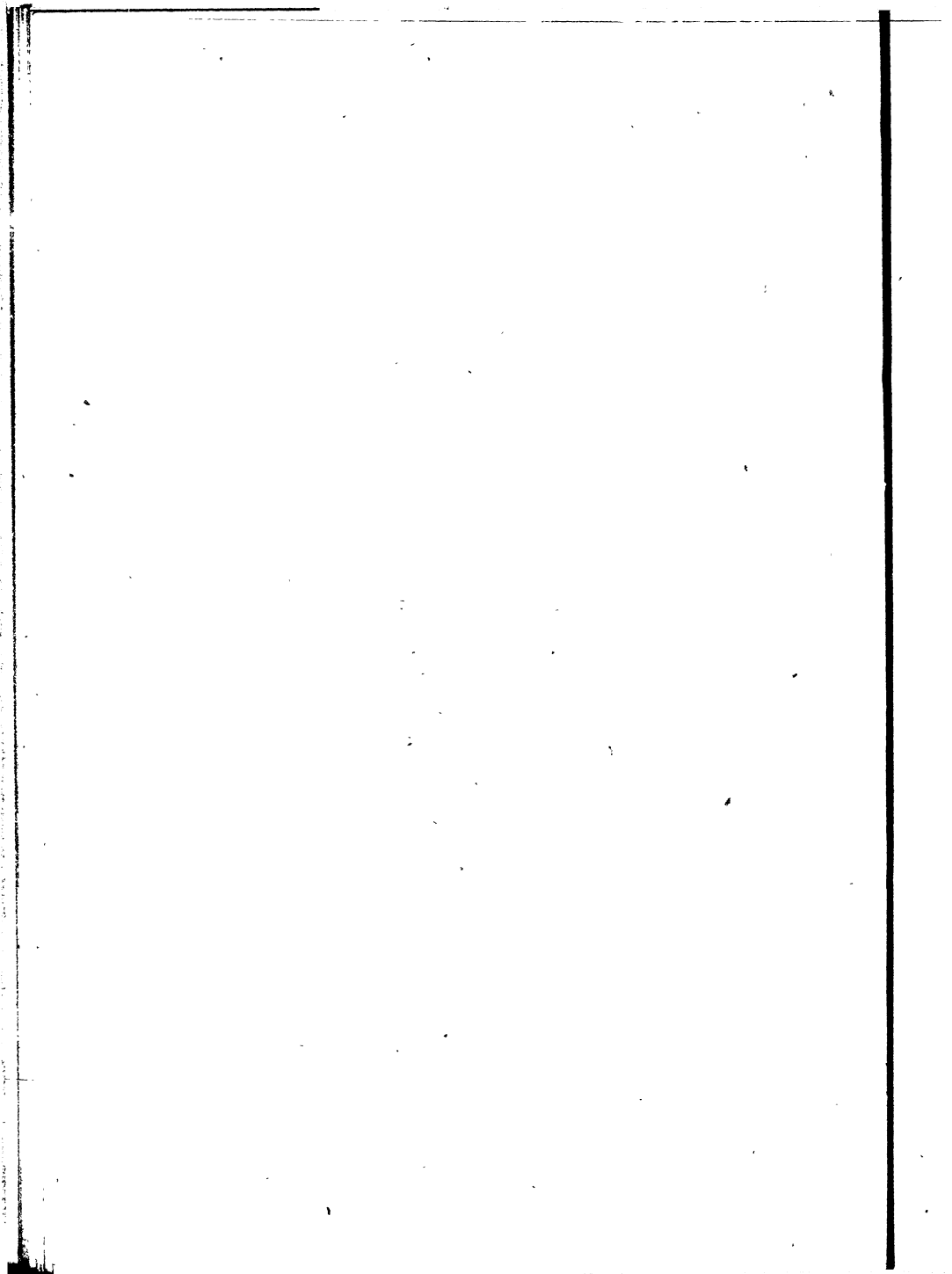
*mf.*

Save! Mighty to Save! Mighty to Save!  
Save? Mighty to Save! Mighty to Save!

*mf.*

*dim.*

Sing-ing of Jesus, the Might-y to Save!  
Know-ing not Jesus, the Might-y to Save!



## CHAPTER XVI.

## MEMORIALS.

*"To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die."*

A few brief extracts gleaned from the hundreds of memorial testimonies and messages of condolence and sympathy which have reached me from far and wide:

*Chief of Staff:* "Your husband has left behind him the record of a devoted and conquering Salvationist, and nothing is necessary to preserve his memory as a man of God and a soldier of salvation."

*Commissioner Howard:* "I hardly know how to write you in connection with the sad bereavement which has come upon you and upon the Army. . . . Our sorrow is very great. . . . Your beloved husband has made a triumphant finish."

*Commissioner Nicol:* "The influence your precious husband has left behind him at Richmond is most fragrant, indeed. . . . His funeral will be one of the mightiest sermons that has been preached in this city . . . for many a day, and I believe will reach thousands of hearts. I loved the Brigadier. I feel I have lost a friend and brother. I had dreamt dreams

as to the future ; now in Heaven we shall communicate them."

*Commissioner Coombs :* " His devotion to the interests of the Kingdom of Christ was ever a sweet remembrance to us. It was a great cheer to me, and must be much more so to you, to know as your dear one laid down the sword, that he had done what he could. It was a great cheer to us to see that magnificent procession of Salvationists following your loved one to the grave, giving such beautiful testimony of the depths of love in the hearts of Salvationists, and the world-wide oneness of our glorious Army."

*Commissioner Rees :* " The funeral was but a fitting finish to a triumphant, transparent, beautiful life, and it seemed that the London soldiers, from the General and Chief down to the last recruit joined in showing the last tributes of respect to your precious departed companion."

*Mrs. Colonel Bailey :* His loyalty, his devotion, his wholeheartedness and his geniality need no word of mine. I always felt he was good and always admired him. The beautiful simple spirit he ever maintained endeared him to us all. His was certainly a life full of fragrant memories. I should like to talk to you about a host of little incidents, all trifling in themselves, and yet sweet to remember. Still he is infinitely better off as we all know. . . . The Colonel mourns the loss of a comrade for he loved your dear one as a brother and has enjoyed much happy comradeship with him, of which he treasures hallowed memories."

*Mrs. Henry Gooderham :* " He surely did his duty nobly and well, and, by God's grace, has won the prize of the high calling. Yes, indeed! and how

insignificant is earthly greatness compared to his blessed hope."

*Brigadier Pugmire*: "He has only gone on before, and his life has left behind it a heavenly perfume."

*Major Collier*: "May the Brigadier's promotion inspire us all to do greater things for God than ever before. Look up! God lives!"

*Officers of the Central Ontario Province (his last Provincial Command)*: "We, the Staff and Field Officers of the Central Ontario Province assembled in council, desire to convey to you in this deep hour of sorrow the truest sympathy of our hearts. . . . We, who have had the honor and privilege of fighting under the leadership of your beloved and glorified husband, as Provincial Officer, in this the Central Ontario Province, do recall with pleasure his beautiful spirit, as well as his great earnestness, and loyalty to God, and the principles of the flag under which we fight. Praying that God will enable us to live a noble and a devoted life, and have as triumphant an entrance into the Kingdom."

*Brigadier Bennet*: "The Brigadier was one whom we had learned to love, and whom we knew, not only as a public man, but personally, and we had been delighted with the spirit that he has manifested both in private and public."

*Adjutant T. H. Adams*: He was a warrior in the Church militant, and to-day he is a warrior in the Church triumphant. He has gone to that land we have so often sung together of, where there is no tear, no sorrow, no sighing, and sickness and death are unknown. . . . He has fought a good fight, for I am satisfied dear John did that."

*Brigadier Gaskin* : " I cannot say in words how intensely sorrowful I am at this sudden and painful death of your dearly beloved husband, and my very dear friend and brother, Brigadier Read. I have learned to love him very much, and the shock is very great."

*Major McMillan* : " The Brigadier has been true and faithful to God and the Army, and I am sure it was a triumphant promotion."

*Mr. Lot Lawford (Cousin)* : " He was prepared to enter in and take his appointed place. He was much loved on two continents. In my gallop across Canada I heard him everywhere spoken well of, and never otherwise."

*Adjutant Gravette* : " I knew the Brigadier when in Canada as a hard-toiling, loving and affectionate brother, and had much pleasure in running round the different Toronto Corps specialising with him."

*Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon* : " We shall never forget him, but shall endeavor, by the help of his God and ours, to follow that our fight may finish as triumphantly as his."

*Mr. F. T. H. Sims* : " We have not forgotten, and will not forget, the kindness of the Brigadier when we lost our little Tommy, and rejoice to know that the spirit of the noble man who so tenderly helped to lay little Tommy to rest is with him before the Throne of God and the Lamb, rejoicing in the present glory, and doubtless looking onward to the time when those that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him to restore us one to another in the great Resurrection, when He, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, shall finally abolish death forever."



*F. E. Shea :* "It is just like one of my own brothers dying. I always felt it was a home to me at your place. He was always so jolly and sociable. I cannot imagine that it is so, that he is singing round the Throne this beautiful Sunday."

*Adjutant Jost :* "My mind goes back to happy hours spent with you in dear old Newfoundland, and the Brigadier's uniform kindness towards me as well as patience with my inexperienced work. From the first 'God bless you' that I had from him until the last time I saw him in Toronto I have none but pleasant, grateful memories, and I feel that I have lost a personal friend and brother."

*Capt. Bowering :* "The news of the Brigadier's death has brought back memories of kind words and acts which shall live although he is dead."

*Capt. Rowe :* "How well I remember his loving words of counsel and good cheer, especially before I entered the field, when everything looked black and friends were opposed. Although he has gone from our midst, his kind words and true Salvation spirit will never die."

*Mrs. Webber, League of Mercy, Ottawa :* "The loss of your dear and devoted husband will be felt all over the Canadian field. . . . The example of his noble life and glorious promotion stirs us to greater efforts in the war."

*A Staff Officer :* "The Brigadier was one whom the S. A. could ill afford to lose, and, when I try to express my opinion of him, all kinds of noble characteristics present themselves to my mind, and I do not hesitate to say that I consider the Brigadier a man with the most enlightened conscience, who was practical, that I have ever met."

*Major Tom Plant:* "The happy days spent in Canada by your dear husband's side I shall never forget. His godly and devoted life and example have been an inspiration to me in all my wanderings through the earth."

*Two Officers who served under Brigadier Read in Newfoundland:* "How can we write you, or what can we say to express our heartfelt sympathy for you in this sad and unlooked for trial, which the dear Lord in His providence has permitted to come to you in the death and promotion to glory of your precious husband, and our beloved and honored Comrade, yea, father, for he has indeed been to us as both. Is it possible that he has gone? The sad intelligence came to us as a terrible surprise, and we could not have felt it more had it been one of our own family, for you know that in years gone by we have learned to love and esteem the dear Brigadier as a father. How could we have done otherwise, for he was such a loving and affectionate soul."

*An Officer:* "We shall all miss him very much. I know I shall, for he was like a father to me, but it is impossible for anyone to miss him as you will."

*Mr. Higgins:* "I take this, the very earliest opportunity, of sending to you this very inadequate expression of my heartfelt sympathy to you in this your hour of deepest sorrow for one so much beloved as your late husband, Brigadier John Read."

*Staff Captain Galt:* "Dear Brigadier! He, indeed, fought a glorious fight."

*Sergeant-Major George Seeds:* "The Brigadier was always counted as my friend, but when I came from the States, two years ago, he was the first to help me, and he trusted me so implicitly that he won from me a never ending love and respect. He was, as

a soldier, an inspiration and blessing to me, and I will try more than ever to be a warrior as he was—faithful and true to the end.”

*A Prodigal*: “What a beautiful life! What a noble life he has lived, and what a happy death did he die. To read of it, has been a blessed inspiration to me. I have resolved to fully consecrate my life to the service of God. As I read the *War Cry* through, and read the appeals for workers, I had to cry to think I have been called to this particular work, and here I am to-day doing nothing. It seems my chance has passed. It was once mine. Before me lay the open field, but to-day there seemed to be no room, no place for me.”

*Ensign Parker*: “You will please express to Mrs. Read my deep and sincere sympathy with her in her sorrow, and my sincere thanks for the memorial card, which I very much prize in memory of one who was a great blessing to me, personally, and whom I always regarded as one of God’s most precious saints.”

*Ensign Adams*: “Thanks for the memorial card. I shall ever try to keep it. To see it at any time will be a certain reminder of what a man can be in faithfulness, consecration and devotion to God and His cause in this life.”

*M. S. N.*: “The thought that has grown since I began to write to you is that at last, after being ‘sorely let and hindered’ by bodily weakness for so long, there has come to the gentle, bright spirit infinite possibilities of service to the Master so loved and closely followed on earth. We can scarcely imagine the joy of such freedom for him.”

*Geo. Mountenay*: “. . . I know it is useless to say anything of the past in reference to his life, but I do wish to say that I really loved the Brigadier,

having, as you know, worked in the same office with him some years ago."

*Mrs. Ensign Payne*: "We learned with deep regret of the sudden decease of the Brigadier. A warrior whom we could scarcely afford to lose, yet it is so, the Lord when He takes, takes the choicest plants. This was our consolation when we heard of the sudden departure from earth to Heaven of the one we loved so dearly."

*Ensign Moss*: "Dear Brigadier's work is done. He has fought the fight. He has kept the faith, and now has been ushered into the presence of his Master that he served so well while here. . . ."

*Mr. Lionel Grimmer, England*: "I learned to love the Brigadier in a way that perhaps men seldom do love one another. I think everyone who came in contact with him admired him for his Christian courage and loved him for his gentle spirit."

*Captain Heift*: "He was none other than a martyr. He gave his life for others. He will have his reward. I shall never forget his words to me at the Toronto depot a year ago last May when we were coming through out here. He told me to be sure and be faithful to the Army and live and die a hero, which he has done. I remember getting a letter from him a month before that, how full of love and encouragement. I always felt from the time I knew him first that I could tell him anything and felt I could open my heart to him. Oh, that God may raise up more like him."

*A Newfoundland Officer*: "We were saying to-day that we cannot realize that dear Brigadier is gone. Every day we seem to remember something new of his kindness to us. As for myself, I could not have felt more had it been my own father, for I loved him

dearly, and looked upon him more as a father than anything else. Perhaps I should not speak of him now to you, but I feel as if I can't help it. When we read the account of his last few days, and his conversation with Commissioner Nicol, we got on our knees and prayed our end might be like his."

*A Soldier's Testimony*; "Kindly accept our heartfelt sympathy and prayers in this period of bereavement. Your loss is ours also. To know your husband was to love him."

*One of our Officers*; "The Brigadier was ready, waiting for his call. He lived and labored for the Salvation of others. He was loved and believed in by all who knew him, and, by his godly life, 'He being dead yet speaketh.'"

